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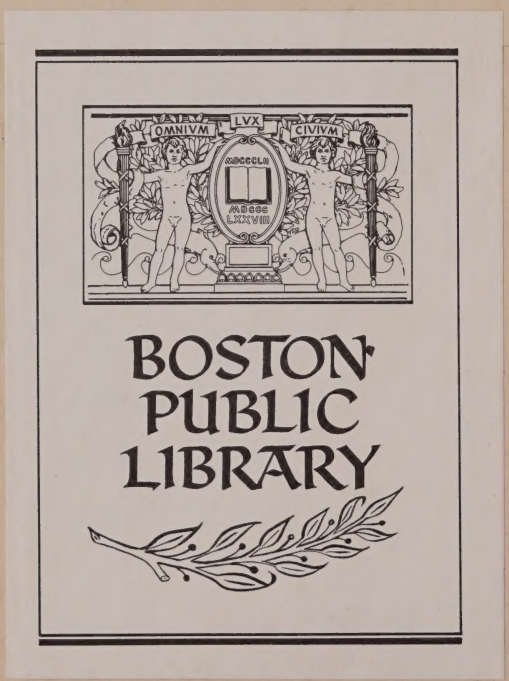

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ERRATA.

Page 132, second column, lines 23 and 24. For "exhibited," read "excused;" line 24, for "of," read "as."
Page 134, second column, seventh stanza of poem. For "floating," read "fleeting;" ninth stanza, for "guest," read "quest."
Page 167, article "Medical Electricity." For "Sarratt," read "Garratt" throughout.
Page 182, first column, first line. Transpose the words "former" and "latter."
Page 196, second column, line 15. For "52," read "53."
Page 349, first column, line 28. For "Tired," read "Fired," and remove the semicolon.
Page 493, first column, line 8 from the bottom. Strike out the word "not."

The Nation.

VOL. III.—NO. 53. THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1866. { FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM. TWELVE CENTS PER COPY.

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The Week.

THE news of the week is almost entirely European war news. The only thing clear in it is that the Prussians have occupied Hanover and Saxony, and will probably make Dresden their base of operations. They appear to have stolen a march on the Austrians, but many critics are trying to persuade themselves that "strategy" is at the bottom of Benedek's delay. A more probable cause is the inertness of the whole Austrian military machine. The army is too well-dressed and well-drilled for any rapid fighting to be got out of it. Radetski was the only man who ever did so, and he only on a small scale. Benedek has the reputation of being a "genius;" but genius is very apt to evaporate at the head of 400,000 men; so we must wait and see. There is no way of looking at the seizure of Hanover and Saxony which will not make it a decided gain for Prussia. It transfers the war at once to foreign territory, furnishes a good base close on the Austrian frontier, and, what is more important, will probably demoralize the smaller states and weaken the contingents they have sent to Austria. The Prussians have the advantage in artillery, theirs being, perhaps, the finest in the world, and their needle gun is said to have wonderful powers, but it has not been tried in a great war. The Austrian artillery was miserable in 1849, but has since been re-organized and improved—how much, remains to be seen. In cavalry, the Austrian superiority is incontestable; and it is no mean advantage. There has never been such a body of horse seen in the whole history of war as she can bring into the field. Those who remember the kind of "news" we received from Pennsylvania during the week preceding the battle of Gettysburg will know what value to attach to the string of telegrams from the seat of war which we shall receive for the next month by every mail. They are, of course, nearly all based on rumors carried into the telegraph stations remote from the actual scene of hostilities, by panic-stricken fugitives, who see an army in every patrol, and a great battle in every skirmish. The "cutting to pieces" of the Darmstadt regiment, of which we have just heard, is probably a story of this kind. A regiment is never "cut to pieces" in modern warfare, except when it has to bear the brunt of an attack made on a larger force, or when it is so furious or so desperate as to refuse quarter. There is no reason to suppose that any encounter has taken place in Germany calling for the sacrifice of a regiment, and why should the Darmstadt troops be in such a condition of exaltation thus early in the contest, as to die on the field sooner than march into the Prussian camp and get their suppers? In Italy there is nothing new. The nut there is hard to crack, and La Marmora will probably find that the toughest part of the job has been imposed on him. If the Prussians were to meet with such a serious reverse as to disengage a portion of Benedek's army, Italy would have need of all her pluck and all her resources. There has not been for half a century such a convulsion in Europe, nor such a flood of misery let loose on it. War in highly civilized, thickly peopled, and wealthy countries like Italy and Germany, has horrors which in wilder and more thinly settled regions it does not carry with it.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Times*, wishing to mark the change which has come over the political leaders of the South since the immediate cessation of hostilities, says that one of the best proofs of it is the ardent manner in which they are selecting their new friends. He hears, he says, Senators Cowan and Doolittle, Secretaries McCulloch and Seward, the President and Henry Ward Beecher, spoken of as kindly and as often as Lee and Davis. This is a sort of proof that does not seem to us perfectly conclusive. Altered relations imply a change of position on one side or the other—agreed; but can Mr. Truman tell us by what rule of inference he imputes virtue in the present instance? He asserts of the Southern leaders, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, that they would cheerfully and most hospitably entertain the gentlemen named, whom, a few months ago, they would as gladly have hung. Does it make no difference whether these guests are invited or self-invited?

MR. SEWARD is said to have received printed directions for the "sure cure" of Rinderpest, pleuro-pneumonia, mange, ringworm, and grease-heel in barn-yard animals and horses, and for the relief of phthisis and tubercular affections of the lungs in the human patient. Who can doubt that the secretary will rejoice to send the beneficent remedy abroad throughout the Union, diminishing what remains of misery in a country which even yet is hardly "happy," though it is now four months and more since the 22d of February? If the British remedy is as efficacious as it is simple and cheap, the discoverer's countrymen will stand aghast merely to remember the tremendous sacrifice of personal property by the pole-axe within the last few months, and our own farmers will have every reason to be thankful to Dr. Dewor, who allows his discovery to be made known to all the world gratuitously. A small crucible is set in hot ashes, and a piece of stick sulphur of the size of a man's thumb dropped into it. The sulphurous acid gas thus generated is sufficient to fumigate thoroughly a large cattle shed in about twenty minutes. The process, which, by the way, the cattle are said to like, must be repeated four or five times a day, and the disease is soon got under. Congress will probably print Dr. Dewor's recipe, with full instructions, for general distribution.

The "National Convention of Union Men," which is to come off in Philadelphia in August, and which is intended to build up a new party, was at first denounced and sneered at by the Democrats of these parts, but they have lately thought better of it. The *World*, on Monday, acknowledged that it would probably turn out to be of some importance, but that all would depend on the number of Republicans it drew off. Its main function will probably be to give the Southern politicians the first opportunity they have yet enjoyed since the war of spouting before a sympathetic audience at the North, and it will doubtless present a sufficient appearance of strength to throw numbers of gentlemen of the Union party of a dubious turn of mind into a fearful state of embarrassment during the summer. The mental tortures through which these people pass at periods of political transition and disorganization like the present, when there is no knowing which will be the winning side, are such as their fellow-men have little idea of.

The investigating committee in Mr. Rousseau's assault and battery case have made a majority report, signed by Judge Spalding, Mr. Banks, and Mr. Thayer, which advocates Rousseau's expulsion; and a minority report, presented by Mr. Raymond and Mr. Hogan, in favor of a reprimand. Both reports, we are glad to see, recommend a reprimand to Mr. Grinnell for his unparliamentary and otherwise disgraceful language in debate, and they both also advise that those persons whom Rousseau had in his company, all of them armed with revolvers, shall be brought to the bar of the House to answer for contempt of its privileges. It is hardly probable that expulsion will be resorted to, for the provocation given by Grinnell is recognized as great; and whether or not Rousseau is a coward, the House probably knows that of the better part of valor the Kentucklan has but a small quantity. Yet, too, he showed a sufficiency of an evil sort of prudence when he collected his two or three ruffianly, high-toned gentlemen to assist him in the attack; and that circumstance may tell strongly against him when the House comes to a vote on his case. The whole shameful affair will hardly be regretted if it shall do something to raise the tone of Congressional debate.

Bayard Taylor writes to the *Tribune* from Kansas, that on the road from Leavenworth to Lawrence he witnessed a phenomenon which had never before come under his observation. This was "the spontaneous production of forests from prairie land." Hundreds of acres, which had been protected against the ravages of fire by cultivated fields beyond, were overgrown with hickory and oak trees, from four to six feet in height. If Kansas is a type, in this respect, of the far West, the plantations proposed by Government will have a double value: they will foster the settlement of that great territory, and the settlements, in their turn, will stimulate the spontaneous growth of woods.

It is certain that New York is to have a new post-office, and almost certain that, in consequence, we are to lose the southerly portion of the City Hall Park. The city is to sell the necessary ground for $500,000, which is said to be no more than one-third of its actual value, and the general Government is expected to erect a structure that, for size and beauty, shall be the pride of New York. At the open meeting of the commissioners, on Saturday last, the talk was mainly as between bargainor and bargainee; but Mr. Sinclair Tousey, having got leave to speak, put in a word for the inhabitants at large. Building on the park, he said, would be "robbing the poor people of a breathing-spot." Mr. Kelly answered him that "there is a river on either side of this portion of the city, distant only a few moments"—as if one could walk on the water or would walk on West Street. So Mr. Tousey's objection obtained but little attention, and a part of the park must go. As Mr. Courtney said, if it should not be taken for the post-office, it would soon be covered with horse-railroad tracks. It is quite probable. Our Common Council have done enough for glory in their public-spirited onslaught upon the wealthy owners of stoops and steps in Fifth Avenue, and it is time now for some little transactions with corporations. The fact is that the park is not so pretty a place that it has enlisted any very strong feeling in its favor, though, of course, nobody will be glad to see the green diminishing—or, rather, nobody would be glad if any other building than a decent post-office were to take its place. But the present building is altogether too bad to be suffered.

We may expect soon to hear cries of rage from the press of the British North American provinces. For some reason, which can only be conjectured—perhaps to vindicate his claim to the title of a far-seeing statesman—Representative Banks has introduced a bill laying down conditions for admitting into the Union, as States and Territories, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Canada East, Canada West, and the adjacent districts of Selkirk, Saskatchewan, and Columbia. They are to be declared States and Territories, by proclamation of the President, as soon as they, in conjunction with Great Britain, file in the State Department their acceptance of certain propositions contained in the second section of the bill. These are not given in full by the telegraph; but among them is one under which the United States assumes the public debt of the provinces, which amounts altogether to about $85,000,000, and also undertakes to pay $10,000,000 to the Hudson Bay Company. Mr. Banks's "earth hunger," as the Germans say when they speak of the Anglo-Saxon passion for territorial aggrandizement, is a perfectly natural appetite, we suppose, in American representatives. In this particular case, it will probably be appeased vicariously in the person of Mr. Banks's descendants in the next generation, but there is no harm in having everything ready.

The London *Times* is almost tender in its acknowledgments of the handsome manner in which the United States Government has put down the Fenians. Nothing can be suaver, smoother, and oilier than its manner of patting Mr. Johnson and Generals Grant and Meade on the back. All we have to do now is to wait for the philosophical article which will reach us in a week or two on Mr. Ancona's resolution in the House of Representatives, in which that body will be "handled without gloves," though "more in sorrow than in anger." We hope by that time Mr. Banks will be ready with his report on the propriety of repealing the neutrality laws. We expect great things of him, and trust we shall not be disappointed. The theme and the occasion are all tempting, and Sweeney and Roberts are waiting.

In England, the Gladstone Ministry have, after much tribulation, suffered defeat on the reform bill, which has driven them into resigning. The majority on the second reading, as we predicted at the time, was so small as to make this result, sooner or later, all but inevitable. What with this, the financial panic, the alarming state of things on the European Continent, the arrival of the American monitor at Queenstown after a swift passage across the Atlantic, the public mind in England is gloomy enough. Mr. Whiteside, a Tory of the Tories, has suggested arbitration on the question of the *Alabama* damages, in return for American energy against the Fenians.

We have received a great number of letters in reply to "L.'s" article on the obligation of telling the truth. We have published two, which we considered the ablest, but must decline to devote any more space to the discussion. We have been earnestly urged to repudiate "L.'s" sentiments in strong terms; but this, even though we do not agree with him, we do not feel called upon to do. We are of the number of those who believe the discussion of any question of moral or mental philosophy to be profitable, and that any code of morals or manners which will not bear discussion must be rotten. We may be sure that anybody who lies after reading "L.'s" letter lied before he read it; and the only advantage he is likely to derive from it is a supply of better excuses for his lying than he had been able to invent himself. Our advice to all liars is to lie no more; but we would also remind lovers of truth of the French proverb which declares that "toute verité n'est pas bonne à dire."

CONGRESS.

Thursday, June 28.—In the Senate a resolution was adopted looking to the re-organization of the Civil Service, and especially of the Post-Office, Treasury, and Interior Departments, that appointments may be made for specific terms, after examination by proper boards, and promotions on the score of merit or seniority, and dismissals upon trial or resignation; and that each branch of the service may be officered by experts. A bill was passed regulating the occupation of the mineral lands and extending the right of pre-emption.

In the House, news was read, with applause, of the ratification by Connecticut of the constitutional amendment. In the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, Mr. Morrill made an elaborate speech in explanation and support of the tariff bill, which was then considered for amendment.

June 29.—The Senate passed (yeas, 16; nays, 13) a bill in relation to telegraphs, of much the same purport as that freeing the railroads of the country from local monopolies; it provides, however, for Government aid in the construction of new lines that may accept its conditions, among which is the obligation to give priority to Government despatches, which are to be transmitted at rates fixed annually by the Postmaster-General. The United States also reserves to itself the right to buy all these lines at the expiration of five years.

In the House, the tariff bill was still further discussed and amended.

June 30.—The Senate insisted on its amendments to the Freedmen's Bureau bill, and ordered a committee of conference. The chief point of difference between the two Houses is the disposition of the Sea Island lands, now held by freedmen under General Sherman's order, the Senate allowing the former owners to recover them on paying for improvements, etc., while the House insists on the validity of the present tenure. A bill was passed granting lands to Kansas to aid in constructing the southern branch of the Union Pacific RR. The House Indian appropriation bill was taken up and discussed.

In the House, a bill was reported to provide a temporary government for the Territory of Lincoln. In Committee of the Whole some progress was made with the tax bill.

THE FREEDMEN.

Gens. Steedman and Fullerton have reached New Orleans. In Columbus, Miss., they discovered one outrage on a freedman that did not proceed from the Bureau. A colored man had come to town to collect money due him, and while sleeping in the house, was seized by four men with blackened faces, who carried him to the woods, offered him gross indignities, and then cut off his ears. In Grenada, they found the débris of Forrest's command in lawless control of the country. Assassinations were common—the last victim being Lieut. J. B. Blanding, V. R. C., an officer of the Freedmen's Bureau—his only known offence. The freedmen of the district are laboring well; and the bulk of complaint arises from breaches of contracts to which the poor whites are parties. The latter are also at the bottom of nearly every assault and battery on the freedmen. In Alabama, it was found that the most cruel and heartless persons in their conduct toward the freedmen were the police, with which every city, town, and village is liberally supplied. They are generally low Irish or poor whites, and two-thirds of the complaints of the blacks are against them. The planters in Mississippi are beginning to learn that the best way to keep the negroes from flocking to the cities is to establish schools on their plantations.

—Gen. Saxton has written a letter to the Secretary of War denying in detail the charges of Gens. Steedman and Fullerton. He shows that so far from wishing to conceal the facts or defects of his administration by carrying away the records with him (which he had a perfect right to do), he gave special orders to his adjutant-generals, who are now serving under Gen. Scott, to retain *all* the papers, and have copies made if desired.

—Capt. S. N. Clark, an inspector of the Bureau, reports discouragingly of the state of St. Mary's and Calvert Counties, Maryland, except that he found a considerable number of the colored people owners and lessees of land. Laborers' wages are $5 per month for women, and $12 and $18 for men, with rations and quarters. No schools have yet been established, and great opposition would be made to them. The apprenticing of colored children has been carried to a large extent, and the civil rights bill is quite disregarded. Judge Tuck, of Calvert, at the May term of the criminal court, sentenced five men to be sold into slavery for periods of from six to eighteen months—in one case the offence being a petty theft of a dollar's worth. These sentences were carried into effect on the 28th.

—A man in Macon Co., Tenn., is said to have acted on the idea that the abolition of the freedmen's courts was equivalent to the restoration of slavery. He was arrested and sent to Nashville.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Dr. Albert Reville, the friend and literary associate of M. Ernest Renan, is about to publish in London his essay on "Apollonius of Tyana, the Pagan or False Christ of the Third Century," a very interesting account of the attempt to revive paganism in the third century by means of a false Christ. The analysis of the book says:

"The principal events in the life of Apollonius are almost identical with the Gospel narrative. Apollonius is born in a mysterious way about the same time as Christ. Like him he goes through a period of preparation; afterwards come a passion, then a resurrection, and an ascension. The messengers of Apollo sing at his birth as the angels did at that of Jesus. He is exposed to the attacks of enemies, though always engaged in doing good. He goes from place to place accompanied by his favorite disciples; passes on to Rome, where Domitian is seeking to kill him, just as Jesus went up to Jerusalem and to certain death. In many other respects the parallel is equally extraordinary."

—An interesting book and a valuable contribution to anthropological science is a book by Dr. P. M. Duncan and Mr. William Millard, who have been for some years engaged in the endeavor to raise to the highest possible pitch the individual and social condition of the idiot, the latter being the superintendent of the Eastern Counties (England) Asylum for Idiots and Imbeciles. They give the results of their experience under the title of "A Manual for the Classification, Training, and Education of the Feeble-minded, Imbecile, and Idiotic."

—Mr. Adolphus W. Ward, fellow and assistant tutor of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, has been elected by the trustees of Owens College to the professorship of English language and literature and ancient and modern history in that institution. Mr. W. Stanley Jevons, fellow of University College, London, and author of the "Investigations on the Value of Gold" and on the "Extent of the British Coal-fields," which have recently excited such a sensation in England, has been elected professor of mental and moral philosophy and of political economy in the same college. The master and fellows of St. John's College, Cambridge, have nominated the Rev. Henry Whitehead Moss, B.A., fellow and classical lecturer of St. John's, to the head mastership of Shrewsbury School, as successor to Dr. Kennedy. The governors of Shrewsbury School elect on the nomination of St. John's College. Mr. Goldwin Smith, professor of history at Oxford, will give up his chair at the end of the present year. The term for which Mr. Matthew Arnold was elected professor of poetry expires at the same time, and there is already discussion as to who his successor shall be.

—The English papers announce the death of Dr. Robert Kaye Greville, the accomplished botanist, on the 4th of June. He did much for the advancement of the study of the cryptogamic plants. He was besides an accurate and skilful artist and an active philanthropist.

—Angelo Brofferio, one of the veterans of the Italian democracy, recently died very suddenly at Lago Maggiore. He was born in 1802, and pursued law studies at Turin, though he devoted himself fully as much to literary pursuits. In youth he wrote several tragedies; in 1830, on his release from a short political imprisonment, he published a volume of political poems in the Piedmontese dialect, which obtained for him the name of the Italian Béranger. A volume of memoirs of his, "I miei tempi," is entertaining. In 1852 he wrote the "History of Piedmont from 1814," strongly marked by party spirit. His greatest historical work was the "History of the Subalpine Parliament," which he unfortunately left unfinished. In 1848 he was the editor of the "Messagiere Torinese." Though a radical democrat, he was not a Mazzinist, but a partisan of the House of Savoy, and one of his last wishes was that he could take an active part in the coming war, in which the Italian armies march to his swan-song, the "Battle Hymn."

—To all persons who are endeavoring to understand the causes of the Austro-Prussian difficulty, and the relations existing between the different European states, two books will be very useful. One of them is "International Policy," consisting of seven essays on the foreign relations of England, by various writers, principally from Oxford.

The essays are "The West," by Richard Congreve, M.A.; "England and France," by Frederic Harrison, M.A.; "England and the Sea," by Prof. E. S. Beesly, of University College, London; "England and India," by E. H. Pember, M.A.; "England and China," by J. H. Bridges, M.B.; "England and Japan," by Charles A. Cookson, B.A.; and "England and the Uncivilized Communities," by Henry Dix Hutton, B.A., of Trinity College, Dublin. The other book which we allude to is "Etudes de la Diplomatie Contemporaine," by M. Julian Klaczko. These "studies" were principally written for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and a new series on "La Crise en Allemagne" is begun there. Two pamphlets by Louis Veuillot are attracting some attention at Paris, "A Propos de la Guerre" and "La Confédération Européenne." Just as the war breaks out which is to give a final death-blow to the treaties of 1815, appears a ponderous book in four large octavo volumes (2,200 pp.), "Le Congrès de Vienne et les Traités de 1815, par le Comte d'Angeberg." Prefixed is an historical introduction. Then follow, 1, Negotiations of 1813; 2, Negotiations of 1814 to the opening of the Congress of Vienna; 3, The Congress of Vienna to the Hundred Days; 4. The Congress of Vienna to its close, June 9, 1815; 5, Negotiations of 1815 to the second Peace of Paris, November 20, 1815; and 6, Treaties and Conventions arising out of the Congress of Vienna and the Treaties of 1815. The work concludes with a chronological table and an alphabetical index.

—The lexicon of Buxtorf is daily becoming rarer and dearer, and the demands of the student of the Semitic languages are daily greater, so that there is great need of a new lexical working-over of the whole wide field of Judean-Aramaic literature. But this is a work which probably no single scholar could thoroughly do, and answer all the demands of modern philological science. Rabbi Dr. J. Levy, in his "Chaldäisches Wörterbuch über die Targumine und einer grossen Theil des rabbinischen Schriftthums," has tried to cover a portion of this ground, but with very moderate success. Competent German critics consider this lexicon as but little in advance of Buxtorf. The Ethiopic language has found a better investigator in August Dillmann, who to his Ethiopic grammar, published in 1857, and his great lexicon, published in 1865, has now added an excellent "Chrestomathia Æthiopica."

—That most charming book, at first privately printed and not intended for other publication, "Anne Paule Dominique de Noailles, Marquise de Montagu," has already reached a fifth edition. Few biographies are so entertaining as this compilation from Madame de Montagu's journals, and from the letters of herself, her sisters, and their husbands. Her four sisters married the Vicomte de Noailles, son of the Maréchal de Mouchy; M. de la Fayette, the Vicomte du Roure, and subsequently the Vicomte de Thesau, and the Marquis de Grammont. Of all volumes of memoirs relating to the period of the French Revolution none give so perfect a picture of the inner life of the aristocracy of France immediately below the throne as will be found in the extracts which are the great charm of this volume.

—The opposition journals of Paris seem to be continually getting into hot water with the Minister of the Interior. But a short time ago the "Revue Nationale," a monthly periodical, was prevented from becoming a semi-monthly, as the minister held that it was necessary for the proprietor to receive a fresh permission to publish, and that he refused to grant. Now, the "Revue Contemporaine," which has just passed over from the Government to the opposition, has received two warnings for issuing its semi-monthly numbers in a new monthly part, containing exactly the same matter. The minister certainly, by a strict interpretation, has the law on his side; but his rigid enforcement of it shows the disposition of the Government to restrict the press as much as possible.

—The French Academy have given the prize to M. Charles Giraud for the best essay on the life and works of St. Evremond, the overrated wit and writer of the seventeenth century, a subject which was proposed last year by the Academy. M. Giraud has recently issued a complete edition of St. Evremond's works, which, previous to the award, was the subject of a long and spirited debate in the Academy. The first Gobert prize has been awarded to M. Gaston Paris for his "Histoire poétique de Charlemagne;" the second to M. Léon Gautier for his work, "Les Epopées Françaises, études sur les origines et l'histoire de la littérature nationale." The prize for the best work on French history has been a second time given to M. Théophile Lavallée for his last work, "Les Frontières de France." The book, published before the events that have brought on the actual crisis in Europe, draws from these events, apart from its scientific value, a singular interest. This second distinction given to it proves, in fact, that the French Academy openly profess, with regard to the treaties of 1815, the same aversion as the author of the Auxerre speech. This is very curious, when one recalls the opinions recently expressed by the most prominent political member of the Academy.

—When an American enumerates the chief sources of public instruction, he names the church, the school, the newspaper, and the lyceum. The Englishman knows nothing of the last. Such a thing as a lecture is not unknown, but a lecture system and a profession of lecturer have yet to exist in Great Britain. Now and then a mechanics' institute gets an address from some distinguished personage, and, as in corn-law times, a special occasion will give rise to a lecture organization *ad hoc*. Now and then, too, a member of Parliament returns to his constituents under an awful obligation to entertain them with his views of the state of the country or a record of his behavior. But men of character and learning—the lights of the pulpit and the bar, the Speaker of the House, the Attorney-General, the Chief-Justice, along with ex-office-holders and celebrities of every description—could never be induced, like their peers in this country, to traverse the kingdom in the winter season, satchel in hand, and perhaps a single well-conned discourse in the satchel, hurrying from point to point to meet their consecutive engagements now at some great city and the next night in an obscure village, for ten, twenty, or thirty pounds a night. Scarcely one of our republican "institutions" affords a more peculiar contrast between our civilization and that of the Old World than the lyceum. Mr. M. C. Tyler, a very creditable representative of "Young America" in its best sense, a graduate of one of our colleges, and for some time a minister in this State, has been for three years in England and Wales, for the most part occupied in lecturing, and we find in the British newspapers the most favorable notices of his performances. His repertory embraced lectures on America, literature, history, and education, some of the titles being "Muscular Ethics," "American Orators and Oratory," "Richard Brinsley Sheridan," "American Wit and Humor," etc., etc.

SCIENTIFIC.

The Dodo.—This is one of the few animals that have become extinct under man's observation, and, as Sir Charles Lyell has remarked, it is the only animal the date of the destruction of the more perishable parts of which is a matter of record. On the 8th of January, 1755, the vice-chancellor and curators of the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, voted that the stuffed skin of the dodo, bequeathed to them just a century before by Tradescant, should be removed, *ad lustrandum*, for the purification of the museum. Every feather of this bird would now be prized the world over as a relic of the extraordinary creature which the early navigators killed and ate in the Mauritius, and of which some of the Dutch painters have left drawings, among them the one with which every boy is familiar in his books of natural history. There is reason to believe from contemporary record that a live dodo was once exhibited in London. Luckily, in spite of the vote of the vice-chancellor and the curators, the head and one of the feet of the banished skin were saved, are still preserved at Oxford, and could not be bought for their weight in gold. A leg of another bird exists in the British Museum, and Reinhardt found, not long since, among some "venerable rubbish" in the museum at Copenhagen, another head. These, with a few bones, for a time constituted the only remains of this extinct animal. The history of the attempt to determine the natural affinities of this bird from the remains just referred to is an instructive one, and goes far to show that the reconstruction of an animal from a part—as a bone, a scale, or a tooth—is not the easy feat that the reading public have been led to believe. As matters now stand, he would be a hardy naturalist who would risk his reputation in the attempt.

With a head and one of the legs as a basis for an opinion, Vigons placed the dodo between the ostriches and the curassows; Blainville, followed by La Fresnaye and Gould, placed it near the vultures; and Owen regarded it as a modified bird of prey, though he subsequently changed his views. John Edward Gray, of the British Museum, pronounced the bird a fabrication, in which the trunk of one bird had received the head of a second and the legs of a third—not thinking, apparently, that this only made matters worse, since it would require one extinct animal to possess the head and another to own the feet. The masters in science were at fault. Reinhardt, of Copenhagen, first pointed out its affinities with the pigeon, and in this view was soon afterwards followed by Mr. Strickland and Dr. Melville in their admirable and exhaustive memoir. Led by the analogies of other portions of the animal kingdom, in which certain species are characterized by their retaining through life embryonic forms, these last-named naturalists brought forward the view that the dodo was a gigantic pigeon, as much larger than the existing pigeon as the moa of New Zealand is than ordinary birds, with this additional characteristic, that it had all the features of a nestling, with short wings and covering of down. For the credit of American science, we must not overlook the fact that, entirely independent of the labors of European naturalists, an eminent American ornithologist, Dr. Samuel Cabot, of Boston, from his own observations, arrived at precisely similar views, not only as to the affinity of the dodo to the pigeon, but as to the persistence of embryonic features. These views were printed in the "Boston Journal of Natural History" before the conclusions of Reinhardt, Strickland, and Melville had reached this country. The conclusions given above with regard to the nature of the dodo have been largely confirmed by recent discoveries. Some months since a considerable number of the bones of this bird were found in the Mauritius after the draining of a marsh. These have been examined by M. Alphonse Milne-Edwards, who finds them indicating a bird closely allied to the pigeons, like the vinagos, but still having certain features which make it not unlikely that a new natural family may be required to receive them.

The Rate of Motion of Nervous Force.—The quickness with which motion follows will and perception touch has generally been assumed to be immeasurable, though the astronomers long since learned that two persons observing simultaneously recorded the transit of a star at different times, in consequence of the different rates at which sensations, perceptions, volitions, and motions succeeded each other in the observers. Du Bois Raymond has recently made an attempt to measure the rapidity of the transmission of nervous force, by causing a muscle, when it contracts under the influence of a stimulus applied to a nerve, to move an index which traces a curve on a revolving cylinder or a plate of smoked glass moving at a uniform rate. If the nerve going to a muscle be stimulated at a certain point and the curve traced, and then the index be carried back to the starting point, and the nerve stimulated again at the same place as before, the second curve will be found to correspond exactly with the first. If, now, the experiment is so changed that the nerve at one trial is stimulated at a point near the muscle, and at another at a point the most distant possible from the muscle, the curves traced will no longer correspond, but will be separated by an interval determined by the difference in time required for the transmission of the nervous force over two different distances. By using an electric light, and throwing a highly magnified image upon a screen, these differences were made visible to an audience in the lecture-room of the Royal Institution.

Light moves at the rate of 300,000,000 metres per second, sound in air at 332, and a cannon ball at 552 metres per second. Nerve force, measured by the above method, is found to move only at the rate of about 28 metres, or 1,092 inches per second. Assuming the distance from the brain to the muscles on the sole of the foot at 60 inches, the transmission of a volition or a sensitive impression through that distance would require a little more than the one-eighteenth of a second. This is not far from the speed of an express train. He found that the rate of transmission was materially influenced by changes of temperature, the curves traced by the index being much wider apart when the nerve was cooled down by ice than when left at the temperature of the room.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN ITALY.*

"We desire the education of the women of Italy in order that, by their care, *men* may be trained worthily to bear the name of Italians." Thus wrote, a quarter of a century ago, that most patriotic Italian author, Pietro Giordani, at a period when there prevailed in enslaved Italy an emasculated system of education, and methods of instruction which, instead of forming commanding intellects suited to the wants of the nation, conscientious, just, and honorable leaders to instruct and guide the masses, aimed to fill the schools with pedants and captious disputants, and to produce contentious, obstinate, jealous, and therefore weak or profligate, men.

If we would make a people great and free, we must, above all, promote the education of its women; and if we would educate the Italian people, we must begin by training the future mothers of the nation. The more solid and comprehensive the education of our women, the broader and more fruitful will be the results of our national emancipation. The political question once resolved, Italy ought to apply her whole strength to the solution of the social question, among the first elements of which is the intellectual and moral regeneration of woman.

Among the Italian teachers who are laboring for this end with intelligent and affectionate zeal, we are happy in being able to count a lady who, by the importance of her writings, the solidity of her attainments, and the elevation of her life, is now universally admitted to have acquired the right of placing herself at the head of the movement for that regeneration. Not to speak of her works on the general rights and position of women, which have been noticed with great praise by both the Italian and the foreign press,† Anna Maria Mozzoni has recently published an essay, small in volume, but pregnant with instruction, under the modest title of "A Step Forwards in Female Culture."

"The moral and intellectual education of woman is indisputably one of the most deeply felt and universally acknowledged wants of our age. Logical minds perceive that this is one of the most important corollaries of that equality which philosophy teaches, and a necessary consequence of the revolution which civil society has everywhere accepted, and which has impressed upon all social, political, and religious institutions a rapid transformation."

Upon these principles our distinguished authoress erects the whole structure of her educational system. Nor does she confine that system to the women of Italy, but applies it to the female sex in all nations which have attained a certain point in civilization. She justly observes that in all countries the condition of woman is substantially the same, or at least analogous. Everywhere woman is humiliated by legal institutions, hampered by custom and public opinion. Social statistics are largely made up of the detail of the much that is denied her, the little she has to lose. If she enjoys a condition of well-being, she owes her happiness to the individual; while the evil she suffers is due both to the individual and to the institutions. It has, therefore, seemed to her absurd to propose a system of improvement in the intellectual condition of her sex which should be limited to the special case of the women of Italy. The base upon which her thesis is constructed being the democratic idea, which cannot logically exclude a single human creature from its share of rights and duties, she could not confine to a single nationality, a single country, the beneficent effects of progress without greatly diminishing the value of the scheme and falling into inconsistencies.

We applaud the plan of an international institution in which young women should be educated according to the principles of that universal morality whose precepts command the suffrages of all nations, "it being the supreme end and aim of this plan to redeem woman from the capricious dominion of individuals, by raising her reason and her conscience to the knowledge of her duties, of her rights, and of the mission imposed upon her towards herself as an intelligent and progressive being, as an associate in civil society, as a citizen in the commonwealth, as a co-worker in the social laboratory; towards her family as a wife and as a mother, in which last point alone her situation is distinguished from that of her companion."

In approving this noble scheme we may express the hope that, as Switzerland has at Geneva her international institute for male youths, Italy may soon possess an international institute for females on her favored soil, where the human heart is still the same which beat in the bosom of the sons of Latin mothers, and which now pulsates with the fresh life inspired by the hope of the regeneration of the Italian people.

To the above remarks, which have been prepared for The Nation by

* "Un Passo avanti nella Cultura Femminile, Tesi e Progetto di Anna Maria Mozzoni. Milano. 1866." [A step forwards in female culture.]

† "Woman and her Social Relations, on occasion of the revision of the Civil Code of Italy. Milan. 1864."
"Woman as Considered in the Project for a new Italian Civil Code. Milan. 1865."
"The Rights of Woman, a Lecture before the Pietrasanti Institute. Milan. 1865."

the Chevalier Vincenzo de Castro, of the Italian Ministry of Public Instruction, I beg leave to add some further observations on Miss Mozzoni's first-mentioned essay, "A Step Forwards in Female Culture," and on the important subject it discusses. This is an argument for an improvement in the systems of female education, based partly on historical facts, and partly on the obvious necessity of elevating the social and moral condition of woman in accordance with the democratic principles which constitute the true motive power of modern progress. Political reformers have too generally overlooked the solidarity which the laws of nature have established between the sexes. Their plans for the extension of political franchises, of civil rights, of public instruction, and of material prosperity have almost uniformly been framed as if the world was made for *man*, and that woman had no rights which the legislator or the freeman is bound to respect. The relations of master and servant, of government and people, not being founded on natural law, are not determinable by reference to ascertained or ascertainable principles, and may, therefore, to a certain extent, be arbitrarily controlled by circumstances, or by the express or implied consent of the parties. But the relative, or rather the joint, rights, duties, and interests of the sexes are fixed by laws as universal and as unalterable as the moral and intellectual constitution of man. The popular mythology of Persia fables a bird which has but a single wing, with a hook or an eye on the opposite side, and so can fly only when linked together in a pair. Man and woman are indissolubly united as such a couple, as the social complements of each other, and the highest interests of neither can be effectually promoted by any system of government, legislation, or education which does not regard with equal favor the mental and moral culture, the independent sense of right and responsibility, the material advantage and the general happiness of both. Man has, no doubt, attained to a certain greatness in some countries by whose institutions woman is debased; but, at the same time, the *progress* of man in those very countries has been marked by an improvement in the condition of woman, and his fall has always been accompanied, and too often occasioned, by the ignorance and depravity to which his institutions have reduced her.

In all existing general systems of education, the mental and moral inferiority of woman is assumed as an axiom. Man is a creature of reason, woman a creature of instinct. Hence he must have a rational, she a sensational education. Upon such a sandy ground as this all our fabric of scholastic teaching, all our domestic culture, has been founded. The iron logic of fact has proved the falsehood of the fundamental assumption, and the overthrow of this error must involve a revolution in our methods of training for both sexes. We say for *both*, because when we are able to see clearly the defects of our course of female education, we shall begin to perceive that our scheme of instruction for male youth is almost equally imperfect. The curriculum of our preparatory schools and our colleges contains absolutely no provision for social, next to none for moral, culture. Youths, while passing through them, are deprived of the humanizing influences of domestic life, and the young man comes out of the hands of his professors a coarser, a more unsocial, too often a more vicious, being than the mother's boy he has grown out of.

Coleridge, who had no liberal estimate of the intellect of woman, has nevertheless remarked that at least the physiognomy of men of the highest genius is always characterized by feminine traits of expression. We admire the womanly generosity of great conquerors more even than their powers in battle, and we worship the heroism so often displayed by women more devoutly than the most attractive exhibition of sensibility or even affection. There is no emptier, no more poor-spirited commonplace than that which describes woman as emotional and impulsive, man as rational and reflective, and hence deduces the conclusion that in woman the affections, in man the intellect, should be especially cultivated. Were the fact as assumed, the contrary course of training would be that which ought to be followed in order to foster in each sex the qualities in which it is naturally deficient. That a sickly sensibility has been often developed in women, blanched as they are by exclusion from the light and air of God's atmosphere, is, unhappily, too true, and it is not less so that the heart of men becomes hardened and their sensibilities deadened by an unsocial education, and by the habit of devolving exclusively upon women the burden of domestic duties, parental responsibilities, and personal charities.

Without insisting that the normal education of women should be in all respects identical with that of man—for that is a question which experience alone can determine—it is not extravagant to say that such facilities of instruction as they have the will and the power to turn to profitable account should be placed as freely at their command as they now are at the command of men, and that, if it be found expedient to make some distinction in special branches of their respective courses of study, the methods should be substantially the same, and the education of the sexes should be so far assimilated as to effect in each the development of the moral and intellectual traits which command our highest reverence and admiration in either.

Besides this, provision ought to be made for exceptional cases in either sex. If a man happens to be so constituted that he can labor to greatest advantage in departments usually occupied by women; if, on the contrary, a woman is so organized that she can, most profitably to herself and to the commonwealth, perform such work as men habitually perform, there is no good reason why the exceptional individual should not be trained to labor in the exceptional field. The truth is, we know next to nothing at all about the relative powers and capacities of the two sexes. We have remained in blank but wilful ignorance of the whole matter. Obscurantists, civil and religious, prate about the lessons of experience. We have nothing that is fit to be called experience on the subject. Commonplace saws and shallow generalizations, indeed, we have in abundance; but of philosophical *experience*, which consists in well-devised *experiment*, nothing.

Mr. De Castro has well expressed the fundamental wrong in the position of women. If they enjoy a condition of well-being, they owe their happiness to the individual, to the exceptional virtue or indulgence of those upon whom brute force, organized into unjust law, has made them dependent, while the humiliation and misery of what has been regarded as their normal status is due in the greatest measure to the brazen network of arbitrary institutions which has everywhere enchained them. When a woman is set free from this miserable state of dependence by the death of those whom in bitter, but unconscious irony, society calls her "natural protectors," she is found, in the great majority of cases, quite as well able to provide for herself and to live respectably as her *unprotected* brothers. For one female mendicant, except in priest-ridden countries, ten sturdy male beggars will ask your charity, and in all lands the male idlers are greatly more numerous than the female.

The first duty of society to woman is to emancipate her from artificial restraints, to pass a "Civil Rights Bill" for her benefit, and to leave her to obey the impulses of her organization, mental and physical, as freely as man. Make her an independent *being* (or rather equalize the natural interdependence of the two sexes), compel her no longer to remain the *soulless thing* into which your institutions are constantly striving to transform her. But you say the powers of women are limited, and her position fixed by natural law. Very well, then, if nature has made such laws as you suppose, why not leave it to nature to enforce them? All violations of natural law inevitably and inexorably involve their own punishment, and nature does not require the help of any self-appointed interpreter to define and apply the penalties for offences against her. Make woman legally and socially the peer of man, afford her equal if not identical means of education, give free scope to the natural laws which determine the relations, powers, and positions of *both* sexes, and all the points, the bare suggestion of which so shocks the wiggeries, owleries, and cowleries of social and religious old-fogyism, will settle themselves far better than man's wisdom can regulate them.

In Italy, the country with whose social condition Miss Mozzoni is naturally most familiar, women are under substantially the same disabilities as elsewhere in Christendom, and they have for many centuries suffered under still more cruel oppressions—the despotism of the priesthood, embracing, of course, the confessional, and the deleterious influence of a conventual education, two of the most powerful instruments of moral degradation and intellectual debasement which have ever existed in any form of human society.

If we take the history of the Italians for the six last centuries, as a whole, we must allow them to be, if not in every respect the first, yet at least the most variously gifted, people of modern times, and their women, whenever temporarily or accidentally released from the restraints of what Miss Mozzoni justly calls "Catholic misogynism," have always maintained the same relative superiority as the men. In the second section of her essay Miss Mozzoni enumerates very many distinguished Italian women, and she might have added many highly illustrious names to her list of those who have shed honor on Italy; for, not to speak of minor celebrities, she does not mention among her learned countrywomen Olympia Morata, perhaps the greatest of them all, nor among Italian female artists the admirable Elisabetta Sirani, of Bologna, who, like her celebrated townswoman, Properzia dei Rossi, is said to have fallen a victim to the professional jealousy of a male rival.

In the early part of the sixteenth century, during the brief period when even the Church itself, the very sanctuary of darkness, was threatened with a profane irruption of light, the number of learned, genial, and liberal Italian women was so large that it is very doubtful whether all the rest of Europe together contained so many as the Italian peninsula alone, and they have always taken a conspicuous part in every movement for the enlightenment and redemption of their country. But the priesthood still retains the hold upon the great majority of them, and Garibaldi never uttered a more preg-

nant truth than when he said that the instruction, elevation, and emancipation of woman was among the most powerful means and most indispensable conditions of the regeneration of Italy.

Not above one-fifth part of the total Italian population is able to read and write, and as girls are generally excluded from schools taught or controlled by priests, it is very questionable whether one Italian woman in ten, upon the average, knows her alphabet. The moral and intellectual degradation of the people and the influence of the priests—which, in social arithmetic, are generally convertible terms—are in all parts of Italy measured by the ignorance of the women. In large Italian towns, former capitals of the old duchies, I have known women who, in purchasing an article costing twelve sous, could not tell how many coppers they were to receive out of the *lira* they had given the shopman, and who, in fact, could not even count ten. And yet these women, though regular church-goers, have been persons of quick native intelligence, and capable of performing extremely well the mechanical duties of the routine in which they had been trained. Since the organization of the kingdom of Italy the army has been, as a seminary of popular instruction, a school worth all the rest, and it has thus abundantly compensated the pecuniary sacrifices it has cost the nation. Illiterate recruits are taught to read, write, and compute, by the officers. They learn, many of them for the first time in their lives, that they have a country, a government, between which and themselves exist reciprocal rights and duties. "Every discharged soldier from the southern provinces," said a distinguished Italian to me, "is a missionary of kno wledge and civilization;" and I have scarcely ever witnessed a greater transformation of the individual than that from the raw, half-human, priest-fearing, and God-denying Calabrian conscript to the trained Italian soldier of three years' standing. From the advantages of the military establishment women, of course, are excluded, and the enlightening and liberalizing influences of the new institutions have not yet shown themselves effectual in raising the sex from the ancient condition of ignorance, servility, and debasement.

To dispel the blackness of darkness which broods over her sisters is the vast and noble scope of Miss Mozzoni's ambition. Beginning, as of course in such a state of society she must, with those who are in a condition of comparative *material* superiority, she proposes the establishment of schools in which the period of instruction should be six years, the course of study being fixed for the first three, optional during the last half of the term. The entire range for which she designs that instruction shall be provided would be as comprehensive, at least, as that in most American colleges, and her plan embraces also arrangements for physical and social training, as well as for what are called "accomplishments" in our educational nomenclature. I see nothing objectionable in the details of her scheme except that she seems to me to have fallen into the common error of attaching too much importance to the study of living foreign literatures and giving too little prominence to that of classical language, the Latin especially, which, as a mental discipline, is worth all the rest. The most common defect in female education is the want of *exactness* of knowledge, and they are not habitually trained to scrupulous precision in the forms and logical relations of words or of philosophical conceptions. In regard to a large class of the objects of thought, mathematical studies enforce the habit of exact appreciation and distinction; but for a still larger, a thorough acquaintance with the admirable mechanism of the Latin language is the best of all educational disciplines. It must be admitted, however, that the requirements of education in Italy are, in this respect, quite different from what they are in the United States. The Italian language itself, to those to whom it is native and acquired without effort in the nursery, supplies, though imperfectly, the place which Latin demands in an American education, and French has, unhappily, obtained so universal a currency in Italy as to have very seriously interfered with the rights of the vernacular, and become an absolutely indispensable social accomplishment. Every Italian must know his provincial dialect, French, and the *lingua commune*, or book-language, of Italy. This to the Tuscan is a mother-tongue, to his fellow-citizens of other provinces a foreign speech, which he too often knows least perfectly of the three he is obliged to acquire. An American ought to know but one form of English, and if to that he adds a familiar acquaintance with *written* French and German, he has all the attainment in *modern* philology which, to persons not specially addicted to linguistic pursuits and not contemplating residence or travel abroad, is worth the labor of acquisition.

Miss Mozzoni's project has been received with much favor in high quarters, and, unless the war which is now threatening Italy shall delay the realization of her hopes, it is highly probable that a liberally organized and endowed female high school will soon be put in operation under her direction. Persons engaged in instruction in Italy complain of the want of good manuals in all the branches of education, theoretical treatises on the subject, reports of the organization and management of such public and private schools as have proved successful, scholastic apparatus of all sorts, information of all kinds, in short, except mere catalogues of pupils. Persons who are disposed to aid the cause of female education and progress in Italy may render important assistance by contributing such publications; and any books, maps, educational apparatus, or the like, which may be left with Scribner, Welford & Co., publishers, New York, for that purpose, will be duly forwarded to Miss Mozzoni.

VIATOR.

ROME, June 10, 1866.

MARCY'S ARMY LIFE ON THE BORDER.*

A BOOK of adventure is generally as interesting to read as it is easy to write. Traversing, as it does, the debatable ground between fact and fiction, the author can give free play to his fancy without incurring the reader's suspicion that he is trespassing beyond the limits of truth. And, indeed, most books of this character, if they deal only with realities, are as full of thrilling incident as it is possible for any story of fiction to be. That they are easy to write may be inferred from the manner in which they are usually written.

We may say, then, that Colonel Marcy has made a very readable and entertaining book, though it be without any pretensions to literary merit even of the average sort, for he has written a book of his adventures on the Western border as an army officer, extending over a period of nearly twenty years, and embracing an experience more varied than could have fallen to the lot of any ordinary explorer. The book may possess additional interest from the reason which the author gives in his preface, that it treats of subjects which are fast becoming matters of history, as soon they will be no longer matters of observation. We quite agree with him, and suspect that whatever little value his rambling sketches have arises from the fact that they do so largely treat of the habits and characteristics of a race of men that soon will cease to exist except in fable. And yet we must find some fault with Colonel Marcy even here, for all that he says about the Indians conveys but little knowledge of their actual condition, never gives a hint as to how their condition can be improved, or how the ruthless process of extermination practised upon them by the civilized whites can be arrested. Colonel Marcy tells of hair-breadth escapes of hunters from the savages, and how the warriors hunt and fight and the squaws steal, and of their remarkable instinct to follow a trail, etc., but this is about all. Anything like a profound discussion of the real wants of the Indians, any suggestions of wisdom or humanity in respect of the course to be pursued toward them, Colonel Marcy does not give. Something of this sort we might have expected in the published work of a man who has spent twenty years of his life in fighting or making treaties with them, and who, more than any one else, has had opportunity to make himself acquainted with their character and their necessities. For one thing, writing in the interest of humanity, we have to thank Colonel Marcy—he does not follow the lead of almost every other soldier who has had dealings with the tribes in advocating the cold-blooded policy of extermination. He is not unable to see in every instance of border outrage that as much blame attaches to the white as to the savage. Perhaps, then, it is to his praise that the Indian and the buffalo are alike objects of interest to him, and that he equally regrets the probable fate of both.

Of Colonel Marcy himself, as portrayed in his book, or rather as suggested, for he does not spend many words upon himself, something may very well be said. In the din and bustle which the great reputations of the hour are making we are apt to forget many who have some claim upon our gratitude and respect, if there is no trumpet to proclaim their merits. Not many officers in the service have, we dare say, rendered more substantial benefits to the country than has Col. Marcy. We do not refer to anything he has done in the late war—as he does not allude to that, neither shall we—we refer to the laborious expeditions of which he had command that, from the years '48 to '60, at different periods contributed such signal advantages, by their persevering zeal, to the early and comparatively peaceful settlement of our Western possessions. The difficulties which he had to contend against can hardly be over-estimated. The perils of Indian warfare formed but a small part of these difficulties; the explorer had to contend against Nature herself. In this volume is given a graphic account of the passage over the Rocky Mountains from Utah into New Mexico, in order to obtain supplies for General Johnston's invading army. This was accomplished by Colonel Marcy with one hundred men in the dead of winter, and is, we believe, without parallel among all the adventures of our Western explorers.

* "Army Life on the Border. By Col. R. B. Marcy, U. S. A." Harper & Brothers, New York.

Fifty-one days were spent amongst the snows of the desolate mountains before the expedition reached Fort Massachusetts. Though the hardships encountered were incredible, so that almost every beast of burden succumbed to them and died in the passes, yet such was the tact and discretion with which the enterprise was conducted that not a single human life was sacrificed. Colonel Marcy received many testimonials of consideration from the commanding general, as well as from the public, but not more than he deserved. We think this march of Marcy and his company over the mountains should be esteemed as one of the most notable achievements on all our military records.

Colonel Marcy also had command of the expedition which, by order of the War Department, explored, in 1852, the north branch of the Red River to its sources. He was accompanied on this expedition by George B. McClellan, then a brevet-captain in the corps of engineers. This expedition, if less arduous, was more important in its results than the one we have previously mentioned. The couple of chapters devoted to it are the most interesting in the volume. The topography of the country is minutely described, and its geological resources copiously illustrated. Colonel Marcy was the first, we believe, to explore and call attention to the most wonderful geological phenomena on our continent, the cañons of the Red River. A description of these in the shape of a lecture, now embodied in these chapters, drew the attention of Professor Hitchcock, who was materially aided by it in his own scientific researches.

In 1854, Government employed Colonel Marcy to locate the reserved lands in Texas for the Southern tribes of Comanche Indians. This he attempted, and, so far as was possible, accomplished. He made as good locations as circumstances would permit, and by his personal influence induced a large number of the Comanches, under one of the most powerful chiefs, to begin settlements upon them. As the mission was a failure in the end, it may be well to give Colonel Marcy's reasons for its barren results:

"After the Indians had made considerable improvements upon their lands, their value was so much enhanced that they became an object worthy the attention of those lawless border robbers that inhabit Western Texas, and, as I was informed, they organized a large force, went to the reservations, and, without the slightest provocation from the Indians, attacked and indiscriminately murdered many of the men, women, and children. Those that escaped the foul massacre made their way into the plains, and this pretty much broke up the settlement."

Colonel Marcy is, if not a humorist, quite a lover of the humorous, and many of his pages sparkle with illustrations of backwoods life. Some of the stories are quite old, and we doubt if the author was the first who heard them; but then they are so good it will do to repeat them. Others, again, are pretty broad; but their relation may be excused when we reflect that border wit is never of the chastest description. That peculiar race of beings, half savage, half civilized, the pioneer hunters of the West, is admirably set off.

Our limits will not permit us to give quotations from the most readable portions of the volume, which we should be glad to do, or indeed to spend more time upon the work itself. We again commend it, as we began, by calling it a pleasant and readable book. An idle hour can be spent very profitably in glancing through its genial pages.

Influence of Climate in a Commercial, Social, Sanitary, and Humanizing Point of View. By J. Disturnell. Also a paper on the Influence of Climate in the Equatorial Regions. With a map. (D. Van Nostrand, New York. 1866.)—This memoir contains an abstract of some of the chief subjects in the science of physical geography. It points out the isothermal lines, and shows the extent of the zones over which animal and vegetable life is spread, whether dependent on latitude or elevation above the surface of the earth. If one goes northward *from* the equator and ascends the mountains *on* the equator, he will find in either case a series of plants, and in some measure of animals, ranging from the tropical to the arctic kinds. Between the two extremes in latitude comes the "favored zone," where man and the most useful animals and valuable plants flourish to the greatest advantage, and where civilization is the most progressive. This zone has an average temperature of about 50° F., and is mostly comprised between 40° and 60° N. latitude. It is one of the chief objects of the memoir to show the relation of climate to the health and progress of the human race; this relationship is not elaborated, but only indicated. A good map on which the isotherms and zones are plainly indicated by a series of tables showing the distribution of heat and moisture, and the height of towns and mountains above the level of the sea, all compiled from various published works, make the memoir a source of interesting information to those who have never given their attention to physical geography.

Crumbs from the Round Table. A Feast for Epicures. By J. B. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt.)—To the true epicure "the ating and the drinking," as an Irish philosopher called the main business of his life, is a serious subject of discourse. In these essays "J. B." only plays at being a luxurious feeder. It is not to pamper his stomach or to teach others to do so that he is an epicure, but to make our mouths water if he can by titillating our imaginations. He tries to write the poetry of that science of which the cook-books give us the prose. Most men, therefore, eating to live will overlook the affected enthusiasm of the author and think that if any one chooses to condemn himself to trifling of that sort—smacking his lips over salacious dabs of oysters, and groaning over American gravies for pages together—he has leave to be as trifling as he chooses. But the book pretends to be nothing more than it is, and probably no one will undertake its perusal expecting to find more in it than the means of getting rid of a lazy hour.

The Angels' Song. Thomas Guthrie, D.D. (New York: Alexander Strahan & Co.)—"Where death, with grim and grisly aspect, stood by the mouth of an open grave, shaking his fatal dart, we see an angel form opening with one hand the gate of heaven, and holding in the other a shining crown," etc., etc. This is not very forcible thinking nor very forcible writing; indeed, it is flat and worthless as anything needs to be, but, such as it is, it is Dr. Guthrie's. It is a specimen of the substitute for writing and thinking with which he has flooded the religious world of England, and which he is now, by the help of his publisher in New York, to pour out over the religious world of America. He is one of the not small class of writers who suggest to us John Foster's question: "It was necessary for them to be Christians, but what made it necessary for them to be authors?"

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, June 15, 1866.

THE proverb, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," is just now receiving an illustration that demonstrates the truth of that other proverb, "Extremes meet;" the "rumors of war" now filling Europe in general, and Germany in particular, exercising a deterrent influence on the migrations of the gay world, and retaining in this city, to the great satisfaction of its various corporations of luxury-mongers, the birds of passage on whose absence the hotel-keepers of the fashionable German watering-places are now so mournfully meditating.

Under these exceptional circumstances, the purveyors of amusement are hastening to show themselves "on a level with the situation." The elegant and spacious theatre of the Châtelet, one of the great white piles of free-stone recently erected under the shadow of the beautiful old tower of St. Jacques de la Boucherie—now cleared of its former ignoble surroundings, and finding itself in the centre of a charming public garden—is bringing out as the heroine of a fairy-opera that old friend of the Anglo-Saxon childhood, "Cinderella." The new piece, which is expected to throw into the shade even the stupendous fairy piece of the "Woodland Doe," that has had a run of nearly four hundred nights, is the joint production of MM. Clairville, Albert Monnier, and Ernest Blum, boasts five kilometres of magnificent scenery, and an assortment of splendid costumes that has cleared the Lyons warehouses of their most splendid tissues. A certain scene, in which figure a legion of turnspits all dressed in white satin and silver, may suffice to give an idea of the sumptuosities of costume lavished on the more important personages through a series of twenty grand *tableaux*. The Gymnase Theatre is drawing immense crowds to its new piece, "The Whirlwind," which had the honor of being repeatedly applauded a night or two ago by their Majesties and the little Prince. "Le Chevalier Lubin," by Boieldieu, is in great vogue at the Fantaisies Parisiennes, its charming melodies appearing as fresh as ever; and the famous open-air concerts of the Champs Elysées, under the consummate management of M. Becdelièvre, are, next to the Bois de Boulogne, the most fashionable rendezvous of the "high-flyers" of the capital. The choiceness of the music, the admirable execution, and the excellent tone of these charming concerts, held in one of the prettiest gardens of this city of pretty gardens, all concur to make them something very near perfection in their line. So extensively are they patronized by the best society, that they may be said to offer a sort of bird's-eye view of the wealth and distinction of the capital.

The daily drive in the Bois, which has become an essential element of the fashionable existence of Paris, now takes place in the evening, the favorite time for this promenade being from seven to ten, or even later. Nothing can be prettier, in its way, than the sight of that charming park lit up with innumerable lights, the pretty gondolas shooting over the lake with their gay Chinese lanterns, and the lamps of the dense stream of carriages showing through the trees like clouds of fire-flies. So marked is the tendency of the fashionable world to

prolong its nocturnal inhalation of the cool and perfumed air of the Bois, that it is gravely proposed to obtain the requisite authorization of the prefect for the erection, on the favorite points, of tents that might serve as sleeping-places for their respective owners. These structures are to be of striped silk, fitted up with curtains, hammocks, sofas, and a few chairs. The owners of each tent would bring one or two servants, a hamper of *friandises;* and, after indulging in the usual slow drive through the favorite alleys and round the lakes, would retire to their improvised shelter, and there receive the visits of their acquaintances, to whom the iced coffee, sherbets, and cream, the *pâtés* and *galantine*, redolent of truffles, and the tiny glasses of delicate *liqueurs*, would be hospitably offered. Conversation would be kept up, under the canopy of the elegant little tent, and to the softened light of well-screened lamps, on cool nights—under the canopy of heaven, and to the light of moon or stars, on sultry ones; the aristocratic colony thus making and receiving visits until sunrise, when all would retire to their respective hammocks and sleep in the quiet and freshness of their sylvan *faubourg*, returning to Paris in time to dress for the "second dêjeûner," which forms so important a feature in the commissariat department of "the metropolis of Europe." What the municipality of the Seine will say to this Arcadian project remains to be seen. Meantime it is warmly advocated by many leaders of the *ton*, who would fain provide themselves with a substitute for the usual summer dissipations of which M. von Bismark has so effectually "done his little possible" to deprive them.

The importation of racing has been so successful here that the sporting world is now doing its best to import that other English passion which manifests itself under the forms of boating and yachting. The French have no natural liking either for horses or for water, but their vanity has been so agreeably tickled by the brilliant successes of *Gladiateur* that they have jumped to the conclusion that, although they have been slow in recognizing their vocation, they are really born for the turf, and, should the recently-started regatta clubs succeed in winning a laurel or two upon fresh water, it is just possible that a few of the more adventurous spirits may essay their skill on the broader field of salt water. The accidental injury which has lamed *Gladiateur*, and compelled his premature retirement from the scene of his well-earned triumphs, may possibly exercise a sedative influence on the novel enthusiasm of the Parisians for the race-course; as any beatings which the new boating-clubs may receive at the hands of English crews would probably suffice to calm down the desire now felt to humble the pride of the "Insulars" on what they have so long had the audacity to regard as their native element.

One of the historic shows which French towns are so fond of geting up, and which, in their way, are well worth seeing, is about to take place at Valenciennes, which ancient town, from its earliest days, has always been remarkable among its Flemish sisters for its passion for this sort of pageant, and which, among other reminiscences of a similar character, still boasts of the representation given by it, in 1547, of "the life, death, and passion of Jesus Christ," a grand and magnificent spectacle which occupied the streets of that old Flemish town during twenty-one consecutive days. The grand show now being organized on so magnificent a scale by the Valenciennes of to-day is to represent "humanity marching in the path of civilization and of progress," and is to consist of thirty distinct groups, forming so many tableaux, and in which will figure a couple of thousand people, all "made up" with the utmost splendor. The tableaux will represent Egypt, Judea, Chaldea, Assyria, Phœnicia, Persia, Greece, Rome under Augustus, the Arabs under the caliphs, the Crusaders, the establishment of franchises, Paganism, Judaism, Christianity, the discovery of the Indies, of America, of Australia, of printing, of steam, of electricity, the Revolution of '93, the Consulate, Empire, and first half of the nineteenth century, the whole with the accompaniments of flags, banners, music, costumes, triumphal chariots, etc., etc.!—a programme which will enlist all the grandees in the neighborhood and draw its hundreds of thousands of spectators from every corner of France, to the jubilation of the innkeepers and shopkeepers of the old centre of the lace-making art.

Paris has had but a single *fête* during the past week, the dinner and *soirée* given by their Majesties, at the Palace of the Elysée, to the Grand Duchess Helen, of Russia, and her daughter. After the dinner, to which only thirty guests were invited, the "august" people, reinforced by the five hundred favored mortals honored with invitations for the *soirée*, adjourned to the beautiful garden of the palace, so exquisitely laid out and kept, and shaded with some of the largest and finest trees to be found in all France, when, at a signal given by the Empress, the entire garden, with all its contents, to the tops of the trees, was instantaneously illuminated by the aid of electrical suns, magnesium and Bengal fires, presenting a scene of the most striking character, and not to be surpassed in its own way. Every corner of the grounds was as light as day; the smallest print might have been read, or a pin picked up, in any part of the garden, with the utmost ease. The band of the Guard and choruses from the opera played and sang at intervals through the evening. An immense crowd had gathered outside (the hirers of chairs making a handsome thing of the event) and remained there through the evening, admiring the illumination and enjoying the music. The Emperor and Empress, who show to particular advantage when doing the honors of their hospitality in the informal style adopted on these occasions, mingled with their guests throughout the evening, and seemed to enjoy the affair as heartily as anybody present. Queen Emma, of the Sandwich Islands, who has been wintering in Hyères, has also been received by their Majesties, and was present at the fairy-like scene got up in honor of the Russian Highnesses.

What may have been the *menu* of the banquet on the occasion in question has not transpired; but M. de Girardin's new paper, *La Liberté*, which is endeavoring to captivate the good graces of the public by publishing every day the skeleton of a dinner, for the edification and convenience of its lady-readers, has just published the list of the dishes served a few days ago, at lunch and dinner, at the Imperial table, which is as follows:

DÉJEUNER OF THEIR MAJESTIES.

Roast fowl; fried calves' brains; veal-cutlets à la hollandaise; stewed beef, à la paysanne, with jelly; omelette with minced herbs; potatoes à la Maître d'Hôtel; Dampfdonilles à l'allemande.

DINNER OF THEIR MAJESTIES.

Spring soup with queuelles of fowl; meat soup with Italian paste; rissolés à la russe; turbot with Dutch sauce; ham stewed with vegetables; lamb-cutlets, spigram of chiccory; fat fowls à la Périgueux; crépinettes of game à la Montaigrence; darne of salmon, rémolade sauce; little galantines à la parisienne; ducklings from Rouen; young chickens; asparagus; green peas à la française; Plombières biscuits; lightnings of coffee; orange jelly; strawberry profiteroles.

All Paris is busy studying these two lists, but no one seems to know anything about "Dampfdonilles," "crépinettes," and "profiteroles," which are considered to be either old friends with new names, or new inventions of the culinary genius of the Imperial kitchen.

While Paris is thus studying the delicacies of the Imperial table, Marseilles is preparing for the approaching gathering of *savans*. M. Leverrier is gone thither to look after the interests of the stars; M. de Lesseps is expected to report on the progress of the canal; and the opponents of the theory of "spontaneous generation" are amusing themselves with declaring that the learned "preparator" at the Museum of the Garden of Plants (son of the inventor of that famous theory) is going off to "the Phœnician City" to favor the assembled *savans* with an account of his efforts, hitherto unsuccessful, to hatch three crocodile-eggs (two of them white and one red), presented to him last winter by a traveller returned from the East, with a view to "dotating" France with a new article of food—stewed crocodile being declared by the said traveller to be both palatable and nutritious in a high degree. The failure of the learned young doctor to hatch these eggs, which he is said to have carried constantly in his bosom for the last seven months, wrapped in a flannel waistcoat especially donned for that purpose, is attributed to the fact of their not being crocodile-eggs at all, but three billiard balls, abstracted from a "hell" at Cairo, by the perfidious "friend," a Pasteur-ite in disguise, who has taken this unhandsome method of having a side-fling at the obnoxious theory, by perpetrating an unjustifiable hoax on the learned son of its learned inventor.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE WAY THE TARIFF IS SETTLED.

THE incompetency of Congress for the task of dealing with great questions of finance and taxation was clearly demonstrated during the war, notably by the almost pitiable imbecility with which in these matters it followed the lead of anybody who pretended, with a bold front, to be better informed than the mass, as in the case of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens and his gold bill. A commission composed of men who had made these subjects their study was accordingly very properly appointed to investigate and report upon our whole system of taxation, and suggest such changes in it as they should deem proper. They made their report. It was universally admitted to be able and well considered, and, on the whole, the most valuable contribution to the literature of political economy to be found amongst our state papers. It met with the warm approbation of the Secretary of the Treasury, was heartily welcomed by the public, and it was generally believed that when it was laid before Congress that body would have the modesty and good sense to be guided by it. When the tariff and internal revenue came up once more for discussion, most of us expected to see the report adopted as the basis of all modifications to be made in the actual system.

It is, however, only with regard to the internal revenue that the slightest attention seems to have been paid to it. The commission not only recommended a vast reduction of the excise duties on most branches of native industry, their total abolition in the case of a large number, but spoke strongly against an attempt to increase the customs duties, believing that they were already sufficiently high to satisfy even strong protectionists, while not too high to excite a very active opposition, under all the circumstances, from free-traders, while any increase in them would be pretty sure to rouse popular discontent, to say nothing of the effect it would be likely to produce on the revenue returns. What we all wanted to see, and what we had a right to see, was a full and fair discussion of this report by Congress, before the country. We had a right to know, from members themselves, in open debate, what they had to say against its conclusions. But we have not been favored with any such information. The tariff has, like most other questions of importance nowadays, been discussed secretly in committee; and a new bill reported to Congress, at the tag-end of the session, when the hot weather has set in, members begun to be anxious to get home, and when the chances of rushing it through under the hour rule and the previous question are more than usually good. What influences have operated to reduce it to its present shape, what share the members of the committee have had in its creation, we shall never know. Its submission to the two Houses is a mere matter of form. Mr. Morrill's speech in elucidation of it was a mere matter of form. Nobody supposes that it is the arguments which he puts forward that have had most to do with bringing it to its present shape. The real work of drawing it up was done in the lobby, and consisted not in legislating on certain great principles, with the convenience of the whole country kept steadily in view, but in an elaborate effort to appease the various "interests" whose agents and deputies besieged the committee-room, and cajoled or threatened or seduced the members. And so little shame is there felt over the haste and the secrecy by which the whole process has been marked, that the New York *Tribune* gloats over the speed with which the bill is being "put through," or, in other words, the increasing contempt for discussion and publicity which Congress is every year displaying.

Now, what the country wants of Congress is a financial policy, and not a succession of makeshifts. Our financial system must be based on some rule or other, whether it be the protectionist rule or the free-trade rule, to make it possible for merchants and manufacturers to carry on their business without needless loss and vexation. Has the country decided upon adopting a policy of protection, and making the revenue subservient to the exclusion of such foreign products as compete with native ones? If so, protection, like every other piece of legislation, must be steady and consistent; must, in short, be based on a rule which everybody understands, and on the existence and enforcement of which traders and manufacturers can count one, two, or three years ahead. At present nothing is fixed. Nobody knows what the duty on any article will be three months hence any more than if he lived in Turkey or Persia. This year one "interest" will tell Congress that fifty per cent. duty will satisfy it, and fifty per cent. is accordingly clapped on. Next year the same interest will besiege the Committee of Ways and Means for an increase of twenty-five per cent., and will get it, though the whole industry of the country be thrown into confusion by the change. To make the matter worse, too, no enquiry is ever made into the reasons which prevent an "interest" from being able to compete with foreigners. It may be bad management, incompetency, careless workmanship, want of energy—defects which additional protection will only increase, for which the public will have to suffer, but the story of the lobby is always taken as a complete explanation of the matter, and on goes the duty.

To deal with applications of this nature arbitrarily, as Congress does, and secretly as Congress does, is probably one of the most fertile sources of corruption ever opened in any age or country. If protection of native industry be resolved upon as a means of qualifying the home producer to compete with the foreigner at some future period, either the period at which protection shall cease should be carefully fixed, or else the amount of protection should not be so great as to be absolutely prohibitory. Even American human nature, energetic as it is, cannot bear a complete release from the ordinary stimuli to exertion. There ought to be some point at which the indolence, or wastefulness, or recklessness, or negligence of the home producer would release the public from their dependence on him. But, as long as he has only to go to Congress to ask for an increase of duty, without other explanation of his difficulties than he chooses to give, there is practically no limit whatever to the extent to which he may impose on his countrymen, except that created by the competition of his neighbors. In many branches of business, however, this amounts to nothing. In a country in which capital is so scarce as this, combinations are not difficult, and monopolies will abound. In short, under any system of protection which can lay the slightest claim to statesmanship in conception or execution, the amount of duty required for the support of each branch of industry should be the subject of public investigation by a competent commission, and the evidence and arguments by which its application for an increase are supported should be in everybody's hands, not just as the bill is being hurried through, but time enough for the public to think about them and talk over them. The plan at present followed not only inflicts great loss and inconvenience on traders, but is sure to cause before very long a violent reaction against the whole protective system. Its advocates at present owe much of their success to the absorption of the public mind in the reconstruction problem and the association of high duties with the maintenance of the public credit. If they are wise, they will content themselves with moderate triumphs. The good they promise is distant, and the inconvenience by which they propose to purchase it is immediate and pressing; and they have to deal with a public which will not consent, except temporarily and under strong pressure, to postpone its enjoyment of any of the good things of the world. The high prices of everything are already pressing on all but the rich with great severity Scarce as labor is, wages are, estimated as they should always be esti mated, not in money, but in the necessaries of life, exceedingly low and yet, in the teeth of this, an enormous increase of taxation is pro posed on iron and steel—the articles on the cheapness and abundance of which every branch of the national industry, from the hoeing of a potato to the transportation of the national products, depends for success. Surely an attempt, at such a juncture, to lay a heavier burden on an article of this sort is a signal illustration of the madness as well as of "the falsehood of extremes."

POLITICAL VALUE OF THE SOUTHERN UNIONISTS.

A LETTER from the New York *Times's* correspondent in Richmond, which appeared in that journal on Monday last, contains a somewhat dismal but instructive account of the state of mind of the Virginia

Unionists. The picture may be somewhat overdrawn, but that it is in its main features accurate, everything we have heard or know of these gentlemen justifies us in believing. He describes them as utterly cowed and disheartened, and as disposed, in all political matters, to sit down and fold their hands and wait for the intervention of Providence or of the North to give them the ascendency, and as fully prepared to accept whatever dispensation their secessionist neighbors may see fit to prepare for them. In fact, it is probably entirely due to the presence of our troops in Virginia, as in nearly every other State in the South, that there is even the shadow of a Unionist or a trace of Union feeling to be detected within her borders. Whenever the President comes to the conclusion that the *habeas corpus* has been restored and recalls the Union garrisons, we may feel pretty sure that people who disapprove of secession will have to hold their tongues as diligently now as during the war. We shall probably never see in Congress more than half a dozen representatives from Southern States who will venture to profess adhesion to this Government on principle and not through necessity, or who will avow their faith in Northern ideas and Northern theories of society. There have, in fact, been few greater disappointments in history than that which the "Union men" of the South have inflicted on the North. We witnessed the commencement of secession in the full belief that the Union men would arrest its progress before it culminated in an armed collision, and when the war was actually raging a great many people expected every morning to hear of a grand outburst of Union feeling before which the Confederacy would succumb, and its armies dissolve like the mists before the sun. But the painful truth is, that we never got any help from that quarter worth speaking of. We raised a considerable force amongst the Unionists of Kentucky and Tennessee, but it was a force whose existence exercised no appreciable influence on the fortunes of the war. In all other States the loyalists furnished a handful of victims, whose sufferings and devotion were touching enough, but they furnished very few soldiers, or statesmen, or even witnesses to the goodness of their cause. In most cases the strongest evidence of devotion to the Government which Unionists afforded was lukewarmness towards the Confederacy, and a person who did not hurrah over Federal defeats, or assist in hunting down Federal fugitives, came at last to regard himself as a sort of martyr, and in truth, in a vast number of cases, a martyr he became, and was shot, hanged, or robbed.

It is not, however, this kind of Unionist that is ever going to regenerate the South, or to exercise any influence worth considering on its politics or society. Many amongst us are disposed to believe that the Southern Unionists might have had more energy and activity infused into their composition by a more liberal distribution amongst them of post-offices and assistant-assessorships and collectorships.

Patronage is, no doubt, an excellent means of rewarding patriotism, but it cannot stimulate it, and we doubt, for our own part, whether, if every Unionist in the South were receiving fifteen hundred dollars a year, two suits of clothes, and fuel from the United States Government, we should be one whit nearer seeing a large and powerful party rising up amongst native Southerners, loyal to our flag, and permeated by our ideas, than we are now. We shall not have any considerable number of such men in Congress, no matter what tests or restrictions we impose, and the whole plan of reconstruction adopted by Congress must, in fact, be regarded as rather a means of preventing mischief than securing devotion. So it is confessed to be by everybody.

Mr. Johnson's "policy" is based on the theory that, slavery being abolished, all real difference of sentiment or opinion between the two sections will at once disappear. At the close of the war he held that the rooting out of all rich landowners owning over twenty thousand dollars was also necessary to bring about this result; but, on seeing some of these gentlemen, he changed his mind, and held that the only indispensable conditions of unity of feeling, as well as of public unity, were the extinction of slavery and the repudiation of the rebel debt. But it was not the mere fact of slavery that kept the North and South apart; it was the theory of society and government on which slavery was based. It was the opinion held by all Southerners that the laboring class must be a subject class, whether slaves or serfs, or only villains or hinds, and that opinion ninety-nine out of every hundred Southern men still hold. They would hold it if their laboring class were white instead of black; but they hold it with ten-fold greater tenacity because it is black. It is this, and not either the war or the State-rights doctrine, or Calhoun's teaching, or the raving of the Pollards or the Wises, that divides us, and it will continue to divide us as long as it lasts. When our senators and representatives meet Southern men in Congress next winter, if they do meet them, they will meet men as widely separated from them on all the great questions which lie at the base of political society as the Earl of Derby or the Duke of Buccleuch, and yet neither of these noblemen owns or has ever owned a slave; but what influence could we bring to bear on him that would make him a devoted admirer of equality and universal suffrage?

The change in Southern feeling will come not from the Unionists nor from anything we are likely to say or do here, but from the material and social progress of the country, and until that progress has done its work, our business is to see that the authority of the Government and of the laws is upheld, that disaffected persons are not armed with powers or privileges which may be used to work mischief, and that the equality of man is recognized in legislation, until such time as it is recognized in Southern manners, and literature, and political economy. Perhaps nothing would do more to promote freedom of speech at the South than the growth of commerce and manufactures. Large, busy communities, with varied and complicated interests, get often indifferent to their neighbors' opinions, or tolerant of the expression of them, and at all events cannot for their own sake permit anything which interferes with the general comfort or safety. Vigilance committees, committees of citizens, and all the rest of the machinery by which the South enforced uniformity of sentiment on social questions, are not possible in any but a thinly settled and semi-barbarous country. As long as the Southern cities are antiquated villages, or rude hamlets, and the country is a wilderness dotted here and there with plantations, it will be difficult for the world outside to exercise any strong moral influence on the people, and difficult for "Union men" either to hold their own or make themselves felt in politics. If Charleston or Norfolk, or both, can be converted into great commercial entrepots, they will be veritable centres of light and freedom. But great commercial entrepots they can never become until the laboring class enjoys complete protection. Commercial prosperity has in every country which enjoyed it been preceded by the triumph of law.

"THE DETESTED ARRANGEMENTS OF 1815."

It is nothing strange that Bonaparte should detest the arrangements of the treaties of Vienna in 1814, and of Paris in 1815, nor that France should sympathize in the feeling. For those treaties were made expressly to humble France and to crush the Bonaparte family, so that neither should have any power of mischief again. And it hardly needed the announcement of the speech at Auxerre to make known these facts, inhering, as they do, in the very nature of things and of man. But one would think that both the Emperor and France might derive some little consolation from the consideration of how very little of those arrangements has survived to the present time. The first and main object of those arrangements was to bury Bonapartism deeper than ever plummet sounded, so that it could never come to the surface again to plague the world. The Congress of Vienna, in the panic-terror with which they were stricken by the news of the return from Elba, put Napoleon, to whom they had all, with the exception of England, crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee as the lord of France and the arbiter of Europe, under the ban of the assembled empires and kingdoms, and, virtually, if there be force in words, made his assassination a virtue. Well, they seemed to have effected thus much. He was safely caged in St. Helena, and finally put to rest under the willows of Longwood, and Europe breathed freer at the news. For about thirty years after the battle of Waterloo the soil of France was pressed by the foot of no Bonaparte, excepting by the present Emperor, in the ridiculous attempts of Strasburg and Boulogne. But how does it stand now? For nearly twenty years the present Bonaparte has been the chief magistrate of France, and for fourteen its absolute sovereign. He has succeeded the elder and younger Bourbons in the Tuileries, and his cousin the Prince Napoleon

in the Palais Royal. He is the arbiter of Europe more undeniably than the founder of the family. Every power in Europe, every signatary of the treaties of Vienna and of Paris, has recognized him as the lawful Emperor of the French. Even England, who never acknowledged the imperial title of the first Napoleon during his lifetime, has long since recognized it, and that of the King of Rome, by saluting the present monarch as Napoleon III. And the granddaughter of George III. has buckled the garter below the knee of the nephew of the Corsican usurper, and imprinted the kiss of royal sisterhood on his cheek. It would seem as if this part of the detested treaties had been pretty effectually torn out and trampled under foot.

The next purpose of these arrangements was to chastise France for the mischief she had done and the terror she had excited for the last twenty years—to disgrace as well as to cripple her. So she had to pass under the Caudine Forks of the treaty of Paris, a treaty to which even Louis XVIII. consented with bitter tears of mortification. She was stripped of all the spoils and the trophies of her twenty years of victory; every shred of territory which she had added to her domains by conquest was wrested from her. She was mulcted in the sum of 1,500,000,000 francs, or about $300,000,000, to pay her conquerors for beating her; and, in addition, to maintain 150,000 foreign soldiers, under the command of the Duke of Wellington, for three years, to make her keep the peace. She was not only on her knees, but, as Lord Chatham said he meant to bring her fifty years before, upon her face, and it seemed as if she had fallen never to rise again. But there is great vitality in nations, and especially in those that have been through such a process of renovation as the Revolution of 1789. She revived rapidly even under the repressive policy of Villèle and the party of the priests. And in a dozen years from the withdrawal of the army of occupation, she had sent the elder branch of the Bourbons packing, and set up "the best of republics," the Duke of Orleans, in its stead. All the signataries of the treaties of 1814–15 were aghast at this high-handed violation of the principles of those instruments, but they could do and attempted nothing to vindicate them. They saw that the French were a people like the Romans, "gens quæ victa quiescere nesciat," and they recognized the Citizen King in the very teeth of the arrangements of 1815—with an ill grace, indeed, but they did it. Another of these arrangements was the creation of the kingdom of the Netherlands to absorb Belgium, the first point of the revolutionary conquests, and Holland, which had been long an appanage of the brother of Napoleon and the putative father of the present Emperor. As a corollary of the revolution of July, 1830, this arrangement was broken up, Belgium erected into a separate kingdom, and the daughter of Louis Philippe seated on its throne as the consort of Leopold I. England consented to this disarrangement of the treaties and permitted her son-in-law to accept the crown of Belgium. And the other signataries had nothing for it but to fume inwardly, snub outwardly, and submit to what they could not help.

The general object of the arrangements of 1815, of which these of which we have spoken were incidental details, was the rehabilitation of legitimacy on the old footing all over Europe, and the wiping away of every trace of the disturbing hand of France. The English Tories rejoiced over this abundant reward for the long labors of Pitt and Liverpool, and counted the spirit of liberalism as laid for ever. Ferdinand, the beloved, was heartily hated in Spain. The House of Braganza was re-established in its rights to Portugal. The Bourbon and Austrian kinglings and princelets were established in Naples and the Italian duchies, Savoy was restored to Sardinia, and everything seemed fixed on the old foundations. How do they all stand now? The law of legitimate succession has been set at defiance, successfully, after civil war, both in Spain and Portugal, and the crown of the first secured to a supposed daughter of Ferdinand, and that of Portugal derived through a daughter from Pedro IV., and this with legitimate pretenders yet alive. The treaties of 1814–15 never meant that legitimate claims should be treated thus. And what has become of all the final settlements of Italy? Naples, Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and all the rest of them united under the sceptre of the King of Sardinia, with Lombardy thrown in, and Savoy passed over to France and once again a French department, for her part in this re-arrangement of the treaties of 1815, while the Pope has his tiara held on his head by the bayonets of the putative nephew of Napoleon, thus recognized as the Eldest Son of the Church! Surely, there is not much left of the detested treaties in this direction. And now Venetia is threatened by Garibaldi with the virtual consent and assistance of the son of Frederick William III., of Prussia, and Queen Louisa. And this monarch, whose father received a slice of Saxony by those treaties, is now hungering for the whole, and hoping to devour up the whole Germanic Confederation, which was their creature. He already has seized Holstein, one of its states, and declared that its exercise of the unquestionably constitutional right of putting its troops on a war footing shall be regarded as an act of hostility. As far as the treaties of 1814–15 are concerned, it would seem as if Bonaparte had nothing to do but to stand still and see them crumble to pieces before his eyes. If Prussia can have her way, and is successful in the war now impending, she will dispose of what is left of them in a brief time. And she could well afford to let him help himself to Sardinia as the price of letting Italy take possession of Venetia.

THE WAR AND THE IMPERIAL MANIFESTO.

The war is begun. Yesterday the Prussians entered Hanover and Saxony. The Bund has voted the mobilization of the Federal armies, and Prussia has openly seceded from the Confederation. A few days before, the French Emperor made a manifesto which makes his intentions known to the world. To Austria he says: "You must give up Venetia;" to the German secondary states, "The organization of your Confederation is bad and ought to be remodelled;" to Europe, "If in any way the equilibrium of Europe is altered, France will seize neighboring France and take her part of the spoils."

At the same time he declares for neutrality. But nobody in Europe will give the name of neutrality to a policy which has prepared all the elements of the present conflict, which has written the articles of the treaty between Bismark and Prussia, and which draws beforehand all the articles of the treaties which ought to put an end to the war.

If France had taken no part in the present complications; if she found herself placed in face of a great war in Germany, and of the dissolution of the German Confederation, she would certainly have every right to warn the combatants that she would not see the whole of Germany conquered by one great military power without taking precautions against such an aggrandizement. If Prussia even now, with her ill-defined geographical frontiers and her scattered provinces, is strong enough to bully all Germany, to crush all liberal aspirations, to defy the Bund; if she can successfully enter on her career of military propagandism, ought not France to be even more suspicious of her after she has annexed new provinces and consolidated her empire? On this question there will be found no difference of opinion in France. We may be Republicans, Orleanists, or Bonapartists; we are all French. We have seen France invaded twice, in 1814 and 1815; Prussia in 1815 was placed on our frontier as a perpetual menace. We would have much preferred to see in the Rhenish provinces a small kingdom—a sort of German Belgium. As things are now, there is not a power in Europe whose aggrandizement is more dangerous to us than that of Prussia. It is quite natural that the Emperor should say to Europe that he cannot see with indifference great changes in the constitution of Germany. What is extraordinary and, in my opinion, wrong, is that he should favor such changes and play into the hands of Bismark.

The manifesto of the Emperor justifies the powers who have not been anxious to go to the conference, for it is an implicit avowal. It is evident that the "arbiter of Europe," as Mr. Kinglake's great diplomatic hero, Lord Stratford of Redcliffe, called, a few days ago, the Emperor of France, is the principal actor in the great drama which is beginning. Between two maps of Gaul for his great "History of Julius Cæsar," he has found time for a map of Europe in 1867.

To those who reproach Italy with rushing wildly into war and compromising her late conquests, Italy can answer, "I do not drag France into war, and it is France which obliges me to attack Austria; I am a satellite, not a planet." To those who reproach Bismark for having suppressed all liberties in Prussia, for having dragooned his parliament and levied taxes without its consent, Bismark can answer, "I have been

obliged to do all this to get ready for the war, and to show myself worthy of the confidence of Napoleon III."

Never has it been more manfest that the destinies of Europe hang now on one single, solitary will, which can be no longer controlled either by kings or by nations. This will has now been made manifest to the French Parliament by the organ of M. Rouher, the Government's mouth-piece. As we are to pay for the war, to give our blood and treasure, we have been put in its confidence; but how was this favor conferred on us? Simply by reading in the Parliament a letter addressed by the Emperor to *his* minister of foreign affairs. No discussion was allowed. Jules Favre, who wished to offer a few remarks, was not permitted to utter a single sentence.

And while the Parliament, which we all know to be favorable to peace, trembles at the mere expression of the Imperial will, what shall we Liberals do and say? We feel indeed that we are the innocent cause of the war, as the negro was in the American war. The attention of France must be thrown across the frontier; we shall be forgotten and left to our painful pre-occupations. Painful as our feelings may be, we shall never allow partisanship to destroy in us patriotism. We shall give all our sympathies to Italy, though she may be the ally of Bismark; we cannot find fault with her if she does not respect the treaty of Zürich any more than Austria respected last year in Denmark the treaty of London. We believe that Italy has a natural right to Venetia. Our sympathies will follow her arms; in Germany our sympathies will be left neutral. We do not see clearly on which side the interests of liberty will be found. We see two tyrannical and military despotisms face to face, and between the two a number of princes whose only pre-occupation is to preserve their small domains. We should prefer to see in Germany a confederation of states after the model of the United States rather than one great centralized, bureaucratic, and military kingdom; and if Germany is Prussianized from end to end, we anticipate a great war between her and France. It is doubtful for us if any advantage which we may gain in the end could be placed in balance with the terrible misfortunes which the war will bring on Europe and on our country, and with the injuries which liberty will receive.

We are neither Jeremiahs nor Cassandras; we belong to our time and to our country; but we place our time and our country above any man, and we feel the most painful anxiety in feeling ourselves thrown like dust in the adventurous orbit of a proud ambition which is ready to destroy everything in order to save itself.

A Frenchman.

June 16, 1866.

OBITUARY ABSURDITIES.

The doggerel of the tomb-stones has always afforded a curious food for laughter. The droll speeches of the dying, the last words of the ruling passion, have always been a feature of the jest-books. A pretty compilation might be made of funny funeral anecdotes. Likeness in things dissimilar and an audacious mixture of incongruous affairs make the salt of wit compound for blasphemy even with the pious, extenuate impropriety with the decent, give a savor to coarseness, relieve us from the tension of a wearisome earnestness, and force a fleeting smile upon the saddest of faces. Horace, if he had thought of it, might have affirmed the pleasure of laughing *ex loco* as well as *in loco*. We like to be agreeably irritated and find a fillip in the stroke of an untimely jest. To the least touch of nature our hearts respond. The polite father who apologized at the funeral of his child for bringing so small a body before a company so unexpectedly large, as if he would have provided a coffin six feet long, and not such a sesquipedalian one, had he foreseen the fulness of the house, was a true gentleman in his grief, and only morbidly nervous lest he should fail in some pious point of sepulture. The comic epitaphs, we may be sure, were soberly written, and an honest grief prompted the rudest inscription. When a babe only a span long is dead, the most prosaic are tempted into sending a versified advertisement of the death to the newspapers; and the first mother who placed flowers upon the tomb of her child was an unconscious poet, although these floral offerings have now become hackneyed and cheap. It is the sorrow of a great sorrow that it is so inarticulate and helpless and speechless, and often tearless; in our bereavement we strive, even in some pitiful way, to give words to our agony.

But it is not of these genuine and domestic demonstrations of regret that we propose particularly to speak. We have no jibes for real mourners; but those who are strictly professional and formal in their lugubrious calling, and manage the ceremonies as volunteers or for hire, should either feel assured of their competency for the service, or should keep a prudent silence. It was only the other day, in Boston, that a venerable gentleman, well known in the medical world, was buried, as full of honors as of years. The clergyman who officiated upon the occasion drew a lively picture of the doctor's public and private life; he portrayed his friend's strong religious nature, and went on to say: "With him it was Christ and his kingdom first. He believed in vegetable diet, and lived thirty years without tasting meat. *He believed in calomel and used it through life.* And now he has gone to be at rest in the Lord." Is not this an extraordinary admixture? When a man has ceased to eat altogether of earthly food, one does not readily see why his hostility to beef and his partiality for potatoes should be proclaimed over his coffin; nor is there any occult connection, that we are aware of, between salvation and salivation. In a church at least, and in a church this funeral oration was pronounced, the controversies of the bolus and the pellet, of heroic dosers and infinitesimal practitioners, of vegetarians and of sarcophagicians, might be permitted to subside. To have told the weeping assemblage that the deceased was five feet high, weighed one hundred and fifty pounds, and

> "Wore not rights and lefts for shoes,
> But changed his every day,"

would hardly have been more untimely than this recital of his dietetic and medical faith.

We have ceased to look for any great oratorical displays in the House of Representatives, nor do we, indeed, think it a proper arena for frequent exhibitions of that character. Speech-making for the sake of making a speech should be intolerable in a body devoted to the business of legislation; because it is well enough known that speeches change no votes and neither affect nor expedite results. Ambitious attempts in that direction are usually either for the purpose of personal display in Washington or of personal aggrandizement at home. The death of a member is one of the few occasions upon which a somewhat elevated style of address may be allowed, because it is natural as the expression of personal friendship and regret, and the utterance of sentiment, however respectable, is not to be restricted by the technical formalities of practical discussion. But, if this license is to be permitted, the credit of the country and common sense require that it should be kept within the strictest limits of good taste. Death is a stern monitor, and the death of a public man is especially suggestive of the emptiness of all which we call honor, and the frivolity of mere display. We think that the late Mr. James Humphrey deserved to have something better said of him than this: "Shortly after midnight he raised himself upon his pillow, repeating the words, 'I faint! I faint!' and, without a struggle or a groan, *the gentlemanly spirit of James Humphrey was wafted into the presence of his Maker.*" Without any coarseness of language to offend us, there is to our minds something painfully coarse in speaking of a departed spirit as "gentlemanly." We need hardly point out to the careful reader that "gentlemanly spirit" is an etymological solecism. A "man" is not a "spirit," and a "spirit" cannot be a "man," in the sense in which the word is here used. But this is a trifle. It is the moral solecism which particularly shocks and offends us. While the title of "gentleman" is certainly expressive of the most noble and praiseworthy qualities of character, it is reasonably to be hoped that all who are entitled to enter upon the eternal joys of paradise are also entitled to the appellation. No "spirit," we believe, is more "gentlemanly" than another. How shocking it would be to our ears to hear the assemblage of the saints spoken of, even by the vulgarest of Hard-shell Baptist preachers, as a company of "ladies and gentlemen!" These are words which have a conventional meaning, and we habitually use them to express something very different from the perfect purification and the complete glorification of the saints. The phrase "gentlemanly angel" would be not merely a contradiction in terms, but it would imply an extension to the next world of the frivolous distinctions of this, and an eternal materiality like that which disgusts us in the revelations of "seers" and of "mediums."

We offer these strictures chiefly in behalf of the violated laws of good taste. The subject, we know, is capable of a higher treatment; but this, perhaps, would not be strictly within our province. Death is certainly not to be regarded with a hopeless and cowardly dread, but still less is that tremendous change to be classed with the common and familiar incidents of our life; and he who cannot attain some degree of extraordinary solemnity in its contemplation, and a reasonable propriety of speech in commemorating the departed, for a thousand reasons had better remain silent.

CAPRI AND CAPRIOTES.

I.

I HAVE no doubt

"Calm Capri waits,"

where we left it in the Gulf of Salerno, for any traveller who may choose to pay it a visit; but at the time we were there, we felt that it was on exhibition for that day only, and would, when we departed, disappear in its sapphire sea, and be no more; just as Niagara ceases to play as soon as your back is turned, and Venice goes out like a pyrotechnic display, and all marvellously grand and lovely things make haste to prove their impermanence.

We delayed some days in Naples in hopes of fine weather, and at last chose a morning that was warm and cloudy at nine o'clock, and burst into frequent passions of rain before we reached Sorrento at noon. The first half of the journey was made by rail, and brought us to Castellamare, whence we took carriage for Sorrento, and oranges, and rapture—winding along the steep shore of the sea, and under the brows of wooded hills that rose high above us into the misty weather, and caught here and there the sunshine on their tops. In that heavenly climate no day can long be out of humor, and at Sorrento we found ours very pleasant, and rode delightedly through the devious streets, looking up to the terraced orange-groves on one hand and down to the terraced orange-groves on the other, until at a certain turning of the way we encountered Antonino Occhio d'Argento, whom fate had appointed to be our boatman to Capri. We had never heard of Antonino before, and indeed had intended to take a boat from one of the hotels; but when this corsair offered us his services, there was that guile in his handsome face, that cunning in his dark eyes, that heart could not resist, and we halted our carriage and took him at once. He kept his boat in one of those caverns which honeycomb the cliff under Sorrento, and afford a natural and admirable shelter for such small craft as may be dragged up out of reach of the waves, and here I bargained with him before finally agreeing to go with him to Capri. In Italy it is customary for a public carrier when engaged to give his employer as a pledge the sum agreed upon for the service, which is returned, with the amount due him, at the end, if the service has been satisfactory; and I demanded of Antonino this *caparra*, as it is called. "What *caparra?*" said he, lifting the lid of his wicked eye with his forefinger; "this is the best *caparra*," meaning a face as honest and trustworthy as the devil's. The stroke confirmed my subjection to Antonino, and I took his boat without further parley, declining even to feel the muscle of his boatmen's arms, which he kindly exposed to my touch in evidence that they were strong enough to row us swiftly to Capri. The men were but two in number, but they tossed the boat lightly into the surf, and then lifted me aboard, and rowed to the little pier from which the ladies and T. got in.

The sun shone, the water danced and sparkled, and presently we raised our sail, and took the gale that blew for Capri—an oblong height rising ten miles beyond out of the heart of the azure gulf. On the way thither there was little interest but that of natural beauty in the bold, picturesque coast we skirted for some distance; though on one mighty rock there were the ruins of a seaward looking Temple of Hercules, with arches of the unmistakable Roman masonry, below which the receding waves rushed and poured over a jetting ledge in a thunderous cataract.

Antonino did his best to entertain us, and lectured us unceasingly upon his virtue and his wisdom, dwelling greatly on the propriety and good policy of always speaking the truth. This spectacle of veracity became intolerable after awhile, and I was goaded to say: "Oh then, if you never tell lies, you expect to go to Paradise." "Not at all," answered Antonino compassionately, "for I have sinned much. But the lie does n't go ahead (*non va avanti*)," added this Machiavelli of boatmen; but I think he was mistaken, for he deceived us with perfect ease and admirable success. All along, he had pretended that we could see Capri, visit the Blue Grotto, and return that day; but as we drew near the island, painful doubts began to trouble him, and he feared the sea would be too rough for the Grotto part of the affair. "But there will be an old man," he said, with a subtle air of prophecy, "waiting for us on the beach. This old man is one of the Government guides to the Grotto, and he will say whether it is to be seen to-day." And certainly there was the old man on the beach—a short patriarch, with his baldness covered by a kind of bloated woollen sack, a blear-eyed sage, and bare-legged. He waded through the surf toward the boat, and (at a secret signal from Antonino, as I shall always believe) when we asked him whether the Grotto was to be seen, he paused knee-deep in the water, put on a face of tender solemnity, threw back his head a little, brought his hand to his cheek, expanded it, and said, "No; to-day, no! To-morrow, yes!" Antonino leaped joyously ashore, and delivered us over to the old man, to be guided to the Hotel di Londra, while he drew his boat upon the land. He had reason to be contented, for this artifice of the patriarch of Capri relieved him from the necessity of verifying to me the existence of an officer of extraordinary powers in the nature of a consul, who, he said, would not permit boats to leave Capri for the mainland after five o'clock in the evening.

When it was decided that we should remain on the island till the morrow, we found so much time on our hands, after bargaining for our lodging at the Hotel di Londra, that we resolved to ascend the mountain to the ruins of the palaces of Tiberius, and to this end we contracted for the services of certain of the muletresses that had gathered about the iron gate, clamorously offering their beasts. The muletresses chosen were a matron of mature years, and of a portly habit of body; her daughter, a mere child, and her niece, a very pretty girl of eighteen, with a voice soft and sweet as a bird's. They placed the ladies, one on each mule, and then, the mother and daughter devoting themselves to the hind-quarters of the foremost animal, the lovely niece brought up the rear of the second beast, while the patriarch went before, and T. and I trudged behind. So the cavalcade ascended; first, from the terrace of the hotel overlooking the bit of shipping village on the beach, and next from the town of Capri, clinging to the hillsides, midway between sea and sky, until at last it reached the heights on which the ruins stood. Our way was through narrow lanes, bordered by garden walls; then through narrow streets bordered by dirty houses; and then again by gardens, but now of a better sort than the first, and belonging to handsome villas.

On the road our pretty muletress gossiped cheerfully, and our patriarch gloomily, and between the two we accumulated a store of information concerning the present inhabitants of Capri, which, I am sorry to say, has now for the most part failed me. I remember that they said most of the land-owners at Capri were Neapolitans, and that these villas were their country-houses; but they pointed out one of the stateliest of the edifices as belonging to a certain English physician who had come to visit Capri for a few days, and had now been living on the island twenty years, having married (said the muletress) the prettiest and poorest girl in the town. From this romance—something like which the muletress seemed to think might well happen concerning herself—we passed lightly to speak of kindred things, the muletress responding gayly between the blows she bestowed upon her beast. The accent of these Capriotes has something of German harshness and heaviness: they say *non bosso* instead of *non posso*, and *monto* instead of *mondo*, and interchange the *t* and *d* a good deal; and they use for father the Latin *pater*, instead of *padre*. But this girl's voice, as I said, was very musical, and the island's accent was sweet upon her tongue.

I.—What is your name?

She.—Caterina, little sir (*signorin*).

I.—And how old are you, Caterina?

She.—Eighteen, little sir.

I.—Have you a lover?

She feigns not to understand; but the patriarch, who has dropped behind to listen to our discourse, explains: "He asks if you are in love."

She.—Ah, no! little sir, not yet.

I.—No? A little late, it seems to me. I guess there must be some handsome youngster who pleases you—no?

She.—Ah, no! one must work, one cannot think of marrying. We are four sisters, and we have only the *buonamano* from hiring these mules, and we must spin and cook.

The Patriarch.—Don't believe her; she has two lovers.

She.—Ah, no! It is n't true. He tells a fib, ha!

But, nevertheless, she seemed to love to be accused of lovers—such is the guile of the female heart in Capri—and laughed over the patriarch's wickedness. She confided that she ate maccaroni once a day, and she talked constantly of eating it, just as the Northern Italians always talk of *polenta*. She was a true daughter of the isle, and had never left it but once in her life, when she went to Naples. "Naples was beautiful, yes; but one always loves one's own country the best." She was very attentive and good, but at the end was rapacious of more and more *buonamano*. "Have patience with her, sir," said the blameless Antonino, who witnessed her greediness; "they do not understand certain matters here, poor little things!"

As for the patriarch, he was full of learning relative to himself and to Capri; and told me with much elaboration that the islanders lived chiefly by fishing, and gained something also by their vineyards. But they were greatly oppressed by taxes, and the strict enforcement of the conscriptions, and they had little love for the Italian Government, and wished the Bourbons back again. The Piedmontese, indeed, misgoverned them horribly. There was the Blue Grotto, for example: formerly travellers paid the guides five, six, ten francs for viewing it; but now the Piedmontese had made a

tariff, and the poor guides could only exact a franc from each person. Things were in a ruinous condition.

By this we had arrived at a little inn on the top of the mountain, very near the ruins of the palaces. "Here," said the patriarch "it is customary for strangers to drink a bottle of the wine of Tiberius." We obediently entered the hostelry, and the landlord—a white-toothed, brown-faced, good-humored peasant—gallantly ran forward and presented the ladies with bouquets of roses. We thought it a pretty and graceful act, but found later that it was to be paid for, like all pretty and graceful things in Italy; for when we came to settle for the wine, and the landlord wanted more than justice, he urged that he had presented the ladies with flowers, yet he equally gave me his benediction when I refused to pay his politeness.

"Now here," again said the patriarch in a solemn whisper, "you can see the Tarantella danced for two francs; whereas down at your inn, if you hire the dancers through your landlord, it will cost you five or six francs." The difference was tempting, and decided us in favor of an immediate Tarantella. The muletresses left their beasts to browse about the door of the inn and came into the little public room, where were already the wife and sister of the landlord, and took their places *vis-à-vis*, while the landlord seized his tambourine and beat from it a wild and lively measure. The women were barefooted and hoopless, and they gave us the Tarantella with all the beauty of natural movement and free floating drapery, and with all that splendid grace of pose which animates the antique statues and pictures of dancers. They swayed themselves in time with the music; then, filled with its passionate impulse, advanced and retreated and whirled away; snapping their fingers above their heads and looking over their shoulders with a gay and laughing challenge to each other, they drifted through the ever-repeated figures of flight and wooing, and wove for us pictures of delight that remained upon the brain like the effect of long-pondered vivid colors, and still return to illumine and complete any representation of that indescribable dance. Heaven knows what peril there might have been in the beauty and grace of the pretty muletress but for the spectacle of her fat aunt, who, I must confess, could only burlesque some of her niece's airiest movements, and whose hard-bought buoyancy was at once pathetic and laughable. She earned her share of the spoils certainly, and she seemed glad when the dance was over, and went contentedly back to her mule. The patriarch had early retired from the scene as from a vanity with which he was too familiar for enjoyment, and I found him, when the Tarantella was done, leaning on the curb of the precipitous rock immediately behind the inn, over which the Capriotes say Tiberius used to cast the victims of his pleasures after he was sated with them. These have taken their place in the insular imagination as Christian martyrs, though it is probable that the poor souls were anything else but Nazarenes. It took a stone thrown from the brink of the rock twenty seconds to send back a response from the water below, and the depth was too dizzying to look into. So we looked instead toward Amalfi, across the Gulf of Salerno, and toward Naples, across her bay. On every hand the sea was flushed with sunset, and an unspeakable calm dwelt upon it, while the heights rising from it softened and softened in the distance, and withdrew themselves into dreams of ghastly solitude and phantom city. His late majesty the Emperor Tiberius is well known to have been a man of sentiment, and he may often have sought this spot to enjoy the evening hour. It was convenient to his palace, and he could here give a fillip to his jaded sensibilities by popping a boon companion over the cliff, and thus enjoy the fine poetic contrast which his perturbed and horrible spirit afforded to that scene of innocence and peace. Later he may have come hither also, when lust failed; when all the lewd plays and devices of his fancy palled upon his senses; when sin had grown insipid and even murder ceased to amuse, and his majesty uttered his despair to the Senate in that terrible letter: "What to write to you, or how to write, I know not; and what not to write at this time, may all the gods and goddesses torment me more than I daily feel that I suffer if I do know."

The poor patriarch was also a rascal in his small way, and he presently turned to me with a countenance full of cowardly trouble and of base remorse. "I pray you, little sir, not to tell the landlord below there that you you have seen the Tarantella danced here; for he has daughters and friends to dance it for strangers, and gets a deal of money by it. So, if he asks you to see it, do me the pleasure to say, lest he should take on (*pigliarsi*) with me about it: 'Thanks, but we saw the Tarantella at Pompeii!'" It was the last place in Italy where we were likely to have seen the Tarantella; but these simple people are improvident in lying, as in everything else. The patriarch had a curious spice of malice in him, which prompted him to speak evil of all, and to as many as he dared. After we had inspected the ruins of the emperor's villa, a clownish imbecile of a woman, professing to be the wife of the peasant who had made the excavations, came forth out of a cleft in the rock and received tribute of us—why, I do not know. The patriarch abetted the extortion, but Parthianly remarked, as we turned away, "Her husband ought to be here; but this is a *festa*, and he is drinking and gaming in the village," while the woman protested that he was sick at home. There was also a hermit living in great publicity among the ruins, and the patriarch did not spare him a sneering comment. He had even a bad word for Tiberius, and reproached the emperor for throwing people over the cliff, though I think it a sport in which he would himself have liked to join. The only human creatures with whom he seemed to be in sympathy were the brigands of the mainland, of whom he spoke poetically as exiles and fugitives.

As for the palace of Tiberius, which we had come so far and so toilsomely to see, it must be confessed there was very little left of it. When that well-meaning but mistaken prince died, a popular tumult demolished his pleasure-houses at Capri, and left only those fragments of the beautiful brick masonry which yet remain, clinging indestructible to the rocks, and strewed the ground with rubbish. The recent excavations have discovered nothing beside the uninteresting foundations of the building, except a subterranean avenue leading from one part of the palace to another; this is walled with delicate brickwork, and exquisitely paved with white marble mosaic; and this was all that was left of the splendor of the wicked emperor. Nature, the all-forgetting, all-forgiving, that takes the red battle-field into her arms and hides it with blossom and harvest, could not remember his iniquity, greater than the multitudinous murder of war. The sea which the despot's lust and fear had made so lonely slept with the white sails of boats secure upon its breast; the little bays and inlets, the rocky clefts and woody dells, had forgotten their desecration; and the gathering twilight, the sweetness of the garden-bordered pathway, and the serenity of the lonely landscape, helped us to doubt history. We slowly returned to the inn by the road we had ascended, noting again the mansion of the surprising Englishman who had come to Capri for three months and had remained thirty years; passed through the darkness of the village, dropped here and there with the vivid red of a lamp; and so reached the inn at last, where we found the landlord ready to have the Tarantella danced for us. We framed a discreeter fiction than that prepared for us by the patriarch, and went in to dinner, where there were two Danish gentlemen in dispute with as many rogues of boatmen who, having contracted to take them back that night to Naples, were now trying to fly their bargain, and remain at Capri till the morrow. The Danes beat them, however, and then sat down to dinner, and to long stories of the imposture and villany of the Italians. One of them chiefly bewailed himself that the day before, having unwisely eaten a dozen oysters without agreeing first with the oysterman upon the price, he had been obliged to pay this scamp's extortionate demand to the full, since he was unable to restore him his property. We thought that something like this might have happened to an imprudent man in any country, but we did not the less join him in abusing the Italians—the purpose for which foreigners chiefly visit Italy.

FAMILY DISCIPLINE.

THE horrible case of child-whipping in the western part of this State, to which we referred on a previous occasion, is to be lamented not merely on account of the unhappy little victim, but also for its inevitable tendency to loosen the bonds of parental discipline, by associating the idea of child-punishment with the recollection of this clerical wretch, who seems to combine the language of a Pecksniff with the relentlessness of a Legree. This act is thrice-accurst, in respect to his baby, to himself, and to society. We cannot doubt that he will receive so much of the punishment which he deserves as it is possible for the law to inflict. Whether it is possible under legal forms to render him full justice may be doubted.

But we cannot afford to let this solitary instance of parental cruelty blind us to the fact that, as a people, we err mainly in the opposite direction. American parents, as a rule, have very little inclination to tyrannize over their children, and are very strongly disposed to loosen the reins of family government. Looking around among our own acquaintance, we do not call to mind a single parent who is a terror to his children; and we rejoice that it is so. But we do know multitudes of parents who never had their children under their control; and this we cannot rejoice over. The days when children were tied to bed-posts and flogged for slight transgressions are, thank Heaven, substantially past; but the extreme to which our grandfathers carried their notions of discipline is no justification for the other extreme into which we are now disposed to run. If there is really no middle path, doubtless the license which is now allowed to children is better than the excessive severity of old times; but no such excuse for laxity can be truly made. There *is* a middle path; but it requires more patience,

perseverance, and enlightened parental love than either of the rival systems of wholesale flogging or *laissez faire*.

A certain distinguished clergyman once told in our hearing an incident which illustrates our meaning. His little girl, then a little over three years old, was playing in his room, when he called upon her to fetch his shoe. She had often done it before, and been proud to do it; but this time she looked at her father with a smiling face, and did not stir. "I repeated my command," said the father, "but with no better result. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'comes the crisis, and we must see who is to gain the day.' I called her to me, and she came quite cheerfully. I pointed to the shoe, but she would not look at it; she threw her arms round my neck, and would kiss me just as long as I would let her; she brought me an apron, a book, anything but the shoe; that she would not touch. And nothing but the shoe would satisfy me. 'Fetch me that shoe,' said I; but no. For more than two hours the conflict lasted, and then she suddenly grasped the shoe in her little hand, and, rushing up to me, threw herself into my arms in a violent fit of weeping, her little frame perfectly convulsed with sobs; but she was conquered." Such struggles as these occur at least once in the life of every high-spirited child. A Lindsley gratifies his brutal love of domination by the use of a shingle upon his child; the majority of American parents find it easier to abandon the contest, and let their children enjoy a demoralizing triumph, than to persist with mingled firmness, tact, and patience until obedience is secured.

Divine wisdom has made obedience necessary to the true happiness of every child. A spoiled child is the emblem of misery to itself and discomfort to all around. And American children are universally presumed to be spoiled, not merely by the judgment of foreigners, but by the tacit evidence of our own people. Why is it that landlords are so unanimous in preferring tenants without children? Why is it that children, in all other countries esteemed the object of marriage, are here so commonly thought of as its drawback? There can be no doubt that it is because they are expected, as a matter of course, to be a source of irritation and anxiety, undisciplined little nuisances, worrying their parents' lives and driving off their parents' friends. We go further, and assert that the enormous prevalency of abortion among married women is largely owing to this universal expectation that children will be a source of far more annoyance than comfort; an expectation which no experience of well-trained children would ever justify. Unquestionably the most judicious training fails in many instances; but as a rule it develops a condition of moral health which makes children the joy of the household and the special attraction of visitors. And it is from the rule, and not from the exceptions, that the common judgments of men are formed. We conclude, therefore, from the general anticipation that children, at any rate *other people's* children, will be disagreeable and mischievous, that there is a general belief that children are badly trained.

We have already been led incidentally to remark how much discomfort, and even crime, is indirectly caused by the general lack of proper family discipline. These are, however, only part of the evils to which it gives rise. "Young America" is proverbially pert, obtrusive, and irreverent; unaccustomed to obey at home, our young men are apt to lack respect for lawful authority everywhere; untrained at home, they rush into life with shallow thoughts and little training of any kind. Probably half the cost of our late civil war may be fairly charged to the lack of *habits* of discipline, obedience, and self-command on both sides.

It is even more melancholy to witness the causes which most frequently excite parents to the exercise of their authority, and the manner in which that authority is spasmodically exercised, than it is to observe the general absence of parental control. A falsehood, a petty theft, an act of meanness or cruelty which ought to excite the parent at once to grief and indignation, is usually passed over with slight reproof or total indifference. Charley may torture the cat, or destroy his baby sister's doll, or steal her apple, or show a meanly selfish spirit toward his playfellows with comparative impunity, though he is thus giving way to the basest tendencies of his nature; but woe be to Charley if he breaks his mother's china, or stains her silk dress, even though it should be done by pure accident and in the excess of affectionate zeal. Is not this, in its measure, almost as ghastly a spectacle as that of the Rev. Mr. Lindsley "correcting" his baby with a shingle for refusing to say its prayers? On the one hand the child displays a temper which, if entirely unchecked through life, would make it a fiend. For this it receives no punishment. On the other hand, through mere natural thoughtlessness, it injures a few dollars' worth of goods, which must in any case soon perish. This brings upon it bitter words, perhaps bodily chastisement. Every one knows that this is a contrast daily witnessed in thousands of families. For urselves, we see it often, and with ever-growing abhorrenc

THE SACRED CHARACTER OF THE BRITISH INCH.

THE connection between a metre and a gramme is obvious to any one who has mastered the French system of weights and measures; but the connection between the British inch and Christianity may appear somewhat recondite to the general public. Proposed as a conundrum, most people would probably "give it up" in despair. The number of inches to a foot is, indeed, the same as the number of tribes in Israel or the number of the disciples; but then, again, the labors of Hercules were twelve, and we are landed at once in paganism; or the Cæsars were twelve, and we flounder in imperialism, which is worse. A man's thumb—that is, the last joint of it—answers well enough to the inch in not particular measurements; but we never heard of thumbs being a test of orthodoxy, except in the time of the Inquisition, and we should fear, if the test prevailed, lest M. du Chaillu, for instance, should find some day that he had shot a better Christian than himself. Perhaps, if the suggestion be not an old one, the divine right of African slavery may rest (for a divine right cannot be extinguished), at least in part, on the negro's thumb-joint, which is either too long or too short for the Christian inch, just as his heels were too long and his facial angle too obtuse for Christian liberty.

But we perceive that, having been allowed an inch, our imagination has taken an ell of departure from the original question—a question which a religious newspaper of this city has kindly undertaken both to state and to settle. The inch being, as we learn, a part of sound doctrine, it is not so surprising that Congress as that the British Parliament should have legalized the metric system of the French. For, in the first place, the metre does not rest upon absolute truth, although it purports to be an integral part of the earth's circumference; and, secondly, if it were ever so accurate, the French people had no right to reject the British inch or their own *pouce* (or thumb, if you please), and to seek for a natural instead of a divinely transmitted standard of length; and, thirdly, it was all a part of their revolutionary plan "to overthrow the whole order of society, and root out even Christianity itself," and "to abolish the Lord's day and establish in its stead the *decades*;" and, fourthly, the late Mr. Taylor spent a lifetime in ascertaining, by the severest calculations, that the British inch is the one-five-hundred-millionth part of the earth's axis of rotation (which, being a straight line accessible at both ends and in the middle, can be measured with the greatest accuracy); and, finally, Prof. Piazzi Smith has triumphantly proved that the Great Pyramid was built expressly to surround, hold for ever, and keep from wear and tear the British inch. We have also the most satisfactory testimony that the builders of the Pyramid "possessed a degree of mathematical and astronomical knowledge" which it is far from improbable was given by divine inspiration. And if any link in this reasoning were still wanting, it is to be found in the fact that the Queen's chamber is seven-sided, with one of the sides "pushed outwards about twenty-five inches [*twenty-four* were perhaps to have been expected], as if to indicate that while six were ordinary days [it being understood that they represented days], the seventh [the Hebrew Sabbath] was more noble and glorious." The Bible, furthermore informs us that a false balance is an abomination in the eyes of the Lord while a just weight is his delight.

We do not see how this argument can be avoided. But we should like to have been assured that the British penny came direct from the treasury of Heaven, and that we count twelve of them to the shilling, as we do twelve British inches to the foot, by the grace of God. We have read somewhere that we are indebted for our yard to the fore-arm of his Most Christian Majesty, King Henry VII., which, since the yard is a multiple of the inch, is another proof of divine care in preserving for us an infallible standard. And we recommend these considerations to the people before they adopt the infidel system which Congress has offered them. Especially would we warn shop-keepers to be on their guard, lest at the next session a law be passed enforcing the system, whereas it is now merely tolerated, and lest by some "eight-hour movement" a clause be inserted requiring a metre of cloth or of carpeting to be sold at the rates formerly asked for a yard—which would be, as any one may compute, a dead loss of three and thirty-seven one-hundredths (3.37) inches on every metre thus sold. The dismay that this would occasion in every Christian household, at the present prices of goods, may well be imagined, and we leave it to the intelligent heads thereof to decide how they shall put the metre in as bad odor, say, as the meters of the gas companies, or the contract of the city scavengers.

The article in question appears in the *Episcopalian* of June 20, and we commend it to the attention of anybody who wants to see the mischief that may be done by allowing silly people to ventilate their silly opinions in journals formally devoted to the defence and exposition of religious truth.

Correspondence.

"DOES ANY ONE TELL THE TRUTH?"

To the Editor of The Nation:

If your contributor, "L.," in the number for June 22d, had confined himself to answering *this* question in the negative, I should have no controversy with him. For an absolutely truthful person, in word and deed, is so very rare that one may be excused for doubting whether there is any such character extant. But when "L." undertakes to prove that it is neither possible nor desirable to get rid of all deception, in the present state of society, he promulgates a doctrine of the most dangerous character, and all the more because it so readily falls in with the prevailing habits of the world. His thesis is: Society cannot get along without lies. And the reasons are, that much of the truth we should be compelled to hear would be of a disagreeable nature; that true courtesy obliges one often to give a false impression of one's real feelings; that we need the protection of a lie, too, to guard ourselves against impertinent and malicious people, etc. Now, to my mind, these arguments amount to nothing more than an admission that it is often extremely difficult to speak the truth. Let us look at the question of courtesy, as presenting a very common difficulty, and one which has disturbed many conscientious persons. A man comes to my house whom I do not particularly respect, nay, whom, perhaps, I have had cause to despise. Courtesy, nevertheless, requires that I should treat him civilly. I ask him to come in and to take a seat while transacting with me the business he has in hand. Is there any deception here, wilful or otherwise? I do, indeed, suppress and keep back part of the truth; but "L." admits that this is not inconsistent with veracity. I do not tell him how contemptible he is in my eyes. Why should I? But I show him the attention of common civility—nothing more. If he shall proceed to infer from this that I do not disapprove his behavior in the past he alone is responsible for the inference, not I. It is plainly no fault of mine if he shall pervert an instance of the merest civility into an expression of approval. How many thousands of persons are the objects of Christian charity every day who know at the same time that they have no title to the respect of those who thus befriend them! I am aware that many persons deem it necessary to politeness to go much further than in the case supposed. They do not scruple to assure every casual acquaintance, or even some notoriously disagreeable person, how very glad they are to meet him. They make it a point always to give the expected response to any demand for admiration and the like, whether true or not. This is, indeed, a courtesy which cannot be reconciled with veracity; but I deny that it is either necessary or desirable to the maintenance of true social feeling and kindly relations. It is simply a shield for the moral cowardice which *never* dares utter a disagreeable truth.

The one great point which "L." seems to me to have left out of sight in his argument is, that there is such a thing as speaking the truth *in love*. Would he regard those as "brutal" who should thus speak? Has it never been his good fortune to see one of those loving natures who "can say anything they please," even the most unpalatable truths, and yet never give offence, except, perhaps, to those churlish dispositions whom nothing can tame? We hear of some persons who are "privileged" to speak the truth. Where such a privilege is freely granted them, is it not because they never abuse it to purposes of malice or contempt, but always use the truth in the interests of charity.

It seems to me, also, that your contributor mistakes by not discriminating between deception and *leaving one in ignorance*. Many things in social life which look at first like an intention to deceive are simply the result of a purpose to leave another in ignorance of our real feelings. This purpose may be quite consistent with strict sincerity. Thus, if a friend calls upon me when I am distracted with business or overwhelmed with grief, a true politeness admonishes me to throw off this burden for a time, if possible, that I may enter into my friend's affairs with proper sympathy. I strive to forget my own troubles for his sake; and if I cannot quite do that, I resolve that I will let no clouds *appear* in my words or demeanor. This is not, or at least need not be, insincere. But, "L." would ask, Does not your friend go away *deceived* as to the real state of your feelings? And do you not know that he will be thus deceived? I answer, no. Ignorant he may be, but not deceived, for I have not intended to falsify anything to him. My sole effort has been to hide from him the trouble which was making me an unfit companion. Such concealment may have the effect, sometimes, of wilful deception; but that circumstance alone does not stamp it with the *guilt* of falsehood. Guilt lies in intention. I am not chargeable with intention to deceive merely because I have reason to think that one may go away from my presence with a wrong impression of my real state of mind. It would be putting a tremendous responsibility upon us to say that we are accountable for every wrong impression which one may receive from our words or conduct. The question to be first asked is: Did he necessarily receive that impression? Was no other interpretation possible? And did we designedly mislead?

Let me say a word about the supposed right of "protection" from impertinent questioners. To assert this right to the extent that your contributor does, seems to imply that right may sometimes be enforced by wrong. I may like to protect myself from many annoyances, but both human and divine law prescribes a limit to my means of doing this. I should be glad to save my fruit garden from midnight thieves, but I may not shoot them down for this purpose. Is it not simply one of the sacrifices we make for the privilege of human society that we accept that society as it is—its evil as well as its good? As to the authorship of anonymous pamphlets, the simplest course seems to me best. I would simply reply to such a questioner: I do not choose to answer. But he would say: Then I know you wrote it. To which I should rejoin: You may make what inference you please. He could not really know, thought he might have strong reason to suspect; for it is certainly conceivable that I might refuse to answer for the sake of shielding a friend, and not myself.

But it is to me strangest of all, how your contributor seems to have overlooked the fact that truth is an essential bond of society. Not falsehood, but truthfulness, binds men together. I must confide in my neighbor's honesty if he is to be my neighbor indeed; and just so far as that confidence is weakened by an insincere word or deed on his part, so far is the whole social fabric endangered. Love based upon truth, truth spoken in love—who can deny that these are the primal and essential conditions of human fellowship? Apply these conditions to all the minutiæ of daily intercourse, and I am sure the "oil" would not be wanting to the social machinery. The necessity even for *concealment* would become less every day. Men and women would rejoice in the privilege of being frank without suspicion of rudeness, and "plain-spoken" without any lack of tenderness and true courtesy.

W. S.

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NATION OFFICE, Thursday, July 2, 1866.

THE actual declaration of war in Europe has produced no further effect upon our securities. Five-twenties are still quoted at 64½ to 64⅝, and Erie 40½ to 41. The latter has been maintained by an enquiry for export to this country. Cotton is quoted weaker; but this is ascribed as much to the defeat of the British Ministry on the reform bill as to the news from the Continent. Unless gold should advance materially on this side, we have probably seen the lowest European quotations for 5-20s.

Approximative estimates of the foreign commerce of the United States for the fiscal year 1865-6, which ended on Saturday evening last, are being published in some of the journals. From these it would appear that we imported $401,865,000 of foreign goods (gold valuation), and exported $487,445,000 of produce and merchandise (currency valuation). Reducing the latter to the standard of gold the figures would stand thus:

Imports for 1865-6,		$401,865,000
Exports of produce (gold),	$348,175,000	
Do. of specie,	78,400,000	
		426,575,000
Excess of exports,		$24,710,000

This is exclusive of the movement of securities, of which many millions worth went to Europe during the year. The customs revenue for the year is estimated at $175,878,000, the largest revenue on record; the average duty paid on imports is 47½ per cent., a heavier tax than is paid by any other people in the world.

Government begins to-day to pay the interest on the third series of the 7.30 notes, and on a large proportion of the funded debt; altogether $10,000,000 of gold and $8,500,000 in currency will be disbursed. The gold payments will relieve the gold market very sensibly. On Saturday gold was worth ¼ per cent. for immediate delivery. The price has fluctuated since we last wrote between 151⅞ and 155. To-day, at 3 P.M., it stands at 154. Bankers' bills can still be bought at 108¼, at which rate there can be no shipments of coin to any extent.

Money continues very easy indeed. Call loans are 4 to 5 per cent., and good mercantile paper at short dates 5 to 6. The banks are greatly distressed to know what to do with their funds.

Stocks, with the exception of Governments and Erie, are very inactive but steady. Governments are in active demand at full prices. It is confidently expected that they will, in the course of ninety days, take back all the bonds they have sent us during the past month. Erie is higher on a clique movement, which is supposed to be intended to corner Mr. Drew. It has sold as high as 63¼. Nothing further has transpired with regard to the dividend on the preferred stock. The owners of the Harlem Railroad have declared a dividend of 4 per cent. on both common and preferred stock, so this long neglected fancy may again become active. Reading is selling dividend off, and is steady. The other cliqued stocks are inactive; nobody seems to want either to buy or to sell them.

The following table will show the course of the stock, gold, exchange, and money markets since our last issue:

	June 25.	June 28.	July 2.	Adv.	Dec.
U. S. Sixes of 1881	106	106⅜	106⅜	⅛	....
5-20 Bonds, old	103⅛	103⅛	104⅛	1	....
5-20 Bonds of 1865	102¾	103	103⅛	⅛	....
10-40 Bonds	96⅛	96⅞	97⅛	⅛	....
7.30 Notes, second series	102⅝	103⅜	103⅛	⅛	....
New York Central	98⅝	98¼	98⅛	⅛	....
Erie Railway	58⅜	60⅞	63	2⅛	....
Hudson River	111	112	112	....	....
Reading Railroad	108⅛	109⅜	104⅛*	⅛	....
Michigan Southern	78¾	78⅛	78⅛	....	....
Cleveland and Pittsburgh	82⅛	83⅛	83⅛	⅛	....
Chicago and North-west	29⅞	30⅛	30	....	⅛
Chicago and N.-W., Pref	58⅜	59⅛	59⅛	....	....
Chicago and Rock Island	93	94⅛	94	....	⅛
P., Ft. Wayne, and Chicago	98	98⅛	95⅛*	....	1⅛
Canton	55	53⅞	54⅛	....	⅞
Cumberland	44¾	45	45	....	....
Mariposa	11¼	11	10⅛	....	⅛
American Gold	153⅛	151⅞	154	3⅛	....
Bankers' Bills on London	108¼	108⅛	108⅛	....	....
Call Loans	5	5	5	....	....

*Ex. dividend.

The Nation.

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The Week.

The tariff bill has passed the House, but it has elicited sufficient opposition, to judge from the tone of the Western journals, to make its defeat in the Senate very probable. Perhaps the very best thing its friends could do would be to get the *Tribune* to cease defending protection, as its peculiar style of argument is daily making converts to free trade. In an article on Saturday it laid it down that if a "chain of mountains" were to rise up on Monday night out of the earth, "compass the United States round about, and cut off communication with the rest of the world," we should, "with the ideas now rife in the Union," have a "more free, full, robust, independent, integral, national life than under an unrestricted intercourse with foreign nations can ever be brought about." If there should be a sudden and violent reaction in the direction of free trade it will be in a great measure due to the preaching of this sort of nonsense by the champions of protection. What makes it all the greater nonsense is, that this grand plan "for creating a full, robust, and independent national life" was tried by the Chinese during some thousands of years and failed pretty miserably. In fact, what renders modern civilization progressive, and, therefore, superior to ancient civilization, is the unrestricted intercourse between different nations by which it is marked. It is this which saves it from stagnation or decline. It was to put an end to the surrounding of nations with "chains of mountains," either moral or physical, that Christ came and that modern science works. The building up of certain branches of national industry in a new country by protective duties is a rational scheme, and capable of defence by many strong arguments, but we would warn all sensible protectionists of the danger of having their cause advocated, as the *Tribune* advocates it, by men whose political philosophy seems to be that of His Majesty Che-hwang-te, of the Tsin dynasty, with a slight dash in it of the Christianity of the Merovingian era.

There was less speaking than usual on the Fourth of July. The Tammany Society of this city did its best to celebrate the occasion, and drew a characteristic letter from Mr. Seward. There was a child-like simplicity about it which reminded one of the famous telegram of the 22d of February. From General Grant, we are glad to say, came simply a quiet and formal expression of inability to attend. The general has already proved himself the greatest orator in America, and we think his letter on this occasion may be referred to as a "model of epistolary correspondence." Mr. O'Gorman, the orator of the day, spoke, as he always speaks, well, and supplied the Society with about the usual number of sophisms and truisms in better English than the Society is used to. He was followed by Mr. S. S. Cox, who contented himself with "expanding a sentiment" of "his eloquent friend," Mr. O'Gorman, but by the time he got it expanded it was an exceedingly light and mysterious article. The sentiment was that the Declaration of Independence was a "revolutionary document." From this Mr. Cox deduced the proposition that the origin of our liberties was to be found "far back of the Magna Charta," and "reposing in eternal might." What or where this is, we must leave the reader to find out for himself. Much of the political oratory of the day is becoming a great deal too abstruse for us.

New York enjoyed the spectacle last week of hearing the decisions of one of its courts reviewed and morally overruled by a lawyer whose proper place is on the bench, but who was turned off it a year or two ago to make way for a man who was expelled from the army for drunkenness, and for whom nobody claims even one of the qualifications which a judge ought to possess. Judge Cardozo's decision, that a license to sell liquor is property, and, as such, protected from revocation by the constitution, was severely criticised and refuted by Judge Bosworth, at a meeting of the Board of Health, in a speech which removed what little doubt there was in the public mind as to the value of the Cardozo judgment. Judge Cardozo's ruling was thoroughly revolutionary, and set at naught some of the most firmly established principles of our jurisprudence, such, for instance, as that most familiar one, that every contract must be supported by a consideration.

The Common Council has perpetrated another monstrous swindle by giving, over the Mayor's veto, a contract to the Gas Company for twenty years, at present rates, for lighting the city with coal gas. There is no question about the character of the transaction, and the *Tribune* gives notice that an "earnest effort" will be made next winter to abolish the Common Council. We hope this may prove true. The pecuniary loss to the tax-payers caused by this band of swindlers is, after all, the smallest part of the evil they work. The very existence of such a body as the Common Council in a city like this is injurious to public morals, as it is a constant corrupter of the poor. The rise, through city politics, of the worst blackguards of the worst wards to wealth and influence, is a spectacle whose evil influence on the ignorant and the young neither school nor church can counteract. There is little use in preaching virtue within a stone's throw of the hall in which a conclave of knaves, raised from the very dregs of society, are dividing the public funds amongst them, selling the public offices and contracts, levying blackmail on the men of property, spending their gains in fast horses and champagne, and laughing at their victims. No theories about "municipal independence" ought to stand in the way of the speedy abatement of the nuisance.

Senator Trumbull's bill to regulate removals from office is a well-considered effort to redeem the public service, as far as may be, from the corruption of political subserviency to the Executive. It is grounded upon the principle that the constitutional power to appoint implies the power to remove, and that the President, who is obliged to obtain the consent of the Senate in the first instance, must also respect its will in the second. There is great virtue in the provision that when, the

Senate not being in session, the President shall have removed an officer for disability or misconduct—a privilege clearly required by the public interest to be vested in him—he shall, within a month after that body has assembled, give the reasons for his action. Men are never so ready to confess their motives as they are to incur by their deeds the suspicion of unworthy motives; and though it may be utopian to assume that a President of the United States would not dare to announce that a difference of political opinions was the sole cause of any given dismissal, or that it ought properly to determine continuance in office, still, such an announcement would undoubtedly give rise to a healthy public sentiment before which this indecency would perish. It might have sufficed, perhaps, to have provided that no office-holder should be removed without being previously notified; in which case, if he demanded a hearing before the Senate, the President might then have been called upon to produce his charges. But we have reached that point where it is safest not to presume infallible rectitude in any official. We should hope that even Mr. Trumbull would not object to removals on account of a neglect of business in the pursuit of politics. This would be a reform second only to the one he proposes.

Mr. Seward has the most illimitable faith in the virtue, he says, and in the good sense, he says, of the American people. About his confidence in their illimitable gullibility he says nothing, in public, but every now and then he gives a striking proof of it. It is a month or so, more or less, since he was at Auburn talking about the Democracy in a way that may have served Governor Morton as a model for his recent indictment of that party. On the Fourth of July we actually find him in Tammany among sachems and braves with all their war paint on. A Blackfoot medicine-man in a Sioux war council would have as good a right to expect a cordial reception. But no reflections of that sort trouble Mr. Seward. Memory may be his enemy; it is hope he relies on always. Tammany, which during the war kept Mr. Chanler and Mr. Benjamin Wood in Congress, Mr. Seward praises sweetly for its unfaltering devotion to the Union, and he calls it a true Union League. For proofs of this character he wisely goes to the pictures on the society's letter of invitation. He was highly pleased, he said, with the vignette and with the associated hues with which it was colored—namely, the red, white, and blue. He liked the temple of liberty, he liked the eagle of the American continent which protected it, he liked the ships and railroads indicative of progress and prosperity. Also, with that facility of being pleased which is peculiarly his own, he delights in the "significant conjunction of dates," 1866 and 1776; unabashed he goes on to subtract one from the other and the difference he finds to be ninety—ninety years, however. The criticisms on the Tammany letter-paper are new, the other half of the letter is old. The South, ever since '61, has had a continuing right to send loyal representatives to Congress, and Congress is bound to admit them —that is Mr. Seward's belief, and it was well known to be his belief before he thought it necessary to go into Tammany Hall. It is kind in Mr. Seward, and right, to wish to get the Southerners into the Union as soon as possible; but he might better have left it to Tammany alone to have a political party all ready for them as soon as they get back. Though he join in that labor, it will not be for him to reap the reward; neither the South nor Tammany has his convenient memory.

Senator Lane, of Kansas, shot himself a few days ago, while suffering from incipient disease of the brain—a calamity which may any day overtake any man in the community, and which is in its nature so awful that one would suppose that even Democratic editors were civilized enough to treat its victims with decency. The Albany *Argus*, however, maundered over the death of poor Preston King as a judgment of Providence brought down by political misconduct, and now the New York *Express*, after publishing a long account of Lane's last wrestlings with his malady, assumes them to have been indications of a fear of death inspired by an ill-spent life. It is said that no man, however honest, can have much to do with horses without becoming more or less of a knave; and it would seem that editing party newspapers has a similarly prejudicial effect on a man's taste and humanity and sense of social obligation, and often converts him into a sort of moral ruffian, who gloats over the last agonies of his enemies, and jumps in triumph on their dead bodies. Horse-jockeys have long been a subject of much solicitude to moral philosophers and home missionaries. We commend the fraternity of Copperhead editors to their attention. If they can even make them decent, we shall excuse their failure to make them virtuous.

The Jamaica Commission has brought in its report. They conclude that there was ground for fearing a general insurrection of the blacks, had the rioters been successful; commend the energy displayed by Governor Eyre in the earlier steps taken for the restoration of order; condemn him for the discretion accorded to military officers after the disturbances had ceased; pronounce the hanging, whipping, and destruction of property to which these gentlemen resorted unnecessary, wanton, and cruel; and declare the trial and execution of Gordon illegal. The report is on the whole judicial in its tone, though displaying everywhere a strong desire not to bear too hard on Eyre in its inferences. But the mere facts which the commission rehearse, as proved, are in themselves a worse condemnation than any opinion the report could pronounce. The reluctance of the commissioners to speak out their full mind has excited a good deal of severe comment in England. But had the victims of Eyre's negligence or cruelty been white, we are satisfied that no man in the country would have dared to put one line on paper which would even look like extenuation of the governor's conduct. The tenderness shown him, even by such a body as the commissioners, proves how deep-seated the feeling is down in the breasts of the best members of the Anglo-Saxon race, that crimes committed against an "inferior race" are somehow less heinous than crimes committed against white men, and that even the "British Constitution" loses some of its virtue when its protection is thrown over a negro. Mr. Eyre has been removed, but it is to be hoped that the matter will not rest here. Gordon's trial was illegal, and his execution was murder. If its perpetrators are allowed to go unwhipped of justice, no man's life in a colony would be safe. Any disturbance that a crack-brained governor happened to think serious would place all his enemies or critics at his mercy.

The telegraphic news from Germany is a farrago of contradictions and improbabilities, of little use, except to furnish headings for "extras." A "desperate battle between the Prussians and Austrians," near Skalitz, seems to have been a cavalry skirmish, and the announcement that "the Prussians retreated leaving their dead and wounded on the field," has little value till we know how many dead and wounded there were. If there were only a dozen the affair will hardly exercise much influence on the fortunes of the war. Another Berlin telegraph tells of another "spirited engagement," "lasting till midnight" (this has an awful sound), in which a Prussian division and brigade were engaged, but whether the brigade was not included in the division does not appear, though it is most likely it was. Of the magnitude of this conflict we may form an idea from the fact that the telegraphic chronicler mentions as a prominent fact that the Prussians lost a colonel, lieutenant, and captain. He omits to state, which we think he might have done with safety, that they also lost a lieutenant, a sergeant, and a corporal. The only thing which seems certain is that the Prussians have entered Bohemia, and the advanced parties of the two armies are coming in collision. Hence small affairs, which the French call "combats," which commanders are apt to encourage at the opening of a campaign as a means of improving the morale of the troops, but which, by the time the news of them gets to the telegraphic operators at Brussels and elsewhere, grow into "desperate battles." The King of Hanover is trying to make terms before he surrenders his army, which is caught in the Prussian rear, and is having an unhappy time. A question of some interest now, but on which we have seen no light thrown, is, who is the directing military man of Prussia? Her operations so far have been marked by extraordinary vigor, concentration, rapidity, and secrecy; but who presides over them? We hear of no Prussian Benedek, or La Marmora, or Victor Emanuel.

THE campaign in Italy has opened with a disaster to the Italians. The King, with about half the army and the reserve, seems to have marched full tilt into the Quadrilateral, apparently with the view of making a diversion in favor of Cialdini, who was operating on the Po with about 70,000 men, and is said to have crossed it at Polesella. The Austrians, however, did not trouble themselves about Cialdini. They marched out of Verona on the 24th of June, at daybreak, attacked the King early in the morning at Custozza, and drove him from all his positions with heavy loss, after a sanguinary and protracted engagement. The fact seems to be that the Austrians need not have fought at all, except for the moral effect, as, had they chosen to stay behind their fortified lines, they might have bid him defiance. The Imperial despatches show that the Italians fought obstinately, and inflicted severe loss on the enemy, and left the field in good order. Probably, under all the circumstances, no troops in the world could have done more, though we perceive the French have already begun to sneer, as if Solferino and Magenta had not been dearly bought victories. The next best thing to winning is to deserve to win. An accident may give a bad army and a bad general a great triumph; but to be defeated after fighting bravely, and yet not to abate either heart or hope, is something of which only a great people is capable; and we shall probably be better able to conjecture what the future of Italy is to be, from seeing the manner in which the Italian troops and the nation will bear this reverse, than from seeing them victorious in Mantua and Verona. The soil of Italy has in every age borne men fitted to satisfy her aspirations; and now that she is in a heroic mood, and yearns, of all things, for freedom and independence, we may be sure she will not prove barren of soldiers who know both how to conquer and how to die.

THE Spanish Minister of State, M. Bermudez de Castro, has made a statement in the Cortes in defence of the bombardment of Valparaiso, in which he maintains that the bombardment was not "barbarous," because it was permitted by the laws of war; so, however, is the sack of a stormed town, and the massacre of the garrison and inhabitants. The treatment of Magdeburg was legal; but what does the world think of Tilly? He adds, moreover, that besides being legal, it was provoked by the Chilians using torpedoes for the annoyance of the blockading squadron; but torpedoes are used for the annoyance and destruction of fighting men, of men "whose business," as the old song says, "'t is to die," and to retaliate by pitching shot and shell into private houses amongst women and children, as an end, not as a means, and without any expectation of taking the place, *is* "barbarous." Firing grape and canister into close columns is awful work, but it is one of the risks for which soldiers bargain; to revenge it, by blazing away at the enemy's women and children, would be plainly brutal. The remainder of M. de Castro's address is frivolous. The whole defence is that of a man speaking for a fallen state, to whom the pettiest triumphs are grateful, and in which decrepitude has crushed out all nobleness and all pride.

ON the 26th ult. Earl Russell, in the House of Lords, and Mr. Gladstone in the Commons, announced that the Queen, after a personal interview that afternoon, had accepted the resignations they had tendered after their defeat on the reform bill. The new cabinet to be constructed by Earl Derby is as yet a matter of speculation; the office of Foreign Secretary being, however, generally assigned to the earl's son, Lord Stanley. Mr. Disraeli is named to succeed Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

COURTESY goes a great way. One of the Prussian legation in Italy is charged with the protection of Austrian subjects and interests, and with the keeping of the archives of the Austrian legations suppressed along with the former states of the Peninsula. An Austrian subject, employed by the same legation, found himself the other day alone in the bureau when a crowd came to salute it with cries of "Death to Austria! Hurrah for Bismark!" The unfortunate official was constrained to appear at the window and bow his acknowledgments.

CONGRESS.

Monday, July 2.—In the Senate, the committee of conference on the Paris Exposition bill reported an amendment, which was agreed to and the bill passed. That on the Freedmen's Bureau bill also reported, sustaining the Senate's proposition in regard to the lands held under Gen. Sherman's order, by which the former owners may recover of the present possessors having a valid title, in exchange for a six years' lease of twenty acres, under a warrant from the direct tax commissioners; the said twenty acres being purchasable at the end of the six years for not more than $1 50 per acre. The report was agreed to, and the bill went up to the President.

In the House, Mr. Clark's resolution concerning the rights of the Fenians as belligerents (offered June 4) was rejected without a division. The tariff bill was debated in Committee of the Whole. The special committee on the Rousseau-Grinnell imbroglio reported by the majority in favor of expelling the former for his assault, and of censuring the latter for the personal reflections which provoked it; also of bringing to trial, for contempt of the privileges of the House, Mr. Rousseau's abettors. The minority simply advised a reprimand of Mr. Rousseau. Laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

July 5.—The Senate agreed to the conference report on the army appropriation bill, which remains substantially the Senate's.

The House agreed to the conference report on the army appropriation bill. Three pages of the tariff bill were disposed of during the day, and the discussion was continued in the first of the evening sessions, concluding with section 10.

July 6.—The Senate was chiefly occupied with the tariff bill, which Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, pronounced a Western measure distasteful to the manufacturers of the East, who had protection enough.

The House refused (84 to 46) to lay on the table the bill granting pensions to the officers and soldiers of the war of 1812, but recommitted it by 74 yeas to 46 nays. The tariff bill was debated. The conference report on the internal revenue bill was adopted—yeas, 71; nays, 57.

July 7.—In the Senate, a remonstrance was presented from the New York Chamber of Commerce against the tariff bill. A bill was reported from the Judiciary Committee to regulate removals from office conformably to the present method of appointment.

The House passed a bill to quiet land titles in California, and then resumed consideration of the tariff bill, reaching section 17.

July 9.—The Senate passed the House bill relating to pilots and pilot regulations. Also the army bill, which was amended so as to provide for three colored cavalry regiments and to dispense with three regiments of the Veteran Reserve Corps.

The House adhered to its own army bill—yeas, 93; nays, 30. Sections 17 to 23 of the tariff bill were disposed of.

FREEDMEN.

IN a circular (No. 7, July 2) Gen. Howard calls the attention of his assistant commissioners to the homestead act approved by the President June 21, which enables freedmen (as well as whites) who have not borne arms against the United States to enter upon public lands in Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Florida at any time during the current year. Each applicant must file an affidavit that he is head of a family, or twenty-one years of age, or has served in the army or navy, and applies for himself only; and on paying $5 can enter at once on not more than eighty acres of land. At the end of five years, the land having been held and cultivated, a full title can be secured by further payment of $5.

Circular 8 (July 5) exhorts the agents of the Bureau to increased vigilance, in view of the fresh outrages upon freedmen and officers in Texas, Mississippi, and Arkansas. Whenever the freedmen come before the courts, the agents must be their protection against injustice.

Gen. Gill, on duty in South Carolina, says: "There is a growing disposition on the part of the whites to have the freedmen educated; and with the better class of citizens, who really have an interest in the planting of this section of the State, the Bureau is popular, as it is distasteful to the enemies of liberty and justice."

—North Carolina has 133 schools, 155 teachers, and 10,806 scholars.

—Two pictures from Georgia: On the 30th of June there is a meeting of the Superior Court at Augusta, to consider the subject of establishing schools for the freedmen. The mayor promises his aid, and the colored people gladly respond to his request that they shall co-operate. On the 4th they celebrate the day in a quiet and orderly manner, cheering the mayor, who has again patronized them, and General Tillson, who has lent them flags and sabres. Speeches are made by both parties, and the mayor says he would not for a thousand dollars have forfeited the compliment paid him. The other picture is of an alleged negro murderer, whose victim was a white woman, arrested at Macon and hurried back to Wilkinson County, where he is horribly mutilated and then burned alive.

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE question of international copyright seems to have fallen to the ground in Congress, and instead of providing for the rights of foreign authors, measures are being taken to deprive them of the little revenue they now enjoy, arising from the sale of imported books, by increasing the duties on books to a useless and absurd figure. Twenty-five per cent. *ad valorem* in addition to twenty cents per pound by weight is a duty which will effectually destroy the book trade. It plays into the hands of a few publishers whose chief business is pirating English books, and is especially severe on students and literary men, who are thus deprived of books which are necessary to them and cannot be reprinted here. American authors also feel its weight, because publishers, finding a ready market for their reprints of foreign books, which cost them nothing more than the paper and printing, are unwilling to make uncertain ventures on native works, where a part of the profit goes to the author. There is no excuse for the increase of duty except the rapacity of certain publishers and the ignorance of certain so-called statesmen. The revenue derived from importations of books has never been so great as when the duties were fixed at the moderate scale of eight and ten per cent. The addition of twenty cents per pound weight is intended to put a stop to the importation of books in sheets, and of the printing in England of American books. It is especially foolish to desire to stop this, because there is not the plausible excuse that it is necessary for the interests of the country that the books consumed here should be manufactured here; and as the book manufacture does not require the expensive apparatus and machinery that cotton-spinning does, books will be printed here as they were before, as soon as they can be done here as cheaply as abroad. In a country the basis of which is universal suffrage it is of great importance that knowledge should be universally diffused. One way to attain this end is by making it cheap; and the best way of making it cheap is by lowering the duties and allowing the best literature a free circulation.

—The question of the rights of authors is one of considerable difficulty. Should a song be allowed a copyright, like a dramatic piece, so that it could not be sung without benefit to the author? At present, both in England and the United States, a popular song is sung at all the concerts, and brings in much to the manager and nothing to the author except its consequent sale. The rights of dramatic authors are sufficiently protected, but there is as yet in England no protection to the authors of books against dramatists who take their plots and even their language and use them on the stage. A bill which was lately introduced into Parliament on this subject by Lord Lyttleton has failed. The bill in question was introduced at the request of Mrs. Henry Wood, who had suffered from the production on the stage of "East Lynne" in an offensively vulgar manner, the lessee of the theatre where it was brought out at the same time refusing her any share in its profits.

—The dramatic authors of Paris have lately founded a publishing agency of their own. No class of literature brings such great profits for so small an outlay, and no authors are treated worse by their publishers than dramatic authors. It is only when the dramatist's reputation is a fortune in itself that the publishers are willing to pay a reasonable price to the author for his work. Messrs. Levy Frères are especially noted for their sharp bargains with dramatic authors. They gave to M. Bouchardy, for instance, one hundred dollars for the copyright of "Lazare le Patre," and the sale ran up to 120,000 copies. M. Louis Lacour is the general agent of the concern, and an office has been opened on the Boulevard.

—Méry, the prolific French novelist, who was able to write on every subject, and equally at home in all, is dead. A graceful and *spirituel* writer, his books too often illustrated subjects which would be unendurable in English. His death makes a void in contemporary French literature, though he really belonged to the epoch of Louis Philippe, which he had outlived.

—"The name of Catherine Fanshawe," says Miss Mitford, in her "Recollections of a Literary Life," "is connected with the whole of that glorious society which formed the pride and ornament of London during the early part of the present century—the society which, after a short interregnum, succeeded the illustrious circle that had formed the great literary club in the days of Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, and Reynolds. And amongst this society, at once so dazzling and so charming, there was no name more distinguished for brilliant and various talent, or for every attractive quality, than that of Catherine Fanshawe." One of the survivors of that society, Mr. Harness, has at last presented to the wide circle of Miss Fanshawe's admirers a privately printed volume containing some of her drawings and etchings and many of her poems and letters. Her powers as an artist were quite remarkable in every kind, but she chiefly excelled in the humorous. Many of her groups recall the best manner of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who himself acknowledged his indebtedness to her. In poetry her taste was chiefly for parody. She could have written any number of "Rejected Addresses." The following ballad, for instance, a friend and admirer of Wordsworth wondered had never been shown him by the poet himself:

"The trees that grow upon the shore
Have grown a hundred years or more;
So long there is no knowing.
Old Daniel Dobson does not know
When first those trees began to grow;
But still they grew, and grew, and grew,
As if they 'd nothing else to do,
But ever to be growing.

. . . . . .

"Fix'd are their feet in solid earth,
Where winds can never blow,
But visitings of deeper birth
Have reached their roots below.
For they have gained the river's brink,
And of the living waters drink.

. . . . . .

"And I have said, my little Will,
Why should not he continue still
A thing of nature's rearing?
A thing beyond the world's control,
A living vegetable soul,
No human sorrow fearing."

Miss Fanshawe was an intimate acquaintance of the Misses Berry, whose "Recollections" was the great literary book of last fall. She was a very clever letter-writer, and one of her letters gives an admirable sketch of a dinner party at Sir Humphry Davy's, where Byron and Madame de Staël met each other. The account is worthy of being set by the side of Lewes's sketch of the meeting between Goethe and Madame de Staël. Miss Fanshawe was one of those "two or three young women of rank who, at different times," according to Moore, "formed the subject of Byron's matrimonial dreams." Though he could not make up his mind to give his name to the lady, he allowed her well-known charade on "The Letter H" to pass as his.

—A very useful guide to the study of the causes of the German war, and of the relative political situations and exigencies of the great powers of Europe, is a collection of essays just published by Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, M.P., entitled "Studies in European Politics." The essays, seven in number, are all very carefully written, and have appeared before in various reviews. The subjects treated of are Spain, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Holland, Belgium, and that almost incomprehensible body, the Germanic Diet. The history of this body, and of the various efforts at German unity, Mr. Duff makes quite clear to the reader. Sketches of all the principal European statesmen are given and the key-notes to their characters sounded. Of Count Bismark Mr. Duff says: "The ground tone of his character, it has been truly said, is ὕβρις, but that ὕβρις which takes in public life so offensive a form does not seem incompatible in his case with much geniality in private life, and it would not be difficult to cite instances of the ease with which he obtained influence over persons who are brought across him. Many stories are current which show that his conservatism does not go really so deep as that of many men who make less parade of their anti-liberal views; . . . for the present we have before us a composite being—half French Imperialist, half disciple of M. Gerlach—'making,' to use his own expression, 'Junker-Politik' in the face of an angry but powerless nation."

—The English and Continental publishers are already issuing large numbers of maps of the countries which are to be the scenes of battle. Messrs. Blackwood & Sons are issuing, in sheets, the maps of Keith

Johnston's Royal Atlas. Stanford has published a very good map of Germany. Brockhaus, of Leipzig, advertises a variety of maps by Lange, and Perthes, of Gotha, many more, of which two of the best are "Das Festungsviereck—Verona, Peschiera, Mantua, Legnago, in Maasstabe 1:150000, von Dr. A. Petermann;" and "Schlesien, Sachsen, und nordliche Böhmen, Maasstab 1:740000, von A. Stieler." If some American publisher would issue a selection of these maps, with an historical introduction, he would confer a great service on general readers, and make a very good thing for himself.

—The first number of a new anthropological journal, in quarto, edited by A. Ecker and L. Lindenschmidt, has just made its appearance at Brunswick, under the title of "Archiv für Anthropologie: Zeitschrift für Naturgeschichte und Urgeschichte der Menschen." The subscription is three thalers per year.

—Mme. Bachelin-Deflorenne has just issued "Catalogue de Livres et Manuscrits, rares et précieux, relatifs à la Noblesse, en vente aux prix marqués, plus de 1,000 numéros." Of her reprint of the "Armorial Général de la France" Parts I. to VIII. have appeared, and she has recently published a volume of seven hundred pages, in two columns, under the title of "Etat Présent de la Noblesse Française," containing, among other matters, "Le Dictionnaire de la Noblesse contemporaine avec les noms de plus de vingt mille nobles, et Notices Généalogiques avec Blasons; la Liste Générale des Personnes qui, depuis 1803, ont fait changer ou modifier leurs Noms," etc.

SCIENTIFIC.

Deterioration of Bituminous Coal by Keeping.—Observations made recently in Europe, by several independent observers, have shown that an appreciable part of the value of bituminous coals, considered as sources either of light or heat, may readily be lost if the coals are left exposed to the air for any great length of time after they have been raised from the mine. These observations are of such importance to all who deal with large masses of soft coal, for gas-making or in metallurgical processes, as to justify a somewhat detailed exposition of them. It would appear that all kinds of bituminous coal are liable to deteriorate on being kept in contact with the air, though some kinds suffer much more than others. The fact that coal thus depreciates on keeping is no novelty. It has frequently been remarked by the large consumers of coal that the value of this mineral for making gas or coke, or even as fuel, is very much lessened by long continued exposure to air and moisture. The custom of declaring, with every shipment of coal from Newcastle, that the article then shipped is "fresh wrought" from the mine is evidence of the prevalence at headquarters of a belief that coal will, in some way or other, deteriorate by keeping. Few persons were prepared, however, to credit either the degree to which this deterioration may extend, in case a heap of coal becomes slightly heated, or the rapidity with which, under favorable circumstances, the wasting process may go on.

It appears that coal may suffer from several causes. When simply exposed to the air, but especially if the air be moist, it is liable to undergo oxidation; some kinds of coal, on the other hand, give off gas by simple disintegration, without manifest cause; and finally, when large heaps or masses of coal are moistened, a sort of fermentation sets in, the coal becomes warm, gives off much gas, and at the same time suffers greatly from oxidation. With some varieties of coal these changes are extremely slow, while with others they take place with great rapidity.

From experiments upon Newcastle coals, Lewis Thompson has found that, generally speaking, the heating power of dry coal is diminished in the ratio of 13 to 12 by six months' exposure to the air and the ordinary action of daylight; but when the coal is moistened the loss becomes much greater, especially if the bulk of the material is very large, in which event the coal may gradually lose almost one-half of its calorific power.

Operating with the coal of Upper Silesia, Grundmann found that, while the specific gravity of the coal remained unaltered, and while the proportion of hygroscopic moisture in the coal had actually increased to a slight extent, there was a very great loss of weight in coal which had been left in heaps in the open air during a period of nine months. With small coal this loss of weight amounted at the maximum to even 58 per cent. of the original weight of the mineral. The proportion of ashes in the coal was found to be very much larger after the exposure than before. It was observed, also, that gaseous compounds were evolved during the weathering process, and that the proportion of carbon and oxygen in the coal decreased more rapidly than that of the hydrogen. As the large heaps of coal became heated by the chemical action going on within them, this action was itself accelerated. The process was likewise more rapid when the heaps were wet by rain. Taking no account of the ashes contained in the coal in either case, it was found that the percentage composition of the coal was very nearly the same at the end of the nine months as at the beginning, so that the diminished value of the weathered coal as fuel must be mainly attributed to the large proportion of ashes which it contains. Grundmann concludes his essay by recommending attention to the protection of coal from the weather by placing it beneath dry and well-ventilated sheds.

The experiments of Marsilly, in France, were upon coals from the north of France, from Belgium, and from Newcastle. They relate more particularly to the evolution of gas from the coal itself, less attention having here been paid to the results of the chemical action of air upon it. This observer finds that when bituminous coal, which has been recently mined, is exposed to temperatures superior to 120° Fah., it undergoes a veritable decomposition, attended by the disengagement of aqueous vapor, gases, and hydro-carbon oils. The evolution of gas increases as the temperature is elevated; it is not abundant at temperatures lower than 212°; but at temperatures between that and 600° as much as one or two per cent. of the weight of the coal may be given off as gas. The exhalation of gas noticed by Marsilly is evidetnly similar to that which, in the mine itself, gives rise to the accumulations of "fire-damp" which occasion the frightful explosions so common in the English mines. He has observed that the gas disengaged by coals taken from mines subject to fire-damp, consists principally of carburetted hydrogen; while the gas evolved from the coal of mines in which no fire-damp occurs, is chiefly nitrogen, and is uninflammable. According to Marsilly, it is easy to obtain ocular evidence of this evolution of carburetted hydrogen, by the following experiment. Tolerably large and compact fragments of recently mined coal are rapidly pulverized, and the powder is placed in a large vessel, which is then covered with a conical bell glass. If the whole is now left to itself for twelve hours a quantity of gas will collect in the upper part of the bell, so that on applying a lighted match and, at the same moment, inverting the bell-glass, the gas will take fire and burn for an instant with a long, luminous flame. This experiment will not succeed with coal which has been exposed to the air for a number of days; and after the exposure has lasted during several months the coal will no longer disengage any inflammable gas, even when heated to nearly 600°.

MERIVALE'S CONVERSION OF THE NORTHERN NATIONS.*

The present volume is a sequel to the "Conversion of the Roman Empire," published last year. In it Mr. Merivale sketches first of all the condition in which the invasion of the barbarians found the Christianity of the Roman world; next, the religious and moral condition in which Christianity found the barbarians when they overthrew the empire, and the extent to which they had been prepared for the reception of the Gospel, either by their own progress or their contact with the Roman civilization. When we say that the volume is made up of the "Boyle Lectures," a series of sermons delivered "to order," if we may use the expression, before a popular audience, and paid for by a legacy, the reader will readily understand that the work has not the historical, or philosophical, or literary value which Mr. Merivale might under other circumstances have given it. The eight lectures of which it is composed might readily have been compressed into one without the slightest damage to the arguments and with a great saving of time and labor to the printer and reader. Two-thirds at least of the text consists of that sort of filling up which in periodical literature has received the appropriate name of "padding," and the object of which is to persuade the reader that he is getting a great deal of very fine writing for very little money. How ill at ease Mr. Merivale feels himself in the position of a Boyle lecturer, and how awkwardly he fills the place of a professional "apologist," is easily seen by any one who compares the style and method of the "History of the Romans under the Empire" with those of the two volumes which he has, as we think unfortunately, offered to the public as a continuation of his great work.

As we have said, one admirable and interesting lecture might have been made of the eight before us. There are, perhaps, few men living who are as well versed in the literature, both secular and ecclesiastical, of the declining empire as Mr. Merivale, and better fitted, in spite of the baldness of his style, to call up before our mind's eye a vivid picture of the process by which the Church conquered the world,

* "The Conversion of the Northern Nations: The Boyle Lectures for the year 1865, delivered at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. By Charles Merivale, D.D." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866.

and of the sacrifices of truth, and piety, and simplicity by which the victory was bought. He sketches ably and ingeniously the tendency of some of the earlier fathers, such as Justin, to look upon Christianity as but the natural development of the heathen philosophy in which they had been bred, and which, even after their conversion, they had not ceased to love and to cultivate; that of others, such as Clement of Alexandria, to treat it as something which humanity had reached in its ordinary progress—the goal of much human striving and aspiration, begun in the earliest ages and continued through countless generations of prophets, poets, and artists; the vigorous efforts of Tertullian and Origen to make head against this tendency, by claiming for the Gospel an origin and existence of its own, the power of proving its own truth, and the glory not simply of having furnished an additional agency for the moral amelioration of the race, but of having established a new relation between God and man, opened a new and narrow way through which alone salvation was to be sought. The rise of dogmatic theology in the fourth century, owing to the Arian and Pelagian controversies, and the part played by Athanasius and Augustine in framing and handing down to us the body of doctrine to which the severer of the Christian sects have since adhered, and which, in the shape of Calvinism, has since in England, America, Switzerland, and France exercised so marked and important an influence on the world's history, are ably set forth in the third lecture. The discussion of the influence upon the morals of the Church of the general adhesion to it of the wealthy, official, and educated classes in the third and fourth centuries, is, perhaps, the best portion of the volume, but its value lies mainly in its suggestiveness. As a historical study, it is spoiled by being a sermon. The same judgment may be passed on the concluding lectures, in which the moral and religious condition of the barbarians who overthrew the empire is examined. This portion of the work has, of course, to be done with very scanty materials, and when we say that Mr. Merivale avows that he did it with the view of making evidence in support of a preconceived theory, the reader will understand that it cannot be considered severely critical. In fact, nobody can read these Boyle lectures without feeling, as we have long felt, that whatever value this mode of enforcing the truth of Christianity may have for believers, it is not likely to exercise upon the sceptical or doubting the influence which its originators intended and looked for.

MISS CARY'S COUNTRY LIFE.*

This little collection of tales is well named, for the most of it, and all the best of it, is made up of pretty, flattering pictures of the country and of life there. What country? the reader once in a while asks himself, being not quite sure always whether the spinning-wheel he listens to and the loves of the spinster are to be found in some New England farmstead, or in one of our small Western towns, or in Miss Mitford's village. This is an uncertainty that could not exist if the pictures were photographic. They are not offered as such, we take it, but rather as sketches which fancy in part composed, and which were less intended to be faithful to local nature than to produce the impression which the artist has certainly been successful in producing—the pleasing, if somewhat vague, impression of hay-fields and orchards and farm-houses, of mowing in the high grass, of quiet roads, dusty or filled up with snow, with pastures on each side and cattle panting in the brook or steaming at the frozen watering-place, the impression of showers and verdure, of November rain, and the falling leaf, of the beneficent violence or the peace and amenity of rural scenes. It is this, at any rate, which we find in the book, and this in general is what makes it charming.

There are things in it to be severally praised—the graceful sweetness of the author's style, the perfect purity of sentiment, the gentleness and kind-heartedness which prefer to dwell on what is good and happy, and conceal or soften the harshness and sordidness of many phases of country life, the delightful, unsophisticated innocence which depicts so much exalted affection in the farm hireling, and finds for him a lady of high degree, and pairs so many young lovers—but these, if they all are there, are still parts of a whole: if they do not belong to any farming district known to the Corn and Produce Exchange, do belong to the idea which we like to entertain of the country and the *pagani* and *villani*, its inhabitants.

Even a Yankee landscape might be mistaken for many another if the Yankees were left out; and the occasional, only occasional, uncertainty of which we have spoken is apparently due to the fact that in figure-painting our artist's pencil fails to give so correct or decided a touch as in working on the background. The delineation of character, though often well done so far as descriptive power alone can carry the author, is not one of her strong points. The personages are frequently of that kind which exist to point a moral, or adorn a magazine tale, or both, and their behavior is quite different from that of any flesh-and-blood people who ever lived. Nor is there much to commend in the matter of plot, if we may call plots these threads so free from tangles, or in the invention of the incidents, which are never new and not seldom ill-managed; the humor is apt to degenerate into caricature, or to be dull for other reasons, and the thought is usually rather feeble and trite. To illustrate by one example more than one of these blemishes, we should cite the following passage, which is taken, it is only fair to say, from the poorest story in the book, the one with the ambiguous title, "Making the Children Something." A woman about forty years of age is sitting at dinner with her husband and their two children, of whom one is a marriageable daughter and one a boy of fourteen. The parents stand in the story as representatives of the vulgar rich. Miss Annie, it seems, has been down in the kitchen all morning learning how to make a pudding. Pudding-making, we know, like sauce-making, is a branch of the culinary art which is most shamefully neglected by American womankind, so it does not perfectly surprise us to learn that Miss Annie's instructor in cooking is an elderly farmer, a Mr. Wentworth, who for some reason best known to himself has been spending his day in the basement of Mr. Hartly's elegant mansion. Who is Mr. Wentworth? the father severely enquires. Annie is abashed; but her mother, who was the daughter of "a retired horse-jockey"—an American horse-jockey, we presume, and not a jockey of the English sort—who was born and reared in a country village, who is a woman said to be naturally sensible and shrewd,—Mrs. Hartly, we are asked to believe, makes answer in this fashion:

"'One of those men, you know,' said Mrs. Hartly, in an explanatory way, 'who make pumpkins and milk, and cultivate butter and manufacture corn and cattle, and such things—a man that lives in an open place, you know, where there are trees, and where there are no streets, you know; no houses, only wigwams, or bamboo huts, or something; you know, William, it 's the old person that brings us our butter and apples.' Mrs. Hartly said person to indicate that she did not know exactly whether he were black or white, man or monkey. It was a sheer affectation on her part" (p. 191).

The kind of affectation undoubtedly exists, but this degree of it, we may safely say, considering the given circumstances, never existed. This sort of writing is not delineating character, nor inventing probable or possible incident, nor showing any humorous power, nor doing anything but making a lay figure, and then making it ridiculous. Here is another touch of nature:

"They had taught themselves divers little forms and ceremonies, in the use of which they were most punctilious, and a dozen times a day Mrs. Hartly sent her compliments to Mr. Hartly, with some sweet and lady-like enquiry as to his health, or wishes with reference to what dress she should appear in at dinner, and as often Mr. Hartly sent back his compliments, from the garret where he was putting in a pane of glass, or the cellar where he was sawing wood, as the case might be, begging that Mrs. Hartly would oblige him by wearing the blue dress or the green one, and he often topped these princely messages by a request that Mrs. Hartly, if she could make it consistent with her previous engagements, would do him the favor to accompany him on a visit to the house of General or Governor So-and-so" (p. 194).

If we could only feel sure that any natural laws governed the propagation of such beings, that it was not mere chance which determined what manner of chimera they should produce as offspring, it would be a cause of real rejoicing to know that in the second generation of Hartlys we get boys whose manners and conversation are comparatively so sensible as appears by this example. His father invites Albert to take a glass of wine with him:

"'I see you,' answers the hopeful; 'and when I finish this pooden I 'll drink a bottle or two; haint got my appetite squinched yet, and come to my drinkotite. I was at confession, you know.' For a while Mr. Hartly's head falls, as if a hammer struck him" (p. 197).

He sends the boy to Florence to be made an artist. Annie Hartly, by way of punishment for pudding-making, is exiled to the country, to the house of Mr. Wentworth, who very willingly takes her along with him. She is under orders to keep a diary. She does so, and very absurd it is—even among diaries. It comes to an end, however, on the eighth day, when the wealthy and affectionate young lady writes that she has made a match with the second son of Mr. Wentworth, that aged swain having evidently been a good deal sharper throughout the whole transaction than Miss Cary imagines.

These extracts are all from one story, and they might be multiplied. But we have done with fault-finding. It would not be easy anywhere throughout the book to turn over half a dozen pages without coming on something to make one forget the blemishes—some exhibition of kindliness to be pleased with, some touch of pathos to soften the heart, some token that the author can feel keenly the cares and sorrows and joys of "the huts

* "Pictures of Country Life. By Alice Cary." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1866. Pp. 359.

where poor men lie," some one of the constantly recurring instances of that excellent descriptive power which is Miss Cary's highest gift. We quote two or three passages, almost at random:

"It was about the middle of February, and along the northern slopes of the hills, at the roots of big trees, and close in the shadows of the fences, lay the skeleton of the great winter snow. For all their searching, the sheep had not found a single patch of green grass as yet, and the mother-cow had brought home to the stable her young calf without waiting to be invited, so sharply went the winds along woods and meadows.

"The smoke issued briskly from the chimney tops, and the heaps of dry wood near the doors, and the lights shining pleasantly out along the frozen ground, told of quiet and comfort within. Here and there an axe was busy at the wood-pile or a lantern shone over the dry sun-flower stalks by the garden fence, as some less orderly farmer than the rest went from house to barn to attend some little chore forgotten or neglected.

"Mostly, however, it was quiet and cold and dark, except at one or two windows of each house, and the snow and frozen earth, ground together, powdered the lonesome road before the late travellers" (p. 56).

Here is a picture from another season of the year. Like the previous one it happens to be not very cheerful, but in neither case is the gloom suffered to remain long. It is the unkempt garden of a tight-fisted farmer:

"'Dear me!' says Mrs. Walden as the wheel stops again; 'well, I must work all the harder for the idleness of the rest, I suppose;' and with a shining tin pan in her hand she makes her way to the garden. She don't know what she will find, she don't suppose she will find anything, and sure enough she does not; the cucumber vines are yellow and seem to be dying; there is not a cucumber to be found larger than her little finger, and as for the tomatoes, they might just as well never have been planted; there are a few onions run up to seed among the weeds; the cabbages are not heading at all, and she can't tell where the beet bed was made. So, through nettles and burs she makes her way out again, stopping for a moment at the currant bushes as a forlorn hope; she finds a few poor little berries, but if she picks them now there won't be any left, so she leaves them for a greater emergency, and with an empty basin returns to the house. The flies are buzzing thick along the ceiling, and one or two old hens are picking the crumbs from off the floor; they ought to have plenty, but they have not—there are not more than half a dozen chickens in all about the farm; the hens don't do well—she don't know why; possibly there is some fruit in the orchard large enough to cook, but she don't know as she will traipse there after it if there is," etc.

And thus the poor, discouraged, hard-worked woman, with no enjoyments, her heart full of bitterness and all her bones tired, spends the hot Fourth of July in her cheerless house, to which no holiday ever comes—or hitherto has ever come, for it is not like Miss Cary to bestow an unhappy past without a compensating happy future. She does it, however, in one of the tales—in the very best of them all—the domestic tragedy of "Eliza Anderson," which seems to us quite worthy of a place beside the best of Miss Mitford's stories, as indeed Miss Cary's whole book is a not unfit companion for the record of "Our Village." It is healthful, entertaining reading, and the pleasure it is able to give is as pure and honest as it is great.

UNHAPPY FRANCE.*

THE quality of Rogeard's prose was made suddenly famous when Paris held its breath on reading his "Discourse of Labienus," and the author of the "Life of Cæsar" compelled the audacious pamphleteer to flee into Belgium. In the clandestine publication whose title is here annexed, and which brought upon Rogeard a second expulsion, we have a taste of the quality of his verse. The preface, however, occupies a fifth of the book, and, quite as much, probably, as the poems which follow, was the reason of Belgium's refusal (whether spontaneous from timidity or ordered by the implacable Emperor) to shelter him. Here the writer no longer lashes Napoleon III. over the shoulders of Augustus, but subjects him directly to a remorseless chastisement. His instrument of torture—the French language—is exercised to its utmost capacity, but it would be difficult to convict him of wanton or excessive abuse. It is not only easy to believe that he is sincerely in earnest, but it is also necessary to admit the justice of his accusations.

He begins by assuring his readers of his perfect frankness and good faith. He anticipates attack from every quarter. "The substance, the form, the title, the dedication even will be condemned. Attack the Empire, the devil! attack it in verse, *peste!* dare to commiserate France, just look at the fellow! invoke the shade of a guillotined man, horror!" Yet everybody knows what the Empire of the Second of December is. "Everybody knows it in free countries, and even at Paris; it is known in the town and in the country—it is even known at court; it would be necessary to go some distance and descend pretty low to find anybody who does not know it." Eugénie, Ollivier, Persigny, Bonaparte himself, the Prince Imperial, each and all understand the symptoms of the Empire, and that the physicians have given it over. France is not guilty of accepting the Empire: she never could digest it; she is about to spew it out to escape being poisoned. She is blameworthy for letting it die of itself, when she ought in honor to kill it. It is a hopeful sign that they are beginning to laugh in France. French laughter is a great and powerful thing; it tumbles down walls like Joshua's horns. Revolutions come of it—Rabelais, Voltaire, Beaumarchais, Courier. Even the defenders of the Empire are of two sorts—the ferocious and the grotesque; and the latter again are divisible into two—the malicious and the simple. The malicious is Marquis de Boissy, when he declares that "he prays for the Emperor's health all the day, and all night—except when asleep!" The innocent is M. Duruy, when he says, "The Emperor is the most liberal man in the Empire."

The Empire is doomed to fall—no question about that. Heir and all, the bandit and his gang. But the Empire must not only fall, but fall promptly. "Time must not be allowed it to demoralize the country enough to enable any sort of monarchy to establish itself again, nor to corrupt the nation enough to render it capable of accepting a king. Of all the agents of social decomposition, of all the solvents, of all the putrefiers, military despotism is the most powerful, the most energetic, the most violent. Of all monarchies it is the richest in toxical qualities; its effects are rapid, terrible, crushing. Peoples as good as ourselves have died of it: Athens died of it, and so did Rome, and so would Paris if she went to sleep with this poison in her stomach. Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon—poisoners of peoples!"

Do you suppose, continues the writer, that I detest the Empire simply because of the evil it does the present time, and the sufferings that the present generation endures? because there is now in France neither press nor tribune, neither right of assembly nor of petition, nor any guaranty of property, liberty, or life?—simply because of massacres and transportations, of perpetual wars and forced loans? because this Empire, reposing on a single head which is constantly menaced, is like a pyramid balanced on its apex, and maintains its equilibrium only by a miracle, and causes, every instant, mortal trances to the exchange and panics to commerce, and offers no stability to the government and no security to the governed?—simply because it inspires contempt of all authority, and "reposes, like all monarchies, and more than any, on the seven institutions (the seven scourges of modern society) which make kings thrive and peoples perish, the seven cursed pillars of the accursed edifice, to wit: The standing army, the salaried clergy, the unremovable magistracy, the centralized administration, the police, prostitution, and organized pauperism? Do you suppose I detest it, finally, because of the luxury of some and the ruin of others, and because I myself have been a little despoiled, a little imprisoned, a little exiled, and because I shall, perhaps, one day be guillotined a little?"

He answers that, on the contrary, he detests the Empire for the evil that it may do more than for what it does—for the future more than for the present; because the demolition of minds goes on more rapidly than that of houses; because the Empire is a disease of which men die; and because after it anything appears good, even another evil—a Bourbon, an Orleans, a constitutional daub.

This book, he avers, is a work of combat more than a work of art—a siege work, a machine of war. If you ask how he came to write in verse, he asks in return how he ever came to write in prose. Because, since he first seized the pen in 1852 to assail the Empire, he was constrained to write in some form or other. "I do not know," he says, "whether I am a writer; I am absolutely ignorant of the merit of my verses; and what odds is it? As if, forsooth, it were a question of literary renown! The stake is the deliverance of France." This series of satirical pictures is a review of the evils of the present régime:

"France now finds herself invaded by a horde of savages that history will call *the Bonaparte gang*—a race without faith or law, here to-day and to-morrow having neither house nor home; with no notion of right, no moral sense, no respect for justice, no conscience for political duties; night rovers, jayhawkers, dukes of Bohemia, swindlers, adventurers, making rack of others' goods and litter of the public interests. And this tribe of Mohicans holds France by military occupation, and these red-skins would tattoo the nation in their image! That is the invasion, that is the barbarism, these are the vandals in epaulettes and black clothes against whom French society must be defended, and the sacred depository of the newest science and the liberties of the world." . . . "And now, dear reader," concludes the preface, "greeting and fraternity! and may you live in the hatred of despotism, religious, civil, or military, and in the resolution to destroy it. For if tyranny may be the crime of an individual, tyranny which lasts becomes the crime of all, and voluntary servitude is nothing else than public dishonesty."

The poems—for to these we must next turn—are sixteen in number. They are accurately enough described in the preface, and, while not desti-

* "Pauvre France! Par A. Rogeard, Auteur des *Propos de Labienus*. Quatrième édition." Bruxelles: chez tous les libraires. Pp. xxvii., 104.

tute of imagination and of true poetic feeling, betray in too many prosaic passages the motive which inspired them. Meant to be bombs as effective in their way as Orsini's, they are charged with every sort of missile —now with arguments, and now with a catalogue of facts—until they are little better than so much solid shot. This is especially evident in "Bonaparte's Crime" and "Liberty Exported into Italy by the French Empire." All, moreover, save one, have the same form—the iambic hexameter, and otherwise attest the classical training of the author of "Labienus." The invocation may be roughly rendered as follows:

"Let the fountain sing, and let its wave not cease to pour;
The brook that murmurs now, a torrent grown, will roar
Against the massive rock across its pathway flung;
The flood mounts, and the mass of rock is swept along.
Flow, brooklets, flow! and roar, ye torrents of our ire!
Mount, hate! in thunder swell, O people's vengeance, higher
This Roman empire nods and almost falls to-day;
At dawn a flood of truths shall carry it away!"

"Imperial France" recounts the decay of the nation from the time of the First Republic. Over all hovers like a vulture the spirit of the Second of December. Europe is hell—Dante's funnel—with France at the bottom. Once the vestal virgin, and thought worthy to hold up the torch which she had kindled before the human race, she had allowed the sacred flame to expire, and her doom was to be buried alive. Paris, from being the capital, has become the necropolis of democracy.

"The Comet" was suggested by Donati's comet in 1857. It contains many humorous and sarcastic enquiries as to the mission of this prodigy, and surmises that God had despatched it to recover his heaven from the apotheosized Roman emperors, who had each appropriated a star to himself. But ours is not that impious age:

"The times are mild, and we sit happy at our boards!
This age, of glory full, with virtue is oppressed;
We are happy, times are mild, what hither is thy quest?
If thou avengest crimes, seek elsewhere their abode;
Our charming species is angelically good;
Spare us, O comet, spare! this world is innocent;
It does not even know what is by bloodshed meant.
Remote from us the times when men their souls have sold;
No longer do we cowards, no longer knaves behold;
None gathers on his knees the great man's crumbs to-day;
This world is innocent, I tell thee; spare us, pray!
But if, O voyager, in thy sublime career,
Thou seest ever (of course, in quite another sphere)
Upon a dunghill huge, all moist with blood and slime,
Spread like a cedar-top, an overpowering crime,
Root up the cedar, and leave in peace the shrubbery;
Search well, look well, and strike, comet, impartially!"

WELLS'S PHYSIOGNOMY.*

MANKIND will have to change essentially before men and women will dislike to talk about themselves and to hear themselves talked about. Whatever may be the foundation of phrenology and physiognomy as sciences, it is upon this not very lofty trait of human nature that the art and craft of the phrenological "professor" is founded—whether he is a stroller who feels heads for half a dollar a time, and no two times alike, or the rent-paying professor, who charges five dollars for a chart of character, selects your profession for you, and tells you how to choose what he likes to call a "matrimonial partner." Vanity is one name for that weakness of their fellow-creatures on which these gentlemen live, though it is possible to find a more flattering title, for the feeling is not an unmixed one. Usually, however, the phrenologer's dignified invitation to his customer, Come, know thyself! really means a sort of knowledge which, if it had not succeeded in getting itself called scientific, most men would be a little ashamed of seeking. It corresponds to an excuse for studying a looking-glass.

The fat, catchpenny duodecimo of seven or eight hundred pages, just issued by Fowler & Wells, ought then to be quite a popular book, and, doubtless, it will sell by the thousand copies. It is a perfect farrago—a jumble of sense and nonsense, facts of observation, ridiculous assumptions, bad guesses at truth, old things and new, religion, palmistry, over a thousand wood engravings, phrenology, moral philosophy, advice as to the use of cosmetics, anatomy, physiology, graphomancy, climatology, the passions, the temperaments, the races, physiognomy, the systems of Lavater, Redfield, and Alexander Walker, quotations from the poets and prose writers, the physiognomical observations of Aristotle, remarks by Mr. Wells himself of all degrees of silliness and of various degrees of sense—in short, an immense and ill-digested mass of incongruous materials of which, while some of the parts are good, the compilation is very nearly worthless. But, as we have said, it will not want readers. Many a person who has languished all his life behind a nose ungracefully wide through the nostrils, will buy the book and take comfort in learning that such a nose has valuable uses—"it disposes one to seek concealment, to hide things, to lie low and keep dark." It is remarkably fitting that this nose which lies low and keeps dark should be the African nose. It is a fact too plain for the author to miss, and he remarks almost immediately that no man is more subtle and secret than the negro; usually, when he is asked a question, he "don' know nuff'n 'bout it." With the secretive nose there goes a tendency, which we must say we have never observed in colored people of our acquaintance, to wear the coat buttoned close across the chest, or, if the secretive nose belongs to a woman, to cut the gown high in the neck.

So, too, if one have a nose of which the partition between the nostrils extends downward more than is common, it will interest and please him to learn that in virtue of that slight blemish he possesses "the power of discovering, analyzing, and combining—a threefold mental process, by means of which truths are established and systems formed." It would be a curious subject of investigation to enquire—body and soul are so inextricably tied together and so interdependent—whether the custom of wearing nose-rings might not be expected—after several generations we mean, of course—to increase the number of Spencers and Frothinghams.

And again, if a man, as many men have been, is a clergyman, looking back penitently on reams of flowery sermons, or a Moncure D. Conway, half ashamed of much very high-flying, ornamented eloquence, or an Alexander Smith, with a pack of poetical similitudes, some stolen, some home-made, he will be glad and thankful to learn that after all he has but followed his nose: "the faculty of metaphor" accompanies a thickness of the middle part of the septum above mentioned, and the man so marked "abounds in figures of speech and imagery of all kinds." The spirit was willing because the flesh was weak.

And who would not like to know what his chin means? and who, if he is silly enough, would not like to let Mr. Wells tell him what he thinks it means? What a satisfaction it will be to the lady who has remained unwedded for years after she thinks she should have become a matron, to find that she can get consolation from her despised pointed chin: her celibacy is due to the sharpness of that feature. It has caused her to be hard to satisfy, to love an ideal; her high requirements have made her cold to ordinary love. She may find in the indented chin, not in any superior gifts and graces, of her married cousin, the reason of the good fortune on which that lady plumes herself. Indeed, she is almost justified in shaking her head when that lady's name is mentioned: ladies with pointed chins not unfrequently, their affections are so ardent, instead of waiting for gentlemen to ask, themselves propose!

That there is nothing in physiognomy is something that we are as far as possible from saying. Every man's experience of every day would contradict us. But to say that there is a science of physiognomy is an assertion too ridiculous for even Mr. Wells to make. And such a performance as this of his only tends to bring the art and the professors of it into contempt.

* "New Physiognomy; or, Signs of Character. S. R. Wells," New York: Fowler & Wells. 1866. Pp. 768.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, June 22, 1866.

THE commencement of hostilities in this hemisphere is, of course, the main topic of conversation here. All private interests must be more or less affected by the perturbations of war; but to the kinglets and dukelets of Germany the struggle now begun is a question of life and death. It is fully understood that Prussia intends to keep whatever she gets possession of; and more than one of the internal divisions of the "Vaterland" may now be regarded as things of the past. Queen Victoria, who has exerted all her personal influence to moderate the internecine animosities of the day, but without success, remarked, a day or two ago, "Alice is ruined; for Hesse has ceased to exist. I have written to her to come over here; unless she do so there is nothing left for her to do but to go to some cheap place in Switzerland and live as economically as she can." The Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia are, like the Queen, strongly opposed to the absorption of the duchies, the war, and the entire Bismarkian programme. The Queen of Prussia is so indignant at her husband's course that she lives almost entirely away from him. But the weak, narrow-minded, obstinate, yet vacillating old man is so much under the control of his minister that he fancies it to be his "duty" to persevere in the path on which he has entered. He regards himself as the victim of a hard necessity, and as being "menaced" by the opposition of Austria to his absorption of the duchies. He fancies himself as being desirous of peace with all the world, and as being forced into war by the machinations of his enemies. "What a hard case is

mine!" exclaims the old King, weeping the while half a dozen times a day; "I desire to be on friendly terms with all my neighbors, and especially with Germany, and yet the hostility of the Germans compels me to fight for the honor and safety of the Prussian crown."

The Emperor Napoleon, still busy with attempts at negotiation, has given up his usual visit to Vichy, from whose waters, as from those of Plombières, he has derived so much benefit in regard to the enemies of indigestion and rheumatism, against which not even the power of Cæsar is of any avail. It is said that the Prince Imperial, kept in Paris against his wishes, has begged of his august papa to be permitted to amuse himself with learning to print; and that a beautiful little printing press has accordingly been set up for him at the Tuileries, and a skilful young printer engaged to teach his active little highness how to use it. If the story be true, we shall doubtless be favored, before long, with samples of the proficiency of the "Hope of France" in his new capacity.

Another clever child, attracting just now the attention of the artist world of Paris, is Mademoiselle Thérésa Carreno, aged twelve, daughter of the ex-Minister of Finance of Venezuela, who has come hither to prosecute her musical studies, and is meantime turning the heads of all who hear her, Rossini and the other "great guns" of the musical art included. The little lady's execution is wonderful, and her genius for composition more wonderful still. She seems destined, indeed, to take her place in the very front rank of the musical phalanx, equalling if not surpassing its two great leaders, Liszt and Thalberg, of whom the former is cultivating the applause of the gay world as assiduously in priestly garb and with the aid of sacred music as he formerly did in dress-suit and white choker and with the profane productions of the secular muse, while the latter, who has been planting vines with the utmost energy and perseverance for five years past, on the gentle slopes of his magnificent estate at Posilippo, is promising to become as famous in the capacity of a wine-grower as he is in that of pianist, the products of his vineyard being pronounced by connoisseurs to be superior to anything grown in the most renowned wine-districts of France or Spain; an identification of Bacchus and Euterpe more fortunate than the gradual descent which has brought the name of Madame de Genlis, the favorite of courts and kings, and whose writings are still familiar to the infant mind of France, into the proceedings of a police court in the investigation of a quarrel in a wine-shop: one of the principals in the affair, the mistress of the wine-shop in question, being sworn, was "Athénaïs de Brulart de Genlis, wife of Jacques Durand."

It appears that the ingenious *gourmet* to whom the M. de Girardin newspaper, *La Liberté*, is indebted for the sketch of a dinner, published daily in that paper, is the Baron de Brisse, well known here as "a fork valiant" of the most artistic and erudite type. His skeleton dinners are devoured by all Paris: literally, by those who can afford to have them executed by their cooks; in imagination, by those who are restricted to a more moderate rate of prandial outlay. The *Liberté*, which began its career a few weeks since with 250 subscribers, owes a goodly proportion of the 25,000 now upon its list to the success of its "daily dinners." The idea, however, is not due solely to the fertile brain of M. Emile de Girardin, the *Grand Journal* having formerly inaugurated its entrance into the world of publicity by publishing a series of "culinary conferences" by that most accomplished of cooks, the elder Dumas. The popular author had promised, after the immense success of his receipts for the production of his famous salad and "cabbage soup," to impart to the listening universe the secret of another of his most renowned dishes, viz., "rabbit à la musketeer."

The author of "Monte Cristo" having gone to Italy to act as secretary to Garibaldi, and to pick up materials for a fresh batch of novels, Paris ran the risk of remaining ignorant of this important secret. Happily for the lovers of rabbit and of Dumas, the receipt in question had been written down by one of their number, who, since the sudden departure of "the great Alexander" for the scene of war, has generously given it to the public. According to this authority, the dish in question, which Dumas declares to be "meat for the gods," is prepared as follows: Get a rabbit, knock it on the head, open the body, draw away from it as much blood as possible, and take out the liver. To the blood and liver thus obtained, add the wing of a fowl, two wings of partridge, one truffle, a small handful of sausage-meat, one onion, parsley, garlic, and spice. Chop up the whole very fine, with a bit of salt butter and a sprinkling of pepper, and put it into the body of the rabbit, which is then to be hung up by its hind legs in a dry larder, and left for forty-eight hours. At the expiration of that period, take down the rabbit and *tie it to the spit*, in its skin, which you will have carefully sewed up at the opening through which you have introduced the stuffing. Let the rabbit turn constantly until it begins to let off little jets of steam, which will show that it is cooked *à point*. When this occurs, take the rabbit from the spit, seize its hind legs with your left hand, and, with your right, you give a sharp pull at the tail, when, lo! the entire skin will come off with a sudden crack, and the odoriferous "roast" will be revealed in all its succulent glory to your enchanted senses. "You will then," said Dumas, in winding up his description, "have only to place the rabbit on a layer of fresh butter, mixed with herbs chopped fine, and absorb it with a becoming sentiment of respectful sensuality."

The quarrel between M. Victorien Sardou and M. Paul Féval has been, happily, terminated without the duel which at one time seemed imminent; and the latter may repose in peace on the abundant laurels he has already gathered, one of the glossiest as well as most profitable of his laurel-leaves being his last creation, "The Benoiton Family," which, after a short pause, has resumed the course of its successes as brilliantly as ever. The wonderful costumes of the actresses in this popular piece have done far more to stimulate the existing passion for costly dress than the moral of the play will ever do to restrain it; and ever since this tirade against extravagant dressing has been upon the boards of the Vaudeville, all the womankind of the capital has been assiduously imitating the "ravishing toilettes" of the Benoiton ladies. We have had the Benoiton chain, and bonnets, head-dresses, jet, gold, silver, straw, and glass, and on foulards, muslins, silks, and ribbons. We have crinolines, skirts, paletots, boots, bracelets, parasols, and horse-whips *à la Benoiton*, and now we have pastilles, bonbons, and, lastly, sticks of apple-sugar rejoicing in the same magic appellation.

It appears that Petersburg and Moscow, since the life of the Czar was saved by the intervention of the journeyman hatter, Kommissaroff, have endured a similar infliction of the not very euphonious name of the Emperor's deliverer. In all the principal streets of the capitals of Old and New Russia abound photographs of Ivan Kommissaroff, the journeyman hatter, and the Prince de Kommissaroff-Kostromskoï, the newly-created Russian grandee, for the edification of whose fortune on a scale corresponding with his newly-bestowed dignity subscriptions are being organized all over Russia. Meantime, all the principal streets of the old and new capitals of Russia abound in *bonbons à la Kommissaroff*, pies *à la Kommissaroff*, with a portrait of the fortunate hatter in sugar-candy; cigars, cigarettes, purses, cloaks, hats, clasps, and walking-sticks, all *à la Kommissaroff*.

The famous grotto being built in the cellars of the Hotel Frascati, on the Boulevard Montmartre, promises to be as successful as the other culinary speculations of the wealthy syndic of the whilome corporation of Paris butchers. This curious enterprise has already been pushed downwards to a considerable depth, and the walls, ceiling, and ground are said to present a faithful imitation of the scenery of a submarine cave. The place is to be a vast aquarium, where a numerous collection of finny celebrities will swim about in real sea water, brought fresh, daily, from the sea by railway. We are promised seals, porpoises, a siren, Chinese gold-fish, and various other interesting strangers, including a pretty little whale, twelve feet long, just brought from Baffin's Bay, viâ Boston, in the *Mormon*, on board which vessel it was lodged in an iron tank, in and out of which the sea swept freely, no doubt to the great satisfaction of its interesting tenant. The whale is now at Brest awaiting the completion of its Parisian domicile, and will be conveyed to this city in its tank by railway. The "Marine Grotto," when complete, will combine the instruction and amusement of a peripatetic exposition of piscine curiosities with the substantial attractions of a restaurant; and if M. Duval restricts his list of prices to the very moderate tariff of the twenty popular restaurants he has established at other points of the capital, he will doubtless add a good many millions to the many he has already realized by his spirited undertakings as butcher and purveyor.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE NEW PARTY.

It seems at last to be settled that a new party is to be organized for the support of Mr. Johnson, and that the Democratic party will co-operate with, if not entirely merge its existence in, the new organization. The President may therefore congratulate himself upon having already secured a measure of success in politics far exceeding that of his prototype, John Tyler, who attempted exactly the same thing, but ignominiously failed. Mr. Tyler was compelled finally to follow in the wake of the Democratic party, which pursued its own course with total indifference to his wishes. Mr. Johnson has not been able to dictate to the party which elected him, but he has compelled the Democratic party to follow in his wake. He has not only shaped its platform, but has reduced it to the position of a mere Johnson party, obsequiously accepting all his policy, endorsing all his acts, recanting all its recent emphatic declarations, and humbly waiting for his further pleasure.

This is no common triumph; for deserters, however welcome they may be made, are not usually put at the head of the army to which they go. No doubt Mr. Johnson is persuaded that he owes this achievement to his own superiority of wisdom over those who have been his predecessors in treachery. Yet it is obvious that such is not the fact. It is owing solely to the peculiarity of his position; and not the least remarkable feature of the case is that the very weakness of his following in the party to which he nominally belongs, but which he has resolved to betray, is the source of his chief power over the party which is now allying itself to him. So few of the Union party agree with him, that he individually is the only obstacle which prevents the views of that party from being carried out. If the South or the Southern party at the North should offend him, they would be absolutely at his mercy, since there would be no one in power who would have the slightest disposition to moderate his terms. If one-third of the party which elected him were conscientiously on his side, he could not carry them over to radicalism at his own whim; but having no support except that which springs from servility or timidity, he can carry his supporters where he pleases and do what he likes. Should the South irritate him, he could instantly establish equality of political rights from Virginia to Texas, in spite of all that the Democratic party might say or do; because he would be sustained in this by two-thirds of both houses of Congress. If he had more sincere followers among the Unionists, he would not be able to make any material change in his policy. Thus it is that his very weakness enables him to dictate terms to the South, since it lies at the mercy of his caprice.

It is too early to pronounce upon the chances which the new Johnson party will have for success. Something will depend upon the plan of organization; and we do not sympathize with it enough to give it any advice as to that. Much will depend upon the management of the Union party. If a liberal spirit prevails in its councils, and room is allowed for honest differences of opinion upon subordinate questions, such as modes of taxation, foreign policy, etc., the party will continue united and formidable; but unity without uniformity must be accepted as sufficient. If Mr. Stevens insists upon driving out all free traders, he will find his party more select than he will relish. We do not, however, apprehend much danger on this side, though a warning is needed.

It is useless to enlarge again upon the dangers to which the Union party has exposed itself by adopting a policy of mere exclusion, since we fully set forth our views upon that subject before a final policy had been adopted, and the course of the party has now been settled. The policy determined on is, by far, easier to carry out and to sustain before the people during the present year than a broader and bolder plan would have been; but it is one to the success of which unbroken victory is essential. The constitutional amendment proposed by Congress is in every respect unexceptionable, so far as it goes. It is worthy of the united support of all men who have been truly loyal to their country during the war, and we believe that it will command very nearly that measure of support.

The attempt which is made to persuade the public that the Philadelphia convention will be one of the Union party is a highly dishonorable one. Such devices have no effect upon readers fully posted in political affairs, but many who do not have time to keep themselves informed may be deceived. The most remarkable circumstance in this connection is that the newspaper which most strenuously asserts this to be a Union party convention is nominally edited by the chairman of the Union National Committee, through which alone a national convention of the party could be called; and that neither he nor any other member of that committee has signed the call for the Philadelphia assemblage. He has not even called the committee together to consider whether it would ratify the action of Mr. Randall and his associates. Such an instance of self-abnegation is not often known in politics.

The multiplied treachery to obligations of honor and good faith which is involved in the organization of the new party must not pass without notice. If the leaders of the movement had any idea that they could induce the Union party to accept their views, they would have worded their call differently, or would have requested the chairman of the National Union Committee to convene that body to consider the proposition for a convention. Instead of this, the existing party organization is ignored, and two or three office-holders, in the present or in prospective, issue a call, addressed only to those who entirely agree with their views, excluding, and *intended* to exclude, nine-tenths of the members of Congress elected by the Union party, and a proportion of the party itself, estimated by no one at less than one-half, and by no experienced politician at less than three-fourths. Special pains are taken to secure the co-operation of the adverse party, and the call itself is not issued until it is countersigned by one or two leading Democratic Congressmen, and the sanction of all the others made ready for publication. All this is done to please a President elected by the Union party, by office-holders appointed by the Union party, and with the encouragement of some of the men to whom the central machinery of the party has been entrusted.

It is entirely immaterial, in considering the question of honor, whether the party thus betrayed is right or wrong in the policy which it has adopted. If the cause of the Southern Confederacy had been the purest and noblest in the history of the world, the act of Twiggs in turning over his forces and supplies to the rebels would have been scarcely one shade less infamous than it was. Dugald Dalgetty considered himself at liberty to fight on every side in turn, but he conscientiously waited until his term of enlistment had expired, and never dreamed of carrying over with him anything which had been committed to his charge. But Mr. Doolittle tenaciously holds on to his senatorship, Mr. Randall to his position in the post-office, and Mr. Johnson to the White House, while intently engaged in slaughtering the party to which they owe all their honors.

We are familiar with the arguments by which it is sought to avert from such proceedings the contempt of mankind, and by which the participants are able to silence their own consciences; but we cannot believe in the sincerity of the men who use them. It sounds very fine to talk of the superior obligations of the country over those of a party; of independence, refusal to submit to dictation, and what not; but all the world knows that such high-sounding phrases generally cover something of which the speaker is at heart ashamed, and which he cannot defend in any other language than rhodomontade. When used, as they are in the present case, to justify the sacrifice of party faith and public confidence to mere man-worship and office-seeking, they become doubly contemptible. That such is the fact in this instance is too notorious to be soberly questioned. Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Hendricks honestly oppose impartial suffrage, as they lately opposed emancipation; but Mr. Doolittle and Mr. Norton would make the heavens ring with their enthusiasm for universal suffrage, constitutional amendments, and who knows what beside, if Andrew Johnson only favored them. The less we hear from such politicians concerning their independence, the less we shall despise them.

THE RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.

The Board of Domestic Missions of the Old School Presbyterian Church declare in their last report that the religious condition of the South has not improved during the past year, the Southern leaders being determined to "make the religious division permanent," "although slavery no longer furnishes a pretext for separation," and it gives hints of the existence of internal troubles in the body arising out of the care taken by the board to appoint none but loyal men as missionaries. We cannot help wishing that less pains were taken by the various religious bodies at the North to bring about ecclesiastical reunion with the South. Not that the matter is not important, but that all efforts made by the North just now to heal the breach are only likely to make it wider than ever. Religious unity will come after the establishment of political and moral unity, but not sooner, and political and moral unity will, in our opinion, only come as the result of increased civilization. There is nothing which irritates the Southern people so outrageously as the assumption, on which nearly all our offers of reconciliation are based, that they have not only sinned, but sinned with the full knowledge that they were sinning—that they went into the war well knowing that they were about to commit a great crime. We accordingly not only look on their defeat as a piece of retribution, but we expect them to see it in the same light, and to meet us as penitents in sackcloth and ashes, and take our advances to them as proofs of our magnanimity and forgivingness. They, on the contrary, look on themselves as martyrs, on us somewhat as the Jews looked on Nebuchadnezzar or Titus, and treat our propositions to pray with them and fast with them as ingenious modes of lacerating their feelings and aggravating their humiliation. When a "loyal" missionary appears amongst them, so far from being a minister of peace, they look on him as a political emissary whose very presence amongst them —inasmuch as they would if they could drive him over the border—is a constant reminder of their overthrow in a contest in which they staked everything. His teachings, therefore, except amongst the freedmen and the very ignorant whites, are likely to irritate rather than soothe or edify. No doubt a good many men at the South, perhaps all of those whom we call "leaders," went into the rebellion regardless of everything but the gratification of an ambition for which there was no opening left in the Union, and well knowing that they were about to commit a crime—the greatest of all crimes—that of kindling a civil war without the pressure of absolute necessity. But assuredly the great mass of the Southern people did not take the field with any such burden on their souls. Whole communities, comprising millions of men and women, have never, in any age or country, banded themselves together for the commission of acts which their consciences pronounced immoral. Providence, which inscrutably permits so much that is evil, has never suffered anything so monstrous as this. Deep as are the depths of degradation which it sometimes allows human nature to reach, it has never suffered whole nations to turn robbers and murderers, well knowing that they were robbing and murdering, and carrying with them in their operations by land and sea the consciousness of their blood-guiltiness. Even the Red Indian on the war path, the Mahratta and Highlander on his foray, and the Thug when lying in wait for his victims, found in their code of morals something which justified their exploits or made them glorious; something which made it possible for them to lift cattle, burn houses, or throttle travellers without the loss of self-respect. And the supposition that the Southern people went into the war for the mere purpose of doing mischief, and fought through it without the support of motives which, though we have no difficulty in pronouncing them low, were far from being criminal in the ordinary sense of the word, would, if true, warrant the world in asserting that the United States had furnished a blotch on civilization and a scandal on religion and humanity, for a parallel to which the annals of even Oriental vice and wickedness might be searched in vain. Mr. Stevens's grand plan of confiscation, and a good part of his fiercer disquisitions on "the guilt of the rebellion," are nevertheless based on this theory; but his conclusions have found little favor with the public. There is no doubt the rebellion was a crime in one sense of the word. There is no doubt that it is something, too, which society, in self-defence, is called on to punish to whatever extent may be necessary to prevent its repetition; but it was not a crime which proves the perpetrators utterly base, and which entitles us to despise them, or look down on them, or offer them forgiveness, as we offer it to a thief or defaulter.

What the rebellion really was, was the effort of a lower civilization, or, if you will, of a barbarous society, to preserve itself and retain its peculiarities against the pressure of a more advanced and more civilized society, and it was the heads of the people rather than their hearts which were at fault in carrying it on. The success of Prince Charles's Highlanders or of the Vendeans might have given a new turn to English and French history, and postponed indefinitely the triumph of liberal principles in Europe. It was a duty to defeat them, to kill as many of them as might be necessary to put them down, and to execute as many of their leaders and confiscate as much property as might be necessary to prevent their rising again; but it was not necessary to insist on their confessing that they were thieves and murderers, and that hanging was too good for them.

We are opposed *in toto* to all movements for forcing the South either into confessing its sins or seeking spiritual communion with us. Some of the means which are proposed for this purpose are about as sensible as the plan of making children pray or love their parents by whipping them. Loyal men do not at present possess the necessary qualifications for evangelizing the South or softening its heart, and are sure not to succeed in doing so. The very best way to win over the rebels into loving us is to let them alone. It was not, as we have often said in these columns, the fact of slavery which made the breach between North and South; it was the feelings and opinions which slavery bred. We do not extirpate these feelings and opinions, nor effect any change whatever in the character of the whites, by liberating the blacks. We simply prepare the way for a change. This change will come in time, by the spread of education, the growth of commerce, the infusion of Northern and foreign elements into the population, and the softening of manners which is sure to take place when that greatest of all promoters of ferocity, the presence of a class with no legal rights, has disappeared. Whenever people at the North, and, above all, Northern conservatives, can be got to believe thoroughly in their own principles of government, we shall have made an immense step towards that union of hearts which we all seek and desire, and without which no political union can be perfect. But this will not be brought about by following Southerners about, telling them we will forgive them if they will confess that they are criminals, offering to pray with them, preach with them, and labor with them over their own hideous sins. Nations have never yet been bound together or homogeneous societies built up by homilies from the conquerors to the conquered. What soonest wipes out all traces of discord is simple justice, the equality of all men before the law, and the absence of all distinctions. Having somebody always at hand to kick and cuff, and "paddle" and rob, made the Southerner the turbulent, intractable visionary, pistol in one hand, Aristotle in the other, which we have for fifty years, to our sorrow, had to deal with. Let us now leave no human being within his reach whom he dares to trouble, either in mind, body, or estate. Let us make him respect his neighbor's rights, make him respect every man because he is a man, and for no other reason; and if, in a very few years, we do not witness at the South the disappearance of all the peculiarities of Southern society, of everything which now renders union between Northern and Southern churches impossible, Southerners must differ in essence from the rest of mankind. Of course there is always room, and even need, for the largest practical charity. We can never give too much for the relief of Southern needs. No false construction can be put on the unostentatious, silent clothing of the naked, and feeding of the hungry, and housing of the widow and the orphan. But pray let these charitable deeds be accompanied with as little preaching and moral philosophy as possible.

THE DESTRUCTION OF PORTLAND.

Again one of the most beautiful of our cities has been subjected to a frightful calamity. For several years past the citizens of Portland have been justly proud of its rapid advance in material prosperity, and of the new and costly structures which have arisen upon either side of

its crowded thoroughfares, and of its increasing beauty and increasing wealth. By the accident of an accident, upon a day dedicated to national festivities, the finest portions of this flourishing metropolis have been reduced to ashes, its industry and enterprise have been suddenly arrested, and rich and poor find themselves alike destitute of shelter, and almost of the common necessaries of life. It is creditable to the American people that such misfortunes invariably and instantly arouse a spirit of public philanthropy, and Portland, in the substantial sympathy of her sister cities, may find a mitigation of the adverse fate which has overtaken her. But her loss still remains a terrible one. Whatever heart and hope she may exhibit in struggling to retrieve it, many years must elapse before its effects will cease to be painfully felt. The waste of such a catastrophe is positive, final, and enduring.

Great fires are like pestilence, pauperism, railway and steamboat accidents, and mobs—the opprobrium of our civilization; it being well enough known, through mournful experience, that the burning of one house may involve the conflagration of half a town; that wealth, comfort, food, raiment, and shelter may all be cut off in an hour by what the reporters call "the devouring element." We never remember, until it is too late, that the "element" cannot possibly devour bricks, stone, and mortar. A fire-proof building being possible, it is hard to see why we do not make all our buildings fire-proof, especially as wood, the inflammable material which we mostly use, is daily growing dearer and dearer. Of course no building, of whatever construction, is fire-proof if filled with combustible merchandise and surrounded by light and unsubstantial fabrics. Under such circumstances the fire-proof building becomes an oven, in which the consuming contents calcine the walls which surround them. The reform in building, to be effective, must be general and thorough. We do not want one or two fire-proof buildings, but a system of such. Cities like Portland are usually built after a most miscellaneous fashion, with a proportion of cheap frame erections too large for the public safety. By the side of these may arise edifices of a more durable material, alternating with other wooden structures, so that when a fire breaks out it leaps from one point to another, and finally reduces to ruin the buildings which would have resisted any ordinary danger. The fire in Portland is a case in point. It began in a boat-builder's shop, and was caused by the explosion of crackers among shavings on the outside. It soon communicated with the costly sugar-house of the Portland Company, and our readers know the rest. It is not agreeable to find fault with those who have so dearly paid the penalty of carelessness; but it is pertinent to ask why a boat-shop was allowed to stand in such a locality, and its tenant to heap his refuse shavings outside, of all days in the year, upon the Fourth of July? If the municipal authorities are not competent to guard a city against such plain and simple nuisances, it seems to us that they are ordained to very little purpose. But the melancholy truth is, that fire is one of those calamities against which we always take a strangely inefficient precaution. When it actually breaks out, we are extremely active in its extinguishment, risking life and limb almost with nonchalance in our contention with it; but to prevent the emergency from arising at all, we trust principally to good fortune. While a street in Constantinople is in process of combustion, all the cross-legged Turks sit calmly about, smoking their pipes, and waiting for Allah to stay the progress of the flames. We indulge in the same philosophy, but it is before the event. We constitute Divine Providence our special watchman. Because we were not burned out on Tuesday, we take it for granted that we shall not be burned out on Friday. Because we have been burned out once, we conclude that we shall not be so unfortunate again. When the second calamity comes, we lift our hands piously and call it a dispensation or a judgment.

There may be human misfortunes, properly so named, which it is impossible to trace to human negligence or error, but they are much fewer in number than mankind is supposed to think them. There are times, for instance, when Mephistopheles seems especially busy upon the railways. Up and down all the lines he would appear to be at his frightful work of murder and mayhem. Alas! it is a veritable human being, and not the devil at all, who leaves open the yawning drawbridge, who fatally misplaces the switch, who runs the train out of time, or who leaves obstructions upon the track. Why should civilization and mechanical perfection make us so improvident? Why should a clearer knowledge of our danger render us so reckless in meeting it? Is it familiarity with these mighty forces which engenders in us a contempt for their terrible power? The savage, who has only common and natural dangers to encounter, is more prudent than we are; and the brute, who is guided only by his instincts, shows a finer genius than man for self-preservation. If fire were a danger to which birds and beasts were naturally exposed, we should find them taking the most efficient precautions against it, and snugly lodging in incombustible nests and fire-proof dens. No elephant can be forced to cross an untrustworthy bridge. It is man alone, the lord of all, who submits himself to a daily and nightly risk of roasting, and runs a race with death, as he hurries over oscillating and insufficient piles.

But as fires must come in spite of the utmost prudence, their speedy and efficient extinguishment is the next point to be considered. It requires about as much skill and judgment to subdue a great fire like that in Portland as to fight a battle. Usually, so far as our observation has extended, there is, in most of the smaller cities and villages, a prodigious bawling, a great running to and fro, and a lamentable waste of energy and good intentions. There is not too much method even in the labors of such highly-trained fire departments as those of New York and Boston; almost always in the minor cities there is nothing but panic, confusion, and ill-directed toil. The remedy is self-evident. A cool-headed engineer, who knows his business thoroughly, and who can take in, as the phrase is, the situation at a glance, is indispensably necessary. There must be a sufficiency of steam fire-engines, with dexterous engineers and horsemen, and there must be a plentiful provision of water.

When all these precautions of building and of discipline, with suitable police regulations, have been taken and adopted, it will be time enough to trust in Providence, like the amiable but somewhat muddled disciples of the Koran. In whatever town such matters are left to chance or, at best, are but inefficiently cared for, with distress, bankruptcy, and all manner of suffering in its train, sooner or later a great fire will sweep through the streets, and work its woful will with but small let or hinderance. We will not believe that such catastrophes are necessary. On the other hand, we firmly believe that human ingenuity is equal to their prevention, and very much we should like to see it generally exerted in such behalf.

THE POETRY OF TAXES.

Once upon a time the Sibylline leaves of the press bore upon their wings to the remotest corners of the land the tidings that a man had just died, in whose obituary it was written that "he loved to pay his taxes!" Nothing but the infallible authenticity of the newspaper press and the impeccable exactitude of obituary notices, which, like epitaphs, notoriously never overstep the strictest limits of fact, could have saved this statement from being reduced to the category of myths, or relegated to the limbo of the unveracities. One would like to know from which of the multitudinous nationalities which contribute to swell our *colluvies gentium* he could have derived his descent. English he could hardly have been; for John Bull, though he pays his taxes, we believe has never professed to love the process, even in the divinest days of the heaven-born Pitt. It is true that Lord Byron says, or sings, in speaking of the affection he bore to his native land, "I love the taxes!"—but it is with a difference, and by no means an immaterial one, "when they 're not too *many!*" And his lineage could scarcely have been from the original Yankee stock, inasmuch as they went to war for seven years merely because they did *not* love to pay their taxes. But it is vain to speculate on a point where certainty is impossible, for the name of this financial phenomenon is lost for ever. Like the heroes who lived before Agamemnon, his name has perished from off the earth, "*caret quia sacro vate.*" We think that he must have died in youth. He was too good to live long.

The wisest financial philosophers have not aimed at bringing the dull mass of tax-payers to the sublimated perfection of this golden example. What they have attempted has been to extract the root of all evil from the pockets of the lieges without their knowing anything about it. Such a benefactor was the man who first invented indirect taxation, and so mixed up our taxes with our daily bread and daily

wear that we have to go through a process of ratiocination to ascertain that we are taxed at all. Now this is certainly a much more agreeable method than the old plan of the tax-gatherer taking us by the throat and bidding us "stand and deliver!"—an old plan which, alas! we have lived to see furbished up and made as good as new. If one must be relieved of his filthy lucre, it is less annoying to have it silently spirited away by the prestidigitory spell of the pickpocket than by the more candid aggression of the garroter or the highwayman. So he was a clever man who first thought of substituting the manipulations of the grocer and the tailor for the grim visitations of the tax-collector *in propriâ personâ*. It was like gilding the pill, or mixing it with the viscous sweetness of the roasted apple, or the gelatinous emulsion of the currant, with which it was thought that the wholesome bitter might be disguised to our childish palates. But we may all of us remember how at last we detected the pious fraud, and refused to be longer deceived for our own good. So it is that the march of mind has made the man as knowing as his father the child—according to the genesis of Wordsworth—and he has found out that it is only a substitution of the line of beauty for the line of directness, by which the grocer and the dry-goods dealer are put in the stead of the old tax-gatherer.

Now, it is not to be supposed that the ingenuity of man in the direction of making taxation easier to the patient than it now is has been exhausted. Why, it is not yet twenty years since Dr. Charles T. Jackson bestowed on mankind his illustrious gift of ether, by which we can have all our teeth drawn, or be divested of our arms and legs, in a sleep of sweet unconsciousness or in a blissful dream of delight; so it is not too much to hope that some other benefactor of the race may be raised up to make the excision of so vital a part of ourselves as our money a painless if not a pleasurable operation. Perhaps, when the world is somewhat older and a good deal wiser, it will adopt the plan urged a few years ago by Emile de Girardin, before he had been reformed out of *La Presse*. We are not sure that the original idea was not Fourier's, but M. de Girardin did not propose reconstructing the whole of society from the foundations before giving it the benefit of his new invention. His scheme was to transform governments into great mutual insurance companies, and taxes into premiums against all insurable losses. In consideration of his taxes every tax-payer would be entitled to be made good for all losses from which government ought to have saved him. It is the business of government to protect the lieges against fire, against violence, against theft and robbery. If it fail in the ounce of prevention, it is but fair that it should provide the pound of cure, and make good the losses and compensate the sufferings it should have hindered, so far as money can do it.

Governments are founded for the protection of those forming or permitting them, and they attempt doing it in a clumsy and ineffectual sort of way. Government professes to defend us against all assaults of our enemies, but its defense is but too often *ex post facto*. For example, a ruffian attacks me, garrotes me, robs me, and leaves me half dead by the way-side. If I can tell government who the villain is, government will arrest him and lock him up for trial, and, what is more, will lock me up into the bargain, in case I cannot find bail for my appearance against him at his trial. Having deprived me of my liberty in this last case, and necessarily damaged my affairs, at last, if not rescued by a Tombs lawyer, my man is sent to Sing Sing and set to work. But he is not set to work for my benefit. By no means. Whatever he earns goes into the pocket of government, and no part of it is diverted to repay my losses or make amends for my hurts. This may be satisfactory to justice, but it is not satisfactory to me. Now, M. de Girardin's philosophy would teach that if government takes a man's money, engaging to protect him in person and property, and if it fail, from negligence or incompetency, to do the work it undertook, it should at least make good the losses and compensate for the sufferings he has endured through its default or incapacity. This principle of compensation is already adopted in almost all civilized communities in case of losses by mobs, that being a gross form of violence which it is taken for granted government might have prevented if it had been prompt in doing its duty. Perhaps there is no reason in the nature of things why other losses from violence and fraud, which governments were instituted to protect their citizens against, should not come under the same rule. As the whole history of the race is but a record of the efforts of mankind groping in the dark or the twilight after a better state of things, if haply they might find it, no one can affirm that some such plan as this of M. de Girardin, for spreading all social losses over the whole community, and thus making the share of each member almost infinitesimally small, may not be reduced to actual practice. It were no more strange than many changes in municipal and social customs which have come to pass within the last half century, and which would have seemed absurdly impossible to one who died without the sight, had they been prophesied unto him.

Supposing this to have come to pass, it is evident how much it would lighten the moral burden of taxation. In fact, it would transform what is now a burden, like that which Christian bore on his shoulders when escaping from the City of Destruction, into the staff which sustained his steps after leaving the Interpreter's house. There would be no more perjured returns of incomes, no more fraudulent transfers of stocks, no more lying conveyances of lands. Every one would be more than ready to make returns of his whole estate, inasmuch as the amount of his assurance would be notably proportioned to his premium. The danger might be that dishonest people would return more than they were worth, for the sake of the benefits of over-insurance. But this risk might be safely incurred in view of the compensating advantages of the scheme. Nobody grudges the payment of his premiums to a fire or life insurance company, because he has his return in the feeling of security, even if he should not have the good luck to die or be burned out, so as to perceive the full benefits of the operation. Then again, M. de Girardin, if he be permitted to become the Lycurgus of the modern world, would guarantee nations from political revolutions—at least from all such as are provoked by the pressure of taxation. For the members of a mutual insurance company would be slow to pull down the office and lynch the directors of the institution where their funds were invested. Should this golden age really dawn upon us, there would be no need of treatises like t at of Dr. Johnson to prove that "Taxation is no Tyranny," for it would be a self-evident fact, level to the meanest capacities. We are aware that such a financial revolution might be injurious to the vested interests of our city fathers in the taxation which they may love to receive, but which few of us have the grace to love to pay. But no public benefits can come about without some private inconveniences. And as governments, even after such a radical change, would still be human institutions, they may comfort themselves with the thought that there will always be pickings and stealings, more or less, to reward the intelligent activity of the assiduous official.

"FOUND FROZEN."

SHE died, as many travellers have died,
O'ertaken on an Alpine road, by night;
Numbed and bewildered by the falling snow,
Striving, in spite of failing pulse, and limbs
Which faltered and grew feebler at each step,
To toil up the icy steep, and bear,
Patient and faithful to the last, the load
Which in the sunny morn seemed light!
And yet,
'T was in the place she called her home she died;
And they who loved her with the all of love
Their wintry natures had to give, stood by
And wept some tears, and wrote above her grave
Some common record which they thought was true;
But I, who loved her first, and last, and best, *I* knew!

H. H.

CAPRI AND CAPRIOTES.

II.

STANDING on the height among the ruins of Tiberius's palace, the patriarch had looked out over the waters, and predicted for the morrow the finest weather that had ever been known in that region; but in spite of this prophecy the day dawned stormily, and at breakfast time we looked out doubtfully on waves lashed by driving rain. The entrance to the Blue Grotto, to visit which we had come to Capri, is by a semi-circular opening,

some three feet in width and two feet in height, and just large enough to admit a small boat. One lies flat in the bottom of this, waits for the impulse of a beneficent wave, and is carried through the mouth of the cavern, and rescued from it in like manner by some receding billow. When the wind is in the wrong quarter, it is impossible to enter the grot at all; and we waited till nine o'clock for the storm to abate before we ventured forth. In the meantime, one of the Danish who, after assisting his companion to compel the boatmen to justice the night before, had stayed at Capri, and had risen early to see the grotto, returned from it, and we besieged him with a hundred questions concerning it. But he preserved the wise silence of the boy who goes in to see the six-legged calf, and comes out impervious to the curiosity of all the boys who are doubtful whether the monster is worth their money. Our Dane would merely say that it was now possible to visit the Blue Grotto; that he had seen it; that he was glad he *had* seen it. As to its blueness, messieurs—yes, it is blue. *C'est à dire.* . . .

The ladies had been amusing themselves with a perusal of the hotel register, and the notes of admiration or disgust with which the different sojourners at the inn had filled it. As a rule, the English people found fault with the poor little hostelry and the French people praised it. Commander Joshing and Lieutenant Prattent, R.N., of the former nation, "were cheated by the donkey women, and thought themselves extremely fortunate to have escaped with their lives from the effects of Capri vintage. The landlord was an old Cossack." On the other hand, we read, "J. Cruttard, homme de lettres, a passé quinze jours ici, et n'a eu que des félicités du patron de cet hôtel et de sa famille." Cheerful man of letters! His good-natured record will keep green a name little known to literature. Who are G. Bradshaw, Duke of New York, and Signori Jones and Andrews, hereditary princes of the United States? Their patrician names followed the titles of several English nobles in the register. But that which most interested the ladies in this record was the warning of a terrified British matron against any visit to the Blue Grotto except in the very calmest weather. The British matron penned her caution after an all but fatal experience. The ladies read it aloud to us, and announced that for themselves they would be contented with pictures of the Blue Grotto and our account of its marvels.

On the beach below the hotel lay the small boats of the guides to the Blue Grotto, and we descended to take one of them. The fixed rate is a franc for each person. The boatmen wanted five francs for each of us. We explained that although not indigenous to Capri, or even Italy, we were not of the succulent growth of travellers, and would not be eaten. We retired to our vantage ground on the heights. The guides called us to the beach again. They would take us for three francs apiece, or say six francs for both of us. We withdrew furious to the heights again, where we found honest Antonino, who did us the pleasure to yell to his fellow-scoundrels on the beach, "You had better take these signori for a just price. They are going to the syndic to complain of you." At which there arose a lamentable outcry among the boatmen, and they called with one voice for us to come down and go for a franc apiece. This fable teaches that common carriers are rogues in Naples as well as in New York; but that whereas you are helpless in their hands at home, you may bully them into rectitude in Italy, where they are afraid of the law.

We had scarcely left the landing of the hotel in the boat of the patriarch—for I need hardly say he was first and most rapacious of the plundering crew—when we found ourselves in very turbulent waters, in the face of mighty bluffs, rising inaccessible from the sea. Here and there, where their swarthy fronts were softened with a little verdure, goat-paths wound up and down among the rocks, and midway between the hotel and the grotto, in a sort of sheltered rock, we saw the Roman masonry of certain antique baths—baths of Augustus, says Valery; baths of Tiberius, say the Capriotes, zealous for the honor of their infamous hero. Howbeit, this was all we saw on the way to the Blue Grotto. Every moment the waves rose higher, emulous of the bluffs, which would not have afforded a foothold or a crag to cling to had we been upset and washed against them—and we began to talk of the immortality of the soul. As we neared the grotto, the patriarch entertained us with stories of the perilous adventures of people who insisted upon entering it in stormy weather—especially of a French painter who had been imprisoned in it four days, and kept alive only on rum, which the patriarch supplied him, swimming into the grotto with a bottle-full at a time. "And behold us arrived, gentlemen!" said he, as he brought the boat skilfully around in front of the small semi-circular opening in the front of the lofty bluff. We lie flat on the bottom of the boat and complete the immersion of that part of our clothing which the driving torrents of rain had spared. The wave of destiny rises with us upon its breast—sinks, and we are inside of the Blue Grotto. Not so much blue as grey, however, and the water about the mouth of it green rather than azure. They say that on a sunny day both the water and the roof of the cavern are of the vividest cerulean tint—and I saw the grotto so represented in the windows of the paint-shops at Naples. But to my own experience it did not differ from other caves in color or form; there was the customary clamminess in the air; the sound of dropping water; the sense of dull and stupid solitude—a little relieved in this case by the mighty music of the waves breaking against the rocks outside. The grot is not great in extent, and the roof in the rear shelves gradually down to the water. Valery says that some remains of a gallery have caused the supposition that the grotto was once the scene of Tiberius's pleasures; and the Prussian painter who discovered the cave was led to seek it from something he had read of a staircase by which Barbarossa used to descend into a subterranean retreat from the town of Anacapri on the mountain-top. The slight fragment of ruin which we saw in one corner of the cave might be taken in confirmation of both theories; but the patriarch attributed the work to Barbarossa—being probably tired at last of hearing Tiberius so much talked about.

We returned, soaked and disappointed, to the hotel, where we found Antonino very doubtful about the possibility of getting back that day to Sorrento, and disposed, when pooh-poohed out of the notion of bad weather, to revive the fiction of a prohibitory consul. He was staying in Capri at our expense, and the honest fellow would willingly have spent a fortnight there.

We summoned the landlord to settlement, who restrained all his household, assembled to present the account, from asking *buonamano* by a strong sense of previous contract. It was a deadly struggle with them, but they conquered themselves, and blessed us as we departed. The pretty muletress took leave of us on the beach, and we set sail for Sorrento, the ladies crouching in the bottom of the boat, taking their sea-sickness in silence. As we drew near the beautiful town, we saw how it lay on a plateau, at the foot of the mountains, but high above the sea. Antonino pointed out to us the house of Tasso, in which the novelist Cooper also had resided when in Sorrento—a white house not handsomer nor uglier than the rest, with a terrace looking out over the water. The bluffs are pierced by numerous arched caverns, as I said, giving shelter to the fishermen's boats, and here and there a devious stairway mounts to their crests. Up one of these we walked, noting how in the house above us the people, with that puerility usually mixed with the Italian love of beauty, had placed painted busts of terra-cotta in the windows to simulate persons looking out. There was nothing to blame in the breakfast we found ready at the Hotel Rispoli, and as for the grove of slender, graceful orange-trees in the midst of which it stood, and which had lavished the fruit in every direction on the ground, why I would willingly give for it all the currant bushes, with their promises of jelly and jam, on which I gaze at this moment.

Antonino attended us to our carriage when we went away. He had kept us all night at Capri, it is true, and he had brought us in at the end for a prodigious *buonamano;* yet I cannot escape the conviction that he parted from us with an unfulfilled purpose of greater plunder, and I have a compassion, which I here declare, for the strangers who fell next into his hands. He was good enough at the last moment to say that his name, Silver-Eye, was a nickname given him according to a custom of the Sorrentinos; and he made us a farewell bow that could not be bought in America for money.

At the station of Castellamare sat a curious cripple on the stones—a man with little, short, withered legs, and a pleasant face. He showed us the ticket-office, and wanted nothing for the politeness. After we had been in the waiting-room a brief time, he came swinging himself in upon his hands, followed by another person, who, when the cripple planted himself finally and squarely on the ground, whipped out a tape from his pocket and took his measure for a suit of clothes, the cripple twirling and twisting himself about in every way for the tailor's convenience. Nobody was surprised or amused at the sight, and when his measure was thus publicly taken, the cripple gravely swung himself out as he had swung himself in.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

THAT was a nefarious sentiment which Mr. Bergh uttered the other day. It mattered little, he said in effect, now that summer has leaped on us like a tiger, as Alexander Smith puts it, if the alliance of policemen and dog-hunters did slaughter dogs by the wholesale. They were sure, he thought, of being done to death, anyhow; to leave the warm precincts of the dreadful heated term by a speedy method was a happy release. That he should say so, considering his public character, must have been a great encouragement to that baser sort of people who are the natural enemies of all dependent animals and of the society for preventing cruelty to them. No doubt he meant it as a small witticism—he was speaking as a man and not as an

honorable secretary; but how pathetically and how cogently, if the age of fable, like the age of chivalry, were not all over, should we hear the wretched race of dogs reproachfully quoting in reply the remark of the frogs to the youngsters about the diverse aspects of an ancient bit of pleasantry not much dissimilar.

For him to make such a jest was a sad coming down from the high humanitarian pedestal he had ascended. It was another discouraging example of the vicissitudes incident to the state of man, to see a gentleman one day recognized as a public teacher, the next even as one of the dangerous classes which drive calf-carts through crowded thoroughfares; to-day the active, aggressive leaven in a vast lump of cruelty and cold-blooded indifference, a conscious light throwing his beams far into a black and naughty world, and then to-morrow quenched, snuffed out with a joke, abdicating his lofty moral position—in one word, descending from the level of a secretary to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to that of the bad boys in "Æsop's Fables."

With what face, but a sheepish one, can he now proceed against that woman who lives—we presume she still lives, for public virtue is decayed—somewhere in the eastern part of New York city, and who has just disgraced her city, her sex, and the universal race of man? A few days since the infant offspring of this creature fell headlong into the river from a pier. She could not, and the bystanders, if there were any, would not or could not, do anything to rescue the child, which struggled pitifully, and sank. Just then, a Newfoundland dog, which happened to be near at hand, plunged in and, after the little creature had disappeared beneath the surface, caught it by the hair, and then by the clothing, and at last succeeded in bringing it safe to its mother. That female discovered on the head of the infant two or three slight scratches. She at once set off to the nearest police station, and begged for an order authorizing her to have her benefactor killed. The policeman, or sergeant, or captain, or whoever was in authority, after some demurring, acceded to her request, and the dog was put to death that same day.

Mr. Bergh will probably reply that let him do his best he can do nothing; that the murder was not committed within the jurisdiction of Judge Richard Busteed; that however it may be in Mobile or in the county of Buncombe, in New York ingratitude is not a crime known to the common or statute law, and that to prosecute the monster would therefore be impossible, even if he had never uttered a jest in all his life. To this we answer, that had all Mr. Bergh's prosecutions been as unsuccessful in the courts as that well-known turtle case, he could still have performed the chief work of the society; he could still have been an irritant of the public conscience, *ex officio* an incarnate protest against human inhumanity. But now he has bound his sweet influences. He made that sinister, or that unfortunate speech, and henceforth he himself is not much better than one of the ungodly. And on his personal as well as his official character the effect of this first slip may be lamentable. *Nemo repentè turpissimus*, and of course we know he is not yet a swill-milk-cow herd, nor a Broadway omnibus driver. But it is a dangerous path on which he has entered. This particular side of the case, however, is no concern of ours, and of the whole matter we have spoken more in sorrow than in anger. We leave Mr. Bergh to that repentance which, we trust, has already come upon him; which at any rate is sure to come upon him as soon as the mercury falls to a reasonable height in the thermometer and heat no longer seems all of life.

Certain other considerations are suggested by this monstrous act of ingratitude. Ingratitude, we have called it; but was it that? Rousseau has a theory that a person obliged is not bound to remember any benefits except such as the person conferring them forgets. Let benevolence be honored, he would say, but mere beneficence one is free to use and despise. If one's benefactor remembers his favors, it is almost a proof that he has bestowed them not from any impulse of pure good-will, benevolence, but from a prompting of some form of self-interest. The man who feeds the fish, the fish may properly love; nobody but a fool would expect them to love the angler who, when he offers them food, offers them also a hook by which he intends to draw them to himself for his own purposes. On this theory the dog, who can hardly be called a creature capable of pure benevolence, whose best impulses, if analyzed, would probably be reducible to interested motives or dictates of blind, irresponsible instinct, could hardly be a fit object of gratitude. On the other hand, Rousseau would have admitted enthusiastically that gratitude is one of the very rarest of human qualities, that it is one of the most delightful and most honorable, that therefore it ought to be encouraged, and if he had thought of it he would doubtless have advised moralists to abate something of the severity of this test and allow us to cultivate gratitude to our benefactors by instinct. That would shut out from our admiration the self-interest which the impassioned philosopher of Geneva was so desirous of seeing excluded, and it is possible that to-day, on this side of the ocean, we might have been spared a deed which in one view of it only killed a dog to be sure, but in another certainly did something to demoralize the community.

The woman may have been only a fool. It is probable that she held that absurd belief in reference to the hydrophobic poison, according to which, if a dog in perfect health bites a child to-day, and the wound heals, and the child grows up to manhood, never experiencing any inconvenience from it after it has first healed, and then, twenty years afterwards, the dog for any reason becomes rabid, at once, by some occult sympathy, the man also goes mad and dies. Women are non-voting; but what right has a police captain to be so perfectly stupid as this? He should have taken the woman to the next physician, and if in half an hour her fears were not laughed out of her, she might well enough have been sent home still retaining them. Cases like this prove a truth which before stood out in only too harsh prominence, that man's dominion over his fellow-denizens of earth is too certain to make an absolute monarchy, whose tyranny is limited by self-interest, but seldom by mercy or justice. That an animal can have rights, that man has duties towards animals, he habitually forgets, or rather it has hardly ever entered into his heart to conceive. So extreme a case as this is, in which so great and hard-hearted injustice was inflicted, might almost make one wish that the gift of immortality had been bestowed on the inoffensive sufferer, and to hope that the untutored Indian is not so altogether untutored, who

> "—thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
> His faithful dog shall bear him company."

Correspondence.

THE MAINE CONVENTION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: It was with painful regret that many Republicans in Maine read last Saturday The Nation's *ex parte* review of the recent canvass, which terminated in the selection of General J. L. Chamberlain as our candidate for governor. The nomination is equivalent to an election. Public opinion throughout the State was so evenly divided on the merits of the two candidates whose names came before the convention at Bangor, that until the vote was actually declared the result was uncertain. The canvass was inevitably warm, and towards the close a little embittered, chiefly, as I believe, by such intolerance on the part of some of General Chamberlain's friends as appears in the article which you have admitted to your columns. The friends of the defeated candidate have frankly accepted the results. They have forborne to press upon the public attention, at this time, complaints which might justly have been made. The galleries of the hall in which the convention assembled were crowded, not to say packed, with sympathizing friends of the Chamberlain delegates. In every *vivâ voce* vote the voice of the galleries was heard. We felt that we were overborne by irresponsible numbers; and by one of these *vivâ voce* votes a rule was adopted disfranchising a considerable number of our authorized delegates. The convention and the galleries voted that no delegate should be recognized unless a resident of the county from which his credentials came—this, when half-a-dozen Massachusetts towns offered Charles Sumner a seat in a recent State convention, and Horace Greeley appeared in the last national convention as a delegate from Oregon! Such a rule, adopted in defiance of precedent by such means, and at the last moment, we might well have complained of. We were willing, for the sake of harmony, to let it pass for the present. We are not willing, however, to submit to the intolerance which persists in stigmatizing the 438 delegates who, after all, voted for Mr. Spring as "politicians," and glorifying the 599 who voted for General Chamberlain as "the people."

The statement of your contributor, that General Chamberlain was popularly designated as "the soldiers' choice," and his competitor as "the politicians' candidate," may be true, within the limits of his observation; so far as mine extends, it is not true. His further statement, that it was "well understood" that, should he not be nominated by the convention, General Chamberlain's name "would in all probability be submitted to the people by the executive committee of the 'Soldiers' and Sailors' Union,'" is entirely erroneous. That committee was in session on the day of the convention. After the session, General J. P. Cilley was called upon to address the convention. I stood within ten feet of him while he was speaking, and could not have misunderstood him. "Give us a soldier, if you can," he said, at the close of his speech; "but remember—and I speak as the president of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Union—whoever you select as the standard-bearer of

the great Union party, will be fully and heartily supported by the men whom I represent." That was the honorable position of the soldiers of Maine, not "understood" but authentically expressed. There were many soldiers who supported General Chamberlain; there were others among the most active friends of Mr. Spring; there were few, if any, who went into the convention with the dishonorable purpose of abiding by its decision if suited to their wishes, but not otherwise. Secession was not in their thoughts.

The truth, which your contributor nowhere admits, I must insist upon: there were substantial grounds for the difference of opinion which existed. There were undoubtedly "politicians" on both sides, who acted after their kind. But there was also a great body of honest men on each side, or the conflict could not have hung so long in even scale. Singular as it may seem, it was not generally known, up to the very day of the convention, that General Chamberlain had ever voted with the party which was urged to raise him to the highest station in the State. His letter to General Smith (a part of which you have published) was accepted as evidence of his present agreement to the general policy, if not to the particular measures, of the Republican party. His military services had endeared him to the people of the State. His personal integrity was above suspicion. But when men looked to his political career for some assurance for the future they found a blank. The personal integrity of President Lord, of Dartmouth College, the military reputation of General (now Governor) Cox, of Ohio, the temporary agreement of Andrew Johnson to the Republican policy, were so many warnings. The advocacy of the only newspapers in Maine which had defended President Johnson's usurpations did not strengthen General Chamberlain's case. His friends have nobody but themselves to blame that his political record was left in utter obscurity until the very day when the convention assembled. On the other hand, a candidate was presented who had been long and conspicuously associated with the party, who was practically conversant with the affairs of the State, whose integrity was as unquestioned as General Chamberlain's. Mr. Spring had been named, both publicly and privately, before General Chamberlain. Was it so wonderful that his friends throughout the State should hesitate to adopt the new suggestion, coming in such questionable shape, and from such questionable sources? Is it seemly, is it right, to libel one half the Republican party of Maine, as your contributor has done, because their judgment differed from his?

The obliquity of vision which appears elsewhere in his article is not least noticeable in his comments upon the course of the Portland *Press*. The *Press*, as he says, had been strenuous and unremitting in its advocacy of the claims of Mr. Spring. He neglects to say that, when Gen. Chamberlain's *present* sympathy with the Republican party was called in question, the *Press* denounced the slander as promptly as it denounced the petty falsehoods circulated by "politicians" working in their own way against Mr. Spring. On the day before the convention the *Press* urged upon the delegates already assembled in Bangor the considerations which have been presented in this letter. The *Press* did not "sneer at General Chamberlain's achievements in the field:" the article is on record, and will answer that aspersion for itself. It did insist, as was its right and its duty, upon the conspicuous political career of Mr. Spring, and upon the obscurity which then shrouded the political history of his competitor. "We do not say," this was its language, "that General Chamberlain, if nominated by the Republican party, would disappoint the expectations of his friends and place our State in any doubtful position upon the great questions of the day. But we do say, we have no assurance from his political antecedents that he would not." This your contributor calls "cruelly unjust and untrue." More than half the Republicans of Maine then believed the statement to be both just and true and timely. It was only on the appearance of this article that General Chamberlain's friends realized the extremely doubtful position in which they had allowed their candidate to stand. His townsmen of Brunswick immediately issued a circular, affirming that for ten years General Chamberlain had invariably acted and voted with the Republican party. That circular secured his nomination. That circular alone reconciled the friends of the defeated candidate to the decision of the convention. We accepted the result frankly and honestly. "The representative man of the Union party of Maine," said the Portland *Press*, "can only be a Radical. Such a representative we believe the Union delegates have given us in General Chamberlain, and so believing we waive our prior choice and heartily accept the Bangor nomination."

I regret—and I believe the regret will be very general on both sides—that a controversy which had reached its natural limit and was fast smouldering into mere dead ashes, should have been rekindled by the publication of such an article as that to which I have felt compelled to reply. It has been necessary to show that we had some grievances of our own. If we could afford to overlook them for the sake of harmony, we had a right to expect at least as much consideration from the victorious section of the party.

"Flagrantior æquo
Non debet dolor esse viri."

The stoicism which would have enabled the friends of the winning candidate to bear the misconstruction to which their own neglect exposed him would not have been very great. If they will now cease their clamors and allow us to turn to more practical discussions, it will be better for them, and —what is of far more consequence—better for the great party which now represents American progress.

H. W. Richardson.

Portland, Me., July 2, 1866.

FLOWERS AT FUNERALS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Bishop Fitzpatrick, recently deceased at Boston, on his death-bed directed that no flowers should be displayed at his funeral, as he considered them appropriate to the sanctuary, to festive occasions, and out of place when associated with corruption. I am very glad that so high an authority as the bishop should thus publicly protest against a custom that always seemed to me singularly offensive to propriety and good taste. The custom has been growing in fashion for some time, until, at present, flowers are considered as indispensable at a funeral as at a wedding, and are ordered of the undertaker at the same time with the coffin and other arrangements. Even when bestowed by sympathizing friends, who wish thus to express their interest in, or affection for, the departed, they are ill-timed and out of place; but when ordered from a coffin warehouse, all their significance and beauty are changed to something repulsive.

Many years ago I attended the funeral of a friend who died of apoplexy, in midsummer. Decomposition had commenced early, and the lower part of the face of the corpse was disfigured. To conceal this corruption, a quantity of flowers was stuffed into the coffin, the glazed lid of which, as it was shut down, pressed them against the face and only partially concealed the repulsive sight. Such a desecration of flowers made a lasting impression on us, and we were led to consider this matter of flowers at funerals from an æsthetic point of view, and every year since has confirmed our abhorrence of this custom. That powerful law of association which operates almost instinctively, and by which we link together *things* and *thoughts*, should caution us against perverting these rich sources of delight. Flowers are for festive and joyous occasions, for the bridal wreath, for the christening font, for the young, the innocent, the beautiful; for the living, and not for the dead. Above all, they are welcome in the sick chamber, to the weary invalid debarred from the sweet influences of green fields and woods and the manifold beauties of nature.

To every sufferer confined to the room by illness, the gift of flowers is an inexpressible delight. The heart is made thankful for the kind sympathy that offered them, and the senses refreshed by their colors and perfume.

It is important, then, that this pure source of comfort and delight to the invalid should be entirely free from any unpleasant associations with funeral ceremonies or death. The utmost that a strict sense of fitness would allow on such occasions is a wreath or cross of evergreen—the form as well as the material being symbolical and appropriate, and not interfering with our associations of cheerfulness and life; but the present rage is for an extravagant quantity of costly and fragrant flowers, as if to smother the idea of corruption by our lavish display of beauty and perfume. But the majesty of Death will not be thus appeased. In his solemn march he disregards our floral offerings equally with our tears, entreaties, and most passionate implorations. He will suffer no blandishments to impede him, though they come in the guise of purity and innocence. The custom of preserving and framing funeral flowers, to be hung up as pictures, is another perversion of good taste too much indulged in at present.

Mrs. Browning's "Dead Rose" may lie "seven years in a drawer," and retain its significance, embalmed in her wondrous verse; but these pressed and gummed effigies, associated with the shroud and coffin, are at best a ghastly sight.

The beauty of flowers is the beauty of delicacy, of fragility, of transitoriness. It is because "a breath doth mar them" that they become precious to our imagination. Let not their beautiful service be desecrated by associating it with corruption, and when they have subserved our purpose let them live only in our memory.

K.

[Bishop Fitzpatrick was doubtless a high authority on many questions, but his dictum on flowers at funerals we hold not to be binding.

His desire to have his funeral seem a dismal affair was doubtless a whim of his own. His ecclesiastical superior, Archbishop Hughes, on the other hand, directed himself "to be buried in sunshine." This, however, far from indicating a desire to "associate sunshine with corruption," as "K." would probably consider it, simply indicated a desire to have death seem a joyous and not a joyless event. People who put flowers on coffins and corpses do not do so, as "K." asserts, in order to hide corruption, but to show that they "sorrow not as those who are without hope." All that the case of the person who died of apoplexy proves is, that his friends did not know how to use flowers. There was no good reason for squeezing them under the glass of the coffin. "The powerful love of association," of which "K." speaks, so far from cautioning us against using flowers at funerals, seems to us to prescribe it. Its object is not to "associate flowers with corruption," but to associate death with tranquillity, and hope, and even rejoicing, to remind the survivors that death is not simply corruption, but change; not night only, but morning. That there are and always will be people, with a good deal of money and no taste, to make funerals an occasion of vulgar display, there can be no doubt; vulgarity can be shown in hot-house flowers as well as in other things; but this is no reason why people who have taste and sentiment should discard a mode of expression which in all ages, and we believe in all climes, has been considered simple, natural, and affecting.—ED. NATION.]

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NATION OFFICE, Tuesday, July 10, 1866.

THE news from Europe is less favorable for our securities, but better for cotton and breadstuffs. Five-twenties are down to 64, and Erie to 38; cotton is up ½d. per lb. Failures continue to occur among the new banks in London.

Foreign trade continues quiet; last week the imports were $3,202,000, making $162,942,000 for the calendar year to date—say double the import of the corresponding period of 1865; the exports, including specie, about $3,380,000, making $154,430,000 for the calendar year to date, say $64,000,000 in excess of the export of the corresponding period of last year. General dullness prevails in mercantile circles, and will last until the tariff question is settled. The crop prospects are good: from the West we learn that the corn and wheat crops will be a full average if no accident occurs; at the South the estimates are that the cotton crop will not be less than 2,500,000 bales.

Gold has been active, though until to-day the fluctuations have not been as large as during the month of June. To-day it sold down to 148¼. The short interest is much reduced, and gold has been lent "flat" for several days in succession. There is reason to believe that the bull party which undertook to lock up all the floating gold has lost money by the operation. Above 150, with exchange at 108 to 108¼ for bankers' sterling, it is a dangerous enterprise to undertake to corner the market. Last week we received as much gold from California as we shipped to Europe, and the Sub-Treasury disbursed for interest a million more than it received for duties.

Money is easy at 6 per cent. for call loans. An effort was made in the latter part of last week to create the impression that money was more active, but it did not succeed. The banks hold over $80,000,000 of legal tenders, nearly twice as much as used to be considered a safe reserve. Under these circumstances, the financial community are anxiously looking out for the expected funding scheme, which is to deplete the banks of their surplus of greenbacks and consolidate the debt of the Government.

The feature of the stock market last week was an advance, with a large business, in all classes of Government securities. The old five-twenties sold up to 106, the ten-forties to 98, the seven-thirties to 103¾. The rise will greatly facilitate the funding scheme which the Secretary was a few weeks ago so anxious to inaugurate. Railroad stocks are generally higher but quite inactive, the exception being Erie, which has advanced fifteen per cent. in a fortnight, with a large business. No better reason can be given for the advance than a clique movement. It would seem, in effect, that a party of wealthy operators, calculating on the large short interest, and presuming on the supposed position of Mr. Drew, have undertaken to corner the stock, and have succeeded in putting it up at a very rapid rate. The directors will meet next week to determine the dividend question, and will probably pass the dividend on both the common and preferred shares.

The following table will show the course of the stock, gold, exchange, and money markets since our last issue:

	June 28.	July 2.	July 10.	Adv.	Dec.
U. S. Sixes of 1881	106¾	106⅜	109	2⅝	....
5-20 Bonds, old	103⅜	104⅛	106⅜	3⅜	....
5-20 Bonds of 1865	103	103⅛	105	1⅞	....
10-40 Bonds	96⅞	97⅛	98⅜	1	....
7.30 Notes, second series	103¾	103¾	103¾	⅜	....
New York Central	98¾	98⅜	99⅛	1	....
Erie Railway	60⅞	63	73¼	10¼	....
Hudson River	112	112	114	2	....
Reading Railroad	109⅞	104½*	106⅜	2	....
Michigan Southern	78½	78½	80	1½	....
Cleveland and Pittsburgh	83¼	83¾	84¼	1	....
Chicago and North-west	30½	30	32	2	....
Chicago and N.-W., Pref.	59¼	59¾	62	2¾	....
Chicago and Rock Island	94½	94	96	2	....
P., Ft. Wayne, and Chicago	98¾	95⅜*	97⅜	2	....
Canton	53⅜	54⅜	54⅜	....	....
Cumberland	45	45	46	1	....
Mariposa	11	10½	11	⅛	....
American Gold	151⅞	154	149	....	5
Bankers' Bills on London	108¼	108¼	108¼	....	....
Call Loans	5	5	6	1	....

* Ex. dividend.

The passage of the new tariff bill through the House of Representatives is viewed with concern by all classes, and with unmingled alarm by honest adherents to the Republican party. As it stands, the tariff is needlessly oppressive; the revenue commission recommended a reduction in the duties, and other economists, looking at the question from a revenue stand-point, have endorsed the recommendation. Instead of heeding these counsels, the Committee of Ways and Means made no reduction worth mentioning in the schedule of duties, but increased the duty on nearly all articles of foreign manufacture which come into competition with native manufactures; and the House of Representatives not only adopts this view, but actually goes so much further on the protectionist side that Mr. Morrill, the author of the new bill, has protested against any further increase of taxes for fear it should render the whole measure odious.

Mr. Morrill's fears are well grounded, but they come too late. The outrageous attempts of the manufacturers to levy toll upon the industry and agriculture of the country for their own private benefit have already aroused a spirit that will not be laid until the commercial legislation of the United States be radically reformed. It matters little now whether at this session of Congress the manufacturers rob us of $1 or $1 50. Perhaps it would be better for the country in the end that the protectionists should have their way throughout, or, to use a familiar phrase, that they should have all the rope required to hang themselves. Nothing but severe suffering will rouse the people to the necessity of modernizing our tariff system; the more exorbitant the present exactions of the manufacturing interest, the surer the reaction against all protective duties.

It is needless to enumerate in this place the new duties which it is proposed to levy on foreign goods. Some of them, indeed, are so complicated and elaborate that no one but an old revenue officer or a manufacturer can estimate the exact amount of tax which they levy. Woollen cloths, for instance, pay a duty *ad valorem*, a duty per yard, and a duty by weight. It is calculated that these various duties will amount to 70 per cent. on some descriptions and 150 per cent. on others. The duty on iron will amount to $22 50 per ton in gold, very little less than Scotch railroad iron used to command, duty paid, before the war. Foreign coal is carefully excluded by a prohibitory tax. Many small articles, such as copper wire, spikes and nails, hoops for crinoline, common drugs, etc., etc., are taxed exorbitantly under the new bill, the additional duty being in many of these cases the work of W. E. Dodge, a member from New York city. The Congressional report of the de-

The Nation.

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The Week.

The Cabinet is undergoing a thorough modification. Mr. Dennison has resigned the Postmaster-Generalship and Mr. Speed the Attorney-Generalship, and other changes are expected. Mr. Stanberry takes Mr. Speed's place, Governor Randall Mr. Dennison's, and Governor Sharkey, of Mississippi, is marked out for Mr. Harlan's place. Things will then be snug for the Philadelphia Convention, and Mr. Johnson will have broken the ties which bind him to the party which elected him, and can once more submit his "policy" to Cabinet meetings.

The political crisis at Washington is productive of much epistolary correspondence. Mr. Doolittle writes to the Secretary of State, begging to know if he favors the call of a "Union National" Convention at Philadelphia. Why, most certainly he favors it, Mr. Seward replies; he does not see why Mr. Doolittle should ask such a question. It is barely possible, we would suggest, that Mr. Doolittle may have secretly had it in mind to print the Secretary's answer in the newspapers. Designing men have been known to exercise finesse and do such things. That his friend Doolittle may know just where he stands, Mr. Seward proceeds to give him the Auburn speech in little—which serves Mr. Doolittle right. He must have known of old the unutterable tediousness of these compositions. The letter goes on to say that as Congress has the power of restoring the Union, and as it has done not a single thing and will not do a single thing to that end, there can surely be no harm done if good men from all parts of the country meet together and beg Congress to take action of some sort. This then, we suppose, is to be the work of the convention—a political platform in the form of a petition. It will surprise Mr. Seward and the convention beyond measure to be referred as an answer to a proposed constitutional amendment, which, apparently, has wholly slipped the memory of the Secretary of State. At the end the writer gives us a little amusement by the characteristic close of his remarks: "To admit that the convention will fail would be to admit that the people of the United States are deficient either in wisdom or in virtue, etc., etc." It might prove something too, perhaps, about deficiencies on the part of the convention.

Mr. Doolittle gets another letter from Attorney-General Speed, who had been requested, if he approved of the Philadelphia call, to write and say so. He does not approve of the call, he replies, but he intends to write, notwithstanding. Silence would be interpreted to mean that he disapproved of all the principles set forth in the new platform, as well as the call which pretends to summon a new party into being. But it is the call that chiefly he disapproves. What need of a new party when the great Union party, which carried the country through the war, which is the same in principle and object to-day that it was then, is still intact? The party which, a few months since, elected Mr. Lincoln and Governor Johnson, and a great majority of the present Congress, is still good enough for him, and he has no intention of leaving it for a party which represents but one department of the Government. Without commenting at length upon the unobjectionable and objectionable principles enunciated in the call, Mr. Speed points out that its fatal defect is that it fails to take any notice whatever of an all-important issue now before the American people—namely, Shall or shall not the amendment to the Constitution last proposed by Congress be adopted? To this question he himself, with all his heart, would say, Yes. The call also quite ignores the unjust advantage in the matter of the basis of representation which would accrue to the South if she were at once admitted. The letter, leaving these practical considerations, then goes off into a dissertation upon the primordial theory of the American political system, whither it is unnecessary to follow it. Yet Mr. Speed knows the Western people. He knows their fondness for general ideas and broad views, and his letter will probably be none the less available as a campaign document because it takes politics out of practice into the region of the moral sentiments.

The September convention of Southern loyalists it is possible to make a meeting of some consequence. It can do much towards putting the Southern people in communication with the great Union party North; and the strength of Union men South, thus for the first time gathered together and compacted into a political organization, may be of some immediate value in political struggles in the North. At any rate, it will be less likely to be frittered away in individual efforts that must long be fruitless. But the convention will be of little avail for any one of these purposes if its members consist in any large part of Northerners who may happen to be now doing business in Southern States. Such persons can hardly express any but their own personal opinions. They cannot speak for the loyal communities, or parts of communities, in which they are new comers. Their presence in the convention will give it no strength in popular estimation, South or North, but rather be an element of weakness. The whole matter should be left, as far as possible, in the hands of native Southerners, and Northerners at the South will best serve the party by keeping, for the present, in the ranks.

The "veil of secrecy," as the reporters call it, has been removed from the deliberations of the Republican caucus, and we now know that there was a good deal of very alarming talk at it, and a good deal, also, which was simply violent. Several members, such as Mr. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, who generally weigh their words, expressed in strong terms their fear that the President will resort to a *coup d'état* in order to secure the admission of the Southern representatives without other conditions than he has himself imposed, and, of course, indicated their own readiness to meet force by force. The passage of a resolution last week directing the distribution of Government arms amongst the loyal States may be taken as another proof of the depth of the apprehension prevailing at Washington. General Sherman has aggravated it by a declaration that the young men of the rising generation will witness worse fighting than he had ever

seen, though what it is to be about he has not thought fit to reveal. On the other hand, Mr. Raymond, of the *Times*, repudiates on behalf of the President all intention of resorting to violence, even for the carrying out of so precious a thing as "his policy." Mr. Johnson himself acknowledged in his last veto the validity of the civil rights bill, and thus by implication the validity of all other acts of the present Congress. He probably does not mean mischief, as he hopes by the use of the ordinary machinery to attain his ends; but what we fear is that his head will not be strong enough to resist the appeal for recognition of a new pseudo-Congress, composed of Democrats and Southerners, meeting in Washington next spring. He might then do something frightfully revolutionary under color of law. The exact nature of the danger we have discussed elsewhere. The *Times* laughs at the notion that there is any such danger. It has brobably forgotten that Mr. Seward predicted, through his Auburn oracle, last April, the very danger over which the Radicals are now sounding the alarm, but fixed its occurrence for 1868 instead of 1867.

The veto of the Freedmen's Bureau bill contains the arguments with which we are now so familiar, and does not need any recapitulation from us. The following is the strongest one:

"The ordinary course of judicial proceedings is no longer interrupted. The courts, both State and Federal, are in full, complete, and successful operation, and through them every person, regardless of race and color, is entitled to and can be heard. The protection granted to the white citizen is already conferred by laws upon the freedman. Strong and stringent guards by way of penalties and punishments are thrown around his person and property, and it is believed that ample protection will be afforded him by due process of law without resort to the dangerous expedient of 'military tribunals.' Now that the war has been brought to a close, the necessity no longer existing for such tribunals, which had their origin in the war, grave objections to their continuance must present themselves to the minds of all reflecting and dispassionate persons."

Gen. Grant is, we believe, "a reflecting and dispassionate person," and yet he has reached conclusions differing so widely from those of the President regarding the state of things at the South that he has thought it necessary to issue the following order, which we print entire as the best possible comment on the veto message:

"General Order No. 44.—Department, district, and post commanders in States lately in rebellion are hereby directed to arrest all persons who have been or may hereafter be charged with commission of crimes and offences against officers, agents, citizens, and inhabitants of the United States, irrespective of color, in cases where the civil authorities have failed, neglected, or are unable to arrest and bring such parties to trial, and to detain them in military confinement until such time as a proper judicial tribunal may be ready and willing to try them. A strict and prompt enforcement of this order is required.

Our reports from the South contain plenty of justification for Gen. Grant's precaution. A negro accused of murder was lately taken from the hands of the sheriff in Wilkinson Co., Georgia, and his death by burning *voted* by a mob of three or four hundred of the "citizens." The sentence was carried out after his ears had been cut off. Gen. Woods has accordingly ordered that his accomplice, if arrested, should not be delivered over to the civil authorities. Of course, civil justice administered by a community of this sort is simply a disgusting farce, and we owe it to civilization to see that no human being, of whatever hue or race, is left to their tender mercies. The commanding officer of two districts in South Carolina has also been compelled to petition for a reinforcement of cavalry, to enable him to protect freedmen from torture. Mr. Johnson, however, says the courts are open, and so they are, but he would be a bold negro who would show his nose in a court in Wilkinson Co., Ga., for instance. The negro lately burned there has his remedy under the civil rights bill, and may either prosecute criminally or sue in damages for assault, battery, and combustion.

The weather is terrifically hot, and, probably, has much to do with the prevailing political acrimony. Even Thurlow Weed no doubt loses much of his self-control and shrewdness when the thermometer is at 99°, and a speech from Mr. Johnson on Sumner and Stevens, delivered any day last week, would probably have been the finest outburst in the annals of vituperation. The high temperature affords the newspapers an opportunity too of describing the sensations attendant on great heat in articles of greater or less length, which have the air of being the result of extensive observation, but are, probably, in most cases, that of personal experience. It is always safe, when the mercury rises above 90°, to speak disparagingly of "Old Sol," which has been from time immemorial the reporter's name for the sun, and describe the consumption of iced drinks as numerous without taking the trouble to watch the bar-rooms or walk the streets.

It appears that the instances cited by us in our late criticism of obituary absurdities were due to the brevity of a reporter and the carelessness of a printer, and are not chargeable to the clergyman and Congressman respectively. The former, in setting forth the character of the deceased, probably dwelt, as he ought, on his obedience to conviction; "and the 'calomel' and 'vegetable diet,'" says our informant, "illustrated this point, and well too; for how few doctors live themselves as they tell others to live!" Mr. Darling, of New York, spoke of "the *gentle, manly* spirit" of his colleague, which is quite another thing from "gentlemanly."

The old, familiar type of the excusable thief, the poor man who has not tasted bread for three days, and who, dashing his fist through a bakeshop window, makes off with a loaf, must give place to a better than he. He breaks the eighth commandment in order that he may satisfy a physical craving, or may selfishly feed his own peculiar children. But, in a certain Massachusetts town, they have produced a thief who first became so from willingness to abate a nuisance to the whole body of society, and discourage most rascally swindling—a paradoxical thief who was an enemy of Wood and Morrissey. This initiatory step on the downward road was about as pardonable as any ever heard of. He has been a post-office clerk, it seems, for something like two years, and the other day was arrested on a charge of robbing the mails. He confessed what must be called his guilt; for mail robbery, in general, is doubtless a crime and a sin. But he began with what seemingly almost amounts to at least a doubtful virtue, if even it be not a certainly meritorious act. He began by breaking open the letters addressed to the managers of various lotteries, gift enterprises, and other such Peter Funk schemes, of which the name is legion. The rascals contrive to keep, just by a bare hair's-breadth, beyond the reach of law, so that they are able to laugh at the police and fleece the foolish with impunity. Setting aside the question of his service to society—both that which he owed and that which he volunteered to render—most people will agree with the post-office clerk in thinking that "he had as good a right to the money as the New York sharper." There is not much to choose between two thieves. But the descent was easy, and unfortunately he did not know when to stop.

That they live in a great country most Americans have always known from the time when first they heard discourse of reason or orations. It was a surprise, though, when for a moment we thought that Utopia must be within our confines. There is at any rate a portion of our country where the elsewhere all-powerful greenback is held in contempt. The very horse-car conductors there, when they are offered a greenback in payment for a ride, decline to be so rewarded One conductor we read about who on the fourteenth of June went further than a simple refusal. The passenger who tendered him the money he pronounced "a dirty puppy," and afterwards he stopped the car in order that both might alight and he might get "satisfaction." Indeed, this new Timon was not even then content. He followed after the gentleman who had affronted him, "making use of language still more insulting, and threatening to break his head and jaw." One begins to suspect that after all it was not Utopia in which these things occurred, though the next sentence may confirm the original supposition: "Mr. McGlynn, superintendent of the railroad, testified that he had instructed all the conductors to refuse greenbacks for tickets, but let the party tendering them pass free." "The accursed lust of gold," however, is strong enough, it would seem, in San Francisco. It is only paper money that is hated. How fondly the Californians cling to hard money may be gathered from the fact that the judges on the bench rather sympathize with such defendants as the car conductor. In this case a light fine was imposed.

The Prussian invasion of Bohemia consisted of a simultaneous movement of two armies—the one under Prince Frederick Charles setting out from Görlitz, on the Neisse, in Prussia, and marching straight upon Reichenberg; the other (an eastern division), leaving Glatz, in Prussia Silesia, having the fortress of Josephstadt for its objective point. On the 27th of June the army first named had occupied Turnau, at the junction of the Northern Bohemian railways, in spite of all that 20,000 Saxons and some 50,000 or 60,000 Austrians could do. On the same day General Von Steinmetz had reached Nachod, 25 miles from Glatz, and fought without decisive results or any considerable advance. On the 28th he was reinforced up to 60,000 men, and drove the retreating Austrians beyond Skalitz, which he occupied. In this day's fighting the superiority of the breech-loading needle guns was conspicuous. On the same day the prince had a bloody engagement with the Austrians at Münchengrätz, 50 miles west of Skalitz, and experienced his usual success. The same day, also, the Prussian Guards, 45,000 strong, which had penetrated from the north by the Landshut Pass, met Von Gablenz, the evacuator of Holstein, at Trautenau, ten miles north of Nachod, and had a stubborn conflict with him, but compelled him to retire. On the 29th Gitschin was taken by storm, and communication between the several wings of the Prussian army was at once effected. The Austrians retreated to a line between Horzitz and Königgrätz, and there, on the 3d of July (the anniversary of Gettysburg), at a little place called Sadowa, was fought the tremendous battle which compelled Austria to tender Venetia to Napoleon and to call for an armistice, which Prussia and Italy have refused to grant her.

Garibaldi is reported to have suffered a repulse at the hands of the Austrians, and to have been wounded in the thigh. The Italians have crossed the Po.

The Earl of Derby has succeeded in forming a ministry. It is mainly composed of the material of that of 1858, and has in it no elements of great strength. But some of the changes in the list of 1858 are great improvements—such as the substitution of Lord Stanley in the foreign office for Lord Malmesbury. Stanley will throw the weight of English influence in Continental affairs, if he leans to either side, on the side of Austria and conservatism. The only other office of importance is that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and what Disraeli will do in it it is scarcely worth while to speculate. The new ministry has no programme and, we believe, no principles. It is avowedly a kind of stop-gap, which is put up when the liberal machinery gets out of order, and will probably only last while the House of Commons is recovering from the effects of Gladstone's imperious manners. The Tory language is, however, highly reactionary, and has, during the late debates, been so insulting to the working classes as to rouse in the latter some traces of the bitterness of 1846–8. Even Gladstone is being abused as "a plebeian."

M. Michel Chevalier, the distinguished French economist, has written an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* warning the European people against war, partly because war does not pay, and partly because nothing is worth fighting for. He advises the formation of a kind of loose confederation of European states, in order, amongst other things, to be ready for a combined resistance to the armed interference in European affairs of which the United States will probably be guilty as soon as they can boast 100,000,000 of inhabitants. The whole article is a striking illustration of the visionariness into which "practical men" are apt to fall when they attempt political theorizing. The Chevalier and Cobden school persistently refuse to recognize ideas or aspirations as political forces, and as soon as they have shown that a certain course will produce a certain amount of material comfort, or avoid a certain amount of material loss, sit down triumphant. There is, for instance, nothing easier than to show an Italian that the addition of Venice to the Italian kingdom would make no man in it a whit better off; but what hope could we have for Italy if this argument had the least force for any considerable number of the population, if it sheathed a single sword or silenced a single gun?

CONGRESS.

Tuesday, July 10.—The Senate passed the House bill fixing the number of judges of the Supreme Court, and altering certain judicial districts, so amended as to prohibit the filling of any vacancies till the number of associate judges is reduced to six.

The House passed the tariff bill—yeas, 94; nays, 53. All the New England members voted for it, though they disclaimed being responsible for it, and vindicated New England against the odium that might attach to the measure.

July 11.—The Senate passed Mr. Clark's bill to regulate the time and manner of electing U. S. Senators—yeas, 25; nays, 11. It directs that each House of a State Legislature shall vote *viva voce*, a majority electing; and that, whether there be any choice or not, the two Houses shall, on the following day, compare their journals, and, if they shall not have chosen the same person, the balloting afterwards shall be in joint session, still *viva voce*, and the majority electing. The bankruptcy bill was called up and ordered to be printed. The bill to re-annex the city and county of Alexandria to Virginia was defeated—yeas, 13; nays, 17.

The House passed without amendment the anti-monopoly telegraph bill of the Senate—yeas, 74; nays, 61.

July 12.—On motion of Mr. Grimes, of Iowa, the Senate, after a spirited debate, voted to recommit the tariff bill to the Finance Committee, with instructions to report on the second Monday in December next—yeas, 23; nays, 17; absent, 7. A bill was passed authorizing the President to place at the disposal of the Portland sufferers the surplus and condemned clothing, equipage, etc., of the army.

The House passed the Senate bill to relieve the Portland sufferers.

July 13.—The Senate, after debate, postponed the Niagara Ship Canal bill till December—yeas, 24; nays, 13; absent or not voting, 14.

The House passed the bill reconstructing the civil appropriation bill.

July 14.—The Senate debated without result the bill to aid in the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

The House passed the bill authorizing the construction of bridges over the Mississippi, and making certain of them post roads. The reports on the Rousseau-Grinnell case were debated without a conclusion. The special committee on the Fry-Conkling controversy reported, exonerating the latter.

July 16.—The Senate passed the Freedmen's Bureau bill over the President's veto—yeas, 33; nays, 12.

In the House, a message from the President was read, in which he refused his signature to the Freedmen's Bureau bill on substantially the same grounds as before, but with the added reason that the Civil Rights act had rendered it unnecessary to protect the rights of the blacks. The House then passed the bill without debate—yeas, 104; nays, 33. The Rousseau-Grinnell discussion was resumed but not terminated.

FREEDMEN.

Gen. Scott, assistant commissioner for South Carolina, recently prepared careful estimates of the rations needed to sustain the destitute of that State, and forwarded them to the proper authorities. Gen. Sickles, however, his military superior, disapproved of them on the ground that Gov. Orr discredited the reports on which they were based, and the rations were accordingly withheld. A correspondence upon the subject between Gen. Howard and Gov. Orr revealed a misapprehension on the part of Gen. Sickles, the governor being solicitous that the rations should be furnished as proposed. Gen. Scott having had occasion a lsoto appeal from a decision of Gen. Sickles, that district commandants must report to him as well on freedmen as on military affairs, Gen. Grant has overruled this decision.

—Gen. Gregory reports from Texas continued industry and steadiness on the part of the freedmen. The corn crop is large and beyond danger, the wheat crop abundant, of the best quality, and already harvested. There has been no corresponding growth of loyalty, but since March, with the withdrawal of the troops and the crippling of the Bureau, the outrages on the freedmen have constantly increased, murders have been numerous, and the courts have afforded no redress to the victims.

—The June reports from Georgia enumerate 79 schools, 113 teachers, 7,792 pupils, being a net increase of 14, 13, and 997 respectively. All schools taught by Northern teachers are now having a recess till October, and their closing was attended almost uniformly with the most satisfactory exhibitions.

—A colored pastor in Nashville, on the 28th ult., was fined $500 for marrying a white man to a colored woman, the pair being also fined $50 each and in default thereof sent to jail.

—There are growing complaints of violence against freedmen in North and South Carolina, and in Arkansas and in Mississippi.

—The Freedmen's Saving and Trust Company has declared a dividend of five per cent. on its deposits, which in fifteen months have amounted to upwards of $370,000.

Notes.

LITERARY.

A striking coincidence of poetic conception and expression occurs in the July number of the "Atlantic Monthly." Two poems could not well be less alike than Longfellow's "On Translating the Divina Commedia" and Bryant's "The Death of Slavery." But they each use the same image, and embody it in similar language—the wide dissimilarity of theme and reference, together with the fact that they appear at the same date in the same periodical, adding interest to the parallel. Longfellow addresses the shade of the "poet saturnine:"

> "I enter, and see thee *in the gloom*
> Of the long aisles,
> The congregation of the dead *make room*
> *For thee to pass.*"

Bryant addresses the shade of the "Great Wrong," which he sends, "accursed of God," to take its place "with baleful memories of the elder time:"

> "Lo, the foul phantoms, silent *in the gloom*
> Of the flown ages, *part to yield thee room.*"

—We find in a recent publication of the statistical office of the Kingdom of Italy some interesting notices on the Italian dialects. The Italian dialects, not alone from the historical but principally from a philological point of view, may be classed into six families, in which classification, however, the sub-dialects of foreign origin are omitted; the dialects spoken in Venetia, Friuli, and Corsica are likewise omitted, although of Italian origin, being under a foreign government. Firstly, the family of the Italo-Celtic dialects, which are spoken in the province of Turin (with the exception of the district of Aosta and some valleys of the Graian Alps) and in the provinces of Cuneo, Alessandria (excepting the district of Novi), Novara, Milan, Pavia, Bergamo, Brescia, Cremona, Piacenza, Parma, Modena, Reggio, Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna, Forlì, as far as the Foglia and towards Pesaro—to which may be still added the canton of Tesino, where a Milanese sub-dialect is spoken; the eastern valleys of the Tridentino, where a Brescian sub-dialect is spoken, and the province of Mantova; on the whole, a territory with more than 8,000,000 of inhabitants. Secondly, the family of the Ligurian dialects, which are spoken, with numerous varieties in the pronunciation, all along the coast of Genoa, from Menton to Sarzana; that is, in the provinces of Genoa and Porto Maurizio, and besides in the district of Novi; on the whole, by 800,000 inhabitants. Thirdly, the family of the Tusco-Roman dialects, which are divided into the three types of the Tuscan, the Umbrian, and the Marchipisanian; they are spoken in the provinces of Florence, Pisa, Arezzo, Siena, Grosseto, Umbria, and in the greater part of the former Marches of Ancona; this territory, inclusive of that under Papal government, contains about 4,000,000 inhabitants. Fourthly, the family of the Neapolitan dialects, among which is prominent the dialect of the Abruzzi, that of Pula, and the Neapolitan, or Campagnard proper. These dialects are spoken in the three Abruzzi, the Terra di Lavoro, the two Principali, the provinces of Naples, Benevento, Molise, Capitanata, Terra di Basi, Terra d'Otranto, and the Basilicata, together having 6,000,000 of inhabitants. Fifthly, the family of the Sicilian dialects, rich in varieties but with two principal types, the Calabrian and the Sicilian, spoken by more than 3,000,000 of inhabitants; and sixthly, the family of the Sardinian dialects, which fall in the two branches of the Campidanese and the Lugudenese, and which are spoken by more than half a million of inhabitants. Considering the number of the speakers, the Celtic dialect, of foreign origin or relationship, would have to be placed in the first rank. But the groups of the Tusco-Roman dialects maintain their superiority, since the life of the nation has its root in them and draws its nourishment from them, and also because the other Italian dialects, as the Venetian, which has not been considered, the Neapolitan and the Sicilian, are much nearer related to the Tusco-Roman than to the Celtic type.

—The report of M. E. G. Rey, to the Minister of Public Instruction, of his scientific mission in the north of Syria, has just been published in Paris. M. Rey was sent in 1864 to Syria to study the military movements of the Crusaders, and the geography and archæology of the mountains of the Ausariés, and of the regions lying in the pachalic of Aleppo, on the right bank of the Orontes, and between that river and the Euphrates. This region, of great importance, had been but little visited, and the few travellers who had been there had not observed the country with great care. The American missionaries, Eli Smith and Thompson, traversed the region between 1848 and 1852, and Dr. Smith collected geographical notes of great interest, which he forwarded to Karl Ritter; but since his death they seem lost to science. Arriving in Syria in August, 1864, M. Rey met Lieut. Vignes, the companion of the Duc de Luynes, and immediately set about his explorations. His first discovery was of the ruins of the temples of Jupiter, which had been merely mentioned by Lieut. Walpole, and which were situated in the midst of the Ausariés mountains, the ancient Bargylus, at a place called Hosn Souleiman, on the site of the ancient Bactocete. The enclosure of the temple is 144 metres long by 90 metres wide, and in shape approaches the trapezium. It is the best preserved specimen of sacred enclosures. It is built of gigantic blocks. There are four entrances to the enclosure. On one of the piers of that which faces the north-east are two inscriptions: the first, in Greek, recounts the donations made to the temples by a king of Seleucis; the second, in Latin, the restoration of its revenues during the Roman period. In the middle of the enclosure rises a temple of the Ionic order, which seems never to have been completely finished; and in front of the peristyle is an altar, which probably was covered with bronze. From this place M. Rey went to Hamath, visiting several ruined temples on his way. At Selmich, on the right bank of the Orontes, he found several Coptic inscriptions, full of interest, dating from the early years of the Hegira. Selmich appears to have been built by Mussulmans on the site of a Byzantine city, probably Irenopolis. Among other places, M. Rey visited Membidj, the ancient Hierapolis, situated in a rocky plain about six miles from the Euphrates. Here stood the temple in which, according to Lucian, the rites mentioned in his treatise "De Deâ Syriâ" were solemnized. On reaching the centre of these ruins, he was struck at once with the topography of the sanctuaries as described by the Greek author. To the west of the city may still be seen, half dried up, the lake in which the sacred fish were kept. It was on its banks that took place the ceremony of the descent into the lake, of which Lucian gives such a curious account. A little further on is the hill on which stood the temple, of which nothing remains except a few shapeless fragments. Several Arab inscriptions were found; and in the midst of the ruins of the temple a stela, in lava, representing the Goddess of Syria, seated on a throne, supported by two lions, and conforming, in all respects, to the description of Lucian. Fever compelled M. Rey to return, leaving incomplete the map of the northern part of the mountains of the Ausariés. He was, however, enabled to complete his studies of the epoch of the Crusades, and to elucidate many points in the territorial and military organization of the Christian principalities of Syria during the Middle Ages.

—Mr. George Lillie Craik, professor of history and English literature in Queen's College, Belfast, died on the 25th of June. He was born in Fife in 1799, and was the son of a schoolmaster. In 1824 he came to London and got employment under Mr. Charles Knight and the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. At the suggestion of Lord Brougham he wrote the "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties" for the Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Under Mr. Knight's direction he wrote the "Pictorial History of England." He was appointed professor at Belfast in 1849, and has since been more generally known by his "History of the English Language and Literature," which was republished in this country. He was also the author of "The English of Shakespeare," "The Romance of the Peerage," and several minor works.

—The Geographical Society of Paris have just awarded their gold medal for 1863 to Mr. Gifford Palgrave for his great Arabian journey. The medal for each year is given for the journey performed in the course of that year, and is determined by a special sub-committee, who make a report which is printed among the proceedings of the society. In this case the report was drawn up by four geographers of the highest distinction, who speak in very strong terms of the great achievement of Mr. Palgrave. Praise from such a source will more than counterbalance the anonymous detractions and malevolent criticism of two of the English reviews.

—Dr. Mitterrutzner, a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church in the Tyrol, has published recently at Brixen, in German, a grammar of the language of the Dinka negroes in Central Africa, inhabiting the upper course of the White Nile. This is the first grammar of the Dinka language ever attempted. It is accompanied with texts and a Dinka-German-Italian dictionary. The Imperial Academy of Sciences at Vienna bore a portion of the cost of publication. We owe to German scholarship another contribution to African philology—a grammar of the Kafir language, by J. A. Bonatz. The author studied the language at Caffraria, and had prepared a grammar in manuscript before the appearance of those by Messrs. Boyce and Appleyard. In the elaboration of his work he has made copious use of the books of those gentlemen. Mr. E. J. Brill, the celebrated publisher and bookseller of Leyden, in Holland, has lately added another important work to his remarkable collection of "Arabic Historians and Philosophers." It is an edition of Edrisi's "Description of Africa and Spain," the Arabic text published for the first time from the manuscripts of Paris and Oxford, with a translation in French, notes and glossary, by R. Dozy and M. J. de Goejè.

SCIENTIFIC.

Deterioration of Bituminous Coal by Keeping.—The experiments of the well-known chemist Varrentrap on this subject are more recent than those described in the last number of The Nation. They were undertaken for the purpose of testing Grundmann's results and of clearing up some points which had not been completely elucidated by his researches. Varrentrap operated first upon lignite from the Duchy of Brunswick, and subsequently upon different samples of gas-coal from Westphalia. The details of these experiments are interesting not only because of the very remarkable character of some of the results obtained, but also on account of their unquestionable truthfulness and thorough trustworthiness. The experiments, whether upon lignite or upon the gas coals, agree closely among themselves. It will, therefore, be unnecessary to relate all of them. Those upon lignite are, upon the whole, rather more instructive than the others, and are, therefore, here copied.

A pound of lignite, fresh from the mine, was first broken into fragments as large as peas, and these fragments were placed in a flask. Moist air, free from carbonic acid, was then caused to flow through the flask over the coal, and then to bubble through baryta water before it passed off into the atmosphere. The flask was, meanwhile, exposed to various carefully-regulated temperatures. It appeared that, even at the ordinary temperature of the air, a very small quantity of carbonic acid was immediately formed by the action of the air upon the coal. The moist air was now made to flow over the sample of coal at the rate of about two cubic feet per day during 670 consecutive hours, the coal being all the while maintained at a temperature of from 95° to 104° Fah. As the result of this experiment there were obtained six grammes, or about ninety-three grains, of carbonate of baryta. The experiment was then continued, under precisely similar conditions, with the same sample of coal, and at the expiration of forty-four days six more grammes of carbonate of baryta had been formed. The temperature of the coal in the flask was next reduced to 60°, and maintained at that temperature, or thereabouts, during forty-two days. Under these conditions only one and a half grammes of carbonate of baryta were formed. During the next nine days the temperature of the lignite was maintained at 175°–185°, about one cubic foot and a half of air being passed through the flask every day. In a short time nearly eight grammes of carbonate of baryta were formed. The flask and its contents were then placed in an oil-bath and heated to 230° during six hours, and then to 250° during six hours. At these temperatures nearly all the moisture distilled over, and the coal was left almost completely dry; but, in spite of this, the amount of carbonic acid formed during these twelve hours was manifestly more considerable than that obtained during the six weeks when the temperature of the coal was kept at 95°–104°. The coal was now moistened with water, which had just been thoroughly boiled in order to expel oxygen and carbonic acid, and left to stand over night. It was then heated, during eight hours upon the following day, to 260°, and in like manner to 275° during eight hours of the day next succeeding. In the course of this comparatively short interval of twenty-eight hours there were formed twenty-one and a third grammes of carbonate of baryta. After this the coal was heated during four hours to 285°, and there were formed nearly four and a half grammes of carbonate of baryta. The coal was, in the next place, completely covered with boiled, distilled water, and left to itself during a couple of days. The water was then poured away, and the oil-bath heated. In the course of two hours the temperature of the coal had risen to 285°, and at that point it was kept during four hours. About one cubic foot of air passed over the coal in the course of this experiment, and there were formed four and a half grammes of carbonate of baryta. During each of the three following days the temperature was raised to 285°, and maintained at that point for eight hours upon each occasion. There were formed, all told, twenty-four grammes of carbonate of baryta. The coal was now once more covered with water, and subsequently again heated, the temperature being maintained at 300° during eight hours for three consecutive days. The air in this case flowed over the coal at the rate of about one-sixth of a cubic foot per hour, and there were formed, in all, twenty-nine and a quarter grammes of carbonate of baryta. After this the temperature was maintained at 300° during 14–16 hours per day each for six days. About three cubic feet of air passed through the flask, and there were formed one hundred and three grammes of carbonate of baryta.

The assertion of Grundmann that in the course of nine months coal may lose more than half of its carbon by simple waste and oxidation, without inflammation, if only it be improperly stored, is thus more than justified. Estimating that the dry lignite contains 64 per cent. of carbon, it appears from these results of Varrentrap that if his experiment should be continued during three months at the temperature of 300°, every particle of carbon in the coal would be converted into carbonic acid gas.

As has already been said, these experiments clearly show that, under certain conditions as regards temperature and moisture, the oxidation of the carburetted ingredients of the coal can be both rapid and thorough. This waste will occur when large heaps of coal become heated, even if only to a temperature very far below that at which the coal would take fire.

As was remarked above, Marsilly looked less to the oxidation of the coal than to simple waste by emission or exhalation of gas. His experiments are, therefore, to be regarded as being in one sense complementary to those of Varrentrap, and upon that account they are the more worthy of careful consideration. Two of the capital points made by this observer are to the effect, 1st, that coal will still continue to lose gas, even when it is exposed to a very considerable degree of atmospheric pressure; and 2d, that one of the ingredients which is given off is the substance, or at least a constituent part of the substance, which binds together the coke which is left as a residuum when coal is distilled. By repeated trials it was found that carburetted hydrogen gas will still be spontaneously disengaged from coal, even when the air about it is subjected to a pressure five times greater than that of the atmosphere. It was established with equal certainty, by careful experiments, that the coals of mines liable to fire-damp, upon being exposed to the air, lose a part, if not the whole, of the fatty principle which occasions the formation of coke. This agglutinative matter may also be completely removed from the coal by maintaining it for some time at a temperature of 400°–480°. Coal which has been heated to this temperature for some time is afterwards unfit for making coke. These observations are in accord with the assertions of the manufacturers of coke, that old coal will not cake together on being heated. They illustrate the wisdom of the old custom of cokemakers, always to employ freshly mined coals.

RENAN'S "APOSTLES"—CARLETON'S TRANSLATION.*

The critical principles which lie at the bottom of M. Renan's treatment of the early Christian history were so frankly stated in his "Life of Jesus," and have become so familiar by the help of reviewers, that it is not necessary to enlarge on them now. In this volume he applies those principles to the history of the first apostles, who were the personal companions of Jesus

* "The Apostles. Renan." New York: Carleton. 1866.

and the immediate continuers of his work. The volume has all the peculiar merits and defects of his former volume; the grace of style, the honeyed smoothness of diction, the facility of narrative, the easy mastery of material, the delicate tracery of thought and allusion, the enchanting naturalness of movement, and, with all this, the appearance of conscious design and the actual inconsistency which gave a meretricious air to his famous biography. For a man who professes but little sympathy with the people, whose interests are with the literary class, and who does not acknowledge the popular dissemination of truth to be a part of the scholar's duty, M. Renan takes singular pains to write in a style that commends itself to the lovers of light reading rather than to students of his own grade. Some have suspected a slight disingenuousness in the writer who upholds the established religion and claims from Government the protection of the philosopher's liberty, while at the same time he charms away the speculative opinions on which the established religion and the Government rest. But M. Renan is sincere after his manner. He is at the same time a deep scholar and a brilliant man of letters. His genius compels him to write as he does; he would not write differently for a chamber of savans. A "naturalist," he uses natural attractions, and addresses the natural taste for mental excitement. The interest of the second volume on the origin of Christianity centres in two points—the belief in the resurrection of Jesus, which gave to the disciples their impulse, and the condition of the Roman empire, which gave them their field of work; and these points M. Renan especially elaborates—the first in the three opening chapters of the volume, the second in chapters xvii. and xviii. The intervening chapters are interesting as giving a fresh description of the feelings and beliefs of the primitive apostles, their enthusiasms and fanaticisms, their rules and modes of living, their ecstasies and visions, their institutions, their bigotries, their zeal, their labors, persecutions, missions, the gradual expansion of their ideas, and the slow maturing of their method—all pleasant reading, but all more or less familiar. A gorgeous picture of Antioch lights up the level monotony of the middle portion of the book. A highly-wrought but feeble description of the conversion of Paul, done after the most extravagant manner of his school, with full apparatus of thunder and lightning, evening shadows, oppressive atmospheres, nervous agitations and ophthalmic diseases, terrific convulsions of matter and mind, is thrown in out of place, as if to give an air of intensity to the otherwise tame narrative of ordinary events.

M Renan's principle is pure naturalism and naturalism on the ordinary historic plane. He not only discards the miraculous, he discards also the marvellous and the wonderful; for explanations of events however stupendous in the record, he goes to the phenomena of common life. Christianity having its place in the world's history, both as to its origin and its continuance, the history must be interpreted, as all history is, by *averages* of experience. So he, somewhat rashly, we think, concludes. The belief that Jesus rose from the dead was the corner-stone of the primitive apostolic faith. The Church says he did rise from the dead in palpable form. The believers of the Swedenborgian school say he rose and was seen in the spiritual body. The mythical interpreters will have it that the accounts of the resurrection are not to be taken literally but figuratively, as poetical descriptions of a speculative idea or an inward experience. M. Renan puts all these aside, and attempts to account for the belief on simple psychological principles. The chapters in which this powerful persuasion is accounted for are among the most remarkable specimens of subtle constructive criticism we have ever known. We can recall nothing equal to it for delicacy of feeling and handling. The steps from the instantaneous but profound impression made on Mary's heart as she stood in the early morning before the empty tomb, and felt in her bosom that Jesus was still alive, to the general admission of the fact as a thing his friends would not doubt, and scorned even to ask evidence for, holding it a kind of reproach to believe *because they had seen*, deeming theirs the greatest faith who would not have been if they could, are traced with a skill nothing short of amazing.

Personal love of Jesus was the animating soul of the earliest church. The apostles "were small, narrow, ignorant, inexperienced as it is possible for men to be. They were simple to an extreme; there were no limits to their credulity. But they had one characteristic: they loved their Master to fondness. The remembrance of Jesus was a constant motive-power within them; it possessed them continually; it is clear that they could not have lived but for him who, in the space of two or three years, had so fascinated and bound them." This love for Jesus made them believers in his resurrection, friends in his sympathy, ministers of his compassion, servants of his spirit. It explains their folly and their wisdom, their childishness and their manliness, their exclusiveness and their expansion, their timidity and their courage, their attachment to their peculiar usages in which he had participated, and their desire to extend the knowledge of his person to people of other customs, their allegiance to the old church and their willingness to establish new churches on a broader base of feeling.

It is not possible to believe that a religion consisting as this is supposed to do of personal affections, and sentiments flowing therefrom, could have "converted the world." Causes and effects must correspond. If Christianity was a superhuman force let into the world from the upper spheres, it required a terribly depraved condition of the world to justify its coming. If history proved the condition of the world to be one of terrible depravity, a presumption arises that Christianity must have been a superhuman power. On M. Renan's hypothesis, no such helpless depravity could have existed. We have from him, therefore, a description of the state of the world towards the middle of the first century, differing in every particular from that which has long been current in Christendom. We do not mean to insinuate that he has yielded to the temptation to make history square with hypothesis, and has drawn on his imagination for his facts. Far from it; we are sure that such a suspicion would be unjust. The description is wrought in good faith. The authorities have been consulted faithfully and quoted fairly; the statements are balanced, calm, and candid; the shadows seem to be honestly put in. Nevertheless it is quite possible, nay, it is altogether probable, that the writer was insensibly inclined by his theory to look on the brightest side of history at that particular point. We think his picture on the whole more cheerful than Merivale's, with whom, it should be added, he accords on most of the essential and decisive points, as, for instance, the condition of the Roman people as distinguished from that of the court; the softening of manners under foreign influence, the indifference to the ancient religion, and the readiness to accept a simple earnest faith; the numerical and social prominence of the Jews; the extent of their influence, through their religious ideas; their charitable institutions, and the sentiment of human fellowship which pervaded their secular as well as their spiritual existence. A single perusal, even though careful, will not enable one to do justice to the body of learning and reflection that is packed away in the compass of these sixty-two fascinating pages. The discriminations are too nice to be appreciated at a glance. The result of so much study demands study in the reader, who, on candid reflection, may satisfy himself as Mr. Renan has satisfied himself that, on his theory of Christianity, too, causes and effects balance each other. We are not disposed to accept M. Renan's book as the best thing that rationalism can do on its principles; for it might be glad to avail itself of certain intellectual and moral qualifications of which he seems to be destitute. Rationalism is not necessarily sentimental, nor does it as matter of course rule out the mysterious, the extraordinary, or even the marvellous from the treatment of history. It has imagination as well as fancy, and is opposed to the supremacy of ingenuity over reason. Still, with all its defects, the work of M. Renan is by far the best specimen of historical reconstruction that has come from his school.

We cannot congratulate those who must make acquaintance with M. Renan's book through the channel of the Carleton version. We have not critically examined it from beginning to end; that would be too much for one who had enjoyed the luxury of the author's French; but we have examined several chapters critically, and feel bound in truth to say that it does no credit either to translator or to publisher. It is slovenly, inaccurate, and spiritless. We might prove this without going further than the introduction. For instance, p. 39, the original says: "The miraculous is a formal departure from common laws, on the plea of a special will." The translation reads: "The miraculous is a formal derogation from recognized laws, *in the name of a particular desire.*" In the next sentence the English has it, "What we deny to the miracle is the exceptional state, or the results of particular intervention;" the corresponding French whereof is: "Ce que nous nions, c'est le miracle à l'état d'exception, ce sont des interventions particulières," which conveys quite another sense. On p. 45 we are told that "the first principle of the critical school is the allowance, in matters of faith, of all that is needed." We should read: "The first principle of the critical school is to make all necessary admissions in regard to faith." On the same page it is declared that "philosophy differs from faith in this, that faith is believed to operate by itself, independently of the intelligence acquired from dogmas;" which is nonsense. Renan says "philosophy differs from faith in this, that faith is presumed to operate through its own virtue independently of any *understanding of the dogma.*" On p. 60, where Renan writes: "Her woman's heart rested wholly in the desire to clasp once more in her arms the dead body of her beloved," the ingenious translator indites: "Her woman's heart went *no further from her desire* to clasp again in her arms the beloved corpse." On p. 72 the author's words are: "With a feeling of melancholy they dreamed of the lake and the lovely mountains;" for

which we have: "They fancied that they were actuated by a melancholy affection for the lake," etc. On p. 74, the original: "On those waters where they had touched God, how could the disciples have failed to see their divine friend again?" is translated, "How was it that the disciples had not again beheld their divine friend?"—a very different idea. On p. 94, "Aberrations sans portée et sans avenir," is rendered "aberrations *without capacity* or future results." "Gerbes de flamme" are "garbes of flame," instead of "sheafs." "Vagissement" is "squalling." "Rôles brilliants de la prédication" are "brilliant *feats* of preaching." "Conscience," consciousness, or mental state, is invariably rendered "conscience," without the smallest regard to the sense.

But these are trifling blunders. We come to graver inaccuracies. There are two on p. 12. For "The physiognomy of that period is, upon the whole, not known with certainty," we should read: "The characteristics of that period are, on the whole, not known with any *more* certainty," namely, than those of the other. For "We have *features* wanting too often in that work," we should read: "We have a critical mark, or a fixed point of judgment, which we had not in reading the other work." On p. 17 Renan asks: "Must we come to a pause before these objections?" The translator asks: "Is it necessary to pause here to *discuss* these objections?" There is no question of discussion. On p. 26 the language runs: "The control which we can demand of the synoptical texts we can demand also of St. Paul." Renan says, "The exactness which we *cannot* demand of the synoptical texts we can demand of St. Paul." There is something worse yet: "The effort to soften the asperities of the severe apostle hence seems *without evidence*." The original states precisely the opposite, namely this: "The effort to soften the asperities of the stern apostle is here most *palpably seen*." Three pages further on the translator intimates that the more prominent men learn nothing new from Paul. The difficulty was not on that side; it was *he* that was taught nothing new by *them*. Page 78 gives us three blunders, all bad, but one atrocious. As thus; here is Renan's text: "A peine avons-nous songé jusqu' ici à poser une question oiseuse et insoluble." Now mark this: "With difficulty have we thus far dreamed in order to propose a trifling question, but one which admits not of easy solution!" "This detail will be always steadily ignored" means, "this point will always be hid in ignorance." Two pages further along appear two more mistakes: "La nuance particulière de leur sincérité" means, we presume, not "the particularly slight knowledge of their sincerity." "La conviction exaltée" certainly does not mean "the conviction of being exalted."

And what are we to think of this: "The history of the church will henceforth be oftener the history of treacheries than subservient to the idea of Jesus?" We assure our readers that the following is a correct copy of Renan's text: "L'histoire de l'Eglise sera le plus souvent désormais l'histoire des trahisons que subira l'idée de Jésus;"—the history of the betrayals which the idea of Jesus is to undergo. We will give but one more instance, for the business is tiresome: Speaking of the "gift of tongues," Renan writes: "As no language expressed the new sensations they experienced, they had recourse to an indistinct stammering, at once sublime and puerile, in which what we may call 'the Christian tongue' floated in germ." This sentence being transmogrified, appears thus: "Any language which did not afford the new sensations which were being produced they suffered to become an indistinct stammering, at once sublime and puerile; or that which they could denominate 'the Christian language' was wafted about in an embryo state!!"

This is about as bad as bad can be. But what right have we to expect better? The work was done, according to the custom, as job-work, by several different men, who were neither good French scholars nor good English scholars, and who did not understand the book they were translating. The task was distributed among them; their time was limited, and their pay. Their business was to turn off so many pages in order that their version might get the start of all others. Against this method of publishing translations of important works we earnestly protest. It insults the author, it does disrespect to the volume, and it is an imposition on the public, which not only is put off with something that is not what it pretends to be, but is prevented from ever getting what it ought to have. Such books as the "Vie de Jésus" and "Les Apôtres" should be translated at leisure, from advanced sheets, by a scholar who is accomplished in that department of literature. The interests of thought, as well as the dictates of honor, demand as much. The public sentiment should not be satisfied with less For our own part, we are not sorry that this translation is as bad as it is, for it may awaken disgust at the unprincipled manner in which such work is done. This volume does not reproduce M. Renan's, and must not be received as its equivalent.

MISS ROSSETTI'S POEMS.*

ANY American reader who for the last two or three years has occasionally seen and admired the stray poems attributed to Miss Rossetti, being asked to describe them by one word, would have pronounced them Pre-Raphaelite. They were certainly most picturesque poetry; it was her practice to dwell elaborately upon details; oftenest her theme was nature; when they were devotional, her pieces were full of that phase of religious feeling which contemplates, not without sentimentality, God made man, which, we may almost say, agonizes at the feet of a Saviour who suffers and yearns, who is bleeding and aching with fleshly wounds. To have attributed to Pre-Raphaelitism such qualities as these would, perhaps, have been to give it a definition rude or incorrect. But whether right or wrong as regards the sister art, it was not a mistake to fix upon these as the distinguishing features of Miss Rossetti's poetry, and if with these we name a pervading sensuousness, we have the list of its essential characteristics complete.

Poetry more picturesque it would be hard to find in English literature. It is not only that, after it is expressed, she can set off and illustrate her thought or feeling by pictures, but that picture is her customary and natural means of expression. The abstract she has nothing to do with; in her mind, as her mind is here revealed, every idea puts on shape and color. Incident to this power of hers is that characteristic of her writing which, on a first perusal, is the most striking and which has been so attractive to the wearied reader of ninety-nine in a hundred of recent poets—namely, the simplicity, frequently homely or quaint, the pictorial vividness, the life of her language. For it being natural to her to give form and color to her idea, to give it a body, to be dissatisfied if it is not made definite and perfectly clear, it is natural for her as an artist, in order that the reader may see and feel as she sees and feels, to draw in very sharp outline and to color with all the vividness possible. To illustrate by example this preference of the specific over the general, of the concrete over the abstract, and the accompanying force and freshness of her language and imagery, almost any poem in the volume might be safely cited. If, for instance, she would say to us *Carpe diem*, we need have no fear of the old properties, of the stock garlands of rosebuds, of the wine-beakers to be crowned and wreathed, of the maids to be kissed while yet we are young.

"If I might see another spring
I'd not plant summer flowers and wait:
I'd have my crocuses at once,
My leafless pink mezereons,
My chill-veined snow-drops, choicer yet
My white or azure violet,
Leaf-nested primrose; anything
To blow at once not late.

"If I might see another spring
I'd listen to the daylight birds
That build their nests and pair and sing,
Nor wait for mateless nightingale;
I'd listen to the lusty herds,
The ewes with lambs as white as snow,
I'd find out music in the hail
And all the winds that blow.

"If I might see another spring—
O stinging comment on my past
That all my past results in 'if'—
If I might see another spring
I'd laugh to-day, to-day is brief;
I would not wait for anything:
I'd use to-day that cannot last.
Be glad to-day and sing."

And in this little song, which embodies the same sentiment, the traits that we have spoken of are almost equally observable:

"Two doves upon the self-same branch,
Two lilies on a single stem,
Two butterflies upon one flower—
O happy they who look on them.

"Who look upon them hand in hand,
Flushed in the rosy summer light;
Who look upon them hand in hand
And never give a thought to night."

Neither of these pieces contains overmuch thought. But it is not for thought or passion that one goes to the minor poets; and Miss Rossetti's merit, though unique, will never be of the supreme order.

Again, what in the common way of presenting it is more conventional, and for that and other reasons more unimpressive, than the coming back to earth of spirits departed? Gliding ghosts, misty and vague, they shun the day and the haunts of man, and flit in the chill and damps of midnight. They do sometimes return seeking revenge, as to claim a false lover's pledge, to bring terror and punishment on the murderer; but poetic ghosts are, for the most part, shadowy simulacra, whose existence is in men's fears, while

* "Goblin Market, and other Poems. By Christina Rossetti." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1866.

out of themselves all life of human affection is vanished—gone with the life of the blood. And if any poet, not distinctively a religious poet, conceives more loftily of the existence of dead men, he still keeps them at a vast remove from human interests and interest.

"How pure in heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thoughts would hold
An hour's communion with the dead."

But look at this ghost which Miss Rossetti sees. He is still a human being; it is a warmer, kindlier life than "the life of winds and tides" which he partakes. Clinging to sense, he still hungers and thirsts for human companionship; he grieves that he cannot sit at meat with his friends, drinking and talking; he shivers forlorn in a pleasant world from which he will not tear himself away.

"When I was dead, my spirit turned
To seek the much-frequented house:
I passed the door, and saw my friends
Feasting beneath green orange-boughs;
From hand to hand they pushed the wine,
They sucked the pulp of plum and peach;
They sang, they jested, and they laughed,
For each was loved of each.

"'To-morrow,' said they, strong with hope,
And dwelt upon the pleasant way:
'To-morrow,' cried they, one and all,
While no one spoke of yesterday.
Their life stood full at blessed noon;
I, only I, had passed away:
'To-morrow and to-day,' they cried;
I was of yesterday.

"I shivered comfortless, but cast
No chill across the table-cloth;
I, all forgotten, shivered, sad
To stay, and yet to part how loth:
I passed from the familiar room,
I who from love had passed away,
Like the remembrance of a guest
That tarrieth but a day.

"I listened to their honest chat:
Said one: 'To-morrow we shall be
Plod plod along the featureless sands,
And coasting miles and miles of sea.'
Said one: 'Before the turn of tide
We will achieve the eyrie-seat.'
Said one: 'To-morrow shall be like
To-day, but much more sweet.'"

As specimens showing her purely descriptive power, her sense of the life of nature, take these three pictures, which yet, like all the rest, are not pictures merely but veil a thought. They are from "A Year's Windfalls." The first is of the thaw month, "February fill-dyke," as ancient almanacs used to say:

"On the wind in February
Snow-flakes float still,
Half inclined to turn to rain,
Nipping, dripping, chill.
Then the thaws swell the streams,
And swollen rivers swell the sea.
If the winter ever ends,
How pleasant it will be."

Here is October, so far as October is windy:

"In strong blast of October
At the equinox,
Stirred up in his hollow bed
Broad ocean rocks;
Plunge the ships on his bosom,
Leaps and plunges the foam,—
It 's oh for mothers' sons at sea,
That they were safe at home!"

And last is November in its melancholy death-in-life, when its dreariness is listless:

"In slack wind of November
The fog forms and shifts;
All the world comes out again
When the fog lifts.
Loosened from their sapless twigs
Leaves drop with every gust;
Drifting, rustling, out of sight
In the damp or dust."

The poet's sensuousness, giving that word a more restricted meaning than the one which would apply to the poems already quoted, may be felt in the following sonnet, which will show, too, how far she carries force and intensity of expression and feeling:

"Three sang of love together: one with lips
Crimson, with cheeks and bosom in a glow,
Flushed to the yellow hair and finger tips;
And one there sang who, soft and smooth as snow,
Bloomed like a tinted hyacinth at a show;
And one was blue with famine after love,
Who, like a harp-string snapped, rang harsh and low
The burden of what those were singing of.

One shamed herself in love; one temperately
Grew gross in soulless love, a sluggish wife;
One famished, died for love. Thus two of three
Took death for love and won him after strife;
One droned in sweetness like a fattened bee,
All on the threshold, yet all short of life."

That aspect of love in which the passion is little more than the instinctive attraction between the sexes is the one of which Miss Rossetti preferably treats. Strong and sweet, therefore, as many of her love poems are—one especially, we remember, "The Blessed Damosel," which is left out of this volume—they will please less and not please so long as the poems which contain so many touches descriptive, interpretative sometimes, of external nature. It is true, though, that the sensuousness we speak of is often of so refined a sort that the songs containing it, like the "Maiden Song," for instance, seem so filled with the freshest melody and the purest, gayest innocence that the happy lays of Blake's singer,

"Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,"

were hardly happier or purer.

Our poet could not be a Pre-Raphaelite, we suppose, we speak under correction, if her good qualities were not sometimes pushed to a ridiculous excess. Here, for instance, is Eve weeping for her sin and loss, and all nature grieves in sympathy with our first mother's tears. The great thought so well presented by more than one great poet Miss Rossetti fritters away in this fashion, crowding details upon each other, losing the whole in the parts, giving us grotesqueness for sublimity:

"Greatest and least,
Each piteous beast
To hear her voice,
Forgot his joys
And set aside his feast.

"The mouse paused in his walk
And dropped his wheaten stalk;
Grave cattle wagged their heads
In rumination;
The eagle gave a cry
From his cloud station;
Larks on thyme beds
Forbore to mount or sing;
Bees drooped upon the wing;
The raven perched on high
Forgot his ration;
The conies in their rock,
A feeble nation,
Quaked sympathetical;
The mocking-bird left off to mock;
Huge camels knelt as if
In deprecation;
The kind hart's tears were falling;
Chattered the wistful stork;
Dove-voices with a dying fall
Cooed desolation,
Answering grief by grief.
Only the serpent in the dust,
Wriggling and crawling,
Grinned an awful grin and thrust
His tongue out with its fork."

And there is an over-intenseness and strenuousness in this way of saying that love is found better than knowledge, though it be a spirit of more might than angels and archangels which loves and knows. It is from the most impassioned piece in the book, to be sure, "The Convent Threshold," and it is written of a dream, in which a lady dreams of her lover, but the last half of the passage deserves to be called spasmodical:

"I tell you what I dreamed last night:
A spirit with transfigured face
Fire-footed clomb an infinite space.
I heard his hundred pinions clang,
Heaven-bells rejoicing rang and rang,
Heaven-air was thrilled with subtle scents,
Worlds spun upon their rushing cars:
He mounted shrieking: 'Give me light.'
Still light was poured on him, more light;
Angels, Archangels he outstripped,
Exultant in exceeding might,
And trod the skirts of Cherubim.
Still 'Give me light,' he shrieked; and dipped
His thirsty face, and drank a sea,
Athirst with thirst it could not slake.
I saw him, drunk with knowledge, take
From aching brows the aureole crown,—
His locks writhed like a cloven snake,—
He left his throne to grovel down
And lick the dust of Seraphs' feet:
For what is knowledge duly weighed?
Knowledge is strong, but love is sweet;
Yea, all the progress he had made
Was but to learn that all is small
Save love, for love is all in all."

We have left ourselves no space to speak of Miss Rossetti's devotional pieces. In them she seems to us more imitative, less to be writing from the fulness of her own mind and heart than in the other poems. Many of them would have been worthy of Herbert if Herbert had done them.

PETO'S PROSPECTS AND RESOURCES OF AMERICA.*

THE persistent attempts to depreciate the credit and resources of the United States made during the war by the financial editor of the *Times*, an authority which, worthless as it has been proved on many important occasions to be, has probably still more weight even with shrewd and well-informed Englishmen than any other, made Sir Morton Peto's visit to this country at the close of the war peculiarly fortunate. His standing in England as a business man was sure to secure for whatever he might say touching the condition and prospects of this country an amount of attention and consideration which hardly any writer, certainly no literary man or politician, could look for. Happily, too, he seems to have come in a candid frame of mind, suitable to a real business investigation, and without any preconceived theories as to the effect of democracy on morals, manners, or trade; at least if he had any he seems to have kept them in thorough subjection.

The little volume before us may be considered a report to English capitalists upon the productions, producing power, and resources of this country. The allusions in it to politics are rare; in fact, the United States are treated throughout simply as a field for investment. Manners, religion, or government are rarely touched upon, and only in so far as they affect, or may be supposed to affect, the money-making power of the people. Sir Morton's conclusions, gratifying as they must be to us, are all the more valuable and all the more likely to draw capital to our shores from the fact that they are thoroughly dispassionate in tone, and have been formed by a foreigner. Nearly everything that has been written for circulation in Europe by our own statisticians, however correct as far as the figures and the reasoning went, has been so strongly colored by patriotic feeling as to excite the distrust of those who do not share and cannot understand the hope and enthusiasm with which every American regards the future of his country.

There is not much in Sir Morton's book possessing novelty for us. Wonderful as our national growth is, most of us are too familiar with it to be astonished even by the clear, careful, and able presentation of the details made by our author. There are, however, a few statements made which will take a good many readers by surprise. One is, that immigrants from Europe have brought into this country $400,000,000 in cash, to say nothing of the enormous addition made to the national resources by their labor. But this is a still more striking fact—if fact it be—and we commend it to the attention of Dr. Palfrey, who has asserted, in the preface to his history, that one-third of the population of the United States are of New England origin:

"It has been mathematically demonstrated that if the United States, in the year 1800, had been in the same circumstances as Great Britain—that is, if there had been no immigration, and the increase of their population had arisen from natural causes only, the free white and colored people of the United States would, at the present time, have only numbered 10,463,000, or one-third of the present population. In fact, it is estimated that, of the whole population in 1863, the immigrants of the present century and their descendants number more than 21,000,000, or two-thirds of the whole."

The population of the rebellious States at the outbreak of the war would, on this calculation, have been little over 6,000,000, or about that of Ireland at the present day, and their resources, of course, proportionately small. If, however, two-thirds of the population are the descendants of foreigners, settling in the country since 1800, and one-third are of New England origin, as Dr. Palfrey asserts, what becomes of the increase of the Southern and Middle States? We do not know where "the mathematical demonstration" Sir Morton Peto speaks of is to be found, and regret that he has not thought it necessary to cite his authority. Sir Morton has throughout made the census reports the basis of his remarks, and occasionally takes strong ground against the conclusions reached by the commissioners. For instance, the preliminary report declares 1,385,000 persons to be personally engaged in manufactures; supposes each of them to support 2½ other persons, making in all 4,874,500, or nearly one-sixth of the entire population, to be supported by manufactures. Sir Morton, on the other hand, pronounces this an exaggerated view. He says, and in this he is unquestionably right, that it is grossly incorrect to set down the persons engaged in manufacturing industry as supporting 2½ other persons. This they would not do unless they were heads of families; while there can be little question that a large majority of them are single persons, supporting only themselves. Next he takes exception to the census definition of manufactures. It is made to include almost every process by which the form or use of a thing is changed, such as the trades of fishermen, blacksmiths, carpenters, tailors, varnishers, mariners, millers, and lumbermen. Sir Morton says:

"If we take the census tables, and regard the numbers stated to be engaged in what may be properly regarded as manufacturing industry, we shall find that they fall very far short of any such calculation. The following are the principal figures, as far as I can gather them:

Miners,	147,750
Factory hands,	87,289
Machinists,	43,824
Weavers,	36,178
Moulders,	17,077
Manufacturers,	11,283
Jewellers,	10,175

". . . We find that the total population engaged in manufactures (including mining), instead of being 1,385,000, as stated in the preliminary report, is in reality less than 354,000."

Sir Morton Peto displays throughout the volume, wherever he reveals his own feelings at all, the strongest admiration for our institutions and progress, and evidently looks forward to our future with hardly less hope and confidence than we cherish ourselves.

Manual of Blowpipe Analysis and Determinative Mineralogy. By William Elderhorst, M.D. Third edition. (Philadelphia: T. Ellwood Zell. 1866.)—This reprint of the second edition of Dr. Elderhorst's excellent little compilation is most welcome. The reprint is so exact that we were alarmed by the phrase on the title-page, "revised and greatly enlarged," which was true of the second edition, as compared with the first, but which we were relieved to find not true of the third compared with the second. An enlargement of the second edition would not have been desirable, for a manual on this subject must not be too large for the pocket. The first sixty pages of the book treat of the blowpipe tools and of the reaction and tests by which all the common ingredients of minerals are recognized. Dr. Elderhorst was here very successful in selecting the best tests and condensing the extraordinarily diffuse descriptions given by Plattner, from whose work this first portion of the manual and the tables at the end of the book are taken. The succeeding chapter, on the characteristics of the most important ores, is a useful one, particularly to those students who are interested in minerals mainly, because and only in so far, as they constitute the raw materials of metallurgy. The next chapter, the fifth, contains a "systematic method for the discrimination of inorganic compounds," but we have never been able to find the least use for this method, either with beginners or with advanced students. It is only a translation of a section from Laurent's "Analyze au Chalumeau," and has always seemed to us a superfluity, to say the least, in this manual; fortunately, the chapter is only eleven pages long, so that the useless weight of paper is not considerable. The sixth and last chapter consists of Von Kobell's admirable "Tables for the Determination of Minerals," which are, beyond all doubt, the best in use.

Blowpipe analysis is the only sort of chemical analysis which is available in the field, away from the appliances of a laboratory; the tools are small and light, and the methods are both quick and sure; some even of its quantitative determinations, as that of silver, for example, are rapidly made and are entirely trustworthy.

There are but two drawbacks—it requires an accurate appreciation of color and a very delicate manipulation; many persons cannot perfectly attain to the first, and the second is inconsistent with that too common American haste which is not speed. That the third edition of this excellent manual should have so soon followed the second, shows that the subject is attracting a large part, at least, of the attention it deserves.

Brave Old Salt; or, Life on the Quarter Deck. A Story of the Great Rebellion. By Oliver Optic. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)—Mr. Adams has aimed, in the series to which this story belongs, to hold up to youth the career of a true, noble, and Christian young man, and he has very courageously placed this character in straits which make it very difficult for him to preserve his identity. It was little short of temerity, indeed, to invite the generation which has been taught to believe that George Washington never told a lie, to admire a hero who both speaks and acts deceptively on the largest possible scale, and wins promotion by it. Nor will the infant understanding easily distinguish between the turpitude of taking an oath to support the Confederacy and the innocence of an agreement to serve it by violating one's oath to his country. Mr. Adams, perhaps, has not erred in this matter more than other writers for boys and girls who have drawn their material from the late war; he only still further illustrates the want of tact in all of them in selecting that material, if any regard was to be had to the moral perceptions of their readers. War, as well as peace, has its victories which belong to Christianity, and are both a sign of and a contribution to its progress. Truth and nobility have shone on many a battle-field "in the sudden making of splendid names." And while this is the case, it cannot be necessary or wholesome to dwell on those features of war which are abhorrent to conscience and humanity, and which men only endure as a choice of evils from which there is, or they think there is, no escape. It would not be difficult to quote passages in which the author betrays his sense of the incongruity between the military and the Christian codes, though the whole teaching of his book is that no such incongruity exists. A proper comprehension of his responsibility as an instructor of the young would have led him to avoid so perplexing a contradiction.

The Works of Edmund Burke. Revised edition. Vol. VII. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)—The greater part of the present volume is occupied by an essay towards an abridgment of English history, in three books, beginning with the state of Britain at the time of its invasion by Cæsar, and ending with the reign of King John. The last chapter of Book III. is apparently out of place. It is a fragmentary essay towards a history of the laws of England. An essay on the drama is another interesting feature, which makes the volume quite desirable, apart from the series to which it belongs.

* "Resources and Prospects of America, ascertained during a Visit to the States in the Autumn of 1865. By Sir Morton Peto, Bart., M.P. for Bristol." New York: Alexander Strahan & Co. 1866.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

STEERING FOR THE ROCKS.

THERE is a strong impression afloat in political circles that there is trouble of some sort ahead during the coming year—trouble more serious than any which the country has yet had to encounter, and it is but right that the public should know exactly the nature of the danger into which, in the opinion of a great many men who are neither hasty nor simple, it is rapidly drifting.

There is now very little question that the President has fully resolved to commit himself to the cause of the South, and turn the Government over, so far as it is in his power to do so. He will make a vigorous effort to do this by the forms of law, and by a liberal use of corrupting official influences; but he will not stop with these. He has entered upon a path which may and, unless there be more moderation in him than has yet been revealed, probably will lead him to an attempt to carry out his theories by force of arms, unless so thoroughly defeated in the elections this fall as to destroy all his hopes of dividing the North.

All our readers are familiar with the threats which have been made by the President's new allies, of his recognizing the Southern members, and those who might join them, as the genuine Congress. This is not likely to be done at present, simply because a quorum could not be got together in that way. When the Southern seats are filled there will be 72 senators and 242 representatives. But there are not more than 31 persons now claiming to be senators, nor more than 93 claiming to be representatives, who could possibly be induced to take part in any such disorganizing and revolutionary proceedings. The scheme, therefore, cannot at present be carried out with the slightest pretence of legality.

But the *next* Congress will present an entirely different question. There is very little doubt that the Republican party will lose one representative in Connecticut, three in New York, one in Pennsylvania, three in Ohio, three in Indiana, two in Illinois, one in Michigan, one in Wisconsin, two in Missouri, and one in Kentucky; while the four Johnson-Union members from Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri will be succeeded by other Johnson men, if not re-elected. Four of the members elect from Tennessee to the present Congress are too loyal to support Mr. Johnson. Not more than two of these will be re-elected. No members have been yet elected in Texas. Four Secessionists will appear from that reconstructed State next winter. Thus, at the opening of the Fortieth Congress, 117 persons claiming seats in the House will *certainly* be prepared to support Mr. Johnson's policy. If he can only carry five more he will have a clear majority of those whom he will consider lawfully elected to the lower branch of Congress. Now it is very probable that, in addition to those losses which we have before mentioned, the Republicans will lose one member in Connecticut (Mr. Hubbard), two in New York (Messrs. Humphrey and Ketcham), two in Pennsylvania (Messrs. Thayer and Miller), two in Ohio (Messrs. Hubbell and Ashley, or Mr. Clark), one in Indiana (Mr. Hill), one in Illinois (Mr. Harding), and one in Wisconsin (Mr. Sawyer), ten in all; while it is not certain but that five or six other seats may be lost. Taking, however, these estimates as the basis of calculation, it will be seen that the probable loss of 28 members, though it would leave a Republican majority of about 40 in the House of Representatives as at present constituted (113 Republicans to 71 Johnsonians), would yet give the Johnson party 127 members out of 242, in case the Southern delegations were admitted.

If the present programme is carried out, the Southern representatives will insist upon their right to vote for Speaker at the commencement of the next Congress. The Clerk will not call their names; and the plan meditated is for the 70 or 75 Johnson members who are clearly entitled to seats to unite with the 58 excluded Southerners, elect a temporary chairman in place of the Clerk, choose a Speaker, and apply to the President for recognition. This recognition is, of course, to be given, and the unrecognized House to be forcibly ejected.

We need not say that such conduct would lead to the instant impeachment of the officials concerned in it, if the majority of the lawful representatives were allowed to meet anywhere, and that the President would as a matter of course refuse to acknowledge the validity of the proceedings. This would equally, as a matter of course, bring about a conflict of authority, the decision of which by the Senate would be unavailing to prevent an appeal to force. If convicted by two-thirds of the court of impeachments, as now constituted, the President would still deny the validity of the sentence, the twenty-two Southern senators being excluded, and thus the issue would be left to the decision of arms.

If the new coalition carries 93 of the 184 undisputed seats in Congress, Mr. Johnson's triumph may be as peaceful as it will be complete; or if it fails to prevent the election of 122 Republicans, he may abandon the hope of success in a struggle wherein he can have no pretence of legality upon his side; but we think the former alternative highly improbable, and the latter almost impossible. The only remaining prospect, unless the courage of one party or the other fails at the last moment, is *civil war*.

The disadvantages of the loyal North in such an event must not be denied or underrated. The South would have, in such a struggle, exactly the position which, if it had taken it in 1860, would have insured its triumph. It would undertake to crush a divided North in the name of the Federal Government. It would fight its battles in the name of the United States, under the command of a nominal President of the United States, and with the sanction of a self-styled Federal Congress. It would have an equal chance for recognition by all foreign powers. It would have powerful aid at the North, especially in the States where the local administration might be in the hands of Johnson men.

On the other hand, it is a favorable circumstance that the governor of every Northern State is now a Republican, and that the only governors who can possibly be displaced by Democrats within the next year (except in case of death) are those of Connecticut, New York, and Pennsylvania. The bulk of the Northern States, therefore, as far as their executive authorities are concerned, will certainly co-operate with Congress. The militia would be placed under its control, and, in the absence of a large standing army, this would be an immense advantage.

What has brought this Government into such a critical position? Why is it that, after such a terrible experience as we have just passed through, we are again driving straight upon the same rocks? For two reasons: the perverseness of the President, and the lack of true statesmanship in Congress. On these points we shall make some brief remarks.

It is now undeniable, as it has long been evident to all sensible politicians, that Mr. Johnson, months ago, resolved upon breaking up the party to which he owed his election. His officious declarations of neutrality in the fall of 1865; his hasty recognition of the Southern States before they had really complied with his own terms; the offensive language of his vetoes, and the bitterness of his speeches, all indicated the desire of his heart to carry out the scheme to which he is now openly committed, of organizing a party on the basis of personal devotion to himself. As soon as he had secured the success of this darling idea of his brain, he did not hesitate to stultify himself by opposing the new constitutional amendment, although it is, in substance, exactly what he had himself recommended a few months previously. All his pretended moderation is simply indispensable prudence in a bad cause. His power of appointment to office is restricted by an adverse Senate; his power over the army by a patriotic Lieutenant-General. The moment he is unfettered he will show his real nature, to the dismay of those simple people who mistake the shrewdness of a politician for the dignity of a statesman.

Mr. Johnson has determined that his will shall be law. He, no doubt, fancies that he is actuated by a regard for State rights and constitutional guarantees; but he has no hesitation in overriding these whenever it better suits his purposes. His regard for the rights of the States is so profound that he cannot tolerate the interference of Congress to save the negro race from extermination; yet it is so shallow that he does not hesitate to promise military intervention on behalf of

rebels at the coming Missouri election. His real object is to force a reconstruction of the Union without any diminution of Southern power; nay, even with an increase of it.

We cannot let Congress pass entirely without censure, although we are aware that its duties have been exceedingly difficult, and its path blocked up with embarrassments. Its main defect has been that those of its members who have any wisdom have lacked courage, and that those members who had courage lacked wisdom, while the majority had neither, but simply good intentions. Mr. Stevens has a boldness and pluck that are invaluable; but, unfortunately, he is full of the most absurd mediæval ideas. Mr. Fessenden has an excellent judgment on most questions, but is over cautious, and allows time to slip by while feeling his ground. We cannot imagine how any one holding the views expressed in the report of the Committee on Reconstruction could doubt the power of Congress to re-organize the Southern States upon any basis which it might deem fit. Had Congress done this, and completed the work of restoration upon its own terms, the power of Mr. Johnson for mischief would have been destroyed, and the defeat of the Union party been made impossible.

It is, however, more important to look to the future than to the past. Imminent as are the dangers before us, we do not think it impossible to avert them; but the effort will require the utmost wisdom and firmness on the part of the Northern people. A timely preparation for the conflict of 1861 might have prevented it altogether, in which case those who foresaw its approach might have been ridiculed as false prophets. So at this crisis, if the President sees that the North is fully prepared to meet him, he will be forced to abandon his schemes, and those who now sound the alarm may then be laughed at; but this is a small risk for us to bear compared with the dangers which might befall the country through the unwise silence of the press. The proceedings of the Union caucus at Washington show that our apprehensions are shared by many of the oldest and coolest politicians there; the language of our leading generals shows that they foresee the same contingencies; and if we are mistaken in our fears we err at least in good company and on the safer side.

THE SITUATION IN BOHEMIA.

Those who were inclined to give Marshal Benedek credit for being a great "genius," and to believe that he "had the Prussians just where he wanted them," and that his inactivity while they were carrying everything before them in Germany was caused by profound strategical combinations, were probably a good deal astonished to find that he allowed, during the last fortnight of June, two Prussian armies to converge on him from points a hundred miles apart, drive in his outlying posts in a series of bloody combats, finally defeat him in a general engagement, on ground of his own choosing, so signally that nothing lies between the victors and Vienna except the remnant of a demoralized and half-disorganized army. In other words, his "strategy" and his "secrecy" and his "genius" have had a good deal to do with bringing the Austrian monarchy in one short month to the verge of ruin.

It would be unfair, however, to impute the whole of the Austrian misfortune to Benedek's incapacity, although he is the first Austrian general for many a day who could boast entire freedom from interference on the part of the court. He has had everything his own way, and has made a sad failure; but he is far from being wholly responsible for the collapse which has just taken place in Bohemia. The Prussian success has been mainly due to the vigor and decision which have characterized Prussian operations from the very outset. Bismark, there can be hardly a question, had his whole programme prepared before he broke with Austria at all. His demands were, from a diplomatic point of view, so outrageously unreasonable, and were made with such insolence, that their rejection was certain, so that he was able certainly two, probably three, months before the outbreak of hostilities to put the whole matter into the hands of the military men. It is safe to say that the great lines of the campaign were traced early in May, and there was the less difficulty in tracing them, as the only uncertain element in the problem was the attitude which the small states would be likely to assume. It was, therefore, determined to overrun them at once, and the orders for the movement of the troops which were to occupy Saxony were probably issued before Austria had refused the conference. From the first day everything in the Prussian army has gone with the precision of clock-work. Corps after corps has gone straight to its mark without one hour of wavering or hesitation. Dresden was seized before Benedek had got well settled in his seat, and while he was supposed to be preparing terrible blows behind his "mountain screen" the first and second Prussian armies were going straight at him through the screen—the one under Prince Charles entering Bohemia from Görlitz, and the second under the Crown Prince by the Glatz district, eighty miles away. Had Benedek flung his whole force on either of them it was reasonable to expect that he would have crushed it, but he sat and waited. He was driven by Prince Charles in succession from Reichenberg, from Turnau, and from Münchengrätz—all this on the 24th, 25th, and 26th of June. On the 27th he was attacked on the other side by the Crown Prince, at Nachod, with a similar result. On the 29th Gitschin was stormed, and a junction effected between the two armies. On the 3d they attacked Benedek in concert at or near Sadowa, and inflicted on him a bloody defeat, which may be said practically to terminate the war. The only question still undecided is the extent of Prussian forbearance. There are but one hundred and fifty miles of open country between them and Vienna.

It is difficult to over-estimate the importance of all this to Europe and to the world. Technically, nothing can be more illegal than the course pursued toward Austria by both Prussia and Italy. In the forum of international law there is not a word to be said for them. Bismark, too, is a man with whom no lover of liberal principles can have much sympathy. He has done his best to turn parliamentary government in Prussia into a mockery and a snare, and has lent whatever influence he possesses abroad to the support of genuine absolutism. He has never made any secret of his contempt for all those principles which the friends of progress hold most sacred. But then Bismark is but a man, and a man whose range of vision is too narrow and who is too much out of harmony either with the age he lives in or with his own countrymen, to make him, in so far as he is an evil, anything but a temporary evil.

The same thing may be said of the King. Behind them both there lies a nation which has got fast hold of all the essential ideas of modern progress, in which education, comfort, self-respect, and respect for law are perhaps more widely diffused than in any other in the world except our own, and which may be fairly said to contain all that is best in German character and thought. Anybody who extends the sphere of Prussian influence, of Prussian law, and Prussian rule, who brings more of Germany into the stream of Prussian progress, no matter who he may be or what his aims are, renders, we believe, a great service to freedom and civilization. Prussia is essentially a modern state, and its triumphs, no matter under whose auspices they may be won, are, in our eyes, genuine gains for the whole human race.

Behind Benedek there is, on the other hand, nothing but an army and a court. Austria is a conventional not a real state. There is no Austrian people. What is called Austria is a certain extent of recruiting ground on which armies are raised. She represents a totally different order of ideas from Prussia, and notably the feudal idea of territorial sovereignty, of which she may be said to be now the last embodiment. She is the result of the doctrine on which all political arrangements have been based in Europe for a thousand years—that the land belongs to the princes and not the people, and that any divisions of it, however arbitrary, on which sovereigns may decide, may be made for the benefit of particular families. With the disappearance of the Austrian empire the last trace of this doctrine would have disappeared, and we should have entered on a new era, in which governments would rest on nations, and in which the monstrosity of armies like Benedek's, without a country, and compelled to fight for the mere purpose of keeping one man and his near kindred in the enjoyment of a certain amount of luxury and power, would no more be seen.

We, therefore, honestly confess that we hope that the Prussians will make a clean sweep now that they are about it, and we think it very unlikely that Bismark, after ten days of victory, will quietly accept, through French mediation, what he might have had a month ago

without fighting at all. Austria has not a single claim on the sympathy of any human being. The house of Hapsburg has done nothing for literature, nothing for science, little for art, and has probably inflicted more misery on the world than any race with which it has pleased God to curse it. For six hundred years its sword has been a very present help to all forms of bigotry and tyranny, and the tenacity with which it clings to Venice is, perhaps, the strongest evidence we could have of how unnatural to it is the part of the reformer which it has of late been playing in Austria and Hungary.

Since writing the above, Prussia and Italy have, as we expected, refused the armistice; and it may, therefore, be safely said that Austria is in worse straits than she has ever yet found herself, extraordinary as some of her escapes have been.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

THE decision to which Congress has at last come to provide for the erection of a new "executive mansion" affords an opportunity for taking another step hardly less needed, and making a general revision of the whole of Washington, doing something to remove the reproach which its present condition and appearance bring upon the nation. The spectacle of great promise and lame performance is always a painful one, and Washington has now for half a century furnished one of the finest specimens of it on the globe. The laying out of the city displayed great breadth of conception and very lofty hopes, but the manner in which the plan has been carried out has furnished three generations with abundant cause of mortification. It was fair enough, no doubt, to suppose that the capital of the United States would very rapidly grow into a wealthy, populous, and important city, and it was, therefore, probably proper to make preparations on a great scale. That it has remained—or, rather, become—what it is, a straggling, dusty village, with large and pretentious buildings scattered few and far between over an immense area, and strung together by unpaved roads, bordered here and there by shabby houses, the most of them little above the shanty either in appearance or accommodation, is not the fault of the founders. They did their duty. If something had not gone wrong, Washington would be now what people fifty years ago supposed it was going to be—a real city, with "magnificent distances," with long, wide avenues running between rows of mansions of various degrees of splendor, with vistas of imperial grandeur, and with a large, wealthy, and refined population of the *élite* of the nation. It would be the resort at all seasons of the celebrated, the rich, the idle, the learned, the fashionable, and the gay—in other words, the real metropolis of the Union, growing as it grew, being beautified as the national resources increased, and forming the pride and joy of the people.

That it is what it is, while cities have in other parts of the country risen from nothing into magnificence within half the period during which Washington has been in existence, and that, while there has been in nearly every part of the Union prodigious material progress, the capital of the nation shows hardly a trace of it, and looks rather like the seat of government of a small, semi-barbarous, and declining power than that of one of the greatest, strongest, and most thriving in the world, must doubtless be ascribed in great part to the unfortunate fact that it was founded on slave soil, and that it remained until the outbreak of the present war under the influences of slave society. There has been no part of the Union in which so little capital has been sunk in permanent improvements as in the slave States. Enormous masses of it found their way South, no doubt, but it was nearly all invested in slaves and plantations. There was probably no people in the world, who could boast so much wealth, who were able to make so little display of works either of domestic or public architecture as the Southerners. The unnatural structure of society seemed to cause a general shrinking from anything that was to last beyond the owner's lifetime. There were a few good old dwelling-houses in the older States, and a few tolerable State-houses, but the general aspect of Southern towns and Southern plantations was, architecturally considered, dismal and decayed.

At Washington the depressing influence of slavery on the work of permanent improvement was aggravated by the unsettled state of the relations between North and South. There has been for years a secret feeling that the slavery controversy would end as it did end, and whenever it came Washington was, of course, sure to be one of the principal bones of contention. The city stood on the border, and nobody knew who would have it, supposing there was a split or convulsion. Then the state of feeling in the political world for many years before the war gave life in it a troubled and insecure air, and converted the members of Congress into two bands whom a word or look might at any moment bring into armed collision. Society, such as it was, was so completely under Southern control as to be intolerable for anybody who was not afflicted with Southern ideas, and plantation beaux and belles gave it a wild and somewhat barbarous freedom. Nobody wanted to live in Washington; few could live there. The foreign ministers hated it and hate it still. Its population during the sessions of Congress, besides persons brought there by their official duties, consisted mainly of office-seekers, lobby agents, persons burdened with theories of legislation or "views" on finance, and young women and their mammas anxious to dance with "Southern gentlemen."

The war has changed all that. The abolition of slavery has opened Washington to Northern capital by introducing free labor, and has placed the city under the control of Northern ideas. There is, therefore, an opportunity now of making it really worthy of its position. But the very first step in its improvement must consist in making it "fit to be seen." This it now literally is not. The general plan might, perhaps, be improved; but it is too late to make any change in that. The first thing to be done is to make the streets look decent. A commencement ought to be made by paving them. Their present condition is a disgrace to our civilization, and the alternations of mud and dust which they supply are one of the strongest objections to Washington as a place of residence. It then remains to exercise some sort of control over the class of buildings to be erected in particular streets. We hold it to have been a fatal error at the outset, when it was determined to found a city for a special object, for the Government to have relinquished all control over it, or never to have acquired any. It ought to have been sold or leased, as the lands of Columbia College are in this city, under certain stipulations as to the class of buildings to be erected in certain streets. Two-thirds of the houses on Pennsylvania Avenue are a disgrace to the country, and their erection ought never to have been permitted. That avenue, at least, ought to have been preserved and made a dignified and proper line of communication between the Capitol and the President's house. If people could not have been found at once to erect the required style of buildings along it, it ought to have been kept in gardens, and well planted, until they were found. Many of those who saw the army defile along it in the summer of 1865—perhaps, all things considered, one of the most magnificent processions ever witnessed—felt mortified enough to think that, for such an occasion, we had nothing better than that dirty track, with its shabby hotels, its lager bier saloons, its tumble-down wooden houses, and second-rate country stores, for our *Via Sacra*.

It will, of course, be much more difficult to make any change now than it would have been forty years ago, but it is not nearly so difficult now as it will be twenty years hence, and change of some kind becomes every day more and more necessary. Land, houses, and all are probably cheaper now than they will ever be again. There is, perhaps, nothing which defaces the city more than the vast number of unoccupied spaces on the various streets which are now used as dumping grounds, or receptacles for rubbish, and are strewed with bones, old shoes, old hats, old pantaloons, and an occasional dead cat, forming dreary wastes, dotted with shabby-genteel brick houses. These ought to be disposed of in some way. If they cannot be decently built upon, or until they are decently built upon, they ought to be either put in order or screened by plantations. Within certain districts no houses below a certain height ought hereafter to be permitted. This may seem a great departure from the ordinary practice of our government; but it must be remembered that Washington is an exceptional city. It has not grown as other American cities grow. The Government undertook to create it, and has only quarter done the work. A committee of Congress is not, however, the proper body to take charge of any such work. It ought to be put into the hands of a commission with instructions to prepare a thorough and well digested plan of improvement, and then

the necessary funds ought to be voted—of course, after listening to the requisite amount of platitudes from Western members on the evils of luxury.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, June 29, 1866.

THE heat of summer, as summer comports itself in these latitudes, is upon us at last. All who can stay indoors do so during the day, leaving the scorching outdoor air to the occupation of the sparrows, more familiar, impudent, and noisy than anywhere else, and of the swallows circling incessantly above the tops of the houses, and filling the sunny blue above us with their peculiar cry. The Boulevards are half deserted, and the danger of being crushed in crossing them has sensibly diminished. At night the scene changes. The Boulevards, crowded with promenaders, are lined with hatless men, and women with bonnets too small to be felt as incumbrances, enjoying ices or iced lemonade at the doors of the *cafés*, and watching the motley crowds of promenaders and the incessant stream of gay equipages going to the Bois. The fair occupants of these carriages are usually attired in the very lightest of summer silks, in barèges, gauzes, or other transparent material, white book-muslin being among those most in vogue, and forming, with the addition of trimmings of colored ribbons and guipure, the most elegant of summer evening toilettes. As for the bonnets, they are now so microscopic as to be almost invisible, the mass of hair, real and artificial, artistically arranged over the back of the head, constituting the real head-dress, and the minute cheese-plate of tulle or straw, just big enough to serve as the *point d'appui* of flowers, *grelots*, and strings, only covering the centre of the top of the head. Shawls and mantles of black or white lace complete these toilettes, with the frequent addition of a very long sash of very wide ribbon tied behind. Paletots and mantles of silk are reserved for walking-dress, and are made rather fantastically, opening behind or on the side, and are generally of the same material as the dress, sometimes with very long points behind and in front, and with long, straight, open sleeves, copied from old Italian pictures, hanging nearly to the ground. Such a toilette, say of bright sky-blue silk, gown and paletot, with the pendant sleeves lavishly trimmed with a rich white guipure, the head of the wearer surmounted by a few leaves or flowers, and shaded by a parasol of the same silk as the dress, and trimmed with the same guipure, looks very gay and pretty, and is in vogue with ladies who have no objection to be a little conspicuous.

But to return from this digression. Dense as is the stream of carriages every evening along the Champs Elysées and the Avenue de l'Impératrice, to the lakes of the Bois, a good many of the lights of the fashionable world have already taken their departure, and the court will leave, it is now thought, for Fontainebleau in another fortnight. *Savans* are journeying in various directions, attending various kinds of learned gatherings, with pleasant interludes of dinners and *soirées*. M. Leverrier, who adds the dignity and emoluments of a senator to the directorship of the Observatory of Paris, and who has just returned from a learned "pow-wow" in Marseilles, has gone off to Bordeaux to attend another scientific gathering, on which occasion there is to be a grand distribution of the prizes founded by the Empress, the Prince Imperial, and many rich and public-spirited individuals, for services rendered in the teaching of evening classes for adults through the departments of the south-west. Mr. Coste, the zealous apostle of pisciculture, goes with the learned astronomer to the gathering at Bordeaux, after which the latter is to accompany the former to Arcachon (the beautiful pine-fringed bay which the brothers Pereire are transforming into a winter bathing-place), where all the learning and practicality of the country is convened to assist at an exposition of what it is now becoming the fashion to style "aquiculture."

Enormous as are now the rates of house-rent in this delectable city, a piece of favoritism just bestowed on M. Leverrier is exciting no little jealous dissatisfaction among his brethren and the public generally. There is, close under the walls of the Observatory, a pretty old-fashioned house, built of the white freestone so common here, surmounted by the usual low attic story, faced with slate, which brilliant invention has rendered the name of the architect Mansard immortal in this country, with large windows, a winding stone staircase up to the door, standing in a very large garden, and boasting half-a-dozen outhouses, more or less convenient. The garden has gone very much to seed; the house, also, is somewhat dilapidated; but a comparatively small outlay would put the place to rights, and make a very desirable residence. The ground alone, as it stands, would sell for 200,000 francs. M. Leverrier being a friend of our clever Prefect of the Seine, who is lord paramount of the world of building and re-building in which we are living, that functionary took an opportunity of representing to the Emperor that the house and garden in question, which are the property of the city, would be just the thing for M. Leverrier's private residence; and his Majesty having assented, with his usual easiness, to this suggestion, Baron Hausmann immediately put the astronomer in possession of the place, at the nominal rental of 1,200 francs per annum.

The cost of living in this city has become so heavy already that people are looking forward with no little apprehension to the probable scale of prices for next year. Street after street, called into being by the enchanters who work in stone and mortar, are springing up in the neighborhood of the new Industrial Palace, and are being let, as soon as finished, to speculators, who will furnish them with a view to letting them to the visitors who are expected to "flock in shoals" to the wonderful show of 1867, in view of which rents are rising not only in the neighborhood of the Champ de Mars, but generally through all the western and southern portions of the town. Although no one can be in Paris without a full consciousness of the exorbitant prices to which all the elements of material existence have risen, one comes, from time to time, across facts of extortion so amazing as to produce almost the effect of a new revelation. What do your readers think, for instance, of a "flat" in the avenue of the Champs Elysées, pretty and prettily furnished, but very small, and tenanted by a small family, who pay for their narrow quarters the sum of $835 per month? or of another apartment in the Rue St. Honoré, certainly very large and splendid, but still only a flat, unfurnished, which is now rented by an American family at $8,600 a year?

The Turkish ambassador has just given a grand dinner, on which occasion nearly the whole of the embassy garden was converted into an elegant ball-room, where the guests, of both sexes, invited to the ball which followed the dinner, danced a little, and did a good deal of promenading, admiring the beautiful *coup d'œils* presented by the saloons, and the charming view of the Arch of Triumph as seen by moonlight, and of the Place, with its radiating avenues, bordered with double lines of lamps, and the stream of carriages, with their lamps looking like fireflies, coming back from their nocturnal airing in the Bois. It is reported that during the dessert a leading diplomatist declared his belief that Italy would be beaten in the fearful struggle that is but too probably, while I write, deluging the soil of Venetia with blood, and added, "When Austria, victorious, has shown that Italy cannot force her to give up Venetia, she will voluntarily give that province up to Europe, calling a congress to decide on its future. The congress will erect Venetia into a free territory, on condition of its remaining separate from the Italian kingdom. Thus Italy will find that her impatience has caused her to lose the possibility of acquiring that coveted province, of which she will henceforth remain deprived." If such a programme were really sketched out by the eminent statesman to whom it is attributed, it would be difficult to refuse to believe that some such clever project may have been struck out by Austrian brains. But, in the first place, the check received by the Italians in the Quadrilateral, though serious, by no means settles the question of superiority in Austria's favor; and, in the next place, it is by no means certain that Europe, finding itself called upon to settle the future of Venetia, would elect to defeat at once the wishes of that province and of Italy, or that, should the united wisdom of this hemisphere continue to commit so unjustifiable a piece of absurdity, either Venetia or Italy would long abide by such a decision.

The annual Exhibition of Fine Arts is drawing to its close, as is also the far more interesting exhibition of the works of the old masters got up in another part of the same building by some public-spirited individuals, with the aid of pictures lent for the occasion from their galleries by the wealthy amateurs of the capital. Among many ma g

nificent and most beautiful paintings are others which only connoisseurs would regard with pleasure. The other day, when the Emperor visited this exhibition, escorted through the rooms by M. Haro, his Majesty, who makes no pretensions to art knowledge, but likes highly-finished, elaborate paintings, remained for some time before a delicious Wouvermanns, "The Spy," belonging to Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild, and the "Starting for the Hunt," by Carle Vernet, a very clever and charming scene, full of life and gaiety. "Capitally rendered," remarked the Emperor, who is a thorough sportsman and fully appreciated the details of the picture, adding, as he observed the air of enjoyment the painter has thrown into the faces and attitudes of his groups, "The men of those days understood the art of amusing themselves better than we do." Having reached the show of the earlier artists, M. Haro pointed out one of the masterpieces of Hans Memling, "La Vierge et les Donataires," from Count Duchâtel's gallery, expatiating enthusiastically on its beauties. The Emperor listened and looked as he was bidden, and presently turning to the learned cicerone and pointing to a frightful portrait, by some ancient Flemish painter, of a coarse, red face, half buried in dirt and beard, that hangs next to the fine Memling, asked, with the curious smile of quiet humor that sometimes lights up his usually impassive face, "Must I admire this gentleman also?"

MEDICAL ETIQUETTE.

AMERICANS are accustomed to think of the *guilds*, which played such a part in European civilization during several centuries, and still exist in some parts of the continent of Europe, as instruments of oppression, expressly contrived to abridge the liberty of the individual and the freedom of trade for the benefit of the privileged few. A guild was an odious monopoly, which perpetuated itself by establishing heavy conditions of admission into the trade which it controlled, such as assessments of money, technical tests of skill, and a long period of apprenticeship. Its object was ostensibly to secure good work, but really to prevent competition.

Modern society has in the main outlived the need of guilds; open competition has proved to be the most effective promoter of the useful arts. Nevertheless, there may be detected in one of the liberal professions to-day, at our very doors, a narrow spirit of exclusiveness and of interference with individual rights which bears far too near relationship to that of the mediæval guilds. That the medical profession is one of the most useful and most honored of all professions, renders it only the more needful to hold up to plain view the matters in which its creed or its practice is illiberal or viciously conservative.

The attitude which the medical profession has assumed towards "irregular practitioners" of every description is in certain respects illogical and unjust. In so far as this attitude may be a protest against ignorance and knavery it is worthy of respect. There can, indeed, be no question as to the prevalence among educated physicians of a sincere desire to sustain and elevate the character of their profession; or as to the great influence which this laudable sentiment has exerted in shaping those tenets of medical etiquette which look to the putting down of pretentious incompetency and the exposure of fraud.

There is certainly something of wisdom in the published assertion of the faculty that a regular medical education furnishes the only presumptive evidence of professional abilities and acquirements, and ought to be the only acknowledged right of an individual to the exercise and honors of his profession. But, after all, it may be questioned whether a technical opinion of this kind were not better left unexpressed. It is, no doubt, an opinion with the spirit of which most intelligent persons will agree; but the great general truth remains, and it is a verity which has always been held in respect by the masses of mankind, that, in every profession, patience and perseverance, when combined with strength of will and a sound judgment, not infrequently lead to professional attainments of a high order, in spite of irregular and defective education. It is notorious that native ability and special aptitude will assert their just supremacy in spite of any lack of "presumptive evidence" in their favor. Genius, no matter of what grade or order, so only it be genuine, is, in the art of healing as surely as in every other sphere, a power far superior in kind to anything which mere education can furnish. Knowing well that talent is a gift which can never be manufactured to order, the general public has no sympathy with any creed which even so much as hints at the ignoring or undervaluing real, though untrained, natural capacity, in case it really arise. The public is firmly convinced, moreover, that in the art of medicine, as in every other art, empiricism has always played a very important rôle, and the conviction is just. Iodine is to-day highly valued by the medical profession, but has it been already forgotten that before the discovery of this drug a number of empirics "pretended" to cure certain scrofulous diseases by the use of mineral waters, in which, as is now known, this very iodine exists as a really efficient medicament? How many years is it since the use of quinine was confined to the practice of illiterate Indian doctors in the forests of Peru?

The advantages of a regular medical education are, however, so many and weighty that, barring the lack of liberality and breadth of view which their system of exclusion implies, the doctors are not to be blamed if they insist upon the point strenuously. The inherent unreasonableness of their position, as regards consulting with empirics, may be, perhaps, best seen by reference to one of the canonical tests which has been adopted by the united wisdom of the faculty. The very first requisite happens to be the possession of a formal degree from some medical college of acknowledged respectability. There are no doubt some colleges which confer degrees only as the reward of long continued, diligent study, and upon directpro of that the applicant possesses adequate knowledge and ability. But, upon the other hand, just as we see in the daily intercourse between man and man, these honorable and respectable institutions, which would scorn to confer a degree upon an incompetent applicant, do, nevertheless, continue to associate with and acknowledge the respectability of far less scrupulous colleges. It is now notorious that a degree, sufficient to meet every requirement of the case, can readily be bought outright for gold. In some cases, even, there is absolutely no need of either coaching or ponies in order to make the stage; and this is particularly true when the applicant is a stranger, having no intention of settling in the neighborhood of the college selling the degree.

It follows, therefore, that, precisely as in all police experience, the rogue's passport will always be found strictly correct, the cunning quack will not fail to provide himself with a degree or to study the "code of ethics," whenever he may find his advantage in so doing.

Regarded as a means of preventing quackery, the code in question is merely amusing; but beneath its surface lurks a latent injustice, against which we protest. It is the true empiric—using the word in its best sense, the artsman proper—who is unjustly affected by the corporate action of the regular physicians. That there are many persons uneducated in the ordinary sense, but possessing a natural turn or talent for some one particular branch of the healing art, or having acquired by inheritance a stock of traditional knowledge applicable to some special branch, there can be no question; nor can there be any reasonable doubt as to the fact that these persons must be often soured, depressed, and hindered from improving by the high-handed system of exclusion which has been adopted by the "regulars" as regards them. To the discredit of the medical profession be it written, these men are by its action debarred in many ways, both directly and indirectly, from doing their best for humanity.

One need not have travelled widely in order to know the great value, in many cases, of a host of empirical systems—of baths and steamings, of rubbing and shampooing, of water, whey, grape, and movement cures—which are in vogue among both civilized and barbarous nations. Of the use and importance of several of these systems as methods of curing certain forms of diseases, no rational observer, even if he be a physician, can for a moment entertain a doubt. In their proper places, and applied in the light of reason and knowledge, they could manifestly be made safe as well as efficient agencies for bringing about those "changes in mode of life" and "modifications of previous habits," whether of mind or body, which are nowadays so frequently recommended by physicians, and so rarely accomplished, except by quacks.

No man in his senses would deny the real value of several of these systems, or the fact that cures are frequently effected by means of them, yet we may look in vain for any widely extended use of these means by educated physicians, or for any earnest effort to fathom their true scope and the extent of their applicability. Once in a while, an isolated physician may privately recommend a patient to try the water cure; or another may admit that he has seen good effects result from the use of the Turkish bath, or from the persistent rubbing of a sprained limb. Sometimes he may turn over a despondent subject into the hands of a professional trainer of athletes; but the medical profession, as a profession, turn away from these things with holy horror as from devices of the evil one. "No one," says the code of ethics of the American Medical Association, "can be considered as a fit associate in consultation whose practice is based on an exclusive dogma, to the rejection of the accumulated experience of the profession, and of the aids actually furnished by anatomy, physiology, pathology, and organic chemistry." Or, in other words, the skilled maker of pin-heads shall not be em-

ployed to make pin-heads because, forsooth, like most other artificers, he happens to entertain a contempt for all wide scientific knowledge. Surely there is rank injustice done to the community at large when a profession laying claim to the public confidence openly asserts that certain valuable remedies should be discountenanced because, perchance, the application or administration of them has fallen into technically disreputable hands.

It would seem to be an easy matter, if they have really the best interests of the public at heart, for the doctors themselves to provide reputable or "licensed" establishments in which the now obnoxious rites might be performed with due care and proper ceremony. There are, perhaps, few things which have done more to cast discredit upon the medical profession than the unwillingness or inability of its members to give trustworthy answers when their opinion is asked concerning the applicability of an empirical method in a special case. The profession would do well to accept the fact that an irregular practitioner is not necessarily and *ex-officio* a knave; and, further, that, if a knave, he is not thereby and consequently a fool. With the choice of all the remedies in the materia medica, and many more beside at his hand, and subject to no restraint from the trammels of custom or established authority, it would be indeed most strange and most discreditable to the intelligence of humanity, if only worthless and hurtful means and methods should be selected and put in practice by the empiric. The conviction is forced upon us that a wrong is committed wherever and whenever an individual physician allows himself to be influenced or intimidated to such an extent by the spirit or creed of his fellows that he fails to seek out, or is unwilling to recommend and apply, whatever of good there may be in the empirical methods which are in use about him.

THE LIMITS OF CARICATURE.

We are informed by the newspapers that at a "Ladies' Fair" recently held in Honesdale, Pa., for a laudable charitable purpose, caricatures of the principal citizens, exhibited through the medium of a magic lantern, were among the attractions, and created, as a matter of course, a great deal of boisterous merriment. It is not stated that the victims of these pictorial pasquinades relished the jest, the point of which must have been in a coarse exaggeration of personal peculiarities; however, for the sake of appearances, they may have joined in the laughter, as Charles Lamb helped to hiss his own ill-fated farce. It would only have been according to nature if the caricatured were secretly mortified and hurt by the exhibition. We take it for granted that no sensible man is desirous of a ridiculous presentment, although he may have sufficient self-command to conceal his vexation. It is a curious fact that the physically ugly are rarely aware of their homeliness until they are driven almost to conviction of it by persistent ridicule and, even then, they are more likely to attribute malice than truth to the critics of their proportions. In either case, the mortification is much the same, for to be considered ugly is quite as irritating as to be really so. Poor Goldsmith, in his peach-bloom coat, probably believed to the last that his person was a fine one, although his good opinion of his own figure was not seldom rudely disturbed; and we once knew a man who was little better than dog-faced who spent many happy moments before his looking-glass. Such a harmless complacency it is ill-bred and even malicious to disturb. A nose of the big and bottle variety may serve its possessor quite as well as if it were of the finest Roman curve or the daintiest Grecian slope; but the laws of beauty have fixed a standard of taste, and any violent aberration from this is a real misfortune, so far as it tends to notoriety and attracts observation. Moreover, it is the motive of this exposure which opens the eyes and wounds the sensibilities of the caricatured. They no more discover their irregularities in a photograph taken by their own desire than they find them in the mirror in which they voluntarily look; but when their neighbors officiously draw them and put palpable ridicule into every stroke, conceit itself is undeceived, or, if it remain indomitable, it cannot prevent the wounds of pride nor altogether allay a feeling of injury.

The essence of caricature is exaggeration to deformity, and, however it may entertain us, there is always the drawback of its untruthfulness; nor is it paradoxical to say that the closer the likeness, the more cruel is the lie. There is a substantial immorality in commenting, however veraciously, upon the defects and deformities of our fellow-creatures; but to represent them as more hideous than they really are, while affecting to preserve simple resemblance, is an offence akin to slander made portable and piquant by a few grains of undeniable truth. This is specially to call the attention of the world to peculiarities which might otherwise have escaped comment; to limit the efforts of the well-meaning by attaching ludicrous associations to their presence; and, perhaps, to obscure modest merit by depreciating the outward form of its possessor. And it may be noticed that while caricature fastens upon foibles and perpetuates the eccentricities of honest men, it is incapable of rising to the sober earnestness of rebuking positive and acknowledged wickedness. Humor is not usually a quality of virtuous indignation; and great immoralities, public or private, are not to be dealt with in a spirit of levity, because, to subject them to the ordeal of ridicule, would be really to diminish the abhorrence with which they should be regarded.

It is the malicious element in caricature which so often betrays it into mere *caricature*, just as many a newspaper writer cannot vent his spleen without abuse, and fancies that abuse is severity. In both instances recourse is had to distortion, and distortion, unless under the guidance of an uncommonly powerful hand, is sure to result in feebleness. We may put big heads upon little bodies; we may crook the limbs or arch the shoulders; we may draw a forest of beard or a yard of moustache; we may double a squint or magnify splay-feet, but every observer knows at once that this is not the man whose name is underwritten, and the chances are that he gets our sympathy rather than our dislike or contempt. We have seen a portrait of Pope which was hawked about by his enemies, and which made us think the "Dunciad" a mild and well-deserved rebuke; for the etching showed us what beasts the little crooked man had to deal with. The tendency of caricature is to license, and this in turn to vulgarity. This is easily to be observed in literature—the satirist who determines to be cruel usually succeeds so far as to be coarse. It is true that there is a malign power in coarseness which makes it a weapon tempting to the writer who is or who supposes that he is mounted upon his injuries, or who pleases to run a wanton muck against his contemporaries; but he must take heed lest he win admiration for his bad ability at the cost of our contempt for his heart. In literature as in life, a man may do mischief very brilliantly, and win only notoriety instead of fame. Archilochus wrote a lampoon upon the three daughters of Lycambes which drove them all to suicide; and Hipponax, we are told, could boast of similar sorry triumphs. There may be power in the talent so exercised, but it is the same power which resides in the pistol of the house-breaker or the bludgeon of the highwayman. A good man is not likely to possess it, and will certainly be incapable of using it. When it vents itself in pseudo-criticism, it is the bane of letters, and many a man of generous parts and of real promise has been cut off early in a career which might have been honorable to himself and useful to the world by the flippant fault-finding and poisonous personalities of the monthly and quarterly censors.

The point in which caricature, and especially American caricature, almost universally fails, is that of composition. The forlornly absurd pictures in our newspapers misnomered comic, in which public men are represented in impossible situations and doing impossible things, are like the vagaries and antics of postprandial dreams. The situations would be childish enough if they were correctly drawn; but to every impossibility of attitude is added the aggravation of linear distortion. The season of the war produced a plentiful crop of these nondescript abominations, which lined the windows of the print-shops, and, as we are sorry to say, seemed to gratify the crowd. If there was fun in them, it was of so recondite a character that a plain man might be excused for failing to observe it. Nor were they particularly gratifying to our patriotism. The Federal generals and statesmen were, as a rule, rendered quite as ridiculous as the Confederate magnates, and, to crown all, the nonsense which issued from loyal mouths rivalled, in pointless folly, the imputed stupidities of the rebels. Though the artist had matters all his own way, he made but a sorry job of his satire.

Upon the whole, we can hardly esteem caricature as an agreeable or particularly useful art; for fairness and good nature are almost impossible in its practice. Since human infirmities are shared by us with a sad equality; since most of us have a common birthright of error and of failure; since he must be an exception to the rule who has no follies to be ridiculed and no eccentricities to be blazoned, the equity of selecting a few as objects of laughter may well be questioned. The decline of caricature as a means of personal attack, which was so unscrupulously resorted to in the days of Gilray, may be considered as a mark of advancing refinement; for it is safe to say that the productions of that artist would not now be tolerated by good society, and hardly relished by the frequenters of gin-palaces and beer-shops. In its place we have that graphic and kindly humor of which the late Mr. Leech was an acknowledged master. If this can afford us an agreeable entertainment without ill-humor, and a hearty laugh without the least touch of spleen, it is surely more worthy of our encouragement and attention than those satiric strokes of the graver every one of which is meant to reach a human heart.

"GRIFFITH GAUNT."

THE world has long agreed that there is to be no disputing about tastes. We shall, perhaps, be forced by and by to agree that there is to be no disputing about principles. The Washington correspondent of a Boston religious newspaper is so greatly exercised by the immorality of "Griffith Gaunt," now publishing in the "Atlantic Monthly," that he goes out of his political way to denounce it under the heading of "Licentious Literature." His outraged virtue is curious to know if pious families in New England "read this licentious and, in many respects, filthy story without indignant comment." "A more infamous tale," he declares, "was never written by Eugene Sue, and Miss Braddon is purity itself by the side of Reade, who is conceded to write in an exquisite style, and therefore his 'scented filthiness' is inhaled with delight by our 'first families.'" He is "amazed that THE NATION has no fault to find with the story," and praises the *Post* for advising "parents to keep it out of the hands of young people; its effect upon unformed minds would be pernicious." Then, bringing his virtue to bear on "Harper's Monthly," he declares that it has just concluded a serial tale, "Armadale," which is nearly as bad as "Griffith Gaunt."

We must confess that we were at first somewhat abashed by the severity of our censor. We suspected some grave defect in our moral nature, and were just inwardly debating what course to pursue for the purpose of attaining a healthy moral sensibility, when we chanced upon the column of book notices in the same religious paper, and there learned that "Wilkie Collins never writes a poor story, and his last, 'Armadale,' is . . . not, perhaps, quite equal to 'The Woman in White,' but a novel of half the interest and power which belong to that is far better than the average. We detect no pandering to vice or immorality in Collins's books, and his villains —and they are marvels in their sins—are never made attractive, and usually meet with their just deserts." This disagreement of doctors, if it did not quite inspire us with self-confidence, at least restored our peace of mind.

We notice, too, that while the *Post*, on one side, warns "Griffith Gaunt" out of the hands of the young people because of its pernicious effects upon their unformed minds, the *Herald*, on the other, is unwilling that Gail Hamilton's "Summer Rest" "should be read by any very young person, as it might easily unsettle the[ir] religious belief." So that between the purity of the *Post* and the piety of the *Herald* our young people must be somewhat put to it to find reading innocent enough for their unformed minds.

Without presuming to teach our betters, we would yet suggest that the morality of a story does not depend upon the characters introduced in it, but rather upon the manner of their treatment. The Washington correspondent rests his charges upon the fact that the principal personages in "Griffith Gaunt" are—"first, a husband who is guilty of adultery and bigamy; second, a priest who is in love with a married woman; and third, a wife who barely escapes ruin through her interest in the priest." Very bad, certainly. But we are reminded of another story whose principal personages make but a sorry showing—first, a husband who is guilty of adultery, bigamy, and a most treacherous assassination, murdering the husband of his paramour, who is his most loyal servant, and muttering wise general reflections over the dead body of his victim; secondly, a wife who does *not* escape ruin through her interest in her husband's master; and third, an accomplished but unscrupulous general who lends himself a willing tool to his unscrupulous master; yet the most orthodox Washingtonian would scarcely call the story of David immoral. He would, doubtless, say it was recorded for warning. So is "Griffith Gaunt" recorded for warning. But he objects that Griffith's love for Mercy is described as "one of those gentle, clinging attachments that outlast grand passions and survive till death; a tender, pure affection, though built upon a crime." David's love for Bathsheba is not spoken of in so many words, but we have very strong reason for supposing that his guilty passion—more guilty than anything which is attributed to Griffith—softened and clarified itself into a tender, pure affection, though built upon a crime, for he comforted her after the death of her child, and he made her son Solomon his heir in spite of primogeniture.

The question is simply this, Does Mr. Reade present infidelity, adultery, and bigamy in such lights as to make them attractive? Does he diminish the guilt of crime beyond the limits which the truth of life warrants? Some of our contemporaries say yes. We say, unhesitatingly and decidedly, no. To us it seems that he has from the beginning skilfully yet naturally involved the guilty parties in the evil consequences of their crime, and is leading them on to still greater retribution. Their punishment is swift though subtle. It is as yet unfolded directly from the sin, and we do not see how it can be otherwise than lasting. If any one is charmed with Griffith's position and prospects, we can only wonder at his taste. That any man will ever commit his sins and plead in extenuation that Reade has made the way of the transgressor easy, we do not believe. We have no hesitation in saying that we shall never accept such a plea, and shall reckon a hypocrite as well as a knave the man who makes it.

As to whether Mr. Reade has unduly diminished the guilt of crime, we also say no. That his sinners are not monsters we concede. That we are not aroused to unmitigated abhorrence; that we pity the sufferer though he suffer from his own misconduct; that the boundaries between right and wrong are sometimes so shaded off as to be almost imperceptible—all this we admit. What then? If it were otherwise, the story would be useless as well as clumsy. For this is exactly what takes place in life. Men do commit heinous sin with compunction and continue in it with remorse. They sin under stress of temptation so sore that we can but pity while we blame. Right does trench closely upon wrong, and vice does approach wearing the garb of a most graceful virtue. Whoever will walk wisely and judge justly in the world must remember this. If the human race were to be judged by the ready sympathy and help extended to the sufferers by the Portland fire, we should say the human race had never fallen; if by the greed and selfishness prowling for booty among the ruins, we should say it had never risen, and never could rise. The individual, like the race, must be taken good and bad together. And novels, to be worthy, must represent men as they are, good and bad together. If stories are to give us only well defined outlines—distinctions impossible to be mistaken, saints without shadows, and sinners without lights—they might as well not be written at all. They answer to nothing in this world. If they vilify what is good and glorify what is bad, they should be condemned.

The character of crime as an element of the novel depends chiefly upon the ability of the author. In the hands of a master it becomes high art, and is profitable for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; in the hands of a bungler it is a mere "sensation story," good for nothing but to be cast out and to be trodden under foot of men.

It is rather dangerous to pronounce upon a book before it is finished. We only avow our calmness undisturbed by what has yet appeared. What danger lies in ambush under the manuscript we cannot tell. We promise, however, that if any subsequent development reveal some masked battery fraught with disaster to our unformed minds, no pride of opinion, no regard for past services from author or publishers, shall stay our hand, but we will smite the evil-doers hip and thigh with our "indignant comment."

Correspondence.

SOUTHERN UNIONISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Your able article of July 5, "Political Value of the Southern Unionists," does not fully cover the ground. *Audi alteram partem.* It is true that those who, with Mr. Greeley, believed the South to be charged with Unionism somewhat as a Leyden jar with electricity, must be sorely disappointed. No firm stand has been taken by the Union men of the South, generally speaking, in this momentous crisis. No word of cheer from them has found its way into the halls of Congress or into print, much less have they been heard from the stump at home. But could we reasonably expect all this? Have we not, from the outset, utterly misapprehended, if not their number, at least their position, or, if you please, their character, their pluck and influence? Look at the South. There are, besides the freedmen, two classes of white men. The first class (to whom treason has not been made odious, nor even uncomfortable), though small numerically, is in fact *the* South: the rich planter, rolling in affluence, monopolizing all the offices of trust and emolument, with his, perhaps, poorer relatives engaged in the professional pursuits; and the second class, generally and justly termed *poor whites*. The first class is "secesh" to a man; they do not love the Union, they do not profess to. They simply yielded to circumstances over which they had no control, ready at any time with their unsought pardons to lower the Union flag and hoist the beloved snake! The poor whites have mostly no influence whatever, little or no education in the rural districts; all they seem or care to know is that the "nigger" can never be their equal, that the North wants to make him such, and that they must stand by their aristocratic neighbors in order to avert this direful calamity. There are exceptions, however, sprinkled all over the South: sturdy mechanics, thinking farmers, who have profited by the shock of Sherman's march, ready now to act for themselves, full well knowing that the North is their friend, the Union their protection and hope—men who climbed distant mountains to get a glimpse of the stars and stripes. These, no doubt, were the people

Mr. Greeley hoped would rise and assert their independence under the protecting care of the Union troops. But, alas for human hopes! the troops were too hastily withdrawn either to cheer the Union men or to cow the traitors. Left without friends, unorganized, scattered over a broad area of land, watched with Argus eyes by an unscrupulous "chivalry"—what could they do? Look to the Government for protection, aid, and comfort? Well, they did that, and with what result? They asked for bread, and received a stone! A few papers were encouraged amongst them, but by whom? In Wilmington, N. C., a sadly mismanaged Union paper received some $3,000 by or through Mr. Raymond; so did a few others in the South. But for all the Union sentiment to be developed through them they might just as well have received a check from Ben. Wood's banker in Canada. They raised their voice in behalf of "my policy," it is true; but in what does this differ from the principle to destroy which we sacrificed 280,000 precious Union lives?

The fact is, the Union men of the South have not only not been assisted, but their efforts have been thwarted and treated with contempt. Instead of seconding their feeble but well-meant efforts to organize, as one would assist a child in its first attempt to stand alone, they have been kept under. Why have those brave men in West Virginia been left to wage the war for the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment single-handed and alone? Why has the Union Club in Richmond received nothing, after all its applications and suggestions, but franked speeches as answers from the senators and members of Congress?

What these people need is encouragement and information. They must be made to feel that the Union is a staff they can lean upon, a power that will not desert them in their hour of need. Let it once be demonstrated (which has not yet been done) that it is safe for a Union man to live here; that it is safe for him, in travelling through the South, to express freely his sentiments, even if he should think Messrs. Stevens and Sumner pure men and glowing patriots, and the Union sentiment, now only heard in a whisper, will soon be proclaimed from the housetops; new voices will be heard from all over the land, feebly perhaps at first, but louder and louder, even as the mountains and the sky receive a glow of promise ere the sun has risen in the fulness of his glory.

No Northern man who has not lived here can possibly conceive at what peril a man utters a Union sentiment, and this state of things has grown rapidly worse since the raid of Messrs. Steedman and Fullerton. Let me give you a fact which came from a prominent member of the convention lately in session in Raleigh. In the western part of the State a Union man endeavored to raise a company of volunteers during the rebellion. The fact becoming known in Richmond, a troop of cavalry was despatched to arrest this gentleman and his courageous friends. They resisted and drove the detachment sent against them ignominiously away. Last May an indictment was found against them by a jury assembled under the fostering care of Governor Worth and his friends, and this Union man and those of his friends who had not taken to the woods were convicted and publicly whipped for "resisting lawful authority." The writer of this was invited to make a speech on the Fourth of July in the interior of the South, but declined, for prudential reasons, as he knew there were no soldiers there, and his life is but poorly insured—former attacks upon him, too, being yet fresh in his memory.

Mr. Beecher said, in a sermon which appeared but last month in the *Independent*, that he knew he was just now very unpopular with his congregation. I propose a remedy. Let him start South and make there a few of his ringing speeches of bygone days, and if he ever should return he would do so as a new man. Profiting by his experience, his labors would assume a different direction, and be blessed and duly appreciated not only by his people, but also by his disappointed friends throughout the land.

A Unionist at the South.

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The Week.

So far as Congress can restore her, Tennessee is fully restored to her place in the Union. The President takes occasion to reiterate his opinion that Congress has no power to fix terms of restoration, but he does not withhold his signature from the joint resolution. He maintains, however, that Tennessee has not ratified the Constitutional Amendment. The matter stands thus: There are 84 seats in the lower branch of the State Legislature; 56 of these should be full, or the House has not its legal quorum. Every effort had been made to prevent the assembling of the required number. The President is belied, or all his influence was lent to the thick-and-thin opponents of ratification. Only 52 members came together voluntarily, but two more were secured by arrest; and for some days 54 members were present. The Union men knew that though there were 84 seats, there had been deaths and resignations enough to reduce the living members to about 72, and therefore, in caucus, they had determined to declare that 54 members should constitute a quorum. Just then, however, two more Union members arrived, and there were 56 members at the capitol, if all could be induced or forced to be present. For some unexplained reason, neither persuasion nor compulsion was of any avail with two conservatives, whom the House seems to have had under arrest and confined in a committee-room, and the Union majority was driven to the expedient of voting, against the decision of a conservative Speaker, that the two obstinate legislators, while in the committee-room, should be held to be present in their places. This was voted, and then the amendment was immediately ratified. But it is said that the Speaker of the House, who permitted the names of Messrs. Martin and Williams to be recorded as present and not voting, now declares that those gentlemen must be considered to have been absent, and will not sign the certificate of ratification. It is possible, then, that Tennessee may have to go out again for a while.

As Congress has begun, in Mr. Harvey's case, the plan of punishing public servants for improprieties of demeanor, by stopping their salaries, we respectfully suggest that, if the plan be considered a good one, the Clerk of the Senate be brought under its operation. The country was edified not long ago by the publication of an application from this gentleman for an office to President Johnson, which was supported by a strong reminder that he (the applicant) was the proprietor of "two papers, both dailies," a circumstance which must have made "our chief magistrate" more amenable than ever to the voice of the press. Mr. Forney has, within a few days, however, capped the climax by reading in full Senate a telegram from the unfortunate Governor of Tennessee, in which he applied language to the President which would disgrace a Tennessee grog-shop. No formal notice has, so far, been taken of this scandalous occurrence. From Parson Brownlow nobody expects any decency of either language or behaviour. There was, in our mind, no more melancholy incident in the war than the adoption of this personage by the Union party of the North as a prophet and martyr—he who was, as long as slavery lasted, as foul-mouthed and blasphemous an advocate of slavery as he has since been of freedom. To his ribaldry and buffoonery the Senate cannot put a stop, but it can prevent its being insulted by having bits of his billingsgate read aloud by one of its own officers.

THE Tarift Bill having been postponed by the Senate, another attempt has been made by Mr. Spalding to raise the duties heavily, by adding to them the cost of freight, packing, brokerage, and export duty—thus once more adding to taxation and damaging trade at the fag end of the session by a sort of *coup de main*, when it is too late for discussion or consideration. This section has been struck out by the Senate, and will probably furnish matter for a conference. This measure is of a piece with Mr. Sherman's scheme for forcing the Secretary of the Treasury to sell gold whenever he finds himself in possession of any greater sum than fifty millions, and for depriving the holders of seven-thirty notes of four months of the time now given them for electing to convert them into bonds. The prodigious rate at which the country grows rich in spite of the Congressional financiers is a most wonderful proof of the energy of the people and of the fertility of the soil. There is no other nation in the world which could even earn a livelihood under our Committee of Ways and Means. If the Secretary of the Treasury is to be hereafter charged with the duty of keeping down the price of gold, we trust the public will insist on seeing that he keeps down the price of wheat too. The cost of bread at present weighs far more heavily on the national industry than the price of gold has ever done or is ever likely to do.

RESOLUTIONS have been adopted in the House requesting the President both to suspend the prosecutions now pending in this country against the Fenians, and to use his influence to procure the discharge of the Fenians now awaiting their trial in Canada. We sincerely hope the resolutions may have the desired effect in both cases. There is no good purpose to be served by making martyrs of such worthies as Roberts, Sweeney, Stephens & Co., or by punishing any of their ignorant dupes. Everything that helps to spread the impression that they are not silly and insignificant people will encourage the repetition of the attempt. Roberts probably desires nothing better than to be furnished with texts, in shape of "persecution," for balderdash proclamations; and the immuring of a few "victims of British tyranny" in Canadian jails would probably be the means of stripping some thousands of servant girls of the remnants of their savings.

THE course of the Civil Rights Act is not so smooth as if it had not to make itself respected against the opposition of the President. It found a partial friend in Judge Bowie, of the Maryland Court of Appeals, who sustained under it the competency of colored testimony in a suit brought before him. Judge Harbeson, of Kentucky, pronounced the law unconstitutional in this very respect, and asserted that no law

of Congress could annul the laws of Kentucky. Judge Burbank, of Nevada, excluded a colored man from serving on a jury, because, as he said, a law of Congress could not override the constitution of the State. We have spoken of the President's opposition to the act, whereas in his veto message No. — (we forget the number, but we believe it was the last), he declared that he meant to see it executed. If this is the way it gets executed by his favor, how efficacious would it be in case he should turn against it?

PARSON BROWNLOW has always had the reputation, whatever his defects of taste and temper may be, of being at least a brave man. But his recent onslaught on Mr. Johnson, in his telegram, will, we fear, do much to deprive him of this well-won fame. When Mr. Johnson and he met on the stump in Tennessee, of course the Parson was welcome to use whatever oratorical weapons are most in favor in those parts, because Mr. Johnson, being then plain Andrew Johnson, could give as good as he got, and, if report speaks truly, was abundantly able to defend himself against all comers. But being now President of the United States, he is, as regards his ancient adversaries, in the position of a man whose hands are tied, as the Parson well knows. It is, therefore, cowardly in the highest degree to attack him as Governor Brownlow has done. If the latter wants to have a bout of vituperation, he can always find a foeman worthy of his steel in George D. Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal*, who, during the last month or two, has emptied more filth on his head than we supposed it was possible for even an irate South-western editor to compose in a year. But Mr. Johnson probably looks on Brownlow now as Prince Hal, after his father's death, looked on Falstaff.

IT is not a custom of ours to print in THE NATION clippings from our exchanges, but the following extract is so perfect a specimen of what we may call Constitutional Wail now common at the South that we are constrained to break our rule, and copy the following from the *Texan Ranger*:

"Last week a squad of Yankee soldiers were sent here from Millican to arrest a young man named Forest (brother of Gen. Forest), for giving a negro wench a decent and deserved whipping. It appears that she was very insolent to the lady to whom she was hired, and this young man, who was a boarder in the house, properly protected the lady by giving this abusive nigger a merited punishment. She went to her brother Yanks and made her report, and instead of giving her a whipping and sending her back, they gave her every encouragement and protection. *God grant that our poor down-trodden State may soon be freed from the iron heel of military despotism.*"

The sentence which we have italicized is delicious. We would add that there have been some cases, and the *Ranger* will confirm our statement, where not only the nigger has been "encouraged" by the abolition miscreants, but when even fines have been imposed by them upon many a free-born Texan. And Sheridan has just issued an order which looks like anything but a mitigation of the tyranny under which the South is languishing. No monument, he says, intended to commemorate the late rebellion shall be erected within the limits of the Military Division of the Gulf, and all resuscitation, whether done openly or in secret, of the old rebel military organizations, as regiments, batteries, brigades, etc., is strictly prohibited.

Mr. MONTGOMERY BLAIR has been attending the Democratic Convention at Reading, and prophesied civil war very savagely. He says that if the Radicals are victorious at the next election, it will lead to the establishment of two presidents and two congresses, and warns us that we are on the eve of a civil war, in which, we suppose, he himself will play a prominent part. The resolutions adopted afterwards call savagely on the President to make Congress the representative body of the whole people, express sympathy with the Fenians, and oppose negro suffrage. Mr. Vallandigham's "own familiar friend" was one of the speakers, and made mince-meat of the Radicals, and flooded the whole question of reconstruction with lurid light.

THE Charlottesville (Va.) *Chronicle* has been arguing with some local politician whether or not Virginia should seek to be represented in the Philadelphia (Randall) Convention. The editor thinks not. Being reminded that last winter he was in favor of some such convention, he replies that last winter is not this present July. Since last winter he has been made angry; his feelings toward the North were much more kindly then than now. Congress had not then passed a bill guaranteeing the civil rights of all American citizens; the Freedmen's Bureau bill had not then been passed; no bill had then been passed which enables black men to purchase twenty and forty acre lots of the national domain on as easy terms as those granted white men; a new constitutional amendment had not then been submitted to the people—an amendment which makes a Northerner's vote count for exactly as much as a Southerner's. And since last winter it has been shown him that he does well to be angry. It is since then, he reminds his opponent, that the President has made his 22d of February speech and sent in his veto messages. He was willing last winter to eat a great deal of dirt; now he is not. The article is not noticeable above a hundred thousand other Southern editorials that have appeared since the Appomattox surrender, except in being well written; but it is a frank statement of the course of political sentiment in that section since April, 1864, and enables us to lay the praise or blame at the door where it belongs.

IT has recently been proposed that the Indiana Legislature should pass, and be done with it, a general act declaring that all men and women, from any American State or Territory situate to the eastward of the one hundred and seventh degree of longitude west from Greenwich, who may be living together in legal wedlock at the time of the passage of the act, shall, by virtue of travelling across the State of Indiana in any express or accommodation train, be, and be considered, divorced. Such an enactment would save the judges trouble, build up the railroad system of the State, and not be much more sweeping than the usual practice of the Indiana courts. Certainly, there is a lamentable tendency in parts of the West to degrade the holy estate of matrimony, or the very important civil contract of matrimony, into something not much different from the fortuitous concourse of animals. It seems, however, as if the disgraceful reputation acquired by the Western States were to be shared by some of the Eastern. In Connecticut itself, once the Land of Steady Habits, it is officially reported that during the last six years one marriage in every eleven has been broken in the courts!

DESPATCHES published by the Navy Department show that the monitor *Monadnock* has successfully accomplished the voyage from Philadelphia to San Francisco, a distance by the vessel's course of 15,385 knots. Her greatest average speed per hour for twenty-four hours together was 8.15 knots; the least was a little less than .8 of a knot. Engines and hull are said to have performed equally well, and the ship is now all ready for any sort of a voyage. Lieutenant Commander Bunce, in his report to Commodore Rodgers, says that the *Monadnock*, "in her present condition, is as perfectly safe and trustworthy a vessel for cruising to or in any part of the world as any vessel can be relying upon steam alone for its motive power. . . . At sea she has never needed or received assistance of any kind whatever from other vessels, and therefore I regard her, or any vessel of her class, as perfectly competent independent cruisers." The ship's surgeon reports that "in general the state of health of officers and men during the cruise had to be considered a very satisfactory one." These facts, in conjunction with the good behavior of the *Miantonomoh* in the European voyage, are very encouraging and gratifying to the American people in its character of sponsor and guarantor of the monitor system.

A POPULAR new play in Paris is the "Shepherdess of Ivry," the villain of which is an assassin by the name of Ulbach. As this happens, also, to be the name of a very lively writer, M. Louis Ulbach, the official censors had the courtesy to offer, if he desired, to prohibit the retention of the name in question by so disreputable a character. M. Ulbach was so little sensitive, and so very sensible, as to reply that he would not be implicated in any kind of prohibition.

THE colonial wits, though much enraged at Mr. Banks's proposal to swallow the Provinces whole, can compass no severer retort than to repeat Mr. Banks's own little joke. In despair, we suppose, of finding any more exquisite fooling, a New Brunswicker, Skinner by name, has introduced into the Parliament of that Province a "bill to establish conditions for the admission of the States of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the District of Columbia, into the British North American Confederation, and for the organization of Territorial governments for the other States of the American Union." Whether Mr. Skinner is as liberal as Mr. Banks in the matter of assuming all the debts of the people whom he invites to come and be eaten, is not stated. Mr. Banks has his usual good luck. Mr. Skinner is the worst he has to fear. Judge Haliburton is dead, and it is out of the clockmaker's power to make a trip to Waltham now, dilating as he returns upon soft sawder, the flaxed-out British lion, and A 1 statesmen.

OUR latest dates from Europe are to the 15th. There had been no further conflict of any magnitude between the chief contending armies. Prussia's conditions were not calculated to make an armistice acceptable to her adversary, and Bismark has not allowed himself to be checked for a moment in the victorious pursuit of his designs. The mediation of France is abandoned; Francis Joseph, in a sorrowful manifesto, summons his peoples to resist to the last the abasement of the empire; and the Prussians all the while advance. Prague is occupied, without resistance, on the 8th. Bohemia being overrun, the three armies enter Moravia *via* Iglau, Zwittau, and Olmütz—three routes converging on Vienna. On the 13th the first had reached Znaim, forty English miles from Vienna, north, as the crow flies. On the 12th the second left Zwittau and occupied Czernahora, scarcely ten miles north of Brünn. Concerning the movement of the third army we have no particulars, except that on its approach the Austrians evacuated Landskron, in Bohemia, some twenty-five miles north-west of Olmütz. In Bavaria the crossing of the Saale, near Kissingen, by the Prussians under Gen. Manteuffel, was hotly contested by the Bavarian forces, who afterwards withdrew to a position on the Main.

In Venetia the Austrians are gradually retiring. Cialdini occupied Rovigo on the 11th, and shortly afterwards Padua. In the Stelvio Pass the National Guard engaged and defeated the Austrians on the 11th. Gen. La Marmora has resigned.

BEYOND the commencement of the laying of the Cable, the news from England is unimportant. Mr. Disraeli has made a speech to his constituents, in which he announces in substance that the new Government has no programme in particular, but will make everything pleasant and everybody prosperous. It will not bring in any Reform Bill, but if it does, it will be a thoroughly English one, without any taint of American or French ideas. British relations with America, he says, were never so cordial; and he lays so much emphasis on this, that we should not be at all surprised at seeing an early attempt to submit the *Alabama* matter to arbitration. Lord Derby's Cabinet can approach it without the embarrassments of a personal nature which would have surrounded the path of his predecessors. Mr. Disraeli says the emigration from Ireland must be stopped, but does not say how. It is pretty certain that the Tories will not attempt any reform in the land laws; and without this there is about as much chance of keeping the Irish peasantry at home as of Sweeney being king of the country.

THE shore-end of the Atlantic Cable was laid successfully at Valentia on the 6th inst. By the *Scotia* we learn that on the 12th the *Great Eastern* had paid out 135 miles, and that communication between the ship and the shore was perfect. Possibly before this paper reaches some of our readers, the arrival of the huge vessel will have been announced from Trinity Bay. This time it will not be Dr. Russell who will furnish the principal account of the voyage, for he is reporting the efforts of Austria to maintain her integrity on the battle-fields of Europe.

CONGRESS.

Tuesday, July 17.—The Senate passed, with amendment, the House bill to revive the grade of General in the U. S. army. The China Mail Steamship Company was relieved from its obligation to stop at the Sandwich Islands. The Northern Pacific Railroad bill was recommitted.

The House settled the Rousseau-Grinnell controversy by voting to censure Mr. Rousseau, and to summon his accomplices to answer for their contempt of its privileges. On the resolution to expel, the vote stood—yeas, 72; nays, 49; less than the requisite majority of two-thirds.

July 18.—The Senate, after amending the Mississippi Bridge bill as it came up from the House, sent it back for concurrence. The usual notice was taken of the death of Senator Lane, of Kansas.

The House agreed to the Senate's amendment of the bill reviving the grade of General. It accepted (yeas, 78; nays, 41) the Senate substitute for the bill fixing the number of judges of the Supreme Court. The Revised Tariff bill was passed—yeas, 88; nays, 34. A resolution was passed fixing Wednesday, the 25th inst., as the day of adjournment—yeas, 76; nays, 57.

July 19.—The Senate passed a bill authorizing the President to tender to the Governor of Maine $50,000 for the relief of Portland. The House amendment to the bill reviving the grade of General was agreed to, and the bill now goes to the President. A bill was passed for the payment of the public debt. Mr. Trumbull offered a joint resolution recognizing the government of Tennessee, by reason of the State having ratified the Constitutional Amendment.

In the House, Mr. Stevens offered and afterwards withdrew for the day a concurrent resolution that when Congress adjourn it be till the 1st December, unless sooner called together on emergency by the presiding officers of both Houses, whose authority should be the resolution. The report exonerating Mr. Conkling from the charges of General Fry was adopted by a nearly unanimous vote. Mr. Bingham moved, successfully, after much opposition, to reconsider the vote by which the resolution concerning Tennessee had been referred (March 5) to the Committee on Reconstruction—yeas, 70; nays, 27. He then offered a substitute declaring the restoration of the State in consequence of her ratifying the Constitutional Amendment, among other evidences of renewed loyalty.

July 20.—The Senate passed the bill relating to the occupation of mineral lands. The report of the conference committee on the consular and diplomatic appropriation bill was adopted.

The House, after a limited debate, in which Mr. Boutwell was the chief speaker in opposition to the measure, passed Mr. Bingham's resolution restoring Tennessee to the Union—yeas, 125; nays, 12. The Democratic members were obliged to choose between excluding Tennessee and swallowing the preamble. The resolution read as follows:

Joint resolution declaring Tennessee again entitled to senators and representatives in Congress:

Whereas, The State of Tennessee has in good faith ratified the article of amendment to the Constitution of the United States, proposed by the Thirty-ninth Congress to the legislatures of the several States, and has also shown, to the satisfaction of Congress, by a proper spirit of obedience in the body of her people, her return to her due allegiance to the government, laws, and authority of the United States; therefore,

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the State of Tennessee is hereby restored to her former proper practical relation to the Union, and is again entitled to be represented by senators and representatives in Congress duly elected and qualified upon their taking the oath of office required by existing laws.

Mr. Stevens's reconstruction bill was laid on the table—yeas, 96; nays, 37. His resolution to adjourn to December 1st was rejected—yeas, 75; nays, 48.

July 21.—After a prolonged debate the Senate passed a resolution—yeas, 28; nays, 4—restoring Tennessee to the Union in the following terms:

Whereas, In the year 1861 the government of the State of Tennessee was seized upon and taken possession of by persons in hostility to the United States, and the inhabitants of said State, in pursuance of an act of Congress, were declared to be in a state of insurrection against the United States; and

Whereas, Said State government can only be restored to its former political relations in the Union by the consent of the law-making power of the United States; and

Whereas, The people of the said State did, on the 22d day of February, 1865, by a large popular vote, adopt and ratify a constitution and government whereby slavery was abolished, and the ordinances and laws of secession and debts contracted under the same were declared null and void; and

Whereas, A State government has been organized under said constitution which has ratified the amendment of the Constitution of the United States abolishing slavery, and also the amendment proposed by the Thirty-ninth Congress, and has done other acts proclaiming and denoting loyalty; therefore, be it

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled, That the State of Tennessee is hereby restored to her former proper practical relations to the Union, and is again entitled to be represented by senators and representatives in Congress.

In the House, the Speaker, as ordered, administered a reprimand to Gen. Rousseau, who had previously made remarks in self-exculpation, and had sought to avoid the censure by resigning his seat. A concurrent resolution was passed adjourning Congress to October 20, and on that day, unless otherwise ordered, to December 1st—yeas, 59; nays, 52.

July 23.—The Senate refused to take up the bankrupt bill—yeas, 14; nays, 17; absent, 17. Bills were passed making certain cities ports of entry; defining collection districts in North Carolina; fixing the compensation of collectors of customs; against wearing sheath-knives in the navy; and repealing an act of June 28, 1864, concerning seamen.

The House adopted a resolution—yeas, 102; nays, 2—requesting the President to urge the Canadian authorities to release the Fenian prisoners now in their custody; also one requesting him to cause the prosecutions of Fenians in United States courts to be discontinued, if compatible with the public interest. The Senate amendments to the joint resolution concerning Tennessee were concurred in.

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE annual necrological record of the alumni of Harvard College appeared, as usual, in the Boston *Advertiser* on Commencement Day, Wednesday, the 18th inst. The number ascertained to have died during the past year is thirty-three, of whom all but nine were natives of Massachusetts, and all but four of New England. Classified professionally, thirteen were more or less identified with the law, eight with theology, four with medicine, and the remainder pursued various callings. One, a graduate of 1797, died in an almshouse; one was killed by a railroad accident; and five died of affections of the lungs. The most distinguished name on the list is that of Jared Sparks, the historian (1815). The Rev. Warren Burton (1831) represents a loss sustained both by the clergy and the instructors of Massachusetts. Six deaths are reported as having occurred in former years without being recorded at the time. Four of the deceased were Southerners either by birth or residence, and died in the course of the rebellion; one, William Williams, of Nashville (1798), having written the secession ordinance for the State of Tennessee. The supplement concludes with the name of the late Richard Hildreth, United States consul at Trieste, whose career as essayist, novelist, editor, and historian is familiar to the public.

—Among the numerous deposits of antiquities in Slesvig, two have attracted especial attention—those found in the peat-mosses of Thorsbjerg and Nydam. Mr. Conrad Engelhardt, a well-known Danish antiquary, and late director of the Museum of Northern Antiquities at Flensborg, excavated these mosses at the expense of the Danish Government during the summers of the years 1858 to 1864. He had completed his exploration of Thorsbjerg and was engaged in that of Nydam when the Slesvig-Holstein war put an end to his work. The excavations have since been continued by Germans, but without the proper care and intelligence. Engelhardt first published an account of his researches in Danish, and has lately published an enlarged translation in English, with many valuable plates. These plates represent a great variety of articles. In the moss of Nydam were found the remains of three well made boats, one of which, of oak, was seventy-seven feet long by nearly twelve broad, and had rests for twenty-eight oars; another was of fir; the oak boat had been pierced with holes and evidently sunk purposely. In the moss of Thorsbjerg were found articles of wearing apparel, two cloaks, each made of a square piece of woollen cloth, a kirtle, two pairs of long trousers, a leathern sandal. In both places were found many personal ornaments and toilet articles, such as buttons, fibulæ, glass and porcelain beads, silver clasps, tweezers of bronze and silver, bone combs, amber pendants. Many weapons were found—helmets, shields, fragments of chain armor, bows and arrows, swords, and lances; also trappings, harness, remains of agricultural implements, pottery, and a few Roman coins of the earlier part of the third century. The most plausible explanation of these deposits is that these mosses were formerly sacred lakes, into which these objects were thrown as offerings to the deities who presided over the lakes. It is stated that most of these articles appeared to have been thrown in in bundles which had been wrapped up in skins or pieces of cloth, and that many of them must have been sunk in the boats. It may be supposed that they were part of the plunder of warlike expeditions dedicated to the gods. From the date of the coins found, Mr. Engelhardt ascribes all this class of antiquities to the third century A.D., and makes out of them what he calls the *early iron age*, for the Danish antiquaries have now divided the so-called iron age into three subdivisions—the early iron age, the transition iron age, and the late iron age. The general character of the Slesvig remains is strongly like that of the Anglo-Saxon graves of the pagan period.

—Mr. Alexander Melville Bell's "Visible Speech" is attracting considerable attention from English scholars. By this name the author styles a new alphabet which he considers capable of representing all varieties of human speech with wonderful accuracy. It consists of thirty-four symbols only; but several of these symbols are often combined to represent a single sound. Some of the characters are devoted to the vowel and consonantal sounds, and others to the loudness or softness, the accent and tone. "They *depict*," as Mr. Bell says, "by suggestive analogy of form, the *organic attitudes* which produce or modify the respective sounds, and so inform the reader how to place his organs to pronounce the sounds." Important testimony has been borne to the value of this alphabet by many scholars, and among others by Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, himself the inventor of the most complete universal alphabet that had as yet been proposed, and the author of several works on phonetics. Mr. Ellis gave the system a thorough examination, and was entirely convinced of its great utility. Words and phrases in all languages and dialects were taken down from his mouth by Mr. Bell, and were read with ease by his two young sons, who reproduced accent, tone, drawl, brevity, and indistinctness with surprising accuracy, so that Mr. Ellis seemed to hear the echo of his own voice. Mr. James Spedding devotes an article to the subject in the last number of "Macmillan's Magazine," and a strong effort is being made to induce the Government to appoint a commission to examine the system. Such a mode of recording speech as this would be very useful, even though only auxiliary to an alphabet and as a method of transcribing Eastern languages. It of course would require oral teaching.

—In 1863, Baron Liebig published in one of the English magazines an article entitled "Lord Bacon as a Natural Philosopher," in which he tried to prove that Bacon did nothing to forward the progress of natural philosophy, that his views were less advanced than those of his contemporaries, and "that the result to which his method inevitably leads is naught." The authority of Baron Liebig's name and the plausibility of his statements silenced many who would otherwise have defended the great Englishman, and many, doubtless, thought that Bacon was one of the great humbugs of the past that are being daily exploded, and that his reputation for science rested on as narrow foundation as his reputation for morality. Mr. G. F. Rodwell in two recent numbers of the *Reader* refutes, in a very able essay, the positions that were taken up by the baron. In the review of the "Historia Naturalis" Liebig states "that the subjects treated of in this book must be looked upon as the practical vouchers for Bacon's particular mode of enquiry." The reverse of this is the case, and Bacon acted here as a mere scientific hod-carrier, to make a building out of the bricks and tiles furnished by other men. Bacon states this himself. But Liebig first accuses him of ignoring other philosophers, as Paracelsus, and then uses the very quotations from those writers to show Bacon's ignorance and unphilosophical method. Bacon is also accused of recording experiments untruthfully, and of inventing experiments; both falsely. Many of Bacon's fallacious explanations are quoted by Liebig, but he does not mention that he propounded a theory of fermentation very similar to that which is advocated in the "Letters on Chemistry;" nor that Bacon was the first to determine the relation of the volume of vapor to that of the liquid producing it. Bacon also tried the experiment proving the incompressibility of water and the porosity of the densest bodies, which is usually alluded to as "the celebrated experiment of the Florentine academicians," thirty years before the establishment of the Academia del Cimento. Liebig sneers at the inductive method as being "in unison with the popular views of the ignorant crowd," and that the fame his book procured him was not based on the recognition of scientific men, but of *dilettanti*, to whom many facts were now accessible which had previously been shut up in Latin treatises. He overlooks the fact that all of Bacon's scientific works were written in Latin, and that his books were not popular at home, but were well known to the scientific in Holland, France, and Italy long before they were appreciated in England. Another instance of Liebig's hastiness in assertion is his remark that "Bacon knew nothing of the powers that were at work in the science of the day, nor of the gigantic works produced by his contemporaries, such as Gilbert and Galileo; that he did not know of Jupiter's satellites or of the spots on the sun." But these things Bacon expressly mentions, and often quotes from both Gilbert and Galileo. There is proof that he read the "Sidereus Nuncius" within a year after its publication. Altogether Mr. Rodwell makes out a very good case for Bacon and his philosophy, though he does not claim him as a great philosopher, but one who, in his leisure moments, gave great assistance to science.

EDUCATIONAL.

On the 7th of August next the third "University Convention of the State of New York" is to be held at the capitol in Albany under the auspices of the regents of the State University. This convention is designed to include all the officers of colleges and academies, normal schools, and the higher departments of the public schools. It is purely voluntary, and in this respect is like other educational conventions. But its deliberations are directed to the subject of higher education and are designed to promote a better acquaintance among the officers of such institutions as we have named, and ultimately to advance the standards of scholarship and degrees. Of course the value of such a gathering will depend wholly on the character of the persons who attend it, and upon the carefulness with which their views are presented and matured. It has been said by those who ought to know that the standard of the colleges in New York is not equal to that of New England, and that some institutions keep down the standard so as to get as many students as possible. This is fatal to high scholarship. Another complaint which we sometimes hear applies to all American colleges. It is that the diploma is simply a certificate of good behavior during the college course, and of moderate attainments in the prescribed studies; whereas it should be a certificate of proficiency in the particular departments of research; so that every graduate would bear on his parchment the statement of his excellence as a classical scholar, a naturalist, a mathematician, and the like. The programme of the Albany convocation includes thirty topics in three groups, pertaining to colleges, academies, and general education. It will be impossible to attend properly to one-third of these themes, and it seems to us that a briefer outline of work would have been more attractive. We hope earnestly that there will be a large attendance of the right people, and that much good will come from the assembly. It may not be known to our readers that the colleges of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut have for some years maintained a sort of private "university convocation." The president and one delegate from the faculty of each of the associated colleges meet together every autumn at the different colleges successively, and listen to papers on questions of academic discipline. This meeting has been found highly advantageous, and is more likely, we think, to bring about good results than a larger and more public convention. Is it not worth copying in the State of New York?

—The American Institute of Instruction meets at Burlington, Vermont, August 7th, 8th, and 9th; and the National Association of School Superintendents at Indianapolis, Indiana, August 13th and 14th.

—The American Association for the Advancement of Science, whose meetings before the war were among the best educational conventions of the year, after a suspension for several years, is now called together at Buffalo on the 15th of August next. The large number of persons interested in or devoted to the pursuit of natural science who in former years were brought together by this association did a great deal, by their united action, towards diffusing through the country a respect for science and a desire to contribute to its advancement. The generous contributions of late years to scientific institutions all over the country are due, without doubt, in part to these conventions. In some instances their connection is most clearly traced.

—The National Academy of Sciences is to meet in Northampton on the 7th of August. This body, being strictly a close corporation of scientific men, has more authority than the American Association, and is in a position to do a great deal for the advancement of science; but it cannot take the place of the more comprehensive, not to say miscellaneous, body just referred to. There are many who question whether an "academy" is, after all, as useful to the country as an "association" for the helping forward of scientific undertakings; and whether the establishment of such class distinctions does not belong to aristocratic rather than to democratic countries. Time will determine. If the National Academy does nothing more than secure the adoption of the decimal system of weights and measures, its value will be above estimate.

TINKERING HYMNS.*

The Protestant Episcopal Church has taken, or is about to take, a step which the world religious and the world literary pronounce "a crime against letters." At the last general convention of the church, "hymnody" was a subject of some consideration and much discussion, and eventually received the usual American panacea of being referred to a committee. This committee has produced a small volume of sixty-five "Additional Hymns," which, "by direction of the House of Bishops, are published under the supervision of the joint committee," and are licensed for use. The hymns are strictly "additional," for the Prayer-Book ends with hymn 212, and this volume begins with hymn number 213.

The work which the general convention intended to assign to its committee, we undertake to say, was that of *selecting*. The committee, however, seems to have misread its authority into something like the following:

Resolved, That a joint committee of clerical and lay deputies be appointed to select and tinker hymns to be used in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

If the committee had acted under such a resolution we should say that its members had performed their work well, except, perhaps, that the work of tinkering too much exceeded the work of selecting.

Is it really impossible for a church to add to its hymnal hymns as their authors wrote them? Can we not have a collection of lyrics which to the element of religion shall add the element of authenticity? Will it always be impossible for a few conscientious and intelligent gentlemen to sit down to this easy and pleasant task without immediately becoming affected with this horrible mania? Did not the late Dr. Bethune once stop in the reading of a hymn and exclaim to his startled choir: "This hymn is not as Cowper wrote it! Who has dared to alter a hymn of Cowper's? Sing it thus, and not *so*." Does not a recent number of the "Contemporary Review" ridicule and revile the English collections which are labelled "Improved Versions"? Has not one of the eminent members of the bar of England, Sir Roundell Palmer, published his "Book of Praise" for the sake of restoring degraded hymns to their original purity? Does not the taste of the world religious and the conscience of the world secular cry out against all spurious emendations of an author's text? Year by year we travel back to past authors; we republish them with their antique inaccuracies of spelling; we reproduce them in the quaint garb of their old English type; we condemn the editions that have tampered with the text and cling to the original thoughts moulded in the original form. Who but a madman would rush against such settled public sentiment?

The book before us is a small volume, but a great innovation. We respect the boldness of the committee in bringing forward hymns which, a quarter of a century ago, were exclusively the property of the Methodist or the Romanist. "Brown, of Ossawatomie," stands ominously at the first page, to remind the majority of the late convention of their sickly loyalty. For every one in this nation knows that "Blow ye the trumpet, blow," was John Brown's favorite hymn, sung on his scaffold and at his burial; and little thought the world six years ago, when the old abolitionist's death gave to the rude lyric a rude repute, that an Episcopal convention would ever transplant it from the field of the camp meeting to the guarded pages of the revered and ever to be reverenced Book of Common Prayer. Yet it is there, and it is first.

An index is not much of a literary work, and, ordinarily, a reader abuses a book for not having one, or abuses the index for not having all the contents. Here he may go a little further, and say that even an index can be made an instrument of error and injustice. The compilers have appended to this index the names of the authors. They were not obliged to supply such a list; but, if they undertook to do so, they were bound to furnish one trustworthy and consistent. Yet this humble part of their work seems to have been thrown together in mere caprice, and to follow no consistent or intelligible rule. The hymn "Oh, sacred Head now wounded" is from the German of Paul Gerhardt, which is from the "Salve caput cruentatum" of St. Bernard; the index ignores the *translator*, and calls the hymn Gerhardt's. The hymn "Creator Spirit" is from the Latin "Veni Creator Spiritus;" the index ignores the *original*, and calls the hymn Dryden's. "For thee, oh! dear, dear country," is by Dr. Neale, from the "Hora Novissima" of Bernard of Cluni; the index ignores both translator and author, and calls this recent production "Ancient." "Jesus, the very thought of Thee," is credited to St. Bernard, though St. Bernard was the contemporary of the Monk of Cluni. "Jerusalem, my happy home," is called "Unknown"—a needless ignorance since Mr. Prime's beautiful little history of "O! Mother

* "Additional Hymns; set forth by the House of Bishops at the request of the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies in General Convention, October, 1865. To be used in the congregations of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America." New York: New York Bible and Common Prayer Book Society, Depository Nos. 5 and 13 Cooper Union, Fourth Avenue. MDCCCLXVI.

Dear Jerusalem." "Jerusalem the Golden" is left blank, though the work from which the hymn was copied names both the author of the translation and the author of the original. One of Dr. Neale's unequalled and original translations is called "Ancient," while three others are not named in any way. Of what value is such a list of authors?

There is one hymn with regard to which these extraordinary freaks of the index require particular enquiry. "My faith looks up to Thee" appears to be neither credited to its author nor to any one else, nor yet to be marked as "anonymous" or "unknown." It is about twenty years since the hymn was written. With the exception of Bishop Doane's "Softly now the light of day," we should say that it is more generally known and more highly prized than any other recent American hymn. Properly regarded, it is less a hymn than a prayer—a prayer deep, earnest, simple, pleading with beautiful and touching pathos. The first stanza is a supplication for hearing, the second for grace, the third for guidance, and the fourth for the hour "when ends life's transient dream." In one thing only is it defective; it intercedes for the day of tribulation, but omits the wiser and the rarer petition of the Litany, "In all times of our prosperity." Yet this hymn, so beautiful, so brief, so peculiar, is abbreviated, and abbreviated by the omission of the concluding stanza. To shorten a long hymn may be necessary; to shorten a short one of four stanzas may be excusable; but to break such a prayer as this in pieces, and to leave the suppliant asking only for the comforts of earth, striking out his cry for final mercy, is, of a certainty, a strange improvement. Yet of the hymn enough remains to be credited to its author. When a compiler takes a work without paying for it, the least he can do is to acknowledge briefly that the author wrote it. With an unknown work and an unknown author, such an omission would be of little consequence, but not so when the blank authorship relates to one of the valuable pieces of the collection.

But of the alterations chiefly to be censured we have not yet spoken. There is a small volume, published by Randolph, called "The Seven Great Hymns of the Mediæval Church," which, whatever its merits or defects, adheres with scrupulous fidelity to the text of the authors, even to the extent of noting a change in the punctuation. From this small store of mediæval wealth the compilers have taken no less than six of their sixty-five additional hymns; and (so great was their zeal) not one of these six hymns have they given as the author wrote it.

First of the list stands the renowned "Dies Iræ." It may startle some people to learn that the "Great Hymn," the famous sequence of the Romish burial service, has its eighteen stanzas spread out to their fullest extent in this brief addition to the Protestant Episcopal Prayer-Book.

Yet we do not object to this; for, although the "Dies Iræ" will not be used by congregations as a hymn, still there will be great occasions in great churches when ambitious choirs will display their talents on it, and when the people below will need a copy of the hymn as a "libretto." But when such a hymn as this is to be inserted in a book which will bring it to the homes of thousands, who will see no other translation, then the very best, if possible the *standard* version alone, should be employed. The Catholics have shown good sense and good taste by selecting for the "St. Vincent Manual" the translation of the Protestant Roscommon. Our compilers had three versions from which to choose. They might have taken that of Gen. Dix, which would have been gratifying to the loyal members of the Church and a graceful compliment to so distinguished a lay member, and would have secured also to the Church the best metrical translation of the "Dies Iræ." Or they might have taken the British version of Dr. Irons, which would have had the advantage of conforming the words of the Prayer-Book to the words and music of the "Hymnal Noted." Or they might have taken the old, established, and ever to be admired translation of Roscommon. What have the compilers given to the Church? Their version opens with three false English rhymes:

> "Day of wrath! that day of mourning,
> See fulfilled the prophet's warning,
> Heaven and earth in ashes burning."

Examining it further, we find that the body of the hymn is the version of Dr. Irons, but altered, patched, and mutilated. Some of these changes are bad and all are needless. The only alteration which is justifiable is the change of the Latin "Jesu" to its English form. Corrections are often worse than the faults they seek to remove, and the amount of the injury can never be measured by the amount of the alteration. In the third stanza the compilers have but a part of the last line, in the fifth they change but a single word. Yet the latter is worse than the former. This alteration furnishes an instance of the madness of tinkering. The stanza in the original refers to the last judgment, and the translation of Dr. Irons correctly expresses that idea. Upon the day of *judgment* is to be brought the book of *judgment*, and from its record *judgment* is to be awarded. The compilers change "judgment" to "justice" and make nonsense of the verse.

The thirteenth stanza is not by Dr. Irons, but has been taken from the version of Gen. Dix. Yet, even when interpolating a solitary stanza from another author, the mania for tinkering could not be resisted. We quote it to illustrate the needlessness and bad taste of the alterations:

GEN. DIX.

> "Thou to Mary gav'st remission,
> Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
> Bad'st me hope in my contrition."

THE HASH.

> "Thou the harlot gav'st remission,
> Heard'st the dying thief's petition;
> Hopeless else were my condition."

The word which is substituted in the first line is not in the original, and is not in the Bible; it is needless, coarse, and repulsive; it does not contain a new idea, but repeats the old idea in a low form. There are people who seem to suppose that such words can be used with impunity, so long as it is religious composition into which they are stuffed. It is time that this supposition be extinguished, and people taught that low and vulgar words *needlessly* used remain coarse and vulgar wherever placed or by whomsoever spoken.

What, then, is the version of the great "Dies Iræ" which the joint committee has placed in the hymnal of the Episcopal Church, to stand for ever in her book of prayer, and to be said and sung daily and hourly by her children? It may be analyzed thus: Six stanzas are from the version of Dr. Irons, tinkered; the thirteenth is by General Dix, also tinkered; while the three false rhymes of the first are original with the joint committee.

When a great name is attached to a hymn the ordinary supposition is that the hymn was written by the owner of the name. This supposition is almost groundless when applied to the "Additional Hymns." For when the members of the joint committee have exercised the extraordinary self-denial of not tinkering an author's lines, they still have been unable to resist the temptation of transposing, inverting, and rearranging them. The mediæval hymns are not classical Latin, but many of their translations are classical English. One would think that the most ruthless committee would, at least, spare Dryden and Dr. Neale. Let us see what our committee has done.

"The Seven Great Hymns" contains the "Veni Creator" (ascribed by some to Charlemagne, by others to Gregory the Great) and also the "paraphrase" of Dryden. The compilers take several parts of the translation, make no mention of the venerable original, and call the hymn Dryden's. It is true that the *words* are Dryden's. It is even true that the lines are Dryden's; but these lines of Dryden's are thrown together in this wise: the first four form the first stanza of the hymn; the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth form the second stanza; then the seventh, eighth, *fifth, and sixth* turn a summersault over each other and turn up as the third stanza! And these literary gymnastics are called Dryden's!

The celebrated "Alleluiatic Sequence" of Godescalcus is translated by Dr. Neale in one of the most melodious and finished translations ever made of any poem. "And," says its author, "every sentence, I had almost said every word, of the version was carefully fitted to the music, and the length of the lines corresponds to the length of each *troparion* in the original." Yet this could not be spared. Dr. Neale writes:

> "To the glory of their King
> Shall the ransomed people sing."

The compilers hunt out the insignificant little word "to," and substitute "for." Dr. Neale writes:

> "They through the fields of Paradise that roam,
> The blessed ones, repeat through that bright home, Alleluia."

The compilers re-write:

> "They in the rest of Paradise who dwell,
> The blessed ones, with joy the chorus swell. Alleluia."

The poem contains the following beautiful passage:

> "Ye clouds that onward sweep!
> Ye winds on pinions light!
> Ye thunders echoing loud and deep!
> Ye lightnings wildly bright!
> In sweet consent unite your Alleluia."

The compilers (we are not jesting) actually have transposed these alternate rhymes! Dr. Johnson said that Gray should have omitted the expletives from the "Elegy." If the joint committee had manufactured a hymn out of it, they doubtless would have combined this idea with their own, and then we should have had:

> "The curfew tolls the knell of day,
> The ploughman homeward plods his way,
> The herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
> And leave the world to you and me."

This is ridiculous; but there is one hymn in the collection which, to many readers, will appear little less than sacrilegious. "The Celestial Country" of Dr. Neale, from the Latin of the Monk of Cluni, is among the spiritually lovely poems of the language, and has taken such a strong hold upon religious minds as few works in prose or poetry have ever done. When a reader stumbles upon a hymn taken from the refreshing poem which he loves, he brightens at the discovery and congratulates himself that his favorite is to become known in part to others. But when he reads a little further and finds that it is not a quotation; that neither language nor thought nor sentiment has been retained; that the lines which have been read in sickness and in sorrow, which he may have heard repeated by the good, or which he may have repeated to the dying, have been fished out and jumbled together as children "cap verses," then something rises up within him which will never forgive or accept the barbarism. Of such a character is the hymn beginning "For thee, oh dear, dear country;" and bad as the other mutilations are, those of this hymn exceed belief. In "The Celestial Country" are two passages which, in their proper place, are so spiritual, so exquisitely beautiful, that no reader ever passed them unnoticed. To illustrate this we quote the two stanzas precisely as they are printed in the "Seven Great Hymns:"

"'JESUS *the Gem of Beauty,*
True GOD *and Man,*' they sing,
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring;
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of his Court,
The Day-star of salvation,
The Porter and the Port!"

"THOU HAST NO SHORE, FAIR OCEAN!
THOU HAST NO TIME, BRIGHT DAY!
DEAR FOUNTAIN OF REFRESHMENT
TO PILGRIMS FAR AWAY!
UPON THE ROCK OF AGES
THEY RAISE THY HOLY TOWER;
THINE IS THE VICTOR'S LAUREL,
AND THINE THE GOLDEN DOWER!"

From these stanzas the compilers have extracted the finest figure—have hitched it to a passage with which it has no connection in thought, or style, or contiguity, and have reduced it to mere rhyme and bad grammar, in the following stanza:

"Oh one, oh only mansion,
Oh paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles *have no alloy;*
Thou hast no *shores*, fair ocean,
Thou hast no time, bright day,
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away."

But even this is not all. The thirty-fourth stanza of "The Celestial Country" (we cite from the "Seven Great Hymns," in which alone it is divided into numbered stanzas) contains these lines:

"Jerusalem the glorious,
The glory of the elect,
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect."

The forty-second stanza contains these:

"*O sweet and blessed country,*
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?"

Will it be believed that such remote and disconnected lines have been extracted and brought together thus?—

"*Oh sweet and blessed country,*
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect.
Jesus in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art with God the Father
And Spirit ever blest."

The last four lines, it is to be observed, are not a part of "The Celestial Country," but are the work of some other author. Does any other hymnal in the English language possess another such a specimen of conglomerate as this unhappy stanza?

The leading and intelligent minds of the Episcopal Church will not accept these mutilated and injured hymns. They will form a subject of controversy just so long as they remain in the Prayer-Book. The originals are too well known to suffer these spurious copies to be accepted or forgotten. And by the younger members of the Church the battle will be renewed if a defeat be suffered now. Within the last two years there has sprung up a wonderful interest in these old lyrics of the mediæval church. As that study increases, this subject will be reconsidered. The student who comes back to his Prayer-Book to find that it is false to the authors who enrich its pages, will seek to purify it. The clergyman who knows the original hymn will never inflict on his congregation the spurious copy. Time will right the error, if the Church be not wise enough to right it now.

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE NILE.*

THE vagueness and worse than vagueness of the geographers, who made Inner Africa pretty much what they pleased on their maps, have been signally corrected within the past eight years by the discoveries of English explorers, among whom Mr. Baker is last in point of time, but only in point of time. Between 15° S. and 3° N. of the equator are now known to be situated four great lakes, of which two are divided by the 30th meridian of east longitude, and two lie between this and the 40th. These are, beginning at the south, the Lake Nyassa, discovered by Livingstone in October, 1863; Lake Tanganyika, by Burton and Speke in April, 1858; the Victoria N'yanza, by Speke and Grant, in 1858 and 1862–63; and the Albert N'yanza of Mr. Baker, in March, 1864. The latter pair belong to the basin of the Nile, the former draining the extreme southern watershed of that basin, which is contained, according to Mr. Baker, between the 22d and 39th degrees of east longitude, and the 3d degree of south and 18th of north latitude, the Nile delta being in latitude 32° N.

Mr. Baker's ambition was to reach the source of the Nile, and with this purpose, or determination, rather, he sailed from Cairo on the 15th of April, 1861. He was a man of means, of considerable experience of savages and a sportsman's life in India and Abyssinia, of great pluck, endurance, and decision of character, and sufficient scientific training to make his researches intelligible and valuable. He was accompanied to the end by his young wife, dressed like himself in loose trousers and gaiters, with blouse and belt—a man to all appearance, except when she shone like a Lorelei upon the savages as she combed her golden hair before them. She was a worthy companion of a Nile explorer, and in more than one instance she saved the expedition from ruin by her tact and intrepidity. The year between the date just mentioned and June, 1862, was spent in tracing up from Berber, lat. 17° 58′ N., the Abyssinian affluents of the Nile, and working round from its junction with the Atbara to its junction with the Blue Nile at Khartoum, lat 15° 30′ N. These two rivers are dry from March to June, and consist then of pools or ponds, into which are crowded all their living denizens till the rains liberate them. In May the rains begin, and in mid June first affect the courses, which swell into torrents under terrific storms and cause the annual inundation of Lower Egypt.

Khartoum was a miserably filthy and unhealthy place, of some 30,000 inhabitants, the headquarters of the nefarious White Nile trade in slaves, but for which Mr. Baker's progress would have encountered few perils, obstacles, or unusual delays. Here were gathered the traders—Syrians, Copts, Turks, Circassians, and a few Europeans; and here was an American consul, *not* gratefully remembered by Baker for his courtesy, being the son of a trader who, at Gondokoro, covered his nefarious traffic with the American flag. Physically and morally foul, horribly oppressed by the Turkish Government, so that nothing throve but infamy, Khartoum was a place to be abandoned as quickly as possible. Baker left it December 18, 1862, in three vessels, bearing forty sailors, forty-five armed men, eleven servants, twenty-one donkeys, and four camels, besides a generous equipment in other necessaries. The White Nile is two miles broad at this point, and the ground between it and the Blue Nile is a vast flat as far as the eye can reach. The voyage was dismally monotonous. Here and there the banks were lined with villages, or fringed with mimosa groves, but oftenest the shallow channel, narrowed in parts to 130 yards, wound interminably through a treeless plain, or amid tall reeds and grass that shut out the horizon; and marshes, mosquitos, malaria, and misery are the best summary of the disgusting country that bordered the river. Yet the absence of morning or evening fogs was noticeable, and the stillness of the night was disturbed only by the distant barking of dogs or the snorting bellow of the hippopotamus, which made the vessels vibrate.

Gondokoro, a place which has been reached by steamers from the Mediterranean, marked the termination of the marshes and of Baker's voyaging. He had been forty-five days in getting there. He found it, in respect of cleanliness, far superior to Khartoum, but "a perfect hell" of slave-pens and slave-dealing. His coming, as before, created consternation among the traders, who looked upon him as a spy, and they did all in their power to interrupt his advance. On the 15th of February, 1863, to his great joy, he was joined by Speke and Grant from the south, who had just completed their exploration of the Victoria N'yanza, and were able to give him the most accurate details of their own observations, and to put him on the right track to corroborate or enlarge them. This meeting was pleasantly and creditably characterized by the absence of all professional jealousy.

On the 26th the new-comers sailed for England, and a month later Baker

* "The Albert N'yanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Explorations of the Nile Sources. By Samuel White Baker." With Maps, Illustrations, and Portraits. London: Macmillan & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Pp. 516. 1866.

began his overland route. He had had a difficulty with the officials at Khartoum, and a mutiny among his own men at Gondokoro, and had overcome them both. Discipline and a uniform dress worked wonders with his retinue, which was diminished by some fifteen malcontents. He was destined to see it utterly dispersed by mutinies and desertions; to incur first the enmity and afterwards the friendship of a band of Turkish "traders;" to lose his donkeys under the attacks of a scavenger bird, and his camels from poisoned herbage, and his horses from fatigue; to be stranded with fever in a country not fuller of moisture than of vermin; to totter beside his sun-stricken and apparently lifeless wife; to be deceived by his guides, and abandoned by his porters, and tantalized, when on the eve of his discovery, by the cruel delays of a barbarous monarch.

He set out on the heels of a hostile party, who had challenged him to ollow them. In ten days he had passed through Ellyria, marched a hundred miles to the east, quelled a mutiny, formed an alliance with his enemies, and reached the town Tarrangollé in the country of the Latooka. The scenery he had now entered upon was, for nearly the rest of his journey, of the most delightful character—park-like, well timbered, with beautiful valleys walled in with high mountains of grey granite; or flat, interspersed with trees, and abounding in fruit; or a mixture of pasture and forest, with elephants, giraffes, buffaloes, rhinoceros, antelopes; or through mountain passes, under granite peaks 5,000 feet high, the invigorating air scented with the perfume of wild flowers, and the path festooned with grape-vines; or an elevated plateau with rank vegetation; or an undulating prairie without limit, the bright yellow grass dotted with dolape palms; or along a river full of rapids and islands, showing villages amid plantain groves; or, finally, through blossoming mimosa forests, or across deep morasses bridged with floating weeds. Early in May he made a three weeks' trip south to Obbo, and on his return obtained a clue to the grand object of his search. A month later, after having been greatly imperilled by the bad conduct of his allies, whose brutality in camp and raids in the neighborhood constantly menaced the neutrality of Baker's party, he left Latooka again in their company for Obbo, where with much suffering he endured the rainy season, and emerged on the 5th of January, 1863, mounted on oxen, in default of other beasts. On the 18th he passed on from the agreeable town of Shooa, where he left the last of his rice and coffee and his sponging-bath, which had served at one time as a watering-trough or reservoir, at another as a wine-press. On the 22d he saw the mist of the Victoria Nile, and the river itself before the close of the day; came shortly to the falls of Karuma—of no great consequence—and with the utmost difficulty effected a crossing and proceeded to Mrooli, the chief town of Unyoro and residence of the King Kamrasi. He was now crossing the track of Speke and Grant, who had followed down the Victoria Nile to this point, and had been pretty effectually fleeced by the greedy king.

At Obbo, Baker had met the first natives who made any pretence of clothing themselves. In Unyoro he found them fully clad, and possessed of civilized notions of decency—a fact sufficiently remarkable in view of his steady approach to the equator. Along the White Nile he had met a miserable race of beings, stark naked, improvident starvelings, begging for corn, and eating the ground bones of dead animals, and living with their cattle in smoke as a protection against mosquitoes. At Gondokoro the natives lacked the African type of thick lips and flat noses, preserving only the woolly hair; but this only in a small tuft on the crown among the men, while the women shaved clean. The Bari and Wakkala had bullet-shaped heads and low foreheads, and were of brutal appearance. The Latookas were the finest savages ever seen by Baker. They displayed, most elaborately, the head-dressing which chiefly distinguishes the tribes of the White Nile, between whom and themselves there appears to be a decided specific difference. They were excellent blacksmiths, but, except in tobacco-pipes and water-jars, did nothing in pottery. The Chopi, on the contrary, showed great ingenuity in copying after nature, taking the gourd for their model. They were well dressed, toga fashion, in bark-cloth made from a sort of fig-tree, which each family planted in its own garden, and in goatskin, also, their tailoring was excellent.

Ten wretched months were spent in Unyoro in vain endeavors to get forward, the true king, Kamrasi, never showing himself, but passing off his brother M'gambi, who did his bullying and begging for him. About the 1st of March, 1864, Mr. Baker was permitted to journey to the lake, of which he had now very definite information. His eyes and his ambition were gratified, on the 14th, with the sight which had hitherto been denied to a white man, at least in the record of mankind.

"The glory of our prize," he writes, "burst suddenly upon me! There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath the grand expanse of water, a boundless sea horizon on the south and southwest, glittering in the noon-day sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles' distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about 7,000 feet above its level.

"It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment—here was the reward for all our labor, for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa. England had won the sources of the Nile!"

The Albert N'yanza is the grand reservoir of the Nile, in which are concentrated the entire waters from the south, in addition to tributaries from the Blue Mountains, to the north of the equator. The Victoria receives the eastern affluents, and in turn discharges into the Albert, from a difference of level of at least 1,200 feet, through the Somerset river or Victoria Nile. From the Albert to Cairo the Nile is entire, and from this magnificent fountain it maintains its constant fulness of volume, although for eleven hundred miles after receiving the Atbara it flows without a tributary.

We cannot describe here the long and painful journey homeward, beginning with the week's voyage down the lake to Magungo, with all its annoyances and dangers—a south-west wind rising every afternoon and rendering navigation impracticable, in canoes, of course. The lake narrows to fifteen or twenty miles at the northern extremity, and finally disappears in a wilderness of reeds. From Magungo, Baker traced up the Victoria Nile, to make sure that it was the same rapid stream which he crossed at Karuma, and was only arrested by the Murchison Falls, which, if not to be compared to the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, will, perhaps, some day be celebrated for their beauty. During May and June he was desperately sick and imprisoned on Patooan Island, and from July to September was forced to tarry at Kisoona, near Kamrasi, no longer a counterfeited but too visible king, who coveted Baker's watch and double-barrelled rifle, and (barbaric impudence) his wife! On the 20th of September Ibrahim, the commander of the Turks, arrived, bringing a mail from England—not less than two years on its way. On the 15th of November they departed together for Shooa, the Turks laden with ivory, for which they were indebted to Baker's management and good faith. There they remained till February, 1865, when they pushed through to Gondokoro *via* the country of the Bari, who offered some ineffectual resistance. The plague had invaded the town from Khartoum, where an attempt on the part of the Egyptian Government to break up the slave-trade had brought on great mortality among its victims, and the frightful habits of the people had done the rest. Half of them perished, and every boat that left the place carried the plague with it. Baker carried it back from Gondokoro and had the misfortune to lose his most endeared follower, the boy Saat, who, in a climate which destroyed thirteen missionaries in six months, might have been claimed as a result of what Christianity may do for a heathen. But he was by nature "a grain of gold amidst the mire," as Baker calls him.

At Khartoum—not reached without the danger of a dam in the White Nile—our traveller learned of the death of Speke. Proceeding thence on the 30th of June for Berber, he crossed over to the Red Sea, and sailed up to Suez, his last peril being a personal encounter with sundry inhospitable Arabs under a shade tree, in which his umbrella and address were more than a match for their lances and swords. Mrs. Baker remained by him here, as in all other straits, and fortunately, unlike Mrs. Livingstone, returned with her husband to England and to friends.

This fascinating and in some respects model narrative ends as it began—as Livingstone, more missionary than explorer, ends and begins—with anathemas on the slave-trade, and earnest appeals to the British Government and all the civilized powers to put an end to it. Until this is done there can be no explorations, no missions, no commerce. Conscious of their crime against human nature, the traders seek to conceal their infernal operations under the respectable cloak of traffic in ivory. In effect they speculate in human destruction. They borrow money on the promise of ivory at half the market rates, collect each his band of cut-throats, with which he penetrates Soudan and forms an alliance with some negro chief. An enemy's town is surprised and burnt, the men all slaughtered, the women, children, and cattle captured. The cattle are sold to the chief for ivory, and this transaction is commonly succeeded by a quarrel, in which the ally and all his people are treated as were his enemies. The slaves are then sold to the men for wages, but always under a fictitious entry, as for clothing, etc. The slaves once landed at Khartoum are shipped to Arabia and Persia. The miseries thus entailed upon wide sections; the hostilities excited between otherwise naturally peaceful tribes; the barbarous desolation brought upon the rich and fertile country—are easily imagined. The mercenary Turks protect and stimulate the system, which a small garrison and a few gunboats might root up in a year. Unfortunately, everybody knows the delicate relation of Egypt to European politics, and until we have a change of rulers or of government in France it is at least doubtful if any steps will be taken to suppress the slave-trade not only here but on the east and west coast of Africa, where Livingstone found it carried on by the Portuguese. Mr. Baker

has removed the last excuse, ignorance, which remained to the non-interfering powers of Europe; and it is as honorable a service as the discovery for which he will be famous.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JULY.

THE "North American" for the current quarter, though it contains nothing especially striking, will be found a solid and valuable number. Muddled editors of newspapers and their muddled readers will be much indebted to the article entitled "The Mexican Question" for a good deal of light on a subject that sorely needed it. Most people have given up reading dispatches from the Rio Grande. We are all believers in the Monroe Doctrine, so far at any rate as concerns Maximilian, but indeed the very name of Mexican affairs has become enough to make people impatient. The Schleswig-Holstein question is not for unaided human powers, but there has seemed little to choose between that puzzle and the Mexican—the appearance, and disappearance, and reappearance of a host of politico-military scoundrels; constitutions of a day; revolution chronic; the thirty-seven (more or less) different forms of government between 1821 and Comonfort's time, each, on an average, lasting about twenty-seven days and sixteen hours less than a twelvemonth; since Comonfort's time the new revolutions, the interventions, the four hundred and odd battles, Saligny, Jecker's bonds, Almonte, Seward, Treaty of Soledad, Juarez, Sir Charles Wake, Miramon, Papal Nuncio, Drouyn de Lhuys, conventions, and what not—altogether it is not wonderful that the public mind is in a state of some confusion. Mr. Robinson is a warm partisan of the Liberal cause, but certainly little seems possible to be said for the clericals, or Napoleon's imperial agent, or the insolent French robbery.

Mr. Parton gives us a picture of John Randolph of Roanoke, which, whether exactly correct or not, is as vivid as his historical pictures are apt to be. He undertakes, also, to answer the question—how it happened that the extreme State-rights theory kept its life in the South long after it was dead in every Northern State. The Virginian orator, he says, could not have answered this question; but in his own person he was an answer to it, and this study of his character is intended to lead the reader into the heart of the mystery. In Mr. Parton's hands Randolph appears as an abolitionist by conviction, a man of genius, of desultory education, of unsound judgment—above all things a natural born Tory and hater of democratic ideas, and insanely proud of the commonwealth of Virginia. It is in these traits that we are to find the secret of his rabid Calhounism. Such, at any rate, we take to be Mr. Parton's view. We may be mistaken. Mr. Parton's strength seems not to lie in closely-connected reasoning with premise and conclusion visibly knit together. Randolph he has apparently succeeded in depicting. But in dealing with the problem which the article undertakes to solve, his success is much less, and for the reason, as it seems to us, that sufficient prominence is not given to the influence of slavery. State pride, it is true, made some men devotees of State rights; ignorant narrowness of view made many men incapable of entertaining the large idea of the nation existing behind all forms of State and Federal government; inborn Toryism made many men hate a general government sure, sooner or later, to be controlled by the innumerable mudsills of free communities; but that which made State rights a power in American politics, that which breathed the venomous breath of life into the "pernicious abstraction," was the peculiar institution of the South. Slavery was sustained by enactments municipal in character; the power which framed the sustaining enactments must be made supreme, as against a dangerous, distrusted Federal power. Randolph held the State-rights dogmas for another reason than that slavery leaned upon them; Jefferson held them for another reason than that, and another than Randolph's; but with the mass of slaveholders it was not so, nor was it so with the mass of people to whom slaveholders were able to dictate their politics. Had slavery died in 1831, Russell, of the *Times*, would not in 1861 have heard any wounded Confederate saying that it was State rights he died for; he would not have seen any Confederates, wounded or unwounded. As for that Southern willingness asserted by Russell, whom Parton confirms, to hand the South over to some scion of European royal stock, it is a thing not to be seriously spoken of. A man might talk such stuff in a bar-room, or over his claret with Russell, but the scion of royalty would have been an original fool—more than that, an hereditary fool with the accumulated stupidity of generations—who should have undertaken to come over here and be a monarch of Mississippians or Carolinians. The South was not wise in '61, but there are limits to folly. It is well enough to remark, by the way, that the invention of the phrase "masterly inactivity" is probably to be attributed to Sir James Mackintosh and not to Randolph.

Mr. Chauncey Wright, taking F. D. Maurice's last book as a text, furnishes an article entitled "The Right of Suffrage." He is severe upon Mr. Maurice, who, "as a preacher, is, of course, predisposed to divide the world into good and bad, and classify mankind on ethical principles,"—which is not philosophical. It is a predisposition which accounts for his breaking out into that rather astonishing cry of his: "So help me God, I do not mean to follow the will of a majority; I hope never to follow it, always to set it at naught." The reviewer assents, however, to Mr. Maurice's principal thesis—namely, that the right of representation belongs not to man as a human being, but to men as they exist in political classes. Soon taking leave of his author, however, he proceeds to discuss the nature of the right of suffrage, and to point out and give the reason for the wide difference between the American political practice and the "glittering generalities" of the American Declaration of Independence. The standing point of the writer is that of a utilitarian philosopher, and the essay, in this time of discussion of principles, is deserving of attention.

Mr. G. J. Adler, drawing upon the resources which recent French and German labors have placed within reach, gives us an interesting synopsis of the Hindoo epic, of which not many Americans have any but a vague knowledge. It is the immense "Mababharata," that most enormous of all literary works, unless we except the still more appalling Tartar national poem. That performance, we have somewhere heard, is seventeen miles long, and not the most patriotic of Kalmuks has ever committed more of it to memory than one and a half miles English. Of the purely poetic merits of the "Mahabharata," which some occidental critics have pronounced transcendent, especially as the catastrophe is reached, Mr. Adler has something to say, though much less than we should be glad to hear. But the essay will be welcomed for the information which it makes accessible.

The information contained in "English Poetry of the Period" was all easily accessible before, and there is nothing whatever to be learned from that article.

In striking contrast with the amazing, often monstrous, luxuriance of imagination displayed in the Hindoo mythology is the hide-bound sterility of invention which is found in the superstitions of the North American savages. Vanishing one by one on the least examination, their claims to any respect are pretty much gone. Mr. Parkman's instructive paper on "Indian Superstitions" forces the reader to Mr. Parkman's conclusion, that "the primitive Indian yielding his untutored homage to one all-pervading, omnipotent spirit is a dream of poets, rhetoricians, and sentimentalists."

In an article on "Sumptuary Laws" the teaching of Mill's essay "On Liberty" is broken up small for legislative Lycurguses, Solons by courtesy, from the rural districts.

"The Mechanics of Modern Warfare" compares the American iron clad navy with the French and the English. The palm is, of course, awarded to the United States, and, as we believe, correctly. It is *cum grano*, however, that one takes for the truth and the whole truth this statement made by the Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Welles is reporting upon the healthiness of seamen aboard iron-clads. "No wooden vessels," he says, "in any squadron throughout the world, can show an equal immunity from disease." Nobody asked Mr. Welles to prove quite so much as all that; he overdoes it. The facts on which he bases his assertion are that the *Saugus*, during four months, had but four cases of sickness on board, and the *Montauk*, during five and a half months, but one. Mr. Newton must know that it has been over and over again charged against Mr. Welles that, in order to make out a good health report for the monitors, he had their crews frequently changed, so that his report to Congress is honest enough as a statement of the health of certain seamen in the service of the United States, and is not honest enough as a report of the healthfulness of iron-clad vessels of the monitor pattern. The charge may be false, it ought to be, and it may be true—we fear it is—but, having been made, and relating to so important a matter, it should have got more notice in an article of this kind. The seaworthiness of the monitors is also dismissed after far too brief a consideration. A thorough discussion would have been well. It is true that the *Monadnock* has got into the South Pacific, and the *Miantonomah*, at the time of writing, was at Halifax on her way across the Atlantic. But even making two such trips as these does not perfectly prove the fitness of monitors to perform the duties of cruisers during an offensive war, and on that head we should have been glad to hear something further. Ramming and the use of torpedoes are but mentioned, and we hope may form the subject of a future paper.

The other long article is a lucidly written essay on "Moral Criteria and the Moral Sentiments," by G. W. Shaw. The critical notices of new books are much fewer than usual, but are quite as well as ever worth attention, and, in particular, we commend to the perusal of all interested in educational matters the long review of a very suggestive pamphlet, "The Daily Public School in the United States."

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE ADMISSION OF TENNESSEE.

Notwithstanding our ardent wish that Congress might have enforced reconstruction upon the basis of equal suffrage, yet since this policy has not been adopted, we are glad that such prompt and hearty action has been taken in respect to Tennessee. The terms of restoration are not as perfect as we hoped they might be, but such terms having been offered, it would not be honorable to refuse admittance to any State which has complied with them in good faith. Congress is not bound to keep these terms open for ever; it may rightfully impose new conditions next session upon the States yet disorganized; but it has no moral right to exclude a State which has fulfilled the conditions upon which, by clear implication, the majority of both Houses have offered to restore to the revolted States the privileges which they forfeited, while that offer remains unrevoked.

That restoration has been, in effect, offered to any State which would ratify the recent constitutional amendment, is a fact that cannot be doubted. No such proposition has been formally passed by Congress, it is true; but the amendment itself, when reported by the committee of fifteen, was accompanied by a bill promising restoration to every State adopting the amendment as soon as it should have been ratified by the requisite number of States; and this bill has been rejected simply because its terms were thought too stringent. The committee presented the amendment as the basis of reconstruction, and Congress, unquestionably, adopted it in the same sense. No other terms have been proposed by a majority of either House; and it is not to be supposed that Congress would have decided to adjourn (as it has substantially done) without proposing any terms at all. The report of the committee, the votes of Congress on incidental questions, the speeches of members, the universal understanding of the people, all combine to hold the Government to this obligation. And the pledge being made, it must be kept.

There are, moreover, peculiar reasons for dealing more liberally with Tennessee than with most of the other States, and for trusting her, more than the others, to deal fairly with the colored people. She has a large number of thoroughly loyal men among her permanent white population; men who have proved their fidelity upon the battle-field; who have been tested by the severest trials; who have suffered privation and persecution for the sake of the Union; and who can be trusted to be faithful to the end. These men have control of the State, though only a minority of the white population, and will call in the aid of the colored people rather than surrender the State to rebels. They are more likely to do this under the influence of persuasion than of compulsion; and, at any rate, it is an ungracious and unwelcome task to make hard terms with such true and faithful friends. If, after all, they abuse our confidence, we shall have all the more reason for exacting more stringent conditions from South Carolina and Mississippi.

Assuming that the action of Tennessee ought to be accepted as satisfactory, we think that the House of Representatives did well in making that acceptance prompt; except so far as this was effected by cutting off legitimate debate. The course of the two Houses, taken together, is just what the occasion demanded. The Lower House, by an act of eager and generous confidence, showed its anxiety to welcome the re-organized State on the first intimation of its compliance with the necessary terms. The Senate, by delaying its action until the news was fully confirmed, and there had been time to examine into the formality and legality of the ratification by Tennessee, protected the country from the danger of a mistake, either in fact or in law. Thus all the benefits of generosity and caution have been secured. The amendments of the Senate, moreover, assert in clear terms the vital principle at stake in the contest.

A vast amount of newspaper wisdom has been expended in showing the stultification of Congress in recognizing the validity of a ratification of the Constitutional Amendment made by a State legislature before Congress has admitted the existence of the State. It may suffice to say upon this point, that substantially the same thing has been done many times before. Whenever a new State has been admitted into the Union, senators and representatives who were elected before its admission have been received on its behalf into Congress. California organized herself in December, 1849, and her Legislature passed many laws at its first session, which adjourned months before the act of Congress admitting it into the Union, in September, 1850. It has never been hinted that the acts of the Legislature prior to that date were not valid. Every new State has been admitted under a constitution framed by a convention, while the State itself had no existence, and has been governed by officers chosen in like manner. Nobody ever doubted that the act of Congress admitting the State made all these things valid by relation, to use a legal phrase. It is well settled that Congress has power to pass a retroactive law, except in criminal cases. If, then, it could, in September, 1850, give validity to the laws of inchoate California, passed in December, 1849, why can it not give validity on the 21st of July to a resolution adopted by the Legislature of Tennessee on the 19th? It has been said that its action in the former case only prejudiced individuals, while in the latter case it prejudices the rights of States. But we know of no clause in the Constitution or principle of law which makes the rights of the States more sacred than the rights of individuals in dealing with a question like this. It has been fully determined that, as between man and man, Congress has absolute power to determine the validity of a State government, and we cannot possibly discern any principle upon which its decision should not be equally binding upon the States. And if, as is universally conceded, it may recognize the existence of a State with retroactive effect upon the rights of John Doe and Richard Roe, we cannot see how it is to be prevented from doing the same thing with the same effect upon the rights of New York and Ohio.

SHORT WARS.

Whether the war in Europe be at this moment terminated or not, no one now doubts that it cannot last many months, perhaps not even many weeks longer; and even if it be protracted until September, it will, if it end then, be an almost unprecedentedly short war. Not shorter, perhaps, than the war of 1859 in Italy, but it must be remembered that that struggle was brought to a close long before the full strength of either of the combatants had been tried, or before either had found good military reasons to despair of the issue, by means of a hasty negotiation between the two emperors, to which, if report speaks truly, they were driven by a nervous shrinking from the horrors of the battle-field.

If peace be made even now between Austria and Prussia, however, it will be due to the overthrow of one of the combatants—an overthrow so complete as to make further resistance useless except as a means of securing somewhat better terms, or as a salve for the wounded pride of a great and unfortunate house; so that it may be said that we have seen the fall of one of the oldest of European monarchies, which has come out of the bloodiest wars of nearly a thousand years without any very serious damage either in power or dignity, decided in a single campaign of four weeks, and that without any master strokes of genius on the part of the victor, like Jena or Austerlitz, but by simple hard fighting and vigorous marching.

There could hardly be a more striking illustration than this war affords of the extent to which the progress of science and the increase of wealth amongst modern nations have diminished the waste and destructiveness of wars by diminishing their duration. In fact, every one of the discoveries and appliances which *seem* likely to render wars bloodier, are found, in practice, to render them less bloody and less injurious to property and to public morals. A century ago, a struggle in Germany, such as that which we are now witnessing, would, probably, have lasted ten years, and have devastated the whole country. Prussia could never have got forces together in such numbers at the outset, or have moved with such rapidity, as to have paralyzed the smaller states. The latter would, probably, have either got off their troops to join Austria, or have been able to march them about the

country, levying contributions, and doing more or less fighting on their own account, long before Prussia could have squelched them. On the other hand, neither Austria nor Prussia could have brought together within a few weeks of the opening of the war, on one battle-field in Bohemia, the whole power of their respective monarchies. If they could have met with one quarter of their forces, it would, with the means of transport, and the kind of roads, and the commissariat then existing, have been considered a great feat; and one battle would have decided nothing. The vanquished would have been badly hurt, but would have drawn off and got ready for another trial without abating a jot of heart or hope. Any one who reads the history of the Seven Years' War, and the feats which Frederick was able to perform, will see that, in these days of railroads and high cultivation, well-filled treasuries, rich tax-payers, electric telegraphs, and macadamized roads, he would in two years have either destroyed his enemies, or been destroyed by them. In the Thirty Years' War, even on such fields as Leipzic and Lützen, neither party was ever able to bring over 40,000 men into line of battle. In our own Revolutionary war, 15,000 men would have been an enormous force. We doubt if Washington was ever able to muster in action nearly that number. That which made Napoleon's wars so terrific, and so short and decisive, and made him a "shape of dread" to the nations, was that he first, in modern times, devised means of raising and equipping and marching armies which really represented the strength of the people whom he ruled.

In the Middle Ages, governments, by drawing heavily on their feudal inferiors, sometimes got tolerably large armies together, but they rarely kept the field more than one season, inasmuch as they were essentially a militia, and had affairs at home to attend to. The breaking up was hastened, too, by the fact that they lived off the country, and the agriculture of that period was not of a nature to make "living off the country" very luxurious or even abundant. The Turks, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, appeared in Central Europe with the largest armies ever witnessed in those regions in modern times, but they never, we believe, kept the field over two campaigns, and they were able to keep it in such large numbers so long owing mainly to their immense force of light cavalry, which enabled them to lay the country for fifty miles on each side of their line of march under contributions, and spread terror for double that distance. The Spaniards were the first to organize a commissariat, and provide a military chest, and pay their way in the field, and thus secure discipline amongst their troops, and it was undoubtedly his which gave the Spanish infantry the prestige which it preserved unbroken down to the bloody and disastrous day of Rocroi. But the French troops before and in the earlier part of Louis XIV.'s reign, and until Louvois had reformed the army, were disorderly, ill-fed bands of marauders, whose exploits every summer, great as they were considered at that time, were no measure of the military capacity of the French nation. The men were the dregs of the population, and their officers lived by cheating them. In the field the army spent twice as much time in robbing as in military operations. The consequence of these defects of organization was that wars dragged on year after year with prodigious loss of life, destroying industry, laying the country waste, familiarizing the people, often through a whole generation, with rapine and bloodshed, and breaking almost every bond that holds society together. There is little doubt that the traces of the Thirty Years' War can still be detected in the condition of the German peasantry, and there is, perhaps, not a single state in Europe, except England, whose social and political progress has not been profoundly affected by the length and indecisiveness of the wars in which it has borne a part, and of which its soil has been the theatre.

In our day the advance of science, the growth of wealth, and the increasing efficiency of the machinery of government have, happily for mankind, made it possible to bring the whole strength of a people into the field at once. Armies are raised by an exact and vigorous conscription, which secures at once the force of the country. Their health and efficiency are secured by good food, good clothes, and good hospitals, all of which are due to the greater effectiveness and regularity of modern taxation. Railroads and macadamized roads enable them, on the outbreak of hostilities, to be hurled over distances, in one week, which it would have taken them, in Napoleon's time, six weeks to traverse, and they are thus brought face to face with the enemy in the best condition, while the telegraph enables immense combinations to be effected, which, when communication was altogether dependent on mounted couriers, would have been utterly impossible. The improvements in modern firearms, also, enables the amount of destruction necessary to win a battle to be accomplished in half the time, as we see in the case of the Prussian needle-gun, so that there is little difficulty now in deciding a quarrel by one great battle and a few "combats," if the territory of the belligerents is not too far apart, as in the case of the allies and Russians in 1854, when the conditions of warfare were very much what they were one hundred years ago.

Our own war may seem to furnish an exception to this rule, but it is only in appearance. That war was not from the outset carried on on military principles. During the first year at least the raising of armies and their movements in the field were governed by political rather than by military considerations, and the whole strength of the North was not then called out. Moreover, until a very late period in the struggle no attempt was made to induce the South to concentrate its forces for a decisive trial of skill and strength. The "anaconda" policy, and the marching up and down, in remote corners, of such heroes as General Banks, produced much the same effect, in spite of the unparalleled efficiency of our commissariat and ordnance and quartermaster's departments, as were produced in bye-gone days in Europe by bad roads, and scanty supplies, and difficult recruiting. The struggle was thus prolonged, engagements multiplied, and the circle of suffering and devastation dreadfully widened. Had it been possible to put the whole military strength of the North and South face to face in Virginia, in the very first year, and have them pound away at each other week after week, as they did under Grant and Lee in the Wilderness, the slaughter would have been frightful, and all the old ladies would have cried shame, but there is no question that humanity and civilization would have gained immensely by the rapidity with which a final decision would thus have been reached. Dreadful as are the scenes that are witnessed on a great battle-field, and awful as are the rows of figures which it furnishes to the newspapers, the real misery of war must be sought elsewhere. It is the sick who perish by inches in the hospitals month after month, the farmer who broods in despair spring after spring over his wasted fields, the women and children who lay their heads in terror night after night on their pillows, who drink the cup to the dregs. It is in the widespread sense of insecurity which long wars diffuse, the familiarity with violence and disorder which they breed, and the air of hopelessness with which they surround the pursuits of peaceful and steady industry that their real mischief is to be found.

THE HARVEY CASE.

Congress has just been doing one of those things which majorities long in possession of power are very apt to do, and which never fail, in the long run, to help to drive them out of power. Mr. James Harvey, our Minister to Portugal, wrote, some time ago, a very foolish letter to Mr. Seward, praising that gentleman and the President and his "policy" "to the skies," in that style of fulsome laudation with which "Our Washington Correspondent" has made the public so familiar. The rhetoric, as might be expected, is tawdry and detestable. The President's opponents are compared to the Duke of Alva and the Inquisition, the negro receives the regular hack politician's sneer, and, in fact, nothing is left unsaid either by way of abuse of those who disagree with Mr. Johnson, or of praise of Mr. Johnson himself, that seemed necessary to Mr. Harvey, experienced as he is in the politician's arts, to make himself "all right" with his superiors.

But the letter was a private letter, addressed to "his dear governor," Mr. Seward. It was an excessively silly and weak letter, and "the governor," having read it, ought to have torn it across the middle, put the fragments gently in the waste basket, and then have written down the name of James E. Harvey on the list of the faithful admirers of "the President's policy." He, however, showed it to Mr. Johnson, and that gentleman was struck with its arguments, and found its balderdash

so soothing, that he requested "the governor" to publish it, to which "the governor," weakly and foolishly, and without any regard to the interests or feelings of Mr. Harvey, assented.

The result was, of course, that Congress was anything but edified by seeing this wholesale abuse of itself and its opinions from the pen of a man whom it pays, and whose official position abroad makes him, in an especial manner, the representative of the whole nation, and not of any party in the nation, binds him to a strict neutrality in domestic politics, and to a rigid and equal respect of all branches of the national Government. Had Mr. Harvey printed and published such a letter, we admit he would have been worthy of any punishment which Congress could, with a due regard to its own dignity, inflict on him. As the matter stands, even, we admit we have not a particle of sympathy for him. The worst that can possibly happen our rampant diplomatists abroad, for dabbling in things that do not concern them, is, in our opinion, not a whit too bad. So that what we say in reprobation of the action of Congress we say not from any regard for him, but from a regard for Congress itself. It has thought proper to pass a bill stopping Mr. Harvey's salary, the sole justification for this unheard-of step being that he had expressed opinions which he had a perfect right to hold, in a private letter to two gentlemen, so fond of flattery and so indifferent to the proprieties of private intercourse as to publish the letter without the writer's permission. As far as the justice of the matter is concerned, it is Mr. Seward's salary, and not Mr. Harvey's, that ought to be stopped, for it is he who has committed the offence against Congress. We have yet to learn that it is a crime for an American citizen to write to a friend that he considers Mr. Johnson a king of men, and all his enemies knaves and humbugs; or that, if it be a crime, that Congress has any right to punish it by a heavy fine or dismissal from office. To all honorable men, a private letter published without the author's consent, except in a judicial proceeding, ought to be as if it had never been written. If it does mischief, the person to blame is the person who has made it public.

We have frequently had occasion during the past year to condemn what we considered Mr. Johnson's usurpation of power. We have condemned in an especial manner his attempts, present and prospective, to use his appointing power either as a means of rewarding his friends or punishing his enemies. We have supported Congress in its efforts to take that power away from him. We are, therefore, all the more shocked and grieved to find Congress committing the very offences which have called down so much reprobation on Mr. Johnson. They have, in attempting to drive Mr. Harvey out of his office, sought to punish him for the private expression of political opinions, and they do this at the very time when they are talking of sitting all summer for the purpose of preventing the President from pursuing a similar course. Moreover, in stopping Mr. Harvey's salary by bill, they inflict a heavy fine on an absent man for an offence unknown to the law, and which we confidently trust will, in America, never be known to the law; in other words, grossly and scandalously usurp judicial functions and pass sentence by a party vote.

Perhaps the worst feature in the whole case was Mr. Spalding's use of "the previous question" to prevent Mr. Raymond being heard on Mr. Harvey's behalf. A more discreditable display of tyranny or greater abuse of parliamentary forms is not often to be met with in legislative annals. The "previous question" has been prostituted often enough this session to the strangling of discussion on questions of the highest public interest. The public has been lenient about it, owing to the peculiar circumstances in which the majority has been placed. But there is a limit to public patience. Nothing will preserve for the majority, in spite of its zeal and its services, either the respect or confidence of the country but a rigid respect for law, for usage, and for forms. If it has got to the point of supposing that its zeal for equal rights at the South will palliate indifference to any of these things, or will justify its fighting Mr. Johnson with his own weapons, it will find itself, next December, shorn of everything which now makes it respectable except its good intentions. Most intelligent men will advise it to give Mr. Harvey his salary and deprive him of the honors of martyrdom. If a buncombe letter from such a man has to be punished by act of Congress, there must be something rotten in the state.

THE AUSTRIAN M'CLELLAN.

On the 4th of July Marshal Benedek, commander-in-chief of the army of the North, is said to have been removed from command by order of the Emperor, and at the same time Generals Clam-Gallas, Henikstein, and Krismanitsch were put under arrest and ordered to report in Vienna. The Emperor quite lost the little stock of patience and reason that he possesses, and, irritated beyond measure by the more than seven days of continuous defeat and disaster that his petted army had suffered, with one stroke removed the men for whom his own mismanagement had rendered victory impossible and summoned them before him. It is reported on good authority that he wishes to take command of his army in person, but is dissuaded from so disastrous a measure only by the most strenuous exertions of his family and cabinet. With the Emperor at its head, the army of the North would lead the Prussians into Vienna as certainly and as uninterruptedly as the needle follows its magnet.

The magnitude of his command and responsibility, as well as the brevity and misfortunes of his career, will make interesting a few facts of the history of the late general-in-chief. Marshal Louis von Benedek was born in Oldenburg, in Hungary, in 1804, and is the son of a physician. What motive of policy, in addition to the soldier's own merits, determined the Emperor in selecting a Hungarian for this high office, perhaps not even the Marshal could tell. He went through the Imperial Military Academy at Neustadt, graduating when he was eighteen, and entered the army as a cadet. His Hungarian origin seems to have given him no sympathies for the Poles, for in 1846, as a colonel, he won a decided victory over them at Gdow, for which he was honored with the cross of Leopold and introduced at court. In 1848 he rendered distinguished service, still a colonel, in Italy under Radetsky, who recommended him for promotion to the Order of Maria Theresa. In the same year, as a major-general in command of a brigade, he turned his sword against his native Hungary, and in the battle of Comorn contributed largely to the defeat of his countryman, Klapka. He was particularly conspicuous in the passage of the Theiss, where he had command of two brigades. After serving again in Italy, and again in Poland, he was sent to Italy a third time, where he commanded the rearguard in the retreat from Milan to the Mincio, and the right wing in the battle of Solferino. From April to October, 1860, he succeeded the Archduke Albert as Governor-General of Hungary; but his previous conduct had rendered him distasteful to the Hungarians, they were intractable under him, and he was recalled and sent to Italy as commander of the army and province of Venetia, where he remained until he was called to the chief command of the army of the North, where he now is.

A correspondent writing from Olmütz describes his personal appearance as follows: "A man of short stature, powerful frame, rather lean, quick in all his movements, rapid and energetic in his walk, head always erect, so that, under the thick, dark-brown eyebrows, his great, fiery, piercing eyes see everywhere and everything. His face is small, narrow at the chin, and, by his long residence in Italy, become very swarthy. He wears a small whisker, in which, as in his hair, appear already many white hairs. But, before everything else, next to his eyes, is Benedek to be recognized by his moustache. This he nurtures most carefully, first preparing it with a thick pomade, then twisting it into rolls, and finally turning the points upward, so that his nose appears as if set in a frame. When he is in the street, and his hands are not occupied, he is certain to be twisting his moustache. He always returns the salute of his soldiers with a friendly nod. In politics Benedek is—an Austrian soldier. He sat in the House of Lords, but it appeared to give him little pleasure. Whenever he was in Vienna he came punctually to the session, and listened attentively but with small satisfaction."

For what share of the accumulated dishonor and disaster that have overtaken the Austrian army within two weeks past in Bohemia Marshal Benedek is personally responsible, and what amount must be laid at the door of the Imperial palace, perhaps not even the future historian will be able to determine. But certain it is that Benedek had the almost unlimited confidence of the Emperor when he took command, which makes it highly probable that in matters purely military he acted principally upon his own motion. But it ought to be

understood, as a salvo for Benedek, that he has never had so great an army under his command in Bohemia as is popularly supposed. In the first place, the old dread of Italy, where Austria has so often suffered defeat, caused the superstitious Emperor to divert thither more troops than were necessary. There is good authority for saying that there are 100,000 Austrian soldiers in Venetia—at least 40,000 more than are needed to defend that province against the fiery but unsteady Italians. Then, too, there are large detachments scattered through Hungary and along the Silesian and Polish borders, one-third of whom might have been spared to be massed in Bohemia. The truth is, the Austrians, with their usual Bœotian impenetrability, had entirely underrated the Prussian strength and daring, and were quite taken by surprise when the latter, having swallowed up Saxony at a mouthful, debouched from the mountains of Silesia into Bohemia with such fierce audacity. Instead, then, of the 380,000 men that Benedek was supposed to have wherewith to meet an attack, or, much more probably, it it was thought, to make a leisurely advance through Saxony, and then to press the Prussians slowly back upon Berlin by the sheer weight of his masses, he had not much, if any, over 225,000. To this number the retreating Saxons added one corps, about 50,000 men. But still he had more than the Prussians, and, with good generalship, might have kept the decision of the campaign in his hands.

The second and chief blunder of the Austrian campaign thus far has consisted in waiting too long for the middle states to get out and set in order their little contributions of bandbox warriors, while the Prussians were taking strongholds and sifting and compacting their new regiments by hard marches through Saxony and Silesia. All this time the Austrians lay in Bohemia, and the green troops improved but slowly. Napoleon never wished any further discipline for his raw levies than could be given to them in the course of a slow, steady march from France to the scene of his operations on the Continent. Many of the troops of both armies were new recruits, and the Prussians wisely adopted the best means of putting theirs in fighting trim by advancing the whole, instead of half, the distance to meet the enemy. Neither did the Austrians get any considerable accessions to their forces by waiting, since the Prussians, by their activity, cut off all except the Saxons from reaching Bohemia. This delay, however, is attributable to the Emperor, not to Benedek.

But, in the strictly military plan of the campaign, Benedek stands accused of gross errors. His principal one consisted in keeping his army too much scattered and fighting it by corps, and against odds. In this manner he managed to bring the Sixth against a heavier force, on the 27th, at Skalitz, and got it badly shattered; the Tenth in the same way, two days later, near Königinhof; the Third, on the 1st of July, on the Elbe; the First, between heavy cross-fires, at Münchengrätz, on the 28th; and left the Saxons, the next day, completely cut off, for a time, from the rest of the army. The troops could say with truth, in many instances, as they do, that they were outnumbered. Still we incline to believe that they reported themselves outnumbered oftener than was the fact, from the astonishing rapidity with which the Prussian infantry fired with their improved muskets. In this lies one of the chief secrets of the almost uninterrupted success of the Prussians in Bohemia. The "flint needle-musket" (Zündnadelgewehr) has spread as much terror in the Austrian ranks as did our gunboats, for a year or two, among the Southerners. This musket is breech-loading, though not revolving. A section of the breech, about six inches in length, can be removed by means of a fixture similar in principle to that by which the bayonet is removed from the muzzle of the Springfield musket. When the piece has been fired the soldier brings it down a little, and, by two movements of a little arm ending in a knob, which can be made in a second, unfixes the section, drops the butt of the gun on the ground, in two seconds more inserts the cartridge in the forward end of the section, brings up his piece, claps in the section, and, by two movements of the little arm, has, at the same time, fixed the section and shoved the cartridge forward into the muzzle. Another movement sets back the hammer, and he is ready to fire. The average rate of firing is about ten times a minute, and the universal testimony of the wounded Austrians is, that they cannot fire oftener than once while the Prussian fires five times. The destructive effect of the needle-gun is great, and gives the Prussians as much advantage over the Austrians as the rifled cannon of the French gave them at Magenta and Solferino. If the Austrians will use their old 8-pounder smooth-bores and the common musket, they must expect to make poor history.

It smacks somewhat of the bulletins that used to come up from the banks of the Potomac, and the editorials that backed them up, to read in one of Benedek's despatches to the Emperor the following: "Continued storms of rain kept the powder-smoke on the ground, rendering all sure vision impossible. Favored thereby, the enemy succeeded in pressing forward into our position in Chlum. Suddenly and unexpectedly he poured out from there a heavy fire upon our flank and rear, the troops wavered, and nothing could prevent them from falling back." It would seem from this that the Prussians have also "a superior article" of spy-glasses, enabling them to penetrate smoke that to the Austrians is only thick darkness.

The rule of strategy which would have required Benedek to meet the Prussians in front of the Silesian range of mountains instead of in the rear, is too obvious to need comment. If he had gone over to fight instead of staying on this side, it would not now be necessary for the Viennese to be fortifying their city.

A SEVEN DAYS' WAR.

It is hardly possible for the mind to follow events in their terrible rapidity. On the 15th of June the majority of the German Bund at Frankfort votes the mobilization of the federal armies. On the 16th Prussia secedes from the confederation, and her armies, already under marching orders, invade Hanover and Saxony. No resistance is offered to them: the Hanoverian army retreats with the King in the greatest haste. The Saxon army takes refuge in Bohemia. On the 24th June the King of Italy crosses the Mincio with 100,000 men; he attacks the positions which are between Peschiera and Verona, with the hope of isolating Peschiera and of cutting afterwards the communications of Verona with Tyrol. But the Archduke Albrecht storms the positions which are occupied by the Italians, and obliges them to recross the Mincio. This battle goes by the name of Custozza.

On the 26th of June the Prussians, already masters of Saxony, determine upon entering Bohemia. They have two armies ready: the army of the Elbe, under the command of Prince Frederick, and the army of the Oder in Silesia, under the command of the Crown Prince. The Austrian army, under Benedek, occupies Bohemia from Theresienstadt to Olmütz. They have made every preparation against an invasion of Bohemia by the valley of the Elbe or by Upper Silesia. But the two Prussian armies choose a more difficult but more central road. They cross the mountainous frontier of Bohemia in two great columns, by the roads which follow the eastern and western ends of the Riesengebirge. Had Benedek been able to destroy one of the two armies issuing from the mountains, he might have secured victory to Austria. But his troops are spread everywhere, and during three days try in vain to oppose the advancing columns of the Prussians; the needle-gun of the Prussian soldiers everywhere gives them the advantage. In all the battle-fields one Prussian is found dead for six Austrians. The two armies of Prince Frederick and of the Crown Prince achieve their converging movement on the 29th June; they meet at Jitschin (Jicin, in Slavonic) which they take by storm. Benedek retreats towards Josephstadt; on the 3d July he tries again, with the whole army, the fortune of arms, but the Prussians are again victorious at Sadowa, and the Austrian army, utterly demoralized, is obliged to fall back on the passes of Moravia. In this short campaign I estimate that the Austrians have at least lost 120,000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

On the 5th of July the French *Moniteur* announces that the Emperor of Austria abandons Venetia to the Emperor of France, and accepts his mediation for all the pending difficulties in Germany; thus a new and terrible lesson is given to Austria. It has always been her misfortune to have to carry on war at the same time in Germany and in Italy. Whoever reads her history will see that her German victories have always been made sterile by her defeats in Italy, and reciprocally. It so happened twice under Napoleon I. and so it happens again now. The victory of Custozza has been of no avail, and the men who, under

Albrecht, won it in Venetia would have been better employed in defending an old province of the Austrian territory against the Prussian invaders. But why did not Francis II. abandon Venetia to the Italians, or to the Prussians, who have conquered it in Bohemia for the Italians? Now that Italy is to be united, independent, and free, there will be no reason why Italy and Austria should be enemies; it would, therefore, have been more generous to hand Venetia directly over to Victor Emanuel. This is, I think, the first instance in which a territory is abandoned by a belligerent, not to another belligerent, but to a neutral.

This phenomenon, however, has an explanation. By giving Venetia to Napoleon III. Austria wished to prove that his was not a real neutrality; she wished to place upon him the responsibility of the war and of the present complications; and by accepting Venetia Napoleon III. implicitly accepts this responsibility. At the same time the cession made to Napoleon III., and the acceptance of his mediation, are intended to create difficulties between the French Emperor and Bismark. The triumph of the Prussians has been too complete, too terrific, too overwhelming, to satisfy completely the French Emperor. His desire must be now to put a stop to this succession of Prussian victories. But will the Prussians consent to this? Prussia has been, as it were, revealed to itself, and so has the needle-gun. But much as I value the needle-gun, it is folly to attribute *all* the success of Prussia to it; the needle-gun is only good in the hands of calm and disciplined soldiers; the strategy of the Prussian army has been as perfect as its armament. The truth, disagreeable as it may be to many, must be acknowledged: by its traditions, its organization, its intelligence, the Prussian army is a formidable army; and the Emperor of the French, perhaps, now regrets having led this army on the path of conquest. Why did *he* tell Prussia that her frontiers were unsatisfactory? Why did *he* invite her to remodel the German constitution? Why did *he* unite her with Italy against Austria? Bismark knows that the advantage of the Prussian armament must be a temporary one, as all the nations in the world will now rapidly remodel theirs and follow her lead. She may be inclined to use this temporary advantage even against the French Emperor. She has deceivedAustria in her Danish duchies; she may deceive the French Emperor on the Rhine.

Now that Italy is satisfied, the Italian question is thrown into the background; but the German question remains with all its difficulties.

A Frenchman.

July 7, 1866.

PARIS GOSSIP.

Paris, July 6, 1866.

The glorious news of the cession ot Venetia by the Emperor Francis Joseph to the Emperor Napoleon, and of the virtual termination of the horrible slaughter which the Prussians and Austrians have been inflicting on one another, has been received here with enthusiastic delight, for no one doubts that the armistice which, at the request of the Kaiser, the modern Sphinx has demanded of the Prussian and Italian Governments, will be followed by a diplomatic settlement of the questions which have given rise to the war now desolating so large a portion of Central Europe. The gay world will now be able to take its flight to the German spas, and the alleys of the Bois de Boulogne, now so animated, will be given up to the birds of passage, principally English, who flock to Paris during the long days of the year. The giving of dinners, of which the fashion has been imported of late, with so many other things, from "perfidious Albion," has gone on merrily during the past week—dinners on a very small scale as regards the number of the guests, but of the most exquisite luxuriousness in point of fare and service.

The re-appearance of cholera on so many points of Europe bodes ill for the enjoyableness of the next six months. At Amiens the deaths have risen to sixty-seven daily, and great alarm has been felt by the townspeople. The Empress, anxious to impart, by her example, her belief that this dreaded disease is not contagious, set off on Wednesday, attended by two or three ladies and gentlemen of her household, for Amiens, where she spent the day in visiting the cholera wards of the various hospitals, addressing a kind word to all the patients, and distributing the contents of the great baskets of medicines, clothing, and comforts she had brought with her from Paris. She was attended in these visits by the authorities of the various establishments. She visited and examined, with equal intelligence and care, all the arrangements of the cholera wards. On leaving one of the hospitals she was shown two young children who had just been orphaned by the terrible disease, and adopted them on the spot. The news of her visit having spread through the town, large crowds soon collected to welcome her, and she was received, on leaving the hospitals and on returning to the station, with the warmest acclamations. The Emperor was to have accompanied her on this errand of charity, but was prevented by the work of mediation so suddenly placed in his hands, and which he is proceeding to accomplish with his usual vigor and celerity.

The great American anniversary of the Fourth of July has been celebrated by a fête in the Pré Catalan, that charming enclosure in the Bois de Boulogne, so often alluded to in these letters as the scene of concerts, balls, and other "genteel" amusements, to say nothing of milk-drinking and occasional illuminations. On the present occasion the fête was got up by subscription, under the auspices of a committee, including Dr. Evans, Messrs. Munroe, Tucker, Lherbette, Kane, and other leading members of the American colony. The usual attractions of the beautiful garden in question were greatly enhanced by the loan of a great quantity of magnificent plants and flowers, in token of good-will, from the city conservatories, by the Prefect of the Seine. Large tents for dancing and for refreshment were arranged on various points of the ground, others being set apart as shawl-rooms. These tents were profusely decorated with American and French flags; and portraits of Washington and the present Emperor of the French were suspended in the dancing tent. The American ladies, so famed for their beauty, and whose love of dress is conspicuous even in Paris, came out in great force, and constituted one of the most ornamental features of the display. An immense number of children were present, and evidently enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content, dancing with a spirit and zeal that would have defied a far higher temperature than that under which we have been shivering for a week past, and delighted out of their youthful wits by the delightful tombola, so skillfully managed that every child got not only "something," but "something" that generally proved to be exactly what the getter had been most wishing for. The fête opened at two P. M., the gentlemen of the committee acting as stewards, and receiving the guests as they arrived. Among those specially invited were—Mr. Bigelow, the American Minister, and his family; Mr. Fox, the Assistant-Secretary of War; Captain Beaumont (of the monitor *Miantonomah*, now lying at Cherbourg), with several of his officers; Mr. Beckwith, U. S. Commissioner for the great exhibition of next year; the Rev. Drs. Hitchcock, Thompson, Eldridge, Davenport, Smith, and Cummins, the latter of these gentlemen having unwittingly caused no little disappointment in this city, as, being advertised to preach, a Sunday or two ago, in one of the American churches, a number of persons rushed to hear him, under the delusive impression that he was the Dr. *Cumming* whose name has been so long and so prominently before the church-going public of London, in connection with the Beast, the number 666, and the other unexplained problems of the apocalyptic vision. These gentlemen were accompanied by their families, and seemed to enjoy the scene as heartily as their non-clerical friends.

At the request of Dr. Evans, the Emperor allowed the Prince Imperial to honor the fête with his presence, a favor which, notwithstanding the Emperor's well-known friendliness to the United States, he certainly would not have accorded to any one but the worthy doctor, who occupies so high a place in the Imperial favor. His little highness arrived with his tutor, M. Mounier, alighting from his carriage at the garden gates, like the other guests, and being received there by Dr. Evans and Mr. Tucker. The guests had hastily formed into line to welcome their "august" little visitor, who walked onwards to the seat provided for him, bowing and smiling as he went, with a mixture of imperial dignity and childish pleasure very pretty to see; a fine little fellow, with a bright, intelligent face and ready smile, graceful and easy in his movements, with all the self-possession of an emperor *en herbe*, but with a thoroughly boyish appreciation of whatever may be going on. The children present danced a quadrille, of which his little

highness was a delighted spectator, and in which he would probably not have been sorry to join. Refreshments were handed round during the afternoon, and a sumptuous repast was laid out at half-past five in the refreshment tent. The chairman of the committee, Mr. Tucker, then alluded, in a brief speech, to the associations of the day which they had assembled to celebrate, and called upon Mr. John Jay, of New York, for an address. This demand was complied with by Mr. Jay in a very witty and brilliant speech on "The American Invasion of the Old World," which elicited continual laughter, and wound up amidst immense applause. Mr. Jay was followed by Professor Hitchcock, Rev. J. P. Thompson, Pastor Monod, of this city, Governor Cox, of Maryland, and others of the guests, and, after the speeches, Mr. Hornor read some very striking verses written by him for the occasion, which were received with unanimous plaudits by all present, after which promenading and dancing were resumed, to the light of the illuminations among the trees and of the stars above them, and kept up with unflagging spirit until near midnight, when the company separated.

The evening lectures on scientific and literary subjects which have, of late, been gaining favor in this city, under the title of *conferences*, have found a generous patron in M. Bischoffsheim, a rich banker here, who has built and presented to a society, formed for the purpose of doing honor to the donation, a fine hall at the corner of the Rue Scribe and the Rue des Mathurins, which hall is to be used exclusively for lecturing, the entrance fees to be low, and the profits to be devoted to enterprises of popular amusement and instruction. The new Athenæum (as it is to be called) will be open every evening from half-past eight to half-past ten; it numbers, among the members of its committee, M. Ernest Legouvé, Jules Simon, Laboulaye, Uhlbach, and de Rémusat, and will give salaries of varying amounts to the *savans* and *littérateurs* who will lecture regularly within its walls, and medals to those who lecture occasionally, or who decline any other species of remuneration.

We are beginning a new experiment here in the "regulation" of cabs. The monopoly of cab-letting, which has hitherto been maintained in favor of the great "Cab Company," is overthrown; and any one who chooses to do so may set up a cab. Unhappily for the public, the rates of fare are raised. The law has fixed a maximum price, above which "cabby" may not screw his victims; but derisively "authorizes" him to accept lower terms if he pleases to do so. As though a Paris cabman would ever consent, under any possible circumstances, to take a centime less than the law permits! An immense number of vehicles, some new and smart, some old and musty, have been added since the new law came into play to those already in use in the streets of Paris; and very peculiar specimens of the genus Jehu are to be found in connection with these additional vehicles. It is asserted, moreover, that a practical joker, in order to test the extent of the new "liberty of driving," astounded the *habitués* of the Passage de l'Opéra by driving, on the day in which the new law came into operation, a carriage and pair down the whole length of that favorite but narrow lounging-place.

THE GIFT OF THE GAB.

General Sherman made a few observations the other day at Dartmouth Commencement on Congressional debating, which express the secret feeling of, we venture to say, nine out of every ten intelligent men one meets. He said he had asked Chief-Justice Chase whether, when he was in Congress, "he ever changed his vote by reason of any debate he ever listened to, and he answered that he did not believe he ever did." There is, in fact, all over the country a growing impression that Congressional debates are farces intended to amuse or befog the country people, and that everybody who takes part in them, and listens to them, knows well that they will exercise no influence on legislation, and that the sole purpose they serve is to show constituents that their member is a "live man," and has not deserted his party. The discussions in the House are, in fact, very much like the duels one sees on the stage, in which there is a prodigious clicking of foils and a good deal of wriggling of the body, leading children and servant girls to fear that when one of the combatants flops on his back, and tosses his manly legs in the air, it is all over with him. But the regular attendants and the intelligent public generally know well that it is all gammon, and that the whole thing was settled at the rehearsal, and that the dead Smith will that night eat a heartier supper than ever in consequence of the thrusts of the foeman's steel. Of the real parliamentary fighting—of the controversies which settle votes, trace outlines of policy, in which arguments *pro* and *con* are produced, and in which members show the real stuff they are made of, the country sees no more and knows no more than if it were governed by the Aulic Council or by the British Cabinet. A member may sit in Congress ten years without giving his constituents, by anything he says or does there, the least clue to his real qualities as a legislator. Legislation is all prepared in secret conclave, or, in other words, in committee. The bill is produced ready cut and dry, and the more important it is, the later in the session; and, with the aid of "the previous question," it is "rushed through" before the public have had time to read it, much less think about it. The speeches the members make during its passage are not speeches. The other members do not make even a show of listening to them. They are generally ponderous essays, written out beforehand, with great elaboration, with the aid of "Plutarch's Lives" and "Smith's Dictionary," from which are drawn the classical allusions. The similes and the grand moral sentiments come from the swelling bosoms of the speakers. No matter what the subject may be, they commence its treatment by ascending to the dawn of history, and then flounder down through the ages, to the bill or resolution under discussion, followed helter skelter by nearly every conqueror and sage of antiquity.

Of the English of these compositions we have not space here to speak. Those woh peruse them in the pamphlet form in which they are distributed through the country know what the beauties and peculiarities of the language are. Suffice it to say that every subject, from the opening of a sewer to the stopping of a salary, is treated with as much solemnity and grandiloquence as if the orator considered it just the theme for an epic poem, and was driven to discussing it in prose simply through want of time. Sometimes, too, when the display promises to be more than usually bombastic, and Xenophon, Cyrus the Great, Cato the Censor, Sesostris, and Nebuchadnezzar are likely to play a more than usually prominent part in the discourse, the services of the Washington correspondent of one of the New York daily papers is enlisted, and he telegraphs in his "special despatches" what the French call an "appreciation" of it. He describes it as "Mr. Smith's great effort in the House to-day"—a "magnificent burst of eloquence;" says "it was a rare privilege to listen to it," and that, during its delivery, "the members crowded round the orator, and, at its close, shook him warmly by the hand."

Much of this unfortunate state of things is to be ascribed to the want of sound education and literary taste and culture on the part of great numbers of the members; more still to the fact that the real work of legislation is really done secretly in committee, and thus there is no need and no inducement to cultivate the art of clear statement, close reasoning, and ready reply in the open debates in the House and Senate; but more than all to the undue importance given in our colleges and schools to the mere "gift of the gab." Facility in speaking, assurance and self-possession on one's legs are things which, in America, do not need much cultivation. They have become hereditary qualities, and American young men will, we have no doubt, in a few generations more, address large audiences as naturally as a duck swims. The art which we need most of all to cultivate amongst the young is the art of having something to say, and of saying it in clear, pure, *unadorned* English. This ought to be the aim of all college debating societies. There is nothing, if young men and members of Congress could be got to believe it, more difficult of its kind than to make a statement of facts perspicuously, or arrange an argument logically; and if our "young men of promise" would devote the time which many of them spend at the very outset of their career in talking rant on the stump during canvasses to the study of good books and practice in composition, we should not only be better governed, but have legislative oratory of which we should not be ashamed. It is thought and not words that in the long run governs nations.

DE MORTUIS.

When Diogenes, seeing his end to be near, ordered his body to be cast out on the highway, and requested of his horrified friends a stout stick with which to keep off the dogs and the vultures, he was neither the first nor the last philosopher who has wished to ridicule the fear of death. Burial or cremation being as much a sanitary as a religious custom, it would be difficult to determine whether with the growth of Christianity and of the belief in immortality, which is also shared by Islam, men have become more or less indifferent to the fate of their corporeal remains than they were in times when no such belief, or hope even, prevailed. The Catholic Church, in past ages, succeeded in making uncomfortable the repose of those not admitted within its sanctified enclosures, and the grave-yard in Christian countries has never become so much of a republic as to welcome all comers without distinction. There has been, in spite of our doctrines, a close analogy between

the preferences for bed-fellows above and under ground, and some, it must be confessed, have shown a greater fastidiousness in the latter respect than in the former, setting, apparently, a higher value upon a Christian burial than upon Christian associations while in the flesh. Suicides, murderers, and those who, for whatever cause, have suffered capital punishment, have been generally ruled uncompanionable by their kindred clay, though the first-named are much less under the ban than formerly. Still, even in regard to them, we believe our large public cemeteries have explicit and rigid rulings which render it hard for them to enter the undertakers' paradise; and the real "God's-acre" or kirk-yard discriminates still more nicely among applicants for sepulture. Dr. Francis, of this city, obtained with difficulty a resting-place for the actor, George Frederick Cooke, within the precincts of St. Paul's, and Bishop Hobart intimated that the privilege could extend no further—at least not so far as a mural tablet. As for colored people . . . .

A respect for graves and their contents has been supposed to be nearly universal among all nations and under all conditions. There is a tribe in Africa which makes no burial of those who fall in battle, but which buries other deceased near their own doors for a season, till decomposition has done its work, when the bones are exhumed, cleaned, and carried in earthen jars to a sort of Ceramicus, where they are set down and for ever after neglected. But the rule is otherwise, at least for the newly dead. International law on this subject, however, cannot be said to exist, seeing how in the Old World and in the New the tombs of antiquity are despoiled—for gems and pottery in Etruria, for golden images in Chiriqui, for papyri in Egypt, and Indian relics in Ohio. And the newly dead in civilized countries have not been safe since the rise of scientific anatomy and therapeutics. Body-snatching was a part of the training of medical students till the state conceived the happy idea of turning over its lawful victims to the surgeons—a measure which brought relief to the feelings of the better class of the community at the expense of those of the worse. Still, there is a vulgar prejudice among paupers and the poor generally against passing from their last bed to the dissecting-table, as Edmund About relates with great effect in his "Notary's Nose." Monsieur L'Ambert can only hinder Romagné from starving himself by threatening to have his body carried to the hospital theatre. There "it will be thrown on a stone table and cut in pieces. One student will split open your great ass's head with an axe, another will lay bare your breast with a scalpel to prove if there be a heart under the brutish covering, another"—but Romagné cries him mercy, and swallows the proffered soup.

The doctors early perceived that the odium which they incurred in running counter to what might have been the popular superstition in regard to the dead was to be braved or removed by their own example; and so, from time to time, eminent practitioners have directed in their wills, one that his skin shall be dried and hung up, another that his skeleton shall be mounted, in some museum of the faculty. In one instance that we recall, a morbid fear of being buried alive induced a distinguished medical gentleman to ensure for his corpse the treatment of Marsyas; and flayed he accordingly was, if not by the father of Æsculapius, by one of his devoted followers. Similar testaments have not been wanting in this country. Only a month ago, in Covington, Kentucky, Dr. W. B. Powell, a scientific writer of high repute, emeritus professor of cerebral physiology in the Eclectic Medical Institute of this city, died and bequeathed his head for the advancement of science to his dear friend, Professor A. T. Keckeler, across the river in Cincinnati. The legatee, accompanied by a venerable brother physician, proceeded to the cemetery at Covington, and quietly gained possession of his property. When the will came up for probate, however, and the facts transpired, there was no little stir in the town which Dr. Powell had honored both by living and dying in. The professor testified with provoking sang-froid that he had written the will at the dictation of the deceased, and that the signatures of the witnesses as affixed were true and genuine. Judge Moore, on the other hand, addressing the court, denounced the will as irregular, and a disgrace to the records of the commonwealth of Kentucky; the testator was insane when he made it, and so was the witness who had just testified, or any other person that would undertake to support and authenticate the will; and he concluded by moving that the court order the will and evidence of the witness to be engraved on copper-plate and published for the world's information and (haply) indignation. He also gave warning that the grand jury was about to make a presentment of the matter; and at this stage proceedings ended for the present.

Now, to approach this delicate question afar off, it is evidently unsafe to make a general charge of insanity in the absence of all proof of mental aberration in him who gave his head to his friend when he had no further use for it, and the said friend who prized the gift enough to go after it. But, still more remotely, what greater desecration of the dead was this decapitation, no doubt with professional skilfulness, than the *post mortem* examinations which so many men of high and low degree undergo? How do we know the weight or dimensions of Cuvier's brain, or of Gall's, or of Webster's? As Hahnemann tried his medicines on himself, so Spurzheim, dying in this land of his adoption, contributed in his own person to the furtherance of his beloved science of phrenology. Have we not seen his ear preserved to this day in spirits? And may not one see, in the same city of Boston, the skeleton of the late Dr. Warren, set up by his particular request?

Chacun son goût. One need not, with Byron, make a mockery of death by turning skulls into drinking-cups—brainless aids "to steal away the brains," as Othello hath it. Horror and disgust surround the trinketry of Bull Run and the mutilation of the Federal dead on the field of Shiloh. Only in a barbarous community could it have been possible to see, as our Southern correspondent saw on a planter's piazza, the bleached and grinning trophies of his lawless vengeance. And, after all, these are nothing to the violations of the living perpetrated by the Confederate rebels in Texas, in Tennessee, on the sacred soil of Kentucky itself. Rather in this age we need to be reminded of the sanctity of human life and of human rights, and to multiply on copper-plate, if that will foster them in our hearts, the principles of that Declaration which we have striven to make the head of the corner, but which, with no protest from Kentucky that we hear of, is sought to be detached from the body politic, and consigned as a curiosity to some glass case in the Patent Office. Perhaps the grand jury of the country will indict this madness at its next sitting in November.

GOLD-BEARING PUBLIC LANDS.

It would probably be impossible to find anywhere in the Christian world any large collections of men more ruffianly, more lawless, less deserving the name and less enjoying the blessings of true communities, than the crowds of people of all religions and all nationalities who congregate in our far Western mining districts. Representatives are there of all parts of the earth—the idolater from the Flowery Kingdom, the Five Points Christian, whose only show of religion is to swear by "Melican man's joss," and with these the fortune-hunters and desperadoes of every clime. Of this promiscuous assemblage the honestest occupation is best described as a lottery where the blanks are ninety-nine, the prizes one, and the cost of a ticket enormous. Its immediately attainable pleasures are furious gambling and furious drinking; the pleasure it looks forward to is to be "flush" and have a long spree in "Frisco." Its law is often the code of Judge Lynch and oftener still the law of the bowie-knife and revolver. Of course the observances of religion, the benefits of education, are not to be expected in regions where women—women worthy of the name—are almost unknown; where the family, the foundation of government and social order, is an impossibility; where there is no such thing as home, and existence is nomadic.

This is a description hardly too darkly colored of society as it has existed, as we fear it exists still, in great portions of Dakota, Nebraska, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Montano—in short, in the million square miles of mineral lands, gold-bearing most of it, owned by the United States.

Hitherto the Government has been unwilling to sell any of these lands. It has preferred to be a great landlord, with the miners as tenants—tenants, we may add, of a most unprofitable kind, as might have been known from all past experience. To instance in the case of the copper mines: the expense of the tenant-system, from the year 1841 to the year 1844, both inclusive, was $26,000; the rents received amounted to the sum of $6,354, and the loss would appear still greater if account were taken of the waste of timber and the waste from careless mining. Four years is not a long term. But if we examine the working of the leasehold system as applied to the lead-lands during the period of twenty-four years, between 1821 and 1845, the results are not much more satisfactory. The cost of management in that time was over $68,000, the revenue was $76,704; and this $8,704 of profit was dearly bought under a policy which deferred for years the settlement and civilization of the lead regions. The system of leasing stands confessed a failure. The United States has long ceased to apply it to copper, coal, lead, and iron mines, and adheres to it only in the gold and silver-bearing country, where it produces its customary bad effects.

The pioneer miner, hunting gold or other metals in the States and Territories above named, prospects as he pleases, and when he begins to dig begins theoretically to pay rent to the Government. His title to the land on which he happens to be, is no better than his title to any other unoccupied spot that may strike his fancy, except in this, that while he digs he has a possessory right defined by local law. The local civil law is in about the same condition as the local criminal law. Two hundred diverse codes govern-

ing this matter exist in the single State of Nevada. Some of them prevail over five miles of territory, some over fifty; none of them have an authorized expounder, and most of them are overriden by some unrecorded usage. The miner is probably poor; but he can borrow no money on a land claim to which he can give no sound title, and capital does not flow in where there is no security. It is not worth the miner's while to make improvements; he cannot make himself a home; he is but a transitory tenant, here to-day, and to-morrow his camp is moved. No wonder that, under such a system, the Government reaps small advantage in the way of revenue from its immense property, that the development of our mineral resources is slow, that the miner is apt to be, and if not, is apt to become, vicious and thriftless and a bad rent-payer. Such being the moral and material aspects of this question, it is to be hoped that Congress may act favorably upon the bill not long since reported by Mr. Julian, of the Committee on Public Lands, which provides for the speedy survey and sale of every acre of mineral land now held by the Government. Mr. Julian's report points out that the leasing system, existing in the gold and silver countries, is now exceptional; that it was so signal a failure in the case of other mines, as to have been long since discarded; that it is a drain upon the Treasury; that it is anomalous, in a political point of view, for it makes the Government a feudal baron, as it were, and the miner a serf, or, at the best, a tenant-at-will, which, in effect, is to make him a nomad instead of a citizen. It may reasonably be hoped, the committee think, that, after giving to every man a good title to the land he now occupies, there will be enough remaining to bring into the public coffers, as products of a sale, something like five hundred millions of dollars.

The proposed gift to the miners of the fee simple of their lands is liberal, but, in the committee's opinion, not more than just, when it is considered how severe, and precarious, and unremunerative to themselves their labors and discoveries have been, and yet how advantageous they have been to the country in opening up the distant regions of our vast territory. There are other considerations to be borne in mind, as, for instance, the probability that within the next ten years a very much greater quantity of gold and silver would be brought into commerce under the new than under the old policy; that the country is laboring beneath the burden of a vast debt which the proposed sale would materially lighten; but the incalculable detriment which the old system has wrought, and the good results of the new wherever it has been tried, are sufficient reasons for giving the committee's plan a chance.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR OF THE "NEW GOSPEL OF PEACE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Removed as I am from active life, I do not always see in the journals of the day all in which I am really interested. It was only this morning that I had The Nation's article upon the fourth and last book of the "New Gospel of Peace" brought to my attention. Permit me to say that I am grieved to find the precious book which I have been humbly instrumental in bringing before the learned world spoken of by a paper of The Nation's discrimination as a parody and a jest. Is there nothing serious to this frivolous and ribald age? A manuscript is discovered embodying those truths which belong to all ages, and which are, therefore, well called eternal; a manuscript which teaches these truths with the felicity of oriental parable and the richness of phrase peculiar to oriental utterance; it is painfully deciphered and given to the world, and a paper of The Nation's pretensions treats it as a burlesque! After that, where may simple truth and solid merit hope for recognition? You more than intimate that two Irish gentlemen named Roberts and O'Mahony are treated with unseemly levity in the last book. Where is this to end? We shall next have C—rn—l—s V—nd—rb—lt and D——n R—chm—nd declaring that they are spoken of disrespectfully as being of the Durrektahs.

Apropos of the book in question, you mention a Chaldee manuscript by a writer named Hogg. Now here is something truly interesting. I have never seen this MS. But I do not hesitate to say that I very much doubt the genuineness of a MS. professing to be Chaldee which yet was written by a person whose name was that of the unclean beast. For that beast was an abomination to the Chaldees as well as to the Hebrews, who in fact were but an offshoot from the Chaldee stock. I shall be much pleased if you will inform me where I can get a sight of this manuscript. I do not indeed expect to find any near affinity between its language and the Iangkie tongue in which the "New Gospel of Peace" is written; but the worship among the Iangkies of an idol called the Almighty Dahl Lar leads me to suppose that they originally came from the plains of Shinar, and I may, therefore, find it not unprofitable to compare these two ancient writings.

You seem to have drawn conclusions different from mine as to the opinions of the unknown author of this book. What you mean by dragging Irishmen and negroes into the discussion I cannot conceive; and what you mean by Radicals I cannot understand. The word *radical* is an adjective; how can it have a plural? The point to which I particularly refer is your conclusion that my author was at some time in his life ill-used by women. I, on the contrary, have found him as gallant and devoted an admirer of the sex as is possible to an Oriental writer, and one who lived at such a remote period. Indeed, your aspersion of my author forces me to say that I have omitted certain passages of his manuscript revealing the tenderness of many women for him, and his grateful devotion in return, because, beautiful and touching as they are, I should blush to translate, much more to print them. There is hardly anything more trying in this respect in the "Song of Solomon" itself.

I regret to see that at the close of your article you couple this immortal work with the name of a carping sciolist whom I once thought a scholar and a critic, but who paid no attention to a conjectural emendation which I sent him of the famous passage in Shakespeare about *runaways' eyes*, although I took the trouble to elucidate it in an explanatory note which filled forty-seven pages of manuscript, and who has omitted from his "Poetry of the War" some of the most charming and spirited effusions of the American muse. But I wish you distinctly to understand that his failure to put in my "Wail of Jephtha's Daughter"—an omission which has been noticed by many of my friends, whom he has also shamefully neglected—has nothing to do with my opinion of the volume in question.

Your obedient servant,

U. Donough Outis.

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The Week.

THE Cable has at last been laid and is working. Some eminent scientific men still doubt whether it will work well, or work long, owing to the inequality of pressure at the various depths at which it lies, the abrasion on the rocks, and other causes; but this is for the present idle and profitless speculation; time only can test it. In the meantime let us all unite in rejoicing over it, as one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, triumph of human ingenuity—one whose beneficent results, both moral and material, are still only foreshadowed, but which seem likely to pass all present imagining. It is the complement of the application of steam to navigation. It strikes the last grand and, we hope, fatal blow, not at national distinctions (for we hold national feeling and pride to be as necessary to civilization and freedom as individual self-respect and independence), but at international hates and prejudices—at the mediæval philosophy which makes national isolation the highest good, and the Chinese empire a model polity. There is, perhaps, nobody connected with the enterprise who deserves so much credit as Mr. Cyrus Field. In England the Cable was a national undertaking, and those who worked at it were surrounded by sympathizers and supporters. Mr. Field kept his faith and his energy here amidst the scoffing, doubting, or indifferent, and we are glad to say he has his reward.

CONGRESS has adjourned, the Senate laying on the table before doing so Mr. Banks's two little follies—the Mexican loan, and the revision of the neutrality laws—and some other similar pieces of absurdity. Mr. Colfax's adieu was sensible and manly, in good taste, in good feeling, and in good English. We commend it as a model to some of the students of Plutarch who listened to it. We have discussed the history of the session elsewhere. The good effects of the exclusion of liquor from (we may be excused for mentioning) the Capitol were visible in the closing scenes.

OF the riots at New Orleans the accounts are not very clear, as they come by telegraph and through Copperhead sources. But the facts of the case, so far as they can be got at, are simply these: A convention, professing to be a constitutional convention, has met in New Orleans. Its enemies call it the "Extinction Convention," its friends, the "Convention of 1864." It is composed of Radicals, and largely of men who adhered to the Government faithfully both through the horrors of 1861 and the temptations of subsequent years, and the modifications it proposes to make in the constitution are avowedly "radical" in their nature. The conservatives and rebels, if the two terms be not, in Louisiana, synonymous, deny its legality, deny that it has been legally convened, or that it has any legal right or authority whatsoever to propose any constitutional change. In spite of these protests, however, it duly met and proceeded to business. Its legality, be it remembered, was a question for the courts or for the United States Government to determine. If it were not legal, the only result would be that it would be simply a private meeting, that its resolutions would be simply expressions of the opinions of private individuals. Or, even if its legality were acknowledged, its decisions would not be final; they would have to be submitted to the popular vote, so that no conceivable harm could result from its meeting, or from its violent language, supposing its language to have been violent, as its enemies allege. It has, however, been set upon by a mob, many of its members massacred, and, in company with them, every negro who showed his face in the neighborhood. The Mayor of New Orleans, whom Mr. Johnson recently pardoned to enable him to take office, avows in his proclamations his sympathy with the mob—treats them as men who have a right to be angry, and stigmatizes their conduct not as criminal but as imprudent. After a long delay the military were called out, martial law proclaimed, and order restored. The whole case will probably be much plainer than it is now by the time this is in the hands of our readers. But it is already plain enough that there is not even now, and that there is not likely to be for some time to come, such a thing as free speech even in the great cities of the South; and we repeat that any reconstruction which does not secure for Wendell Phillips the power of delivering one of his most radical lectures in any town or village of the South, in complete security, must be a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. Without this there is no such thing as free government at the South. Mr. Johnson's despatch to the Louisiana Attorney-General, we have no hesitation in pronouncing disgraceful. There is not one word in it of reprobation of this atrocious massacre. He formally commits to the military the task of suppressing "illegal or unlawful assemblies," forgetting that if Louisiana be, as he maintains, in the Union, there can be no such thing as an "illegal or unlawful assembly" which simply discusses. No assembly is unlawful in America which is not collected for a breach of the peace, or which is not engaged in an overt act of treason. Any twenty-six men have a right to meet and revise the constitution of this State, and declare that the Governor ought to be deposed and their fellow-citizens disfranchised. It is only when they attempt to impose their decisions on the community by force that their conduct becomes criminal, and the military are entitled to interfere with them. The Louisiana Convention had, according to its enemies, no legal character whatever, and no force at its disposal. Therefore, to call it "usurping" is balderdash.

MR. BOUTWELL'S long-deferred report upon Davis's alleged complicity with the assassins of Mr. Lincoln has finally appeared, and seems to contain nothing very conclusive upon that point, and almost nothing that is new. Davis was willing and anxious that the black soldiers and white officers of United States regiments should, when captured, be put to death. He must have been well aware that Northern men in Southern prison pens were treated with savage cruelty; letters have been found which were read by him, as appears from the endorsement, calling his attention to the wretched state of the prisoners at Florence and other places of confinement. It would not be wonderful, the committee think, if a man capable of permitting such gross violations of the laws of war and of common humanity should allow himself to become accessory to an assassination. Direct.

proof, however, is wanting. Before the investigations of the committee began, witnesses had been examined on oath by the Judge Advocate-General, and their testimony was perfectly conclusive of Davis's guilt. They made affidavits to the fact that they were present at an interview between John Surratt, Benjamin, and Davis, who agreed upon the murder of Mr. Lincoln. But, being brought before the committee, these witnesses declared themselves perjured, and retracted all that they had said before Judge-Advocate Holt. The committee will not undertake to say whether the witnesses were telling the truth when they made their affidavits or when they confessed themselves liars. But their evidence was not considered in the preparation of the report. Andersonville, the treatment of negro soldiers, the kind of war waged from Montreal and Toronto upon St. Albans and the lake cities—upon these is based the main argument of the committee. That Davis was a partaker in these crimes is susceptible of proof. But there is some direct evidence. Not a dollar of the rebel secret service money could be disbursed except by Jefferson Davis. It is well known that John Surratt, in February, 1864, had a considerable sum of this money, which he had obtained not in Canada but in Richmond itself. Of Surratt's connection with Booth there is, of course, no doubt. Letters in the rebel archives show that more than one proposal was made to the Richmond Cabinet to murder the members of the Cabinet in Washington, and it is certain that such proposals were not rejected with abhorrence. The committee conclude by urging that the President be called on to prosecute further an investigation which they were unable to carry to a conclusion. We think the revelations of the report certainly justify further researches, and we suppose, as Mr. Boutwell says so, that such researches among the remaining manuscripts may, perhaps, be rewarded. We confess, however, that we are of those who expect Mr. Boutwell's report to do more service in the coming elections than in bringing on the trial of Jefferson Davis for murder.

The House Committee's report on the Memphis riots abounds in details which amply support the popular judgment of that bloody business, which, we believe, has not been without compensation for the country at large in its revelation of the spirit of the reconstructed South. As for Memphis itself, a positive return of good for evil has been made it in the metropolitan police system, to which it reluctantly submits. It is to the so-called police of the lately rebellious States that are due a large proportion of outbreaks between blacks and whites, and of passive suffering on the part of the former. The withdrawal of the United States troops was the signal for activity to these petty persecutors, and the altered disposition of the President has encouraged them immensely. We are inclined to believe Memphis one of the safest cities for the colored race between the Ohio River and the Gulf.

"Central Organizer" Stephens has issued a proclamation containing an extraordinary amount of good sense, advising the Fenians not to sell themselves to political parties in America, and arguing that the Fenian battle must be fought in Ireland. Roberts is, in the meantime, said to be "negotiating" with Mr. Johnson for the return of the arms and ammunition taken from the Brotherhood on the Canadian border, and, while urging on the Canadian authorities the release of the prisoners taken in the late raid, is said to be preparing for another raid. It is hardly dignified for a "belligerent" like Roberts to "negotiate" with anybody for the return of his own arms. Why does he not march on Washington, put the President in jail, elevate Nathaniel P. Banks to an imperial throne, and then turn his arms on Canada? We think he has borne with Messrs. Johnson and Seward with extraordinary patience and equanimity, considering that he is within a few days' march of the capital, and could crush them any moment. A truce to trifling, say we. There is the less reason for his forbearance, as Mr. Banks is now released from his Congressional duties, and may be induced to draw "his battle blade" in what he calls "the present struggle for Irish independence." We tremble for the Canadians.

The Secretary of State rather tartly inducts the House of Representatives into the knowledge that the United States Government is not in the habit of holding any "correspondence directly, upon any subject, with the authorities of any country, province, or dependency of any sovereign State." Therefore the resolution requesting the President to urge upon the Canadian authorities the release of the Fenian prisoners now held for trial cannot be complied with. The Secretary goes on to show that this expression of sympathy for the Fenians, made by Congress on the 23d of July, was later by a month and a half than a sympathetic appeal made by President Johnson, who, so long ago as the 11th of June, had a note sent to Sir Frederick Bruce. The President had been informed that the British had captured Fenians on the soil of the United States, and that the Canadians thought of hanging all their prisoners at once without trial. Both reports proved, however, to have been unfounded. A second resolution, requesting that proceedings against Fenians in U. S. courts be suspended, "has been received," Mr. Seward says. He omits to say whether or not it is the Government's intention to regard it favorably; but, on the whole, it will be rather a strange thing if we hear anything more of Commissioner Betts and Ludlow Street jail, except when Mr. Roberts or a Roberts head-centre lifts up the voice of eloquence.

Mr. Sinclair Tousey has sent us, a little in advance of the Philadelphia Convention, the thirty-nine articles of faith which he conceives will be adopted by that nondescript body. Their logical arrangement and phraseology are probably not those with which the public will be favored; but that men entertaining in their secret hearts every one of these articles will be admitted to good and regular standing, and will determine the character of the convention, we have not the faintest doubt. This implies, we are aware, the endorsement of the theory of secession, a justification of the rebellion in its origin and means, and the adoption of any "policy" which leaves to the South even a small portion of its pet iniquity. Article XXIV. is no travesty: "We believe that white Confederate soldiers ought to be represented in the national Congress before any black man who fought for the Union. Black Federals have no rights which white Confederates ought to respect." Nor this, from Article XXX.: "We believe that a great, magnanimous Christian nation ought to forgive all the mistakes and crimes (even if not repented of) of all its people. . . . All who attempt wrong desire forgiveness (when not successful)."

Montgomery Blair prints a letter which he has just received from A. H. Stephens, whom Mr. Blair of course holds up to admiration as "the representative man of the Union party of the South" at the outbreak of the war. That Mr. Stephens never was. He had the name of being so, and it suits Mr. Blair just at present not to examine the ill-founded claim too closely. Stephens's Unionism in those days amounted to this: the United States Government, he said, had always been pro-Southern and pro-slavery; it bade fair to continue so; Georgia had a right to secede from the Union whenever she liked, but it would be foolishness for her to secede while she and her sister slave States controlled the Union. In short he was and he is a secessionist in principle, although on the 14th of November, 1860, he thought secession was bad policy. He is to-day, as he was then, a Georgian, and not a Unionist, and his words are entitled to no additional weight because written by a cooler-headed rebel than Roger A. Pryor. Mr. Blair's other reason for publishing the letter—namely, that Mr. Stephens is "the recognized exponent of the Southern sentiment at this moment," is a better one; authentic information on such topics it is always well to disseminate. It is not easy to see, however, of what particular value to Mr. Blair's cause this expression of sentiment is going to be. No one doubts that the Southern people would be very glad to see "a speedy, full, and perfect restoration of the Government under the Constitution" as it was. No one doubts that if that cannot be, they would acquiesce in the Constitution as it now stands, although slavery is abolished. No one doubts that most of them will work with the Philadelphia or any other convention which would bring the late Confederate vice-president into the United States Senate before Georgia has ratified any more constitutional amendments. To call Mr. Stephens to tell us this is very much as if a conjuror "should Plato summon, or the Stagirite, to prove that fire ascends," or that losing gamesters would like to play on till they win back some of their losings.

The Board of Delegates of American Israelites in this city entreat the people of North Carolina to reject that part of their proposed constitution, to be voted on this month, which excludes from office-holding any person "who shall deny the being of Almighty God, or the divine authority of both the Old and the New Testaments, or who shall hold religious opinions incompatible with the freedom and safety of the State." The Jews on this occasion, as on many another in the world's history, are advocating a cause which is not theirs alone—the cause of religious liberty. It is easy to show, as the Board of Delegates have done, that such a proscription is opposed to the Constitution of the United States and to the spirit of the age. The trouble is that North Carolina cannot see that she is behind them both. The lash is still a part of her penal code, but she would be amazed to hear that the whipping-post is not in fashion in all civilized countries.

As the *Times* remarks, "there need be no grand, lofty, chirographicies" about the successful laying of the Telegraph Cable. "The enterprise possesses all the elements of moral and political grandeur, needing no trumpetuous heralding nor unseemly puffing." If a man thus recognizes the beauty of silence or the fitness of subdued speech in the presence of sublime objects which are themselves eloquent, it is safe to affirm that the haven of Heart's Content must afford excellent anchorage when it extorts from him this utterance: "Such a harbor must have a destiny. Like that at Acapulco, it would seem impossible for the Creator to fashion it by accident." Of course it was impossible. But let us not quarrel with that Attic urbanity which says "would seem;" it is by no means too common among the gentlemen of the Press.

In a former letter from our Paris correspondent a specimen was given of the bills-of-fare of grand dinners published regularly in *La Liberté*, which have contributed not a little to the extraordinary success of that new journal. Sometimes the public find it difficult to divine the mode of cooking a dish from its new-fangled title, and sometimes, it appears, they regret that the descriptions are so explicit. It is said that the editor frequently receives letters to this effect:

"Sir: Your bill-of-fare yesterday contained *poulets aux tomates farcies*. I ate of them and was disturbed by them, as were my entire family. I have the honor to inform you that if such a thing occurs again I shall be compelled to stop my subscription."

The Cable has rather confused the regular, if tardy, sequence of war intelligence from abroad. In South-western Germany we have to note the occupation of Frankfort by the Prussians, who immediately dissolved the contingent force of that city, exacted 6,000,000 florins for the support of the war, and threaten to bleed the inhabitants to the extent of 25,000,000 more. Mainz is besieged, and the navigation of the Rhine prohibited above that fortress. The Bavarians have refused to accept a truce, and an army of 58,000 Prussians is said to be marching on Munich. In Austria, on the 15th, in an engagement before Olmütz, victory remained, as usual, with the invaders. On the 17th, Prince Charles occupied Lundenburg, on the borders of Moravia, thus separating Olmütz from Vienna, and menacing the latter city from the nearest point yet. There are said to be marshalled in defence of the capital 400,000 men, with 600 guns, under the command of the Archduke Albrecht. General Benedek subsides into a corps commander. From noon of the 23rd, an armistice of five days was granted by the Prussians, and on the 28th, as we learn by the Cable from London, peace preliminaries were in progress. The first step towards invading Hungary had been taken.

The Italians have occupied Rovigo, and are extending the civil administration in the territory they have thus far recovered. Austria holds Venice, Verona, and other fortresses, and gives evidence of an intention to endure a siege before retiring. Off Lissa, an island on the coast of Dalmatia, on the 18th, the Austrian and Italian fleets engaged each other, to the great detriment of the latter, which lost the Re d'Italia (built in this port) by collision, and three other iron-clads by explosion. The remainder were said to be making for Ancona.

CONGRESS.

Tuesday, July 24.—In the Senate, the Northern Pacific Railroad bill was postponed till December. The House army bill was passed; also the Indian appropriation bill also the House tariff bill, with amendments.

In the House, a message was read from the President notifying them that he had approved the joint resolution concerning Tennessee, but protesting that the resolution had no force of law and was entirely superfluous, and that he would not stand committed to its doctrines. These views excited a good deal of laughter, some derision, and, on the part of the Democratic members, applause. The credentials of the members elect from Tennessee were referred to the Committee on Elections, who reported them in due form, and three of the members were then sworn in amid congratulations. The Indian appropriation bill was passed.

July 25.—In the Senate, Mr. Ely Ross was admitted to the seat of the late Senator Lane, of Kansas. The credentials of Senator Fowler, of Tennessee, were presented. Voted to adjourn on the 28th. The civil appropriation bill was passed in evening session.

The House passed a bill incorporating a national farm school for orphans and dependent children of colored soldiers and for other colored children; also one to restore the possession of lands confiscated by the authority of the States lately in rebellion. The national currency bill was postponed till the next session. Two other members of the Tennessee delegation were admitted, and a motion to pay them from the beginning of the present session prevailed. The report on the Memphis riots was presented and (yeas, 86; nays, 23) ordered to be printed. The day fixed by the Senate for adjournment was agreed to.

July 26.—On motion of Mr. Sumner, the Senate referred the credentials of Mr. Patterson, Senator elect from Tennessee, to the Committee on the Judiciary, on the ground that he had at some time held a judicial office under the late Confederacy—yeas, 26; nays, 14. In the course of the debate Mr. Doolittle admitted the truth of the charge, and that Mr. P. had taken the oath of allegiance to the rebel government, although protesting at the time that "he spat upon and scorned it." The joint resolution for printing an official history of the rebellion was passed; also the deficiency bill.

The House passed the Western railroad and telegraph aid bill; also a bill distributing the reward for the capture of Booth; also, unanimously, a bill more effectually to preserve the neutral relations of the United States—almost identical with the neutrality law of 1794.

July 27.—The bill to admit Nebraska was passed in the Senate—yeas, 24; nays, 10. Mr. Sumner's amendment in the interest of impartial suffrage was defeated—yeas, 5; nays, 34. The Judiciary Committee reported Mr. Patterson duly qualified to be admitted to a seat; but for this was substituted a joint resolution that Mr. P. be admitted on taking the usual oath, except as follows:

"I have neither sought, nor accepted, nor attempted to exercise the functions of any office whatever, under any authority or pretended authority in hostility to the United States."

The vote on this resolution was—yeas, 35; nays, 2. Later, in the evening, a simple resolution admitting Mr. Patterson, after taking the oath required by the Constitution and the laws, was offered by Senator Poland and adopted—yeas, 21; nays, 11.

The House passed the air-line (Washington and New York) railroad bill—yeas, 58; nays, 41; also, a bill to provide increased revenue from imported wool. The civil appropriation bill as it came from the Senate was amended by striking out the appropriation for the Mississippi levees, the provision for payment of bounties to the loyal masters of enlisted slaves, the clause increasing the compensation of senators and representatives (yeas, 3; nays, 125, on concurrence), and by tacking on the bill to equalize bounties. The report of the Conference Committee on the tariff bill was agreed to. The joint resolution to admit Senator Patterson was laid on the table (yeas, 88; nays, 31) after a debate in which Mr. Stokes, of Tennessee, opposed any alteration of the test oath. The bill to admit Nebraska was passed—yeas, 63; nays, 52.

July 28.—The Senate agreed to the report of the Conference Committee on the army bill; also, that on the civil appropriation bill, which included increased pay of members of Congress and equalization of bounties. The bill to increase the duty on wool was tabled—yeas, 22; nays, 12. Senator Patterson was sworn in. Adjourned, *sine die*.

The House passed, without amendment, the bill admitting Nebraska—yeas, 63; nays, 52; also, the army bill and the civil appropriation bill, from Committees of Conference—the latter by yeas, 51; nays, 50. A message was received from the President vetoing the bill erecting Montana into a surveying district. Adjourned, *sine die*.

FREEDMEN.

In *Virginia*, at Cold Spring, a freedman was murdered (May 5) by three white men, brothers—no conviction; at Flint Hill, a freedman killed (July 1) by his employer, who was acquitted; at Fredericksburg, a negro assaulted by a white man with a hammer—colored testimony being rejected by the court, Gen. Grant's order secured the arrest of the assailant; a Mrs. Abrahams, of King William County, officially charged with most inhumanly torturing her freed help, all of whom were permanently maimed, and several killed; at Drummondton, on the Eastern Shore, a disturbance in the early part of July in consequence of an attempt to disarm and otherwise pillage the negroes, and, arrests having been made, the court compelled by a mob to desist from its hearing, and the dispersing negroes violently set upon. The military had to be summoned. *In South Carolina*, a colored man was murdered for entering the whites' gallery of a church in Columbia. *In Georgia*, according to Gen. Tillson, the civil authorities will not do justice or afford protection to the freedmen: "Judge Robert Walton killed, with his own hands, a freedman who had been arrested and bound by the sheriff upon the warrant issued by the judge," the victim's crime being an act of self-defence; the practice of whipping has been revived. *In Alabama*, at Mobile, on the 17th July, a sloop having 150 kidnapped freedmen on board, and *en route* for Cuba, was overhauled by a U. S. revenue cutter. *In Louisiana*, whippings, hunting with dogs, and murders, have occasioned the arrest of several persons under the civil rights act, and the late riot in New Orleans is but a continuance of outrage. *In Arkansas*, the testimony of blacks is often excluded, and their marriage certificates refused for record; near Texas, men are still held in slavery. *In Kentucky*, a riot between whites and blacks, begun by the former, took place at Columbus on the 21st July. Several of the latter were killed.

Notes.

LITERARY.

The obituary record of graduates of Yale College was presented in the usual pamphlet form, at the meeting of the Alumni, on the 25th of July. Sixty-nine deaths are reported, of which sixty-five were from the academical department. Eighteen were from Connecticut, thirteen from New York, seven from Massachusetts, and the remainder from other States. Twenty-three were clergymen, twenty lawyers, and five physicians. The average age of the deceased was fifty-nine years. The oldest, Levi Robbins, of the class of 1796, had attained the age of 91 years. Dr. Joseph E. Worcester (1811), the lexicographer, and Hon. George E. Badger (1812), formerly U. S. senator from North Carolina, and Secretary of the Navy under President Harrison, and Ex-Mayor Caleb S. Woodhull, of New York (1812), were the most notable of the dead. Dr. S. W. S. Dutton (1833), of New Haven, the Secretary of the Alumni, and Dr. Wm. T. Dwight, of Portland, Me. (1813), were prominent clergymen of the Congregational Church. To Mr. Augustus Russell Street (1812) the college owes benefactions amounting to nearly $300,000. He founded the Street professorship of the modern languages, and erected the Yale School of the Fine Arts, which is now nearly completed, and partially endowed it. By his will he left money for the foundation of a professorship in the Theological Seminary. Two changes in the faculty of the college were announced at this the 156th commencement. Prof. Wm. B. Clark resigned the professorship of Divinity and Chaplaincy, and Mr. Othniel C. Marsh, F.G.S. (1860), was elected Professor of Palæontology.

—The American Numismatic and Archæological Society have recently begun the publication of a bulletin called the "American Journal of Numismatics." It is an eight-page, double-column octavo, with a cover, published monthly, and is devoted entirely to the description and cataloguing of coins, and to the journals of the different numismatic societies. There is hardly enough matter in American numismatics to fill even a journal of this size. If more space were devoted to the archæology of the country, which is a great field for explorers, the journal would be greatly increased in value, and, we doubt not, would gain subscribers enough to warrant an enlarged size. One of the best and most thorough papers recently written on American archæology is the essay by Prof. O. C. Marsh, F.G.S., in the July number of the "American Journal of Science," on the exploration of one of the ancient mounds at Newark, Ohio.

—Something about the natural history of the great North-west can be learned in a very pleasant way from "The Naturalist in Vancouver's Island and British Columbia," by John Keast Lord. Mr. Lord was attached for some years to the British North American Boundary Commission, whose duty was to mark a line along the forty-ninth parallel of latitude to serve as a visible frontier between the United States and British Columbia. He devoted himself chiefly to study of the animals and fisheries of those regions and to collecting specimens, though he once went to San Francisco to purchase mules, and returned overland with them to the headquarters. His book is not entirely scientific, but abounds in anecdotes and tales of personal adventure. His account of the various kinds of salmon that ascend in countless numbers the rocky and icy streams of British Columbia will attract many readers. It is a book more worthy of republication, especially as it relates to this country, than many which engage the attention of publishers.

—The "Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," ostensibly by Dr. Craven, but really by "Miles O'Reilly," was not written with the privity of Mr. Davis. He is said to feel very much annoyed at its appearance, as he has always had the greatest contempt for persons who kept diaries and journals, and entered into them private conversations which were not intended for the public ear. He objects to many of the statements, especially that regarding the manacling, as erroneous. The substance of many, not all, of the long conversations was jotted down by Dr. Craven; but their form is entirely due to the enterprising editor. He was obliged to write fast, in order to get ahead of a book which, it was understood, General Miles was writing on the same subject, so that his work was not properly revised. In his anxiety to show Mr. Davis's leniency he has distorted some of his expressions of feeling; notoriously in what is said about Davis's relations to Gen. Hunter. The surprise with which Mr. Davis regarded Gen. Hunter's course in South Carolina and Virginia is utterly ignored.

—Two of the chief Russian reviews, the "Covremenik" (Contemporary) and "Russkoe Slovo" (Russian Word), have recently been suspended after the proper number of warnings. The ground of their suspension was their continued publication of articles having a tendency subversive of law and social order, and their antagonism to religion and good morals. Their loss will be quite deeply felt, as they were monthly journals of the size of the "North American Review," and had a very great variety of contents. The leading writers of Russia were their contributors. All novels are published first in a review, and the public will not read those published in any other way. This suppression is probably a consequence of the accession to the Department of Public Instruction of Count Tolstoi, who is noted for his illiberal proclivities. He was a violent Church partisan, a man of no culture, and was esteemed by many of his acquaintance as little better than an idiot.

—The Early English Text Society has just issued the first instalment of its texts for this year, seven in number—namely, "Seinte Marherete, the Meiden ant Martyr," three texts of about A.D. 1200, 1310, 1330, first edited in 1862 by the Rev. Oswald Cockayne, M.A., and now re-issued; "The Romance of Kyng Horn; Floris and Blancheflour; and the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin;" edited from the MSS. in the library of the University of Cambridge and the British Museum, by the Rev. J. Rawson Lumby; "Political, Religious, and Love Poems from the Lambeth MS., No. 306, and other MSS.," edited by F. J. Furnivall; "A Tretice in Englisch, breuely drawe out of the Book of Quintis essencijs in Latyn, *that* Hermys *the prophete* and King of Egipt, after *the* flood of Noe, fader of Philosophris, hadde by reuelacioun of an aungil of God to him sente," edited from the Sloane MS. 73, by F. J. Furnivall, M.A.; "Parallel Extracts from 29 MSS. of Piers Plowman, with comments, and a proposal for the Society's three-text edition of the poem," by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A.; "Hali Meidenhad," about 1200 A.D., edited for the first time from the MS. (with a translation) by the Rev. Oswald Cockayne; "Sir David Lyndesay's Monarche, Part II., the Complaynt of the King's Papingo, and other Minor Poems," edited from the first editions by Fitzedward Hall, Esq. Four more texts are in the press for this year's subscription, namely, "Some Treatises, by Richard Rolle de Hampole," to be edited from Robert of Thorntone's unique MS. by the Rev. G. Perry, M.A.; "Merlin, Part II.," edited by Henry B. Wheatley, Esq.; "Dan Michel's Ayenbite of Inwyt, or Remorse of Conscience," in the Kentish dialect, 1340 A.D., to be edited from the unique MS. in the British Museum by Richard Morris, Esq.; "Levins's Manipulus Vocabulorum," 1570, the first of the Dictionary Series, to be edited by Henry B. Wheatley, Esq. If further subscriptions come in, the society will be able to issue six additional texts. This young society has already proved one of the most useful of the English publication societies. It issues from six to twelve texts every year, all of great value to students of English. The subscription is only a guinea a year, and the back issues can be obtained at the same price. Subscriptions can be sent to Mr. G. P. Philes, No. 64 Nassau Street, the agent of the society in this country, or through Messrs. Scribner & Welford, 654 Broadway.

—Ex-King Ludwig I. of Bavaria recently presented the town of Mannheim with a statue of Iffland. He has promised another, which is to be erected in the course of the summer, provided that Mannheim does not in the meantime become Prussian ground by the victory of Aschaffenburg. The new statue is to be of Wolfgang Heribert von Dalberg Reichsfreihen, and younger brother of the Prince Primas and Grand Duke of Frankfort. Dalberg was born in 1749, the same year as Goethe. He devoted his services to Baden, and rose to various high positions. He is better known for his cultivation of dramatic poetry. For several years he presided over the management of the Mannheim theatre and made it a national theatre. Schiller found shelter and began his literary career here. A better counterpart to the statue of Iffland could not have been imagined: both represent one of the most interesting periods Mannheim ever had.

SCIENTIFIC.

LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE.—There is such a demand for parks, cemeteries, and gardens that a profession of "Landscape Architecture" has arisen to give advice in these matters. Judging by the finished product, there exists in the profession an axiom to this effect—all paths and water-lines must meander. To the vulgar mind this is by no means self-evident, and we have, therefore, thought it not uninstructive to recall the scientific basis of the doctrine. Brooks and watercourses, in general, are apt to meander, though it is not without example that they go tolerably straight. An Alpine road winds up the side of the mountain. The brook seeks always to go down, and it accepts a descent in whatever direction it can find one. The mountain road endeavors to surmount a steep height gradually, and winds about the mountain side seeking for moderate grades, such as men and beasts can ascend and descend with ease. Differences of level are thus the cause of devious water-lines, and a justification of winding paths and roads.

Across a level meadow the cow-path never goes straight; though the general direction of the path be tolerably straight, yet it is full of little bends and slight departures from the direct course. Looking to the cause of these deviations from the shortest path to the bars which will be dropped for her at evening, it will be found that the cow set her foot aside to avoid a hummock, or rounded a whortleberry-bush, or steered clear of a rock or a mud-hole. Herein is to be found the second natural and sufficient justification of curved roads and paths; the avoidance of obstacles, small or great, bushes or forests, boulders or mountains, is a prime cause of windings, and demands the best skill of the professional engineer. It is as short, and vastly easier, to go round the hill as to go over it; the old turnpike, stretching away straight over hill and valley, was as stupid a contrivance as ever made progress difficult.

A third cause of curved paths is to be found in the frequent necessity of changing direction, which the narrow limits of parks and gardens often impose upon those who design the walks and drives. For changing direction a curve is, doubtless, more graceful than a sharp angle; nature rounds her corners, except in crystals. This third cause is really but a special case of the second; the park fence is the obstacle to be avoided.

In a very few of the best public parks and gardens in this country these principles find perfect illustration, but in the vast majority of both public and private pleasure grounds they are utterly disregarded. Who has not found himself impatiently following gravel *s*'s over an absolutely level and unobstructed field of grass? Who has not seen with disgust scallop-edged tanks cut out of a grassy plain as flat as a barn-floor, and provided with curb-stones to hold the water in? Such tanks are more like wash-tubs than nature's ponds. Such art mocks nature.

In promenading, as in more serious matters, the pleasure men take in devious ways is quite destroyed if all the world can plainly see how devious they are. The fact is that a genuine Yankee, even if he be pushing a feminine left elbow in the hollow of his right, sees with impatience that he has walked a hundred feet to advance ten, or that the path he follows wriggles like a snake along the unobstructed turf.

But, must all paths be straight? Must we drive on alleys whose tiresome perspective suggests fatigue? By no means. But "landscape architects" must justify their curves by manufactured, if there be no natural, differences of level, and by artificial obstacles, like planted shrubbery and trees, if nature's woods and underbrush and rocks be lacking. A slight curvature, no greater than the width of the path, conceals the distant way as well as half a circle, and long sweeps and gentle curves are much more natural than *u*'s and *s*'s. Above all, water-boundaries should be determined solely by the varying level of the surrounding land, and the edges of artificial ponds should invariably be sloping, and made of sand, gravel, or pebbles, never of masonry. An arch or a stone bridge is a fine feature in a landscape, yet we do not build a series of arched bridges across an unbroken plain, simply in order to meander up and down, after the manner of the mythical sea-serpent. Horizontal meandering, without due cause, is quite as absurd.

EDUCATIONAL.

COLLEGE commencements are gradually losing the hold which they once had upon the community. The increasing number of colleges, the innumerable orations and poems, the lack of distinctive features in the successive annual gatherings, the absurd multiplication of honorary degrees, and the increase of other exciting conventions and public meetings throughout the country—these and like circumstances have taken away much of the éclat which used to mark "commencement." Almost everywhere we hear the same complaints. Distinguished orators from a distance are listened to by thin and listless audiences; the speeches of the graduating class are so many in number that no one but the President pretends to hear them all; the literary societies are not as flourishing as they used to be; and the frequency of railroad trains leads the graduates to come in at the last moment and leave at the earliest opportunity. The remedy would seem to be to lessen the quantity and increase the quality of the exercises at each college anniversary. One day, or at most two days, given up to the festivities, would be better than four or five, and one good oration annually would be better than three or four; and eight or ten addresses from the graduating classes would be more acceptable than twice or thrice that number.

—Andover, the seat of the well-known Phillips Academy for Boys, and of the Theological Seminary, is rejoicing in three new public buildings, all of them substantial and ornamental, showing a great advance in taste and means since the barracks were put up thirty or forty years ago. The academy already meets in the new academy hall, a most convenient and beautiful building. The library building is nearly ready to be occupied, and the foundations are about to be laid for a chapel. The site of the latter is admirably chosen at the termination of a fine row of shade trees, which will give character and dignity at once to the approach to the new building.

—The Ohio Teachers' Association held its eighteenth annual meeting at Zanesville, in the first week of July. The sessions lasted two days and an evening. Prof. Eli T. Tappan, of the Ohio University, presided, and made the opening address. He took up the defence of the high school, while admitting the popular indifference to any instruction beyond what is afforded by the grammar school. To overcome this apathy he recommended the establishment of State scholarships in colleges to be the reward of the most proficient graduates of high schools. The association appointed a special committee to report upon this subject. Hon. S. S. Fisher, President of the Cincinnati Board of Education, delivered the annual address. His theme being "Teaching as a Profession," he insisted on the value of normal schools and the deficiency of Ohio in this respect. Though the doctrines of the author of "The Daily Public School in the United States" were thus opposed, if not controverted, it by no means follows that his trenchant criticisms were unknown to the association or its orators. His sketch of the Ohio system was too unflattering to escape notice, and, perhaps, excite some resentment. In the general discussions "object lessons" failed to receive unqualified approval. Gen. Garfield was thanked for his support of the bill creating a National Bureau of Education.

CUBA.*

IN the great ocean westward from Africa, says Diodorus Siculus, at a distance of several days' sail, lies a large island with a fruitful soil, partly hilly, partly level, filled with trees of divers sorts, and watered by navigable rivers, covered with costly buildings and picturesque villas, and fit to be the dwelling-place of gods rather than men. Of this island the Phœnicians, and their kindred the Carthaginians, had knowledge, and they praised it above Sardinia and Sicily as rich in fountains of sweet water, and wild game, and delicious fruits; and this island, says Sivers, was probably Cuba, for what other could it be?

This is beginning, indeed, with German thoroughness at the beginning; but, as our author does not stop to discuss the hypothesis, we shall dwell upon it no longer than to remark that America was probably not so utterly unknown to the ancient nations as we are apt to fancy, for the researches of science are every day disclosing here and there shreds of that great web of affinity, so to speak, which overspread the world at a period now but darkly

* "Cuba, die Perle der Antillen. Reisedenkwürdigkeiten und Forschungen von Jegór von Sivers. Leipzig: Verlag von Carl Fr. Fleischer. 1861."

known. The real history of Cuba begins with its discovery by Columbus, whose ashes it enshrines; but its real interest for us lies rather in the future than in the past. With the Monroe doctrine, indeed, as it is commonly interpreted, we have little sympathy; for, as such, it is merely political in its character, and neither good nor evil can yet be predicated of the experiment of a government upon a vaster scale than that which we are now trying to establish. But to the moral progress of an island like Cuba, lying at our very door, and endowed with such extraordinary gifts, we can never be indifferent; and it is, therefore, with pleasure that we welcome a contribution to our knowledge of it so excellent as that which Mr. Sivers has presented. It is, to be sure, of several years' standing, but things do not move so fast in Cuba as with us; the torpor of Spain is upon its dependency; and, with few exceptions, a picture of Cuba, ten years ago, is the picture of it to-day, as it has been the picture of it for more than two hundred years. Of the railroads and of Lopez, of the botany and zoölogy of the island, and the cultivation of tobacco and the sugar-cane, there is a very good account, while the occasional sketches of the scenery of the plantations, and of the streets of Havana, give a liveliness to the book to which German erudition does not often descend.

As to the condition of the slaves, however, and the general aspect of the question of slavery as it presents itself in its somewhat modified form, the work is unsatisfactory—not, indeed, for its conclusions, but from its deficiency of material; it furnishes little information, and that of too general a character. The author is not what we should have called, several years ago, an abolitionist, but he does not believe in slavery; no man with his eyes open can fail to see, he asserts, that it injures those most whom it is supposed to benefit; but he cannot see his way out of it, and so drops the subject, not, however, without giving an account, in his interesting sketch of the literature of Cuba, of the Cuban poet Gabriel de la Concepcion Valdes, who, under the name of Placido, acquired so much reputation thirty years ago as the best illustration of the capacity of the colored race for the highest intellectual development.

The illegitimate offspring of a negro and a rich Creole lady, Valdes was at his birth at once consigned to slavery, in order to conceal so unheard-of a dishonor. He was given to a negro woman, and brought up in place of her own child in the bosom of slavery. But what he wanted in education he made up in talent; and the pressure of his bondage was lightened by the exercise of his poetic faculties as well as by the general regard which was paid to him as soon as he began to exhibit the possession of such unusual ability. For, if the Spaniard is, on the one hand, exclusive in his social pride, and severely controlled by the prejudices of race, he is, on the other, generously disposed to recognize talent wherever it may be found, among high or low, white or black; just as all earthly distinctions are abandoned when he kneels before the altar and feels himself in the presence of God. And nowhere, moreover, says Sivers, is society so ready to recognize intellectual gifts, especially in literature, as in Cuba; so that the first specimens of Placido's composition were scarcely seen before he was sure at once of all the aid that the sympathy of the higher classes could afford him. It was a shock, indeed, to find so charming a poet of African origin; but all prejudices speedily gave way, and the young bard of the Yumuri was admitted an honored guest into the best society in the island. He was associated in the editorship of several journals, and soon found means to devote himself wholly to literary pursuits. And if his hot African blood had not made him so susceptible of annoyance from that low-minded class of persons who will be found to infest society in all countries, to whom no offence can be so great as the possession of merit, and no insult greater than to tell a man that he is not white, he might have passed his days in comfort in the midst of the satisfaction and the honor of a successful literary career. But his temperament was too delicate to enable him to bear the affronts which were put upon him, and he descended to revenge.

"I made an altar of hard earth," he says, "in the shadow of a tree upon a hill-top, at the outlet of a narrow valley, where a silver streamlet invites me to drink of its waters. And there, stretching my hands to heaven, I swore to be the eternal enemy of the tyrant, and to bathe my garments in his blood, and to die, if need be, under the arm of the executioner, that so I may break this yoke of slavery."

He organized a general uprising of the blacks, and his plan was maturing when it was betrayed to the government, as one account says, by a woman who had discovered that her son was involved in it, on condition that his life should be spared; or, according to another account, by a black slave girl of Placido's, out of jealousy of her master. The bloody vespers were to occur in April, 1845; but, in the preceding December, the conspirators were already on trial for their lives. The most distinguished persons in the island pleaded for the pardon of Placido, but they pleaded in vain. He met his fate with dignity, and was shot with the rest, while all the details of the plot were carefully suppressed. But even if the revolt had succeeded, it may be doubtful whether Placido would have been accepted as a leader by the blacks.

He left behind him a great many verses, odes, epistles, sonnets, among the best of which are perhaps the "Flower of the Café," and the "Fisher of San Juan," and the "Hymn to Pan," a mountain near his birth-place at Matanzas, and, finally, his "Adieu to his Mother," written upon the eve of his death, and his verses upon the usefulness of labor—flowers all of them, as he was conscious himself of a genius without culture, rich in fragrance and gorgeous in color, but nothing more—a promise, not a fulfilment.

Yet stagnant, or worse than stagnant, as has been the condition of Cuba owing to the principle so steadily acted upon by Spain ever since it first laid hands upon it, of sacrificing the well-being of the colony to what was meant to be the prosperity of the mother country, there have not been wanting occasional attempts at reform. Don Miguel Tacon, for instance, who was made Governor in 1832, made an earnest effort to sweep clean the Augean stables of corruption. There has been much dispute, however, as to his character and aims; and, no doubt, he was a person of iron will, as obstinate as he was energetic. Sivers takes his part; and at a time when the country swarmed with highway robbers, when even one of Tacon's predecessors had not been ashamed to say to a person who complained of this total want of security, that if he wanted to be safe he had better go to bed every night at seven o'clock, as he did himself; when every judge was corruptible, and every malefactor safe who had money to bribe him, there was need of a strong hand, if not of harsh measures. Tacon suppressed the robbers, and closed the gambling-houses, and exhibited in iron cages the heads of the criminals he had executed, while he set those who had not yet deserved a capital punishment to work upon public buildings and roads, and upon the theatre which bears his name.

But how fearless and severe he was may best be imagined from the singular story which Sivers tells of him—a story possible only in the East, one would think, under the Caliphs, certainly without its parallel at so late a day in the West.

Miralda Estalez was a beautiful young girl of Havana, who, after the death of her parents and of her brothers and sisters, found herself sole heiress of her father's house and cigar-shop. She was but sixteen years of age, but the sorrows of her early life had tinged her character with a certain melancholy, which, however, did but enhance the charm of her beauty. Her shop soon became the universal resort for cigars. The idler as well as the busy merchant never failed to make a detour through the Calle de Comercio when they wanted a cigar, and often when they did not want one. She treated all her patrons alike, showing none of them the slightest preference, until at length it was generally said that she specially favored a young boatman named Pedro Mantanez, who plied between the Castle Morro and the Punta.

The Count Almante, however, one of the gayest cavaliers of Havana, paying no attention to the report, persisted in considering himself her favorite, without observing that she was as affable towards everybody else as towards him. For days he sat chatting with her, and when at length he fancied that the proper time had come, he entered her shop one evening and smoked a cigar and kept her in conversation till the other neighboring shops were closed and the streets were deserted. As soon as he thought himself safe from intrusion, he made his explanations, offered her whatever sum she asked for her present shop, and put at her disposal another shop in his palace in the suburb Cerro, where she could carry on her business, if she would live there as his mistress. Instead of replying to the proposal, the girl mentioned the name of another shop where they sold better cigars than she did, and expressed the hope that in the future the Count would supply himself there. Almante thinking she was in jest, came nearer, but Miralda, who seems for a good while to have feared such an event, drew a dagger, and, with flashing eyes, bade him beware, and he retreated. The girl breathed freer then, and congratulated herself on being released from her persecutor. But several days only had elapsed when, in the evening, a squad of soldiers halted at her door, and the officer accompanying it commanded her in the name of the law to follow them. Unconscious of guilt, she did not dare to oppose Tacon's orders, and so obeyed. But when she found that they had passed by the prison, and were taking her out of the city, her fright was extreme, and she entreated them to tell her where they were going. Silence, however, was the only answer she obtained till she arrived at Almante's castle in the Cerro, where the Count, with a smiling face, received her, and expressed the hope that she would relax her obstinacy. Miralda answered only with a gleam of her dagger as she entered the apartment prepared for her. There she remained several days alone, refusing the visits of the Count, in the sure hope that Pedro, to whom she had related Almante's persecution, would discover the place of her conceal

ment. He did discover it, and, disguising himself as a monk, obtained access to her, when they resolved to appeal to the justice of Tacon. Pedro at once repaired to the Governor, who gave him a ready hearing. "Is Miralda your sister?" he asked with a gloomy expression, as Pedro finished his story. "My betrothed," replied Pedro. Tacon then bade him come nearer, and, holding up a crucifix, commanded him, with a look that penetrated to his very soul, to swear to the truth of what he had said. Pedro knelt and kissed the cross and swore. Tacon then told him to wait in an adjoining room, with the assurance that his affair would soon be attended to. In the course of a couple of hours Miralda and Almante were brought before the Governor. "You have abused the uniform of the police for the abduction of this girl?" he said to the Count. "I was so rash as to do it," replied the latter; "I cannot answer for it before you." "The supreme judge, in a moment. At present I ask you, upon your honor, has violence been done the girl?" "On my honor, none." Tacon then wrote a note and despatched it; and, after the examination had been continued and the answers compared with one another, in their presence, Pedro, a priest, entered, and Tacon commanded him to perform at once the ceremony of marriage between Miralda Estalez and the Count Almante. In vain did the Count protest and appeal to his nobility, in vain did Pedro entreat it might not be. Miralda stood as if bereft of her senses, and, before one of the parties concerned could recover his presence of mind, the ceremony was over. Almante was then commanded to leave the castle, while Miralda and Pedro were directed to remain. Tacon then went on quietly with the other business before him. But half an hour had hardly elapsed when the officer on guard entered. "Is my order executed?" said Tacon. "Yes, Excellencia! Nine bullets passed through the Count's body as he rode round the corner of the street you mentioned." Tacon then turned to the priest and said, "You will see that the legal announcement is made of the marriage just performed here, as well as the legal announcement of the death of Count Almante, with the addition that, on account of the want of relations to inherit, his widow becomes sole heiress of his property and his name." Miralda and Pedro were then dismissed with the benevolent injunction to attend to the further prosecution of the case for themselves.

TWO RECENT SOUTHERN BOOKS.*

Modesty, that sweetest grace of heroic spirits, is not, we should say, among this cavalry hero's charms. Not in his book, at any rate, does he appear as a shamefaced person. Impudent, most people would call him, though some might say that his impudence and self-conceit are of the unconscious kind. It is true that autobiographies are seldom prepared with a view of covering up the writer's merits. And the ex-colonel may plead that he was in a manner forced to tell his own story; that a majority of his countrymen believed him to be what he has been roundly called—a murderer and a thief; that a biography, satisfactory or otherwise, was hardly to be hoped for; that as for history, the severe muse, it is likely, will do no better for him than tell posterity that H. Gilmor was a rebel major whose command, one day in July, 1864, got between Baltimore and Havre de Grace, and, before retreating, stopped a train on the Philadelphia railroad and pillaged the passengers. And even, he might say, if the historian bestows on him a sentence more, he might, perhaps, expect a sentence that not the meekest, most self-depreciatory of men could rest content with; not improbably it would be to the effect that this Gilmor was one of those rebels whom their foes, their friends, and they themselves might all call traitors, as having not only waged war upon their country but also committed treason against their "sovereign" native State.

Whether or not he needs to brag, or knows that he is bragging, these three hundred pages are filled full with Gilmor's tale of Gilmor's prowess and exploits. Every Confederate general presses his hand warmly and thanks him for the abundance and accuracy of the information which he collects. He goes round and round the Yankee army and through it and back again. Every Confederate general congratulates him on the splendid dash and endurance of his cavalry. The Confederate rank and file, when he rides to the head of the column, break forth in a simultaneous cry, "All right, boys; there goes our Harry to the front." Therefore, no wonder that, with his long bright blade raised in *tierce point*, he rides exultingly into the battle, swearing never to be taken alive, and kills the Yankee incessantly. Sometimes he shoots the Vandal with a revolver: as he rides at a gallop past telegraph posts he can put a ball into each of half a dozen posts. Sometimes the invader falls beneath his fist. But for choice he smites him with the sword. His gallant gray ranges alongside some Federal; the colonel delivers a right cut at him; the foe defends by a *tierce parry;* with thought-like speed the colonel makes a *moulinet*, and the fight is won. If ever a blue-coat escapes death or captivity it is not by superior valor. Mounted on his bay mare, a splendid blooded animal, the colonel leaps two or three high fences and wide ditches; his men follow; they aid their leader, who has charged a fleeing squadron of the enemy; he rises in the stirrups and makes a cut in front at one undemoralized Yankee who shoots as he runs; but just previously he had made a rear cut and turned his sabre in tierce; it is but the flat of the blade which crashes upon the head of the Federal, therefore he is not cleft to the chin; nevertheless down he goes headlong to the earth.

Of course the bold dragoon is successful among the fair. He rides into a town, and the Confederate maids wave handkerchiefs at him. White fingers dress his wounds. Not seldom he is embraced. Like a dashing cavalier, who courts as he fights, he loves and he rides away, but kisses not a few are bestowed upon him, if we may credit his own story. For with him it is the same in love as in war; he kisses and tells as he kills and tells, although, we are bound to say, he always conceals the names, and often conceals even the initials, of those who grant him favors. In short, our partisan ranger appears to be not a little of a puppy. We wish he was no worse; for he has an engaging frankness about him which conciliates one's liking, and though it is he himself who tells us of his daring, his determination, his indefatigable activity, we incline to think that he really has plenty of courage, and was a brave and vigilant scout and marauder—a hero of the type most admired by the brave, frank, gasconading, card-playing, tobacco-chewing, whisky-drinking, good-looking, half-educated, empty-headed, horse-racing, negro-hating, negress-loving young slaveholders of the South. That he was a murderer we will not say. His ancestors, one would think, might have been murderers for several generations before their descendant could have committed some of the hard-hearted cruelties here recorded. And these are doubly odious and disgusting when done by a pretender to chivalric honor; by a man who cries out in lofty indignation against Federal severities in the Shenandoah Valley, where the inhabitants, "farmers by day and guerillas by night," had for the most part richly earned a halter. Imagine half-a-dozen chivalrous young gentlemen assembled in Richmond. One high-toned knight is from Snicker's Gap say; one is a cavalier from Hinesville, Georgia; another has ridden to the sacred soil from near Andersonville, Sumter County, in the same State; one or two are from South Carolina; and Gilmor is another. They belong to the class which finds Yanks too low down for their use, who, despising mudsills, dress magnificently in bombazine armor and go to tournaments. And imagine,

> "If any care for what is there,
> Survive in spirits rendered free,"

that some Sidney or Raleigh visits the Spottswood and listens while the high-toned Gilmor relates this incident. It occurred in Maryland. Gilmor is endeavoring to take a barrack which is held by a party of Federal troops. He captures some prisoners, and thus he utilizes one of them:

> "Four of my men were killed in the door of the barracks, and, for a time, it was doubtful whether we could take it. Just then I caught a soldier, pushed him before me to the barrack door, and demanded a surrender, threatening to show no quarter if they did not immediately throw down their arms. All complied but three who deliberately fired; but, instead of hitting me, a ball struck the poor fellow I used as a shield, mortally wounding him."

Any ordinary pirate of the seventeenth century might have licked his lips over that atrocity, and claimed promotion for it. Had any of those defenders of the barracks been present when Gilmor was made prisoner, either the first or the second time, we have our doubts if that sacred oath of his would not have been kept. He would hardly have been taken alive.

As to his being a thief, we have his word that he was not, except, perhaps, on one or two unimportant occasions when his theft may pass for foraging. His men, he does not deny, may have frequently been thieves, but not because of his orders; and if they robbed the passengers at Havre de Grace they did it in direct disobedience of orders. The writer's hard swearing and hard drinking, of which he candidly allows us an occasional glimpse, are not matters that concern us, they are natural to the trooper. In taking leave of him we revert to that quality of his which we have already mentioned—his brazen impudence. He has the effrontery, the mingled assurance and wilful ignorance, to speak in this way of the Confederate States military prisons of Salisbury and Andersonville and their unhappy occupants:

> "It will come out before long that the large mortality in the Southern prisons must be attributed to other causes than the want of food—"

* "Four Years in the Saddle. Col. Harry Gilmor." New York: Harper & Brothers. Pp. 291.
"Andersonville Prison. Ambrose Spencer." New York: Harper & Brothers. Pp. 272.

That, we may say, has pretty well come out already. Sherman found food enough.

—"chiefly to the uncleanly habits of the prisoners themselves."

Certainly the Yankees at Andersonville were not clean. That much may be learned from a narrative which lies before us, prepared by a Southern eye-witness, Mr. Ambrose Spencer, of Americus, Georgia.

—"When taken sick they made up their minds they should die"—

So did Wirz and Winder.

—"and in such cases they seldom recovered. Here in our prison (Fort Warren) the word was, every man must be clean and wash himself from head to foot constantly, and not a night passed but you might see five or six men bathing and scrubbing."

At Andersonville no Yankee was ever seen washing himself from head to foot. Spencer says:

"Dr. John E. Bates, who was on duty there, says that when he first entered a ward of the hospital he was shocked. Men were lying partially naked, dirty and lousy in the sand, wasting under gangrene, putrid from fever-sores, and literally dying from starvation. Crowded together in small unserviceable tents, they asked for a teaspoonful of salt; they begged for some of the siftings of meal; they even entreated to be allowed to gnaw a bone as they lay in their filth, destitute of medical attendance as of everything else. . . . . The effluvium from the hospitals was sickeningly offensive."

And here is a soldier who does, undeniably, seem to have been home-sick, as Mr. Gilmor says, and his uncleanliness is disgraceful. He also is a patient of Dr. Bates's,

"A prisoner of but sixteen years of age, down with both gangrene and scurvy. He talked of and cried for his absent mother, and prayed for her tender hands and gentle care to soothe his anguish or dress his sores, and, as he moved his restless, emaciated body, seeking a repose that was denied him, the sand would rub into his sores and disfigure the very pollution that was destroying him. Although it was against specific orders to give the patients any food or what might help their condition, yet the doctor now and then smuggled into his little patient's hand a potato or a biscuit to appease his ravenous hunger; but, notwithstanding, to use the witness's simple but heart-rending words, '*his sores gangrened, and, what with the scurvy and want of food and from lice, he died.*'"

"Each of us," says Gilmor, "had but a straw mattress and one blanket, which were frequently aired and shaken and every effort made to keep the bunks clean and the floors well swept."

Here is where the Abolitionists lived at Andersonville:

"Meanwhile the crowds within the stockade had attained the highest limits as to numbers which were reached during its continuance, there being in the month of September 36,480 in all. With this increase there was a corresponding augmentation of their sufferings. The rains of the autumn season, together with the constant tread of so many men, converted the interior at times into one vast bed of muddy slush nearly a foot deep—an aggregation of the semi-liquid filth through which the miserable prisoners unceasingly tramped in their unvarying round of pointless existence. Then for some days the hot sun would pour down upon this quagmire, feculent with putrefaction, and draw from its depths vapors saturated with the fetid stench which it exhaled, and which corrupted the air they had to inhale."

And here is where most of them slept:

"No box or coffin was permitted; no decent shrouding even in the ragged blanket was allowed. . . . When about twenty feet of mortality was huddled side to side, lime was scattered upon the bodies and the earth carelessly thrown over all. A few days of rain, or the depredations of animals, would here and there leave exposed some luckless leg or arm or head of the dead ones, and, as the torrid heats of the summer suns poured down their decaying powers, a taint of effluvium and corruption would pervade the atmosphere for miles around. Here, over this ghastly spot, could be seen at almost any time countless hosts of sluggish buzzards."

"I had been at Fort Warren but a few days," says Gilmor, "before numerous letters from kind sympathizing friends in Boston and elsewhere brought me offers of money, clothing, provisions, and whatever else I might need, but, as I was within reach of relatives in Baltimore, I had to decline. . . . Thanks to our fair guardians in Boston, the time latterly was made to pass more pleasantly by frequent presents of strawberries, currants, and other delicacies to us."

General and Church-warden Winder says to a man, who sought permission to carry food to the sick within the stockade at Andersonville:

"G—d d——n your 'mission of mercy.' I wish that you and every other d——d Yankee sympathizer, and every G—d d——d Yankee too were all in hell together."

So the provisions were carried back, and the unfortunate wretches starved in agony by the thousand, or kept themselves alive by resorting to means of subsistence which do not bear recital.

Mr. Spencer's book is the work of a loyal Georgian, who, during all the war, lived but a little way from the dreadful prison pen. He gives us, in the form of a brief narrative, a digest of the evidence given at the trial of Wirz, and this he supplements by what he himself learned in his many visits to the place. His work is very ill written; but skill and eloquence can add nothing to, and the want of skill and eloquence detract nothing from, the horrible impressiveness of the naked facts which form his subject matter. It is a book which will overwhelm with fresh sorrow many women and men who read it, and most men and women, besides those mourners, it will rouse to anger. Yet it ought to be read. It is the very truth, we firmly believe. Also, we believe that the same social system which produced young men like this Gilmor—courageous, wilful, cruel, boastful, ignorant, cunning, and thoughtless—was also responsible for Andersonville, and in every county through all the South could have laid its hand on a Wirz whom itself had made. From this book it is possible to learn something of what there is to be done down there.

THE MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

THE "Atlantic" easily maintains its supremacy among the monthlies. Too easily indeed. If there were a rival near the throne, we might probably gain the loss of such poetry as "My Farm," and such prose as more than one of the articles in the August number. Yet it must be pronounced a good magazine which gives us contributions by Agassiz, Hawthorne, Lowell, Stowe, and Reade. And the critical notices are very pleasant reading. The "Passages from Hawthorne's Note-Book" are, if possible, more delightful than any previously published. The Concord River in rain and shine, a wet day in the fall, an exasperating walk in the underbrush, are perfectly depicted, and every now and then, as when Margaret Fuller appears, there is a characteristic touch of half-sarcastic, quiet humor which is pleasant enough. Ten or twelve pages from John Neal's note-book, "London Forty Years Ago," is a disjointed article, dull even where it is full of conceit and ill-nature. Perhaps the next ten or twelve pages may constitute a justification for publishing this instalment. When Professor Agassiz indulges a hope that he has "contributed something to the results of modern geology," the article in which he thinks he has done it is worth attention. The geologic formations of the entire valley of the Amazon, or, as he calls it, of the Amazons, from the Atlantic to the Andes, consist, in his opinion, of three uniform sets of deposits, none of which are older than the glacial period. This view opposes the one hitherto prevalent, and the author promises a fuller exposition of it. Mrs. Stowe asserts that a good many neighborly calls, and little social gatherings, without so many different kinds of cake and ice-cream, are much better and more sensible than one grand stupid party once in a twelvemonth. She admits, however, that Mrs. Bogus, who gives but the one big party, though not so good as Mrs. Easygo, who gives the many small, may be actuated by good motives, and really does some service to society. Griffith Gaunt, "still from one sorrow to another thrown," is freed from his two wives in this number, but is probably murdered and sunk in a pond. We regret to say that we think it would have been as well if Mr. Gaunt's act of organic memory had escaped the recording pen of his biographer. The man and his wife, and their life and manners, are, as Mr. Reade never forgets, of Fielding's day. He has now for a moment forgotten—for the first time, we think, forgotten—that himself and his readers live in a less outspoken and more delicate age. Of immorality we find none. Mr. Lowell's "Miner" expresses a thought with which he is familiar. The other articles are, in no respect, valuable or remarkable. Miss Alice Cary concludes her singularly feeble and ineffective tale, "The Great Doctor." "A Maniac's Confession" is the effusion of a very harmless bibliomaniac. "What did She see With?" is a story told by a young lady whose queenly mamma, an out-and-out aristocrat, was descended from the regal house of Stuart. It is nothing if not psychological; and, if it pleases no one else, ought to please the clairvoyants who advertise in the newspapers. Dr. Wilder makes a readable article out of his experience with that huge silk spider, of which he may be called the discoverer, which inhabits the Carolina Sea Island region. In "A Year in Montana" it would seem as if the writer had not made the most of his materials.

"Our Young Folks" is hereafter to be adorned by a series of full-page illustrations. In this number the various flowers which are accustomed to giving good advice, and the flower fairies and other such insipid personages, fill up the usual number of pages. "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life" continues to be one of the most admirable juvenile stories which has recently fallen under our observation. Mr. Higginson proceeds with his narrative of Miss Carrie's wanderings, and promises more. More is threatened of "Afloat in the Forest." Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Hale, Lucy Larcom, and Gail Hamilton are among the contributors.

"Hours at Home" contains nothing of importance. The editor is very angry with Gail Hamilton because she says, "I do not believe that God anywhere commanded *us* to keep the Sabbath." Also, he says that Louis

Napoleon sways "an influence greater than any man in ancient or modern times has swayed over the political destinies of civilized nations." Here now, we should think, argument would be better than dogmatism. G. M. Towle, who is announced as "United States consul at Nantes," writes an article upon "Student Life in Germany." His style is a model of its kind, which is the forcible-feeble, but he is really very careless in his use of compound adjectives. Of the feudal barons of Germany he remarks: "And then the most ardent zealot for progress cannot but feel a thrill of admiration when he reads of the magnificent courage, the profuse hospitality, the *death-recking* devotion to an idea which animated these rude and haughty hearts of old." Miss E. Stuart Phelps imitates the author of "Margaret Howth" in one of those painful stories in which warped, diseased natures show us their sores. "De Rebus Ruris," by Donald G. Mitchell, is readable. Mr. Mitchell's little bit of affectation in using "*'twould*" when he ought to say "*it would*," is something to which not even the example of Emerson can reconcile us. "Rambles among the Italian Hills" is, on the whole, the most satisfactory of the articles, though the long review of Baker's "Nile Explorations" is commendable for giving a very good idea of the contents of that book.

A much better sample of this sort of review is the article on "Simson's History of the Gipsies" in "The Catholic World." The other original articles in that magazine are not numerous. The borrowed articles are chosen with judgment, the prominent selection this month being a review of "Ecce Homo." It is said to be from the pen of Dr. Newman, but this, in our opinion, is a mistake. It is exceedingly well written, however, and, though of unequal ability, and, as we think, sophistical, it will repay perusal. The critical notices of new books are very weak.

WILSON'S PHRASIS.*

This book is one of the most striking instances that have in a long time come under our notice of fruitless learning and industry misapplied. It is evidently the work of an enthusiast, of one who regards himself as sent into the world to revolutionize the science of linguistics, and refute the errors of numberless generations of philologists. The self-estimation with which it is put forth is indicated by the author's introducing his own photograph as its frontispiece—as if his readers must be eager to see the form and features of one who taught them such wonderful things. This feeling, like the book itself, has its respectable side, but certainly also its ludicrous side; nor is it without its saddening aspects. The result of no ordinary amount of reading, of serious study and thought, is here laid before us; the writer, we doubt not, is guilty of no exaggeration in his account of the toil it has cost him, of the sacrifices of leisure and ease he has made in its preparation, of his expenditure in the collection of authorities and the final publication; and yet he has done it all for naught, and less than naught. He has not the faintest conception of what language is, of how it lives and grows, and is to be studied. Along with not a little acuteness in matters of minor detail, he shows a total want of sound judgment and sober sense; his general views are wrong to preposterousness; even his account of facts and phenomena is so tainted by them that the general reader cannot possibly extract any nutriment from what he serves up. Of the numberless poor and pretentious books about language, the greater part sin by emptiness, showy superficiality, and facile sophistry; but about this one there is nothing shallow, it is profound and laborious absurdity. The author's idiosyncrasy leads him to see things turned wrong end foremost and topsy-turvy. We can hardly fear that the public will be misled by him, because the quality of his lucubrations is too palpable to be mistaken. It is impossible to enter into a serious analysis and criticism of such a production; one would as soon undertake a historical examination of Gulliver or Munchausen; we can only give a specimen or two of it, to justify the opinion we have expressed.

"It is the leading law of nature," says our author, "that the part is as great as the whole," etc. (p. 143). Any one may easily guess what is likely to be accomplished in a science by a reckless application of such a "law." One of its simplest corollaries is that "adding letters to a word . . . . gives it no sound that was not in it before" (p. 146). Perhaps the most cardinal principle in his philosophy is, that things which seem to be different are, in reality, one and the same, everything being equal to everything else. So *byggja* (p. 148) is made out, the general equivalence of letters being conceded, to be the same as *yyyyya*; we only wonder why not the same as *yyyyyy*, and why all our words should not be reduced to this letter, and Mr. Wilson's whole book printed in *y*'s: it would in that case be, suggests a friend, a far *wiser* book than at present. "Our *have* is, in French, *a*, for *have* equals *aave*, *aaue*, *aauu*, *aaaa*." "The identity of the plural with the genitive singular has been noticed elsewhere" (the difference of *horse's* and *horses* being infinitesimal, a mere apostrophe); "just as much as the genitive is a form of the nominative, so much, again, is the plural a form of it also" (p. 38). "*Have* and *be* are the same word (p. 105); for are they not used sometimes in the same sense, as when we say either *I have come* or *I am come?*" We are taught (p. 185) how to "find Greek etymology easy;" it consists merely in a due recognition of the identity of letters: thus, *kupto* equals our *stoop*, because *k* equals *t*, or *st*, and *pt* equals *p*. It is likewise easy, as we know, to derive *Melchizedek* from *Moses:* we have only to cut off *oses* and add *elchizedek*. There is throughout the book the queerest mixture and confusion of the phonetic and the orthographic; one circumstance which proves the equivalence of *b* and *m* is that "Ethiopian *m* is *B* on its back;" the association of *p* and *s* in one letter, *psi*, in the Greek alphabet, is accounted for by the pregnant fact that the Russian *z* is a *p* turned upside down; *t* is equal to *e*, *i*, *u*, and *h*, because *T* is an *E* whose middle stroke has developed unduly, atrophied and dwarfed the other two, and toppled the whole structure over upon its face, and so on (pp. 151–3). Nothing can exceed the originality of Mr. Wilson's views as to the relationship of languages. "The Albanian, we do not hesitate to say, is to be classed as one of the remote forms of Greek, especially of modern Greek" (p. 297). Or, as we should say, John Smith is a distant relative of the Bonaparte family, especially of the little Prince Napoleon. "Let it be remembered that Persian, while it agrees so nearly with ours, is still, nevertheless, eminently a Tartar and a Semitic language" (p. 301). The zoölogist would express a similar truth somewhat thus: "Bear in mind that the whale, though so much like us, is yet emphatically a rattlesnake and an elephant!"

This anthology might be indefinitely extended, and, what is more, it could not be counterbalanced by any array of extracts of an essentially different character. We say again that a madder book, one more empty of true knowledge and edification, is rarely issued from the press. That doctors of law, divinity, and philosophy can be found among us who are ignorant enough, or careless and unscrupulous enough, to praise and commend it to public attention, is a marvel and a pity.

Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion. By Alfred H. Guernsey and Henry M. Alden. Part first. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)—This illustrated quarto owes its size to its illustrations, which, with few exceptions, appeared originally in *Harper's Weekly*. It was well to preserve them in this form, though, so far as the maps and plans of battles are concerned, they might have been reduced in scale without disadvantage. Writing history is much like editing country newspapers (in which, it is understood, the pen is nothing and the scissors everything) in this, that it is very embarrassing to choose what to retain where so much must be rejected; and if country newspapers are, in the abundance of good material, a marvel of dulness and trashiness, a history of a great epoch which is brief without being meagre is equally marvellous. The editors of the present work announce that one more volume will probably enable them to round out their design—that is, will carry them from the end of the Peninsula campaign to the break-up of the rebellion. This power of condensation is not to be despised, especially when space which one would expect to see jealously hoarded is surrendered not only to helpful cuts, but to cuts which are only a disfigurement and a hindrance. There is, in our mind, a very clear ruling to be observed in this matter of illustrating history, and military history in particular. Pictures celebrating events are useless, except as they are true to the topography of the places in which they occurred, or (as in a naval fight) to instruments and actors. Furthermore, compositions are admissible only on the most urgent necessity. But it is not necessary that we should endure this "Battle of Rich Mountain," which was probably drawn in a sky parlor on Broadway by a man who had never smelt gunpowder, and which could not be disproved to represent the battle of Antietam, if you had only so labelled it. And this "Zouave Relating his Exploits," or "Unionists of East Tennessee Swearing by the Flag," or "Issuing Passes at St. Louis"—this is palpably unnatural and untruthful drawing, which ought never to have been draughted upon the block. If the editors had, for the pictures of the key of the Fort Moultrie magazine and Major Anderson's candlestick, devoted half a dozen additional lines of text to the abolition movement, they would perhaps have done it less gross injustice than is contained in a few epithets and a compressed misstatement of its character and aims. For this and, by inference, for other distortions, one might also have dispensed with the going back to 1750 in the opening chapter, and even with the Constitution *in extenso* and the Declaration of Independence in fac-simile, or with some of the portraits which are stale and have been superseded. It is possible, we admit, to differ about essentials in making this concentrated extract of history, and a page of bad drawing, telling of what never did take place or could have taken place, may be preferred to a page of careful and unprejudiced narration; and if the reader's preferences are the same as the writer's, there will be no difficulty between them. We cannot refrain from expressing our confidence in the general impartiality with which the war evidence has been sifted and judged in these pages; and the foot-notes embrace some of the most valuable documents of the late revolt.

* "Phrasis: A Treatise on the History and Structure of the different Languages of the World, with a Comparative View of the Forms of their Words, and the Style of their Expressions." By J. Wilson, A.M., Author of "Errors of Grammar, and Nature of Language." Albany: J. Munsell. 1864. 8vo, pp. 384.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE LATE SESSION OF CONGRESS.

THE Thirty-ninth Congress of the United States has just closed its first session, having submitted its policy to the country, after long consideration and debate. By its fruits it will be judged; and the judgment to be passed upon it is the main question at issue in the approaching political campaign.

It is comparatively easy to "lay judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet," in criticising the action of others. We have naturally given much thought to the state of the country, and arrived at very definite conclusions as to the policy which it would be best for the nation to adopt. It costs little trouble to compare the action of Congress with the course thus marked out for it; to praise it where it has followed that course, and to condemn it where it has failed to do so. But when our criticism was complete, its value would be neutralized by hundreds of contemporaneous critics, all equally sincere and equally in earnest, and no two of them exactly agreeing with us. Congress is a body of 240 persons, 160 of whom have been compelled to agree upon a policy. Could any of its critics select 160 intelligent, active, well-known citizens, from as many different districts, who would agree with each other, and with the person selecting them, upon every question pertaining to reconstruction? We do not believe that Mr. Phillips on the one side, or Mr. Johnson on the other, could succeed in procuring an *honestly* unanimous body of 160 men, if either of them were entrusted with the nomination of Congress to-day. Certainly *we* are not so presumptuous as to think that we could do better.

While, therefore, we regard it as essential that thoughtful men everywhere should freely express their concurrence with, or dissent from, the conclusions of Congress, so that it may be known how nearly they represent the judgment of the people, it seems to us that, in deciding whether Congress should be approved or condemned, the most important considerations are whether, as a body, it has fairly represented the advance of public sentiment in the direction of justice, whether it has acted up to its own convictions of duty, and whether it has, when judged from its own standpoint, and in view of all the circumstances, done the best that it could for the public welfare.

The new Congress assembled last December under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. A large majority of its members were fully satisfied that the President's policy could not safely be carried out, and were convinced of the necessity of securing some extension of the suffrage to the colored race. They were greatly strengthened by the signal victories of their party at the fall elections, which in several important States were more decisive than had been gained since 1861. But they were embarrassed by the attitude of the President, who quietly assumed that Congress had no voice in the matter of reconstruction, by the unqualified endorsement of his action by the Union party conventions in several States, and by the opposition of Connecticut, Wisconsin, and Minnesota to an extension of the right of suffrage in those States. It is true, and it was well known at the time, that the sanction given by the Union party to Mr. Johnson's plans was given under the belief that they were mere experiments, to be submitted to the final decision of Congress, and that the majorities against equal suffrage were not a perfectly fair expression of the popular sentiment. But it may be as truly said of legislatures as it has been of juries, that when a bare fact is set up against a plausible explanation, ninety-nine times out of a hundred they will judge by the simple fact rather than by any adverse explanation, however logically complete it may be. Moreover, the explanation was one which, in the light of subsequent events, gave little satisfaction. The people had, it was said, only voted against equal suffrage in order to avoid making an issue with the President. As it became every day clearer that the President was more opposed to equal suffrage than had been supposed before these elections, the probability of a change in the vote diminished. The members from Indiana and Southern Illinois well knew that their constituents had barely overcome their prejudices sufficiently to tolerate even the residence of negroes among them, and that any greater liberality would be highly repulsive to them. At the very outset, therefore, Congress hesitated to carry out the policy which at heart it believed to be the wisest, from the fear that it would not be sustained by the people.

It was evident, from a very early day, that it would be useless to pass any measure of reconstruction by less than a two-thirds vote. This made it necessary to feel the way very carefully; and for this purpose the first act of the House of Representatives was to provide for a joint committee of the two Houses, whose special duty it should be to investigate the whole subject, and prepare a general plan of re-organization. This course was so obviously wise and conformable to precedent—so far as there could be precedents for an occasion of such importance—that it commanded the unanimous support of the Union members, with one or two exceptions from Southern States. It was plain that so vast a question, if precipitated upon the House without the advice of a responsible committee, would lead to a trackless wilderness of crude propositions and fruitless debate. The committee on the part of the Senate was a strong one; but the members on the part of the House of Representatives can scarcely be said, upon the whole, to have added to its weight. Mr. Stevens is a man in whose patriotism and earnestness the Northern people have faith, but in whose judgment and tact they have very little confidence. Some other members were rather noted for brilliancy than for discretion; and it must be said, if the plain truth is told, that the country would have been more satisfied with the opinions of Mr. Fessenden and Judge Trumbull, without the aid of the nine members from the lower House, than it was with that aid.

In January, the feeling of the House of Representatives upon the suffrage question was plainly manifested by the passage of a bill establishing manhood suffrage in the district of Columbia by a vote of 116 to 54, some twenty "Union" members voting in the negative—all from the border States. The bill has been several times brought up in the Senate, but never finally voted upon, owing to the fear of a veto. Here, it seems to us, is a clear case of dereliction of duty. The bill should have been modified so as to secure a two-thirds vote, and then passed into a law. If Congress is not prepared to allow colored men to vote upon any terms in Washington, where they form so large a part of the population, it can hardly be justified in demanding that the Southern States should do so. It is conceivable that in States having only a minute proportion of the colored race in their population, a distinction may be made between their case and that of States where two-fifths or more of the whole people are disfranchised; and there may be some excuse for claiming that the former are republican in their form of government while the latter are not. There is, moreover, an undoubted distinction between the States which have preserved loyal governments and those which have not. Over the former, Congress has no power to regulate the suffrage, according to the general belief of the community, while over the latter the weight of opinion asserts its authority. But both arguments apply to the District of Columbia with at least as much force as to Arkansas. In hesitating to deal with this subject, therefore, the Senate has weakened its moral power over the whole question.

So far as the non-political rights of the colored people are concerned, Congress has displayed a most commendable firmness and courage. The failure of the first Freedmen's Bureau bill cannot be charged upon the *majority,* and even the minority upon that issue proved that they were not all unfaithful. The amended bill, purged from some features of at least doubtful merit, was finally enacted by a two-thirds vote over a veto. The passage of the civil rights bill and of the constitutional amendment were, however, the great events of the session, and largely redeemed the reputation of Congress from the charge of timidity. The promptness and emphasis with which the former measure was passed over the veto had a most inspiring effect upon loyal men throughout the whole land.

Much complaint was made of the delay of Congress in determining upon a policy of reconstruction. But, as we have shown, the subject, in itself difficult enough, was involved in still more difficulty by the obstinate attitude of the President, and the anxiety of good people, who could not believe him to be treacherous, to have their representatives avoid all conflict with him. Two-thirds of the session was spent in

vain but well-meant efforts to harmonize the executive and legislative branches of the Government. Mr. Johnson repudiated his own propositions, when endorsed by Congress, and proved that he was determined to break up the party to which he owed all his honors. Some of us had long foreseen this result; but the people, generally, would have refused to sustain Congress in accepting the breach before it was clearly inevitable.

There is every reason to hope for even better things from this Congress at its next session than at the last, if its past action is approved by the people. So far as it has gone, it has, in the main, deserved such support. It has done nothing harsh or unjust to the South. Its offers of reconstruction are, if anything, too liberal; but it has not tied its hands from modifying its terms next winter, if they are not accepted now. Under all the circumstances, it may well be doubted whether it would have been possible to elect a Congress that would have done better. If we are dissatisfied that it has not gone far enough, it is nevertheless true that others blame it as having gone too far.

We have freely censured the practice of repressing real debate, and encouraging Saturday afternoon speeches. In this respect the Thirty-ninth Congress has erred even beyond the measure of its predecessors. But it has followed the disposition of the American people, who love speeches when they have no practical bearing or result, and detest them when important questions are awaiting decision. The fault is not Congressional merely, but national.

The final action of the two Houses upon the tax and tariff bills was wise. In the matter of the currency, we think they made a mistake—not, indeed, in refusing Mr. McCulloch a discretionary power for which he has not proved his fitness—but in resisting all attempts at contraction. The country will soon learn wisdom upon these questions, and mould Congress to its will. We cannot say that the prevailing sentiment of the people was not in accordance with the action of Congress, for we think it dictated that action. The manufacturing classes, especially, seemed to dread a return to specie payments, and strongly opposed all efforts in that direction.

The question of adjournment was a difficult one. The recent intelligence from New Orleans may raise a doubt whether a little delay might not have been judicious; but long sessions are mischievous in their effect upon Congress, and disagreeable to the people, whose financial interests are prejudiced by the doubt which hangs over the system of taxation until Congress has actually gone home. We certainly do not think that Congress should keep in perpetual session for the protection of office-holders, however meritorious they may be; and the general interests of the country will probably not suffer by allowing the President to develop his real disposition for the next four months. If he does any great mischief, it will have a salutary effect upon the public mind, which may more than counterbalance the evil.

Though not without many and grave defects, we gladly accord to the present Congress the credit of a high patriotism, a fervent love of justice, a zeal for liberty, and a union of courage with moderation which will make it memorable in history. Its faults have been mainly negative, its virtues positive. Nearly all that it has done has been good; and if it has failed to do as much good as seemed to some possible, yet that is a fault common to all mankind. In a time of supposed re-action, it has advanced the standard of progress; in the midst of treachery, it has stood nobly faithful; surrounded by cowardly advisers, it has maintained undaunted courage. If its rhetoric has sometimes excited a smile, it is only fair to remember that such rhetoric is traditionary, and that the "giants" of the last generation, whom it is the fashion to deify, were accustomed to pour out just such tawdry eloquence, and made their reputation out of speeches really as absurd as the lofty flights of General Banks. These "giants" led their trusting constituents into a morass, out of which Congress has had to extricate them. Had Webster and Everett been more faithful to their convictions, more fearless in their discharge of duty, they, and not the legislatures of to-day, might have had the honor of saving their country.

The faults of the Thirty-ninth Congress are inherited; its virtues are its own. May it meet again, supported by the popular verdict, strengthened by contact with the people, comforted by their sympathy, to take a bolder and a higher stand in behalf of the great cause of human rights for which it has shown so true a regard!

MR. BANKS AS A LAW REFORMER.

It was the fashion during the war to illustrate the wretched condition of bondage to which the Confederates were reduced by reference to the practice of holding "secret sessions" in which the rebel congress indulged so largely. At one time the larger portion of the Confederate legislation was done in this way, ostensibly to conceal the proceedings from "the enemy," but in reality to conceal from the people of the South the names and arguments of those who were engaged in voting away their lives and property, and riveting their chains, at the bidding of Mr. Davis. There were probably few things which indicated more clearly than this the decline of the Confederate power and spirit. It was at once the cause and consequence of weakness. It separated the congress from the people in opinion as well as in feeling; put an end to popular interest in the debates; and, in fact, transformed the legislature into a many-headed tyrant and its acts into ukases.

The assertion that our own Congress is falling into the same bad habits may be very startling, but it is nevertheless true. The practice of preparing bills in committee and dashing them through the House and Senate without, or almost without, debate, is making legislation public only in name. It is in vain that the galleries are crowded day after day by an admiring and interested public; in vain that the members' essays and sayings are transferred to the *Congressional Globe*, and that summaries of them, as well as of those little spurts of conversation which occasionally enliven the proceedings, are duly published in the daily papers; the public, after all, has no knowledge of the proceedings of Congress in the proper sense of the term. Legislation is not public when the people does not hear each measure discussed section by section, slowly, carefully, and deliberately, and is not fully informed by its promoters what arguments and what considerations have influenced them in introducing it. We have, be it well understood, not one word to say against the practice of preparing bills in committee. Everybody knows that this is absolutely necessary to the despatch of business. The preliminary work must be done by somebody, and Congressional committees are generally composed of men who have some special fitness for it. But it is essentially preliminary work. It never is so done, and never ought to be so done, as to dispense with all further discussion in the House or Senate. No member of either body, we care not who he is, has any business to flatter himself that the minute he has a bill read to him he is competent to vote either for or against it. And even if he is, or thinks himself competent, a decent respect for the nation, whose servant and creature he is, requires that he should deliberate before deciding, and that he should state publicly and carefully the reasons which influence him in voting. We do not propose, of course, that every member should make a speech on every bill and resolution; but we do say that if every member did make a speech, if there were no such thing as the "previous question" or the one-hour rule, although, perhaps, not more than one bill would be passed in a session, the country would be a gainer by it. We could get along with very little legislation if what we did get was sound and well weighed. The curse of our time is the multitude of our laws.

These remarks, or rather the repetition of these remarks, for the substance of them has already appeared more than once in our columns, have been, of course, suggested by Mr. Banks's escapade about the neutrality laws. We have very little to say against the changes proposed by his bill. It may be that our neutrality laws ought not to be more stringent than those of Great Britain; but of course every thinking man must see that this formal and solemn copying of English legislation would be a virtual abandonment of the ground on which we based much of our complaints of English action during the war. When we asked for certain restrictions on rebel dealings, they fell back on the letter of their statute. We maintained that if their statutes were insufficient to enable them to enforce international obligations, they were bound to amend them, and pointed with pride to our own. This they refused to do. Mr. Banks's bill and his oration would have furnished them with the very thing they wanted—a justification of Lord Palmerston's course in refusing to alter the law.

The haste with which the bill was passed in the House was indecent, insulting to the public, and calculated to disgrace our Government. It was all the more so because it was made a matter of boast by its

leading promoter that it was done in the interest of the Fenians—men who have attempted to lead large bands of city thieves into a peaceful province, for purposes of rapine and murder, in defiance of our law. The leader of these bandits is at this moment under bonds for his appearance before our courts. He has made a boast of his indifference to his obligations as an American citizen, and his determination to break American laws as often as it seems to him necessary to help what he considers the cause of Ireland; and yet he was on the floor of the House when this bill was passed, and was probably brought there to witness his triumph over the American Government.

The whole Fenian fraternity are ignorant, passionate, and turbulent, impatient of the restraints of law, and unused to self-government. Their presence in this country has already had a very debauching effect on our politics, and adds terribly to our catalogue of crimes. The community bears with this patiently, in the belief that time and education, and native influence and example, will elevate and enlighten them. All Americans feel, or ought to feel, that their first duty towards their foreign population is to impress them by every means in their power with respect for the law, and with a sense of the value of obedience to it. But what amount of teaching of this kind can counterbalance this wild approval of their law-breaking which the House of Representatives has been pleased to bestow?

When Mr. Banks undertook so eagerly to report on the neutrality laws, we expected great things from him. We knew the report would be a wonderful piece of rhetoric, and that his bill would make the hair of tyrants and aristocrats stand on end; but we did not expect that the House would pass it unanimously at one sitting, and that even the few, like Mr. Raymond and Mr. Patterson, who had the good sense and patriotism to be scandalized by it, and to remind the House of what it owed to its own dignity and the national good name, would be so cowed by "President" Roberts, of the Bowery, as to be afraid to record their votes against it.

Mr. Banks is now laboring hard to acquire the position of the rhetorical champion of the nation. He appears to be, we are glad to see, conscious that his career in the tented field, while filling many a home with desolation, did not cover him with much glory. So he has come home determined, if he cannot make the country "glorious with his sword," that he will, at least, make it "famous with his pen;" and he is certainly succeeding. He has contributed already some thrilling bursts of eloquence to our parliamentary annals, and has hurled defiance to four points of the compass, like the King of Hungary on his coronation day. He has proposed to send monitors, big guns, and generals and admirals to the Paris Exhibition, in order to make Europe tremble. His rhetoric is, however, tolerably harmless. It does not raise the national reputation for good sense or sober-mindedness; but then we have borne up under worse buncombe than his. What we regret most is that he should have come to the conclusion that he has only to be shut up with a resolution in a committee-room for a week or two to enable him to produce a bill fitted to change a policy originated by the best men of the Republic, persevered in for fifty years through good and evil report, and which, perhaps, has done as much to raise the American name in the eyes of foreign nations as any other incident in our history;—a bill so perfect in all its provisions as to be passed without debate, and to warrant him in insulting (as he did Mr. Patterson) anybody who ventured to oppose it. He may rest satisfied, after his display of last week, that Providence has not made him an alchemist, and that his rhetoric, entertaining and instructive as it may sometimes be, can be of little public service. A chairman of a committee on foreign affairs who gravely declares that it is the popular heart, and not the popular head, which should regulate international relations, is of about the same political value as a judge who should propose to decide legal controversies by a match on the banjo between the counsel in the case.

HANOVER.

States are like men, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." In this latter category it was once the good luck of Hanover to be reckoned. She was hardly born great, and certainly did not achieve greatness; but in a lucky hour, more than two centuries ago, the Duke of Hanover, for it had not yet been erected into an electorate, married the penniless daughter of a bankrupt king, to wit, of the King of Bohemia, who might, at the lowest ebb of his fortunes, have answered for the head of the mythical kingdom which hath its provinces in all great cities and counts very famous men and women among its lieges. But then his Bohemian majesty, while yet the Elector Palatine, intermarried with the Princess Elizabeth, the daughter of James I., from which fortunate alliance sprang all the prosperity of the Electoral Duchy. For the Princess Sophia, the daughter of Bohemia, married the Duke of Hanover, afterwards created Elector in 1692 by the Emperor Leopold I., in consideration of his services and sufferings in the wars of the House of Austria against Louis XIV. After the death of her husband, and after James II., her nephew, had exchanged St. James's for St. Germain's (saints of very different rank, in the political calendar at least), and the Parliament were looking about for a Protestant successor to William III., they bethought them of the daughter of the Princess Elizabeth. Probably very few people outside the Herald's College knew of the existence of such an old lady as her electoral highness until it was thought necessary to make a queen *in posse* out of her. Few royal persons could have seemed further removed from such royal luck, and until that time few were more attached to the exiled family than she. When the ambassador commissioned to communicate the act of succession was presented to her he was surprised to see the royal dame scuttle with more haste than dignity to a corner of the room, plant herself with her back to the wall, and there remain a fixture until the ceremony was over. It afterwards leaked out that there was a portrait of James II. standing in that corner, of which she suddenly bethought herself and executed this manœuvre—fell back in more or less good order—so that the counterfeit presentment of her nephew only might be a witness of her tergiversation.

The old duchess, for she was then past seventy, had not the slightest disinclination to being metamorphosed into a young queen, and her principles of legitimacy and family loyalty were abolished by the same act of parliament that opened to her view the prospect of a kingly crown. We presume that the portrait on which she had turned her back, thus symbolizing her change of attitude towards the original, was relegated to the lumber room to which the portraits of poor relations are apt to be consigned. She herself became a thorough Revolution Whig, and waited impatiently for Queen Anne to die. She was getting towards fourscore; she passed that *ultima thule* of human life, and still Queen Anne persisted most ill-naturedly in living on and hindering her of a royal crown on her wrinkled brows and on her coffin. She narrowly missed this gratification, however, as she died but a month or two before her grand-niece. On the demise of that sovereign the son of the Princess Sophia had the crown his mother had so nearly clutched thrust upon his stupid head. And then began the golden days of Hanover, for George I. had always a notion, of which he could never rid himself, that England was a kind of dependent appendage to Hanover. He was not unaware of the larger quantity and better quality of the pickings which it afforded, nor of the opportunity it gave him of directing a goodly portion of them to his beloved hereditary domain. Parliaments and constitutional governments puzzled his dull brains, and he could not easily discern why the simple way in which Hanover was governed was not a more excellent one than the complex system of checks and balances invented to bother sovereigns, whose natural right it was to do as they pleased. However, he had sense enough to do as he was bid, and pocket what he could. It was certainly not a very lively life his majesty led—in a country of which he did not speak the language, carrying on the government, by means of infamously bad Latin, with Sir Robert Walpole, as did the second George after him, with no domestic comfort but quarrelling with his son and heir, and no relaxation but the society of his hideous mistresses. It is no wonder that he loved to run over to Hanover whenever he had a chance.

But the English people did not share in his affection for his continental dominions. By all the Tories, of course, he and his son after him were regarded with contempt and hatred, as usurping intruders into an office which, by divine right, belonged to James III. And the Whigs looked upon them only with a factitious loyalty, which, being interpreted, meant only protection from a Catholic dynasty, and re-

garded their love for Hanover as mere ingratitude, and an ill return for the splendid gift of a diadem. Whig squires, as well as Tory ones, were of one mind with each other and with Squire Western, that "their land should not go to Hanover." Hanover rats was the term of contempt applied by the Tories to the supporters of the new family, and there was nothing in the mental, moral, or personal character of the two first sovereigns of the dynasty to excite respect or loyal feeling. They were regarded as dykes of dull Dutch earth raised up to keep out the tide of Catholicism and despotism from overflowing the land. There was nothing about them that appealed to the imagination or the heart. All that was personal and individual about them found its expression in a wish to get to Hanover as often as they could, and to get all they could for Hanover. Thus Hanover became the *bête noire* of England for near fifty years. She was to England during the reign of the two first Georges what Scotland became during the first years of the third of the name—the quicksand which was swallowing up English money, never to be seen again. The caricatures of the first half of the last century represented the White Horse of Hanover riding on the back of the British Lion, or trampling on the lion and unicorn, while Britannia sits drooping and disconsolate looking on. And even the loyal Dr. Johnson had his sneer for the royal love of Hanover when he says, speaking of the multiplication of crimes in London:

> "Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
> With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply:
> Prepare your schemes, ye senatorian band,
> Whose Ways and Means sustain the sinking land;
> Let ropes be wanting in the tempting Spring
> To rig another convoy for the King!"

During all those years Hanover was constantly in men's minds and mouths, and occupied a much larger share of public and private attention than its specific importance would seem to justify. Still it was a continual occasion of continental complications, and the English nation was more than once obliged to espouse the quarrels of Hanover, and the King to fight the battles of the Elector. And Hanover, too, had her *downs* as well as her *ups* in consequence of her connection with her powerful ally—such as dwarfs who join their fortunes to those of giants are apt to catch from time to time. However, with the accession of an English-speaking king the royal love and the popular hatred of Hanover very much died out, and it sunk to its natural place among the minute powers. And nobody was sorry when the operation of the Salic law divorced her from England, and everybody was glad that she took the Duke of Cumberland along with her when she went. She could have taken nothing that England would part with more willingly. And now her career of independent existence seems about ended. The Bible maxim, which is that of the world as well, that to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath, is now proving itself on the continent of Europe, and the only question seems to be who of those that have shall help themselves to the havings of those that have not. The poor blind King of Hanover has not shown a disposition to imitate the example of his ancestor, the old blind King of Bohemia, who charged at Cressy, between two knights, and fell, leaving his crest and motto to Princes of Wales unto this day. But it would have availed little if he had. The day of the small powers is over, and it will not be the worse for their subjects that it is. For they are, as a general thing, despotic and cruel in proportion to their smallness. Hanover, indeed, was one of the best governed; but the world can spare her for all that. The old connection with England, indeed, will probably re-attach in the form of the royal ducal family of Cumberland, to be fully provided for as a prince of the blood royal. But as she loves such luxuries, and, indeed, considers them as necessaries of life, it is fit she should pay for them, and, to do her justice, she always seems ready enough to do so.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, July 13, 1866.

THE Italians seem so little disposed to accept, as a gift, the splendid province which, despite the unsuccessful issue of an engagement in which the Austrians not only fought under the protection of the strongest fortresses of this day, but also outnumbered them in the proportion of three to two, that the hope of a speedy restoration of peace is, perhaps, rather less confidently entertained than was the case a week ago. Crowds of intending tourists, who, on learning the cession of Venetia and the acceptance by all the belligerents of the mediation of the Emperor Napoleon, were eagerly preparing for their departure to the various German spas, have countermanded these preparations, or resigned themselves to passing the dog-days at the favorite French watering-places. The important interests at stake just now will keep the court here some time longer, and thus delay the departure of the ministerial world and the circle in contact therewith. Altogether, the "season" promises to be prolonged beyond its usual period, and, though the delay causes no little fretting on the part of those who are thus forcibly detained among the hot, white walls of this rejuvenated city, the industry of the capital rejoices in the unusual windfall. The avenues of the Bois still present something of their usual animation as evening comes on, and the stream of returning "fireflies" is prolonged till close upon midnight.

One of the novelties that have come into favor of late in the world of fashion is the ingenious modification of the ordinary visiting-card which has been so generally adopted in London. Instead of the usual *p. a. d. n.*, or *p. p. c.*, written in pencil under the name of the caller, these cabalistic signs and two other similar abbreviations are engraved in the four corners of the card, the visitor turning down one or the other of these corners, according to the message he wishes to leave. The filling of the corners is not always the same, and those who provide themselves with two or three sets of cards thus prepared are able, by choosing among them the one which contains the sign of the intimation they wish to convey, to communicate, without the trouble of writing, almost any of the little messages habitually interchanged between people living in the same social circle.

Another innovation of the "season" which, though already dead, still delays its own burial, is the increased use of ponies by the children of the rich. A few years ago comparatively few riders were to be seen in Paris, even among men, and almost none among the other sex, but the increased intercourse between England and France, and the importation of two or three dashing individualities of the *demi-monde*, who commenced their objectionable career of conquest on horseback, was speedily followed by a great increase in their number. The habit of driving, so common among English ladies, imitated here by several of the leading ambiguities, has also been followed, as usual, by the lady-leaders of the *ton*; and numerous pretty turnouts are to be seen daily in the Bois, driven by elegantly-dressed women, with husband or brother seated on the left, and a trim groom or gorgeous Mercury on the seat behind them. At first, the sight of a lady driving would bring all the walkers to a stand-still; now it is regarded as a matter of course, and no one supposes, as formerly, that a vehicle so driven must necessarily come to grief. But the crowning innovation in the aspect of the Bois is the number of ponies and pony-carriages, ridden and driven by children—an innovation resulting partly from the favor enjoyed by the pretty little carriages, drawn by four goats, and hired at so much per ten minutes, which have long formed one of the distinctive features of the groves of the Champs Elysées, partly from the increasing use of horses among the richer classes of the Parisians, partly from the example of the Prince Imperial, and partly, also, from the sight of the pair of small boys, "got up" in the smartest style of fancy-tigers, with large capes to their coats, top-boots, plush breeches, and cockades, who, since the foundation of the favorite circus, have spent their time in perambulating the principal thoroughfares of the quarter of the Champs Elysées, seated on a charming pair of minute Shetlands, and each carrying a red and white banner on which is inscribed the magic word "Hippodrome." As these children, like their ponies, have remained exactly the same size during the five years they have been employed in advertising the establishment to which they belong, they have evidently been changed at regular intervals. But, for the delighted children of Paris, they are always the same pair, and the sight of them always fills all the other children with the same equestrian enthusiasm. Of the pony-equipages driven by children the most stylish that has yet appeared belongs to the Duke de B—, a sort of landau of very elegant build, the wheels picked out with red, drawn by a pair of beautiful Sardinian ponies, scarcely bigger than sheep, black as jet, brushed to a state of preternatural polish, and stepping with the regularity of a machine, a small groom perched on the back seat, and the duke's three little boys, in nankeen suits, occupying the front seat. Whenever this curious turnout appears, driven by the biggest of the three children, who sits between the two lesser ones, and handles the reins and the whip with all the *aplomb* of a miniature Jehu, everybody turns to look, admire, and laugh, including the Mercuries of the crowded grand equipages among which the pretty little landau wends its way with the most perfect self-possession.

The new wheat, which has just begun to arrive here, and is said to be of peculiarly good quality, has just given rise to a curious lawsuit, brought by a commune in one of the central departments against a land-owner, who

had refused to allow the poor of the neighborhood to exercise the prescriptive right of gleaning in his fields after the harvesting. The suit, carried from court to court, has just been decided against the land-owner by the Supreme Court, which has laid down the law as follows: "1. The owner has no power to bring sheep into his own fields until two days after the gathering-in of the harvest, so as to give the gleaners time to avail themselves of their rights. 2. That the owner, or farmer, has the right to glean as long as his field is not entirely reaped, but that he has not the right to sell or otherwise cede that right to third parties, as, by so doing, he would defraud the indigent of the resources which the humanity of the legislator intended to reserve to them." This judgment is quite in accordance with the habitual regulation, by legal enactments, of details that are left elsewhere to regulate themselves. Thus, no land-owner in France is allowed to cut down a single tree on his estate without the consent of the *garde forestier* of his region, a functionary whose duty it is to exercise a careful superintendence over everything in the shape of trees, wild or planted, to keep an exact register of all the trees that are planted within the circle of his beat, and to regulate the cutting of trees according to the provisions of the law. When an owner wishes to cut down trees, he sends for the *garde forestier*, who examines the woods or trees on his land, and marks those which may be cut. This supervision is exercised with a view to prevent the deterioration of climate and the danger of drought or floods resulting from a deficiency or excess of trees in a given locality. But what other civilized people would consent to such a restriction of the rights and privileges of sylvan ownership?

In regard to the culture of tobacco, now an important item of French agricultural industry, the law is even more stringent. Tobacco being a government monopoly, no one can grow even a single plant of tobacco in his garden without a permit. If a peasant wishes to plant a field with tobacco, he makes a declaration to that effect to the proper authorities. An inspector then visits the field to be planted, measures it carefully, and enters the measurement in his book. When the tobacco comes up every plant is counted, and the number entered in the same book. Every week the inspector vists the field, counting every stem, and when the plants are approaching maturity *every leaf is counted*, and an entry of the number of leaves of each plant is made in his book. If a leaf is attacked by an insect or withers, the farmer must not remove it, but, on the next weekly visit of the inspector, the dead leaf is taken away by him, and an entry to that effect is made in the book, and the entry for that particular plant is corrected as to the number of leaves. When the crop is fit for gathering, the inspector makes his final examination. If the quality is found to be defective, he causes the whole to be gathered and burned, the unhappy owner, in such case, not receiving a single centime, but losing the whole of his year's work. If the quality is satisfactory, the inspector superintends the cutting, counts the leaves before having them carried away, and pays the regulation price for them. This price is very large, so that the tobacco-grower risks the chance of a heavy loss against the chance of a rate of profit very much higher than he could make by any other branch of agriculture. But, as the tobacco is a very delicate plant, and subject, in this climate, to various diseases and other mishaps, its cultivation so often proves a failure that the French peasant, sharp as he is after gain, is growing every year more and more shy of it, so that the amount of tobacco grown here is steadily diminishing, and its culture will probably cease altogether.

The proposed tunnel between France and England, for which Mr. Hawkshaw, with the Emperor's consent, has been so busily boring holes on each bank of the Channel, is likely to have a formidable rival in the "ocean-ferry" proposed by Mr. Fowler, who would employ enormous steam-vessels, like the *Great Eastern*, to ply between the two shores. These boats, starting from special docks at Dover and Calais, would take the trains on board and convey them across, so that there would be no delay, no changing of carriages between London and Paris, and, as the roughest weather would have no sensible effect on the motion of the mammoth ferry-boats, the demon of sea-sickness would be banished from that favored highway. The tunnel would take twenty years to complete and cost £20,000,000 sterling. The "ferry-boats" could be ready in thirty months, and would only cost £1,500,000, so that Mr. Fowler's appears to be quite the most practicable proposal.

A laugh has been got up against M. de Lamartine, to whom an old lady admirer has just been writing from the country, informing him that she has all his works in her bookcase, and a portrait of him in her bedroom; that she reads a portion of his verses every day, and that she has framed, and is "never weary of reading, again and again, the delightful poem, beginning—

'Combien j'ai douce souvenance
Du joli lieu de mon enfance;
Ma sœur, qu'ils étaient beaux ces jours
De France!
O mon pays, sois mes amours
Toujours!'"

On getting which letter, M. de Lamartine is described as reading it to a friend, and remarking, with effusion, on coming to the old lady's quotation, "It is, perhaps, the best thing I have written!"—the point of the joke being that the verses in question are *not* by M. de Lamartine.

M. Emile de Girardin, who, as will be remembered, contests with the younger Dumas the authorship of the successful melodrama entitled "Le Supplice d'une Femme," has just given, in honor of the hundredth representation of that popular piece, a grand banquet to the manager and artists of the Théâtre-Français. The irreverent public, which has enjoyed the spectacle of the quarrel between the rival paternities even more than the play which has given rise to it, is asking what would have happened if Dumas, junior, who chances to be travelling just now, had been in Paris, and had determined to give a similar banquet in honor of the same event, on the same day, and whether Messrs. Thierry, Regnier, and Lafontaine, and Mesdames Favart and Pousin, in order to do honor to the double invitation, would have heroically consented to cut themselves in two?

MEDICAL ETIQUETTE.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

THE common mind finds no good and conclusive reason why women should be debarred the privilege of practising the healing art. Why should we not employ a doctress if we like? We might, it is true, have our suspicions and opinions as to the likelihood of her retaining, in so high degree as one of the sterner sex, efficiency and *sang froid* in a case of dire emergency. We might be in doubt as to her being always ready, competent to act, and clear-headed at the seasons of infirmity to which her sex is heir. If we were ourselves feminine, nervous, and fidgety, we might well be dubious as to whether there could be derived much of soothing presence or of sympathy from the visits of a female physician. But if, after all, in spite of these things, we prefer to seek her services, it is not easy to construe our act as one radically vicious or absurd. This from the secular stand-point. To the physician it presents another aspect. It is esteemed to be *unprofessional* for the reputable male physician to hold communion of any kind with a female physician. By the tenets of his class, he must neither consult with nor advise her; nor should he even visit the sick in her presence. If there be nowadays exceptional cases in which these rules are violated, they are still exceptional, and subject to professional censure. To ordinary people all this is, at first sight, inexplicable; but, upon closer examination, some grains of sense will be found to qualify the apparently absurd illiberality of these regulations. In the first place, it is nowadays by no means so easy a thing for the woman, as it is for the man, to obtain a thorough medical education. Medical teaching, whether by dissections, demonstrations, lectures, and diagrams, or by the run of the hospital, becomes so unpleasantly complicated by that regard for the *biensèances* which a mixed audience require, that as yet very few professors of note have been found willing to instruct such audiences. This difficulty, it must be admitted, is serious; but it does not justify the inference drawn from it by the great body of physicians, viz.: that a female doctor must, of necessity, be so grossly ignorant as to be unworthy of recognition. While recognizing, to the full, the enthusiasm, self-devotion, and perseverance which are, in some special cases, manifested by the female medical student, regard for truth demands the further admission, that female aspirants for the medical profession must, as a general rule, from the very nature and condition of things as they now are, be persons at whom the individual male physician may well be pardoned if he looks askance; it is only the corporate action of his class against female physicians which is open to criticism as illiberal and unjust.

Advertising is another vexed point in medical etiquette, the discussion of which has given a world of trouble to the profession. The decisions which have been promulgated with regard to it are scarcely of a nature to satisfy those who believe in free-trade, or, indeed, any one not an M.D. The precise manner in which a man, or a doctor, shall inform the public of his desire to serve them is manifestly a matter which it belongs exclusively to this particular individual to determine. It is a matter with which neither the profession nor trade to which the man belongs, nor any other person, has the smallest legitimate concern, so long as no real sin against humanity is committed. In point of fact, the medical profession has served the public a particularly bad turn in putting down, or trying to put down, professional advertisements, for, except long-continued personal intercourse, no better test than their respective advertisements could well be found by which to distinguish between the man of merit and the *blagueur*.

Most absurd of all medical regulations, however, and most in harmony

with the customs of bygone centuries, is the fee-bill, so called. In the opinion of the American Medical Association, "some general rules should be adopted by the faculty in every town or district relative to pecuniary acknowledgments from their patients, and it should be deemed a point of honor to adhere to these rules with as much uniformity as varying circumstances will admit. . . . . A wealthy physician should not give advice gratis to the affluent, because his doing so is an injury to his professional brethren. The office of a physician can never be supported as an exclusively beneficent one, and it is defrauding, in some degree, the common funds for its support when fees are dispensed with which might justly be claimed." That the rules thus recommended are almost everywhere adopted is notorious, yet, as will be admitted by every unprejudiced person, there is needed no formal demonstration to show that such rules are not in accord with the dictates either of justice or of reason. The idea of paying at the same rate for the services of the fledgling, fresh from his apprenticeship and the lecture-room, as for those of the veteran practitioner, ripe with the accumulated wisdom and experience of a half century of service, is a marvellous absurdity. It is no wonder that there are men who hold it in awful reverence. But there is no need to combat a doctrine like this. It may safely be left to fall through inherent weakness. It has been repeatedly shown heretofore in the pages of The Nation, that every attempt to fix the price of labor arbitrarily, to require the same wages to be paid to the bad workman as to the adept, or to prevent the individual workman from exercising his natural right to labor on such terms as he sees fit, is in direct defiance of resistless laws, and must, therefore, ultimately fail.

Of course it would be idle to suppose—even if the present objectionable codes of ethics were done away with—that the relations now subsisting between the members of the medical profession would at once undergo any very material change, or that there would quickly spring up any intimate connection between educated physicians and the irregulars. The written code probably does but little towards creating the antagonism of these two classes, which is, perhaps, as natural as that of dog and cat, or of veteran troops and militia. If the code were annihilated to-day, its spirit would still remain to control the feelings and actions of all men who cling to established usages. There would still prevail an unwritten law which could never be made a whit more equitable than the general tone of society would allow. But there would be this enormous advantage in removing the written bulwark, that professional matters would then be open to criticism, amenable to the laws of reason, and directly subject to the influence, not only of such liberal minds as the profession may itself contain, but to all the ameliorations which, with the progress of refinement, are induced upon society at large.

If the associated doctors would but give a little less heed to matters of etiquette, be less fearful of compromising the professional dignity, and employ whatever of time or money they can control in collating and consolidating the vast amount of undigested wisdom with which the now chaotic annals of their art are filled; or if they would but labor systematically in either of the departments of science upon which that art depends, they would themselves soon see certain idols in a very different light. They would quickly do away with a multitude of restrictions which, though now carried as armor, serve only to hamper the movements and cripple the power of the profession, without, in reality, affording to it the slightest protection.

Correspondence.

A LETTER FROM GOLDWIN SMITH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your notice of the American edition of my "Lectures on the Study of History" there is an expression which, though I am not sure that I quite understand it, leads me to assure you that the special lecture on "The Foundation of the American Colonies" was not selected for publication in the same volume with the general lectures by way of propitiating American opinion.

The lecture was delivered before this University on a special occasion, some time before the outbreak of your civil war, and long before I could have imagined that any production of mine could ever be reprinted in America; and it is the only historical lecture on a special subject that I have ever published.

I am, your faithful servant,

Goldwin Smith.

Oxford, July 9, 1866.

[The ambiguous phrase in question was employed on the supposition that the American publishers had, as they are sometimes accustomed to do, published a compilation of his lectures without consulting Prof. Smith; when anything relating to this country would naturally have been selected. There is, it is needless to add, no public which stands less in need of "propitiating" by Prof. Smith than the American.—Ed. Nation.]

MEDICAL DEGREES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Some recent remarks in The Nation upon medical etiquette contain, with some mixture of truth, so serious an amount of error as, in the interest of justice, to call for protest.

Beginning with the most important misconception, I deny, and challenge any one to prove, association or "acknowledgment of respectability" by any regular medical college in favor of an institution in which "a degree can be bought outright for gold." Moreover, I deny that in the city which has always graduated the largest number of physicians in this country any such institution exists, claiming the name of regular, or recognizing the code of ethics of the American Medical Association. Should any such be "notorious" elsewhere, on evidence of the fact I can, and will, without presumption, undertake to have it branded with public disgrace by the official action of the American Medical Association itself.

But, further, it is well said in your article that there is "something of wisdom in the assertion that a regular medical education furnishes the only presumptive evidence of professional abilities and acquirements." If so, certainly, for the protection of the uninformed many, quite as much as for the *esprit de corps* of the profession, it ought to be fully *asserted*. Talent or genius will prove itself without official recognition. In war, lately, our country suffered many times by neglecting the principle that a military education furnishes the only presumptive evidence of fitness for command—witness Banks and Butler. Tendencies are rather toward such neglect than towards the abuse of professional restrictions. Besides, medical degrees are not so hard to get but that a man of natural talent may, without undue difficulty, obtain recognition by them.

Could medical men be ever so well convinced of the practical ability of particular "irregulars" or empirics, still to "consult" with them would be to mingle incompatibles. As well might Mohammedan rites be performed by consent in a Jewish synagogue, or the High Church service be enacted before one of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons. Humanity must gain most, on the broadest view, by each idea acting itself out in its own way and place.

There is a common misconception of the acknowledged principle and *animus* of regular medicine. Any "practice based on an exclusive dogma, to the rejection of the accumulated experience of the profession," is, *because* of this rejection, condemned as a system of course. Such exclusivism is necessarily unscientific and preposterous. An inventor of a new lens would have as much right to ignore Kepler's laws as the discoverer of a new remedy has to deny the utility of quinine, opium, and iron.

Medical men do constantly enquire into the value of newly-asserted remedies. For example, Wilson, the leading English dermatologist, has written much in praise of the hot-air bath, and all medical sanitary writers do full justice to the new gymnastics. Much that is made *panaceal* in novel systems of empiricism has really been in vogue for ages in the profession. Let me, then, modify some of the words of the article referred to, so as to express the truth, thus: "The spirit and creed of scientific medicine *enjoin* upon every physician to seek out and apply, *on proof of its merits*, whatever there may be of good in any of the empirical methods which are in use about him."

H. H.

Philadelphia, July 21, 1866.

[Of course no medical college *professes* to sell degrees. An exposition of the manner in which medical degrees can be obtained from certain institutions would be too invidious if thorough, and unprofitable besides, because none know better than the members of the medical profession, to whom the article on "Medical Etiquette" was especially addressed, the easy terms on which degrees are to be had from some schools duly authorized to confer them. The phrase in "H. H.'s" second paragraph, "for the protection of the uninformed many," begs the whole question. So long as the regular physicians absolutely refuse to recognize or consult with persons who have not received a medical degree, the great majority of the "uninformed many" will be, as now, in the hands of empirics who will neither be restrained nor enlightened

by any contact with better educated workers in the same field, such as the writer of "Medical Etiquette" desires for them. The "uninformed many" are certainly not protected by the existing professional etiquette; on the contrary, they are only the more freely exposed to fraud and quackery by that regulation which makes it "unprofessional" for the regular practitioner to employ and supervise useful empirical methods. To adopt "H. H.'s" comparison, the writer of "Medical Etiquette" undoubtedly shares "H. H.'s" partiality for regular officers, but still ventures to believe that the Government did wisely in *accepting the services* of volunteers, and he suggests that the government of the medical profession might safely imitate so encouraging an example. It is precisely that "incompatibility," which "H. H." so strongly states in his third paragraph, which the original article deplores and wishes to see done away with. The writer of "Medical Etiquette" does not applaud the empiric because he believes only in his empiricism—does not uphold the inventor of a new lens in laughing at the laws of astronomy—he only begs those well instructed in medical science not to hold in unjust contempt new instruments, remedies, and methods, though they be empirical ones; not to refuse all intercourse with the inventor of a new lens, on the ground that the ingenious man is not acquainted with Kepler's laws. Lastly, the object of the writer of "Medical Etiquette" would be well-nigh attained if his slightly modified words, as quoted by "H. H.," could really come to be, what he by no means thought them to be, the actual spirit and creed of the medical profession. It was the object of the original article to show that it is the duty of regular physicians to seek out, enquire into, experiment with, and satisfy themselves about, empirical matters, and to employ them, whenever useful, without the least regard to the question whether the men who invented them, or who make a specialty of their application, are regular or irregular practitioners.—Ed. Nation.]

MR. GRANT WHITE AND THE "NEW GOSPEL OF PEACE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

In The Nation of last week you published a letter from the author of the "New Gospel of Peace," containing a not perfectly good-natured allusion to myself; as to which I will only say that, considering the service I have rendered to the person in question, I think it might have been gracefully, at least, if not generously, forborne. On the other hand, I was surprised to find that Mr. Bartlett, in his copious and serviceable Bibliography of the War, attributes the "New Gospel of Peace" to me, without the least authority for so doing, while he does not mention me as the author of other pamphlets which I did write. Of course, I will not affect ignorance of the fact that I am among those to whom this anonymous work has been assigned by rumor—I cannot conjecture why, unless it be because of the friendly offices in regard to business matters which I have performed for its author. And, indeed, it has not been without a peculiar interest that I have received the positive assurances of evidently well-informed strangers, whom I have accidentally met in the book-stores of other cities, that this yet unclaimed bantling was the offspring of such or such a gentleman of repute in the world of letters, and that the report that it was by Mr. Grant White was quite preposterous—it was entirely out of his style. My vanity, which is naturally great, could not but be gratified at finding myself so well understood by persons whom I had never before had the pleasure of meeting. Perhaps I should also feel more flattered than I do, that others have given me such credit as attaches to a series of pamphlets, the popularity of which I cannot deny; but I may be pardoned if I do not find the bitter satire and broad humor of St. Benjamin quite so much to my taste as some persons seem to find it to theirs.

The Nation, in its notice of the Fourth Book, compared the series with "The Scottish Chaldee Manuscript," published in "Blackwood's Magazine" fifty years ago; remarking that "it is hardly doubtful that we should not have had it if Hogg had not previously produced 'The Chaldee,'" and adding that "that famous parody is superior to this in other respects than priority in time. Its biblical style is better preserved, fewer of its expressions being modern."

The "New Gospel of Peace" having interested me somewhat as a reproduction of what may be called the sacred style of Elizabethan English, this criticism of The Nation's led me to seek for the "Chaldee Manuscript," which, until about three weeks ago, I had heard of but never seen. I sought it in vain for awhile, but finally found it, not in "Blackwood" or Hogg, but in Dr. Shelton Mackenzie's edition of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." And I there found why I had never met with it. It was suppressed; and to obtain a sight of it, even on the other side of the Atlantic, has been so difficult, as Dr. Mackenzie tells us, that he "searched all the national and public libraries in England and Scotland where sets of 'Blackwood' are kept, and never succeeded in meeting one . . . containing the 'Chaldee.'" He finally found the only copy he ever saw at a bookseller's in this city. Thus, although the "Chaldee Manuscript" is half a century older than the "New Gospel of Peace," it is, I think, quite impossible that the latter should have been written in imitation of the former, or even because of its precedence. It was the successor of the "Chaldee Manuscript," but not its consequent. Nor can I agree with you as to the comparative faithfulness of the two in style to their common model. The positive merits of either, in this regard or in any other, I do not propose to discuss, but some remark upon their phraseology and cast of thought may not be without interest.

The author of the "Chaldee Manuscript" seems not to have been able to *think* in the dialect (so to speak) in which he undertook to write, but to have used it as a speaker, for instance, uses French or German who has studied it and acquired a vocabulary which he has yet not assimilated, and who, therefore, does his thinking in English, afterwards translating the words in his mind into the language he is called upon to speak. This always produces awkwardness of expression and strangeness of effect, even when there is not absolute verbal incorrectness or false construction. In the very first chapter of the "Manuscript" are these phrases, which I do not hesitate to say are quite out of keeping: "Whereunto I may employ you," "and enrich themselves with the wool," "all things that relate to learning," "and they proffered unto him a book," "that had put such amazing words into the book," "put your trust under the shadow of my wings," "and by these means you shall wax very great," "who dwelleth in the old fastness," "and he framed songs," "and they heard a voice of one screeching at the gate." Now each one of these phrases contains either a word, as "fastness," "screeching," or a construction, as "these" applied to "means," "framed" to "songs," which is foreign to the dialect in question. And this is not a strangeness inevitable from the novelty of the objects introduced, which would be permissible if it could not be avoided; it appears in the use of words common to the language in all styles and all ages. For instance, again, the Chaldee writer, wishing to describe taking snuff, says, "And he took from under his girdle a gem of curious workmanship of silver . . . . and he took from thence something in color like unto the dust of the earth." Here the use of "gem," "from thence," and "something" is incongruous with the style. A translator from the Chaldee two hundred and fifty years ago would have been much homelier and more direct in his phrase. He would, I venture to say, have simply written, "And he took from under his girdle a *box curiously made* . . . . and he took from *it dust* in color like unto the dust of the earth." He would not have shrunk from the repetition of "dust;" and certainly would not have avoided it by writing "took something," which is very colloquial and modern. But it is worthy of remark that the invitation to take something is not nowadays supposed toi ndicate snuff. Errors like this are not uncommon in the "Chaldee Manuscript," brief as it is; but, although the "New Gospel of Peace" is ten times as long, I have been able to discover in it no important defects of this kind. The "Chaldee Manuscript" also commits the fault of applying Oriental names arbitrarily to Scotch places, calling, for example, one river—the Tweed—"the Jordan," and another "the brook Kedron." This means nothing and effects nothing but confusion. One might as well have been called Abarnar and the other Parphar. The subject of the "Manuscript" is, besides, so obscure—the mere personal affairs of some men of letters and their publishers—that it is not only quite incomprehensible now, but must have been so when it was written, except within the comparatively narrow circle of the friends and acquaintances of the personages who figure in the story.

Although the "New Gospel of Peace," whatever may be its peculiar faults, is, as far as I am capable of judging, almost entirely free from such as are above mentioned, upon close examination I find two or three passages obnoxious to criticism in this respect. Compelled by the exigencies of a speech made by the individual whom he calls "Phernandiwud," the author has used the phrase "a splendid despotism." It need hardly be said that not only the language but the cast of thought in this phrase is peculiarly modern and quite inadmissible. He also speaks of "the government" of Unculpsalm and of "slavery." Now government, meaning the capacity or the act of governing, was, as an idea or a word, familiar enough to Elizabethan writers; but government, as an institution, admitting the indefinite article—a government—is, I think, a conception but little older, if at all, than the middle of the seventeenth century. Even in the phrase "the government shall be upon his shoulder," the word "government" has quite a different sense from that which it has in "the government of such or such a

country." So, although we read in Shakespeare and his contemporaries of slavery as a condition of the individual, it is not, I believe, until Milton's time that we meet with the word representing the abstract idea—the institution of slavery. This author also makes "Phernandiwud" prophesy that, under certain conditions, "the lion of the South and the lamb of the North shall lie down together." He should have known better than to fall into this almost universal misrepresentation of a well-known passage in Isaiah's writing. The Hebrew prophet says nothing about lions and lambs. He knew the terror of the shepherd better. He wrote "the *wolf* shall dwell with the lamb," "the *wolf* and the lamb shall feed together," and I doubt much whether, if "lion" and "lamb" began with the same letter in Hebrew, he would have been tempted by alliteration into inaccuracy.

One fault is common to both the "Chaldee Manuscript" and the "New Gospel of Peace." Both use the neuter possessive pronoun *its*; the latter in a single passage (Book I., chap. IV., v. 27), the former in several. This word is unknown in the sacred dialect of the Elizabethan period; and in the first quarter of the seventeenth century was but just struggling into use among secular writers. This I remarked in my notes to "The Winter's Tale," published six years before, and in those to "Hamlet and Cymbeline," published the year before the first appearance of the "New Gospel of Peace." The author of that book will, I hope, pardon me for pointing out these defects in it, and may be sure that no one less than I would willingly deprive him of any well-earned approbation. His incognito, since he chooses to preserve it, I shall certainly respect, although at the cost of some annoyance to myself; and so, I cannot doubt, will the few friends who, I have reason to believe, have shared his confidence with me from the beginning.

Your obedient servant,

RICHD. GRANT WHITE.

July 30, 1866.

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The Week.

SENATORS and representatives are at home and begin to meet their constituents. We hear of speeches made by Rousseau, Speaker Colfax, Doolittle, Dixon, Wilson, and Trumbull. Judge Trumbull's was delivered before a very large gathering in Chicago, and for its matter and its author will be generally accepted as the Union party's arraignment of the President and his policy. The story, with which the country is so familiar, of Mr. Johnson's threats and promises and his performance of them, was once more told; how treason was to be made odious, and how not one traitor has been punished; how traitors were to take a back seat in the work of reconstruction, and how Monroe, and Orr, and Perry, and Humphreys got the President's pardon in order that they might take front seats; how Mr. Johnson was to be the Moses of the negro race, and how he twice vetoed the Freedmen's Bureau bill, which he had seen in manuscript, which he had seen in print, which Mr. Trumbull had repeatedly talked about to him, to which he had never lisped a word of opposition; how he said in his annual message that it was the duty of Congress "to mete out exact and equal justice to all," and how he vetoed the Civil Rights bill; how he acknowledged his obligations and declared his adherence to the Union party which made him Vice-President, and how he goes into convention in Philadelphia with Vallandigham and Stephens, rebel and copperhead, to devise, if possible, some plan to take the country from the men that saved it and give it over to the men that endeavored to destroy it; how he proclaimed State rights, and has trampled on the asserted rights of every lately rebellious State. The speech is an able one—temperate, condensed, and weighty. But it is pitiable that Mr. Trumbull, a man of ability, of legal training, of judicial experience, a man whose course in Congress has given him an honorable name throughout the country, should be found willing to prostitute his influence to the encouragement of the most criminal folly merely because he hopes to seduce Fenian marauders from their natural allegiance to the Democratic party.

OF course there are several accounts of the way in which the New Orleans riots began. The *Times* of that city insists that a white man was harmlessly looking at the procession of negroes marching down Canal Street, when a freedman shoved him aside. The policemen near by supposed the negro had struck him, and attempted to make an arrest. On the other hand the *Tribune*, also professing to give the testimony of an eye-witness, asserts that the white man shoved aside had previously fired his pistol into the crowd of negroes. And the accounts are nearly as conflicting as they proceed further. One or two things, however, seem tolerably clear. The procession above mentioned, about one hundred strong, and preceded by a band of music, was evidently not equipped for fight. The same thing may be said of the negroes gathered around the Institute building; they seem to have been for the most part unarmed, and chiefly anxious, after the attack began, to escape with their lives. The *Times* gives an anti-negro account, but it admits that the negroes seemed little inclined to attempt a rescue of the persons first arrested. The people within the Institute were not many of them armed. Of the members of the Convention, only one seems to have had a pistol with him, and he at the request of the others left the hall when hostilities appeared to be imminent. And certainly the victory of the police was an easy one. On the whole, Sheridan's view is doubtless the correct one. Blood, much blood, has been wantonly spilled. Had it been necessary to arrest every Union man in New Orleans, it could have been done without the loss of a single life.

DISPUTES about who fired the first shot in New Orleans are really disputes about the occasion of that horrible outbreak and not about its cause. That is to be found revealed in the atrocities which were perpetrated upon Union men and negroes, when once the mob had fairly got at them. Says the New Orleans *Times:* "To see the negroes mutilated and literally beaten to death, as they sought to escape, was one of the most horrid pictures it has ever been our ill fortune to witness." A negro who runs for his life, and takes refuge behind a pile of lumber, is shot at for a long time, till at last he is killed. Two negro boys are taken out of a street car and shot by the police. A negro, "who had probably escaped from the main building through the adjoining yards, is shot by a policeman, and lies dead in the street; by and by a white woman comes and throws a stone upon his head." "Another and another fell," the *Times* says, "killed while the police were bearing him off." Dr. Dostie, when the mob and police together enter the hall of the Convention, is shot by a policeman, and falls to the floor. As he lies extended a second policeman comes and fires four or five balls at him. Then he is dragged alternately by the hair and feet, and flung aside with some other bodies supposed to be dead. Being removed by friends to the Hôtel Dieu, it is found that his head and arms are bruised badly as if with clubs or bricks, that he has knife wounds in the neck, and one in the chest. We read of another Unionist whose dead body has seventeen knife and bullet holes in it. The hatred which mangles and mutilates its enemies in this way, and we dare to say that the half is not yet told, would hardly stand long tormented by scruples, waiting till some negro shot down an unoffending white man.

IT has been the custom among certain people to deride the notion that when the Southern States are re-organized and put irrevocably into the hands of their own citizens, there is danger that the guarantees extorted from them by Mr. Johnson would eventually be repudiated. Mr. James Alcorn, of Mississippi, makes an address to his fellow-citizens in which he laughs at such a supposition and pours contempt on the meanness of soul which could harbor apprehensions of that sort. Yet Chief-Justice Ruffin, whose legal abilities and legal knowledge are venerated by every North Carolinian, maintains, in a recently published letter, that the Reconstruction Convention of that State was in no proper sense a convention, and that none of its acts are lawfully binding. It was a body of men, he thinks, which represented the will of Andrew Johnson, a military dictator, and did not represent the people of North

Carolina. Judge Manly, a prominent member of the Convention, also supports this view. In fact, all the experience of the past year goes to show, what might have been known *à priori*, that whatever gains of the war are to be held permanently by the loyal people must be bound fast by ties which nothing but a new war can loosen. Amendments to the Constitution of the United States are better, apparently, than amendments to the constitution and changes in the statutes of North Carolina.

We can never be too well informed of the motives and intentions of an Executive whose dread of centralization leads him to deny the loyal men of Tennessee the support which he volunteers the ex-Confederates of Louisiana. Not enough publicity has been given to a threat of interference in another State upon which peace has brought a return of peril with the first elections. The new constitution of Missouri directs the General Assembly to frame a complete and uniform registration law, by which qualified voters may be distinguished, and provides also an oath conditional of voting, by which rebels are disfranchised. Mr. Noell, who belongs to the party which is aggrieved by both these restrictions, recently made a visit to the White House, and has reported his conversation with the President, which was substantially as follows:

Q. Suppose Governor Fletcher, under pretence of carrying out the registry law, surrounds the polls with his militia and overawes the voters?

A. Then apply to the Secretary of War.

Q. But our people will not apply to the Secretary of War.

A. Then apply to me. It is the duty of the President to protect citizens in their rights.

If the conflict thus foreshadowed is to be precipitated, it is evident we have not yet seen the worst usurpation of which Mr. Johnson is capable. For if it is a part of the "rights" of citizens to vote without regard to the conditions lawfully imposed by State authority, there is nothing to prevent the subversion of the elections in every State where these conditions exist; and New York, equally with Louisiana, may be set down as lost to the cause of Union and republican government.

The long and bitter contest in Kentucky for the clerkship of the Court of Appeals has terminated, and the result is what we fancy most people in the State and out of it were expecting—General Hobson, Unionist, is badly beaten by Mr. Duvall, whom it is not a misuse of language to call the rebel candidate. Many circumstances connected with the canvass are remarkable enough as occurring in a State in the Union. Men in the uniform of the rebel army have occupied places on the platforms of Democratic speakers; Grant's name or Sherman's it was usual to hiss and groan, while those of Lee and Johnson were received with cheering. Hurrahs for Jefferson Davis were always in order. Mr. Vallandigham and Mr. Pendleton were imported by the friends of Duvall to stump the State in his behalf. But Mr. Pendleton was found to be of no service; in the eyes of the Kentucky Democrats his association with McClellan in the presidential campaign of 1864—small a crime as that would seem to be—was an offence not to be overlooked, and the lion of the hour was Mr. Vallandigham. It is not to be supposed that the condition of public sentiment in Kentucky is not far better than in the excluded States.

The *World* objects to the statement made by a correspondent in a recent number of The Nation, that it is perilous to utter "Union sentiments" at the South. With the probably wide difference in the definitions which we should each assign to the phrase quoted, it would not be profitable to debate the question. We ask no other concession than the *World* itself makes, that *some* persons "may easily get into personal trouble" by speaking their own minds freely in the lately rebellious States. The test of the good government and liberty of any community is that protection is extended not only to "decent men of ordinarily considerate behavior"—who are not supposed to need it—but to those not included in that euphemism; the men, in other words, whose opinions differ from those of their fellow-citizens, but whose right to entertain and to utter them is just as indisputable. Neither public sentiment nor the law permitted free speech or free thinking at the South in times past. The recent occurrences in New Orleans show that the rule of mob violence is returning with even increased ferocity.

The policy of acquainting foreign and quasi-hostile powers with the secrets of our monitor system, as Secretary Fox is doing with the *Miantonomah* on the other side of the Atlantic, has been more generally censured than discussed. The chances of European attack on this country are, however, always very slight, in view of the great ocean to be crossed; and the stronger the conviction abroad that we are abundantly able to defend ourselves, and fertile in every kind of expedient according to the exigency, the smaller the likelihood of our being molested. Now the achievements and capacity of our navy were always disparaged in England during the late rebellion, and with a degree of sincerity which only ocular demonstration to the contrary could unsettle. What Mr. Banks and his "live admiral" would have done in an offensive manner, Mr. Fox has accomplished by unostentatious courtesy, and the tone in which the British press treats the question of iron-clads already betrays less confidence in Capt. Coles and less contempt for Capt. Ericsson. It would not be generous, nor is it necessary, to attribute to Mr. Fox's visit Lord Stanley's proposition to make indemnity for the *Alabama's* depredations; but the support which it may receive will, perhaps, have been largely determined by the recent presence of a monitor in British waters.

Mong Chaw Loo, who has been living in America for some eight or nine years and getting himself a liberal education, has just brought a suit against the owners of the packet-boat *J. H. Best*, which plies on the Muskingum River. He claims damages in the sum of five thousand dollars "for mental and bodily anguish suffered." It appears that the Burmese gentleman had paid full fare on the boat, and when the barbaric dissonance of the gong of his native land summoned the first-class passengers to dinner, he was ordered back from the table, stigmatized as "a colored person," and directed to wait. Every American, we suppose, will feel a natural sympathy with the exquisite grief and pain of this first-class passenger, intent on "a square meal" (for he was educated here) and determined to get his money's worth, who, in the midst of his rush to the dinner-table, is, for any reason whatever, stopped and turned back. On that ground we should look to see Mr. Loo recover exemplary damages. But the element of color always complicates these matters. A Muskingum jury will probably consider Mong Chaw Loo a Chinaman, and to allow a Chinaman the luxury of despising the negro, of suffering mental agony because a colored waiter takes him for a countryman, is more than will probably be done.

A gentleman who has already published a little work entitled "The Steam Locomotive Revealed in the Bible," and who may, therefore, be supposed to possess a very peculiar fitness for conjectural criticism, has just put forth a remarkable explication of the third chapter of Habakkuk. It consists of the prayer of the prophet, and, if Mr. Gregg knows anything about it, "indicates the great achievement of the laying of the ocean telegraphic cable." Of such edifices a sample brick enables one to judge. The eleventh verse reads as follows: "The sun and the moon stood still in their habitation;" and Mr. Gregg comments thus: "Through telegraphic rapidity the element of time seems eliminated, as though the heavenly bodies were stationary." "In the fourteenth verse," says the critic, "I translate villages or villagers *unlearned fools*, a paraphrase, as I believe (saving their favor), for the political economists."

The facetious Dr. Nott is willing, as he says, "to stake what little reputation I may have upon the assertion that the negro must fail as an agriculturist." We have known more venturesome wagering than this, so far as stakes are concerned, though, as the doctor has very little to live upon besides his reputation, the loss of it would be serious indeed. We suppose he means a free agriculturist; for, in the palmy days of the patriarchal institution, we had thought that at the South a cultivator and a black man were pretty nearly synonymous, and slavery, as we all know, was the right place for the right African. Our distinguished ethnologist is undismayed by the "flattering accounts from all quarters, to the effect that the negroes are working well, and that a large crop of cotton in 1866 will be the result." This is all

due to the high rates of cotton; but, that stimulus over, the freedman will first forsake his hoe, then "deteriorate morally and intellectually," and finally become extinct—out of regard for Dr. Nott's little reputation, which has been rudely shaken by the slave's surviving his emancipation four-and-twenty hours. The doctor's theory, that the negro will not till the soil for wages, seems to have been extensively adopted among the planters, who find it convenient, at least, to withhold the wages after the soil has been tilled.

THE cholera is unmistakably prevalent in several parts of England. The London *Spectator*, with a singular degree of positiveness in a matter which is, to say the least, quite debatable, rebukes the officials who have ventured to call the disease contagious. The cholera could no more, it says, "be brought in a ship across sea than gout could;" the proof being that in India a regiment attacked with it has only to march a few miles to get rid of it; and the conclusion being that "the poison, though it may travel, is conveyed by the air, and not by sick persons." We should prefer, before accepting this reasoning, to learn something about the locality reached as compared with that abandoned, and to be persuaded that the constant change of the place of the deposits of the regiment had nothing to do with checking the communication of the poison.

IN the midst of the greatest war ever undertaken by her, Italy has, almost silently, achieved a great social revolution. By the royal decree of the 7th of July, conformable to the law of the 28th of June, religious corporations throughout the peninsula, excepting, of course, the Papal territory, have been suppressed, and their property confiscated to the uses of the state. The members of the various orders, the monks and nuns, and the servants of the establishments thus dissolved, are classified and indemnified either by annuities or subsidies. Opposition to the execution of the law is visited with severe penalties and forfeitures. Books, manuscripts, scientific documents, the archives, monuments, and objects of art, valuable antiquities, etc., found in the edifices belonging to the suppressed bodies, are to be deposited in the public libraries and museums of their respective provinces. Several buildings famous for treasures of this sort are specially named to be preserved. The fruits of this important measure are to redound immediately to the benefit of public instruction. The overthrow of monasticism, however, is in itself the removal of the last fetter on human intelligence bequeathed by the Middle Ages; for Popery henceforth is to darken only the narrow space which it holds with temporal supremacy—nor that, we believe, for ever nor for long.

WHEN the Austrians, after a contest, had been obliged to abandon Olmütz, they retreated into Hungary in order to gain Vienna without molestation. Just before Pressburg, which lies east of Vienna on the Danube, they were confronted and cut off by the enemy, who had crossed the river March at Skalitz, in anticipation of their retreat. The engagement which ensued on the 22d was interrupted in behalf of a five days' armistice; and since that time peace has been uppermost in the minds of the high contending powers. On the 25th, an eight days' suspension of hostilities was agreed upon between Austria and Italy. Prague has been selected for the place of final settlement, and Austria there goes into conference upon terms infinitely more humiliating than those which she rejected when offered by the Emperor Napoleon. It is already agreed that Germany north of the Main—that is, nearly, north of the 50th parallel—shall constitute a confederation under the lead of Prussia. Southern Germany may take care of itself, and form another confederation, with or without Austria. The latter relinquishes her portion of Schleswig and Holstein, as well as Venetia. She also is to make indemnity to Prussia, for war expenses, of several millions of dollars.

Prussia, it remains to add, had penetrated Bavaria as far as Hof, and, toward the Rhine, had occupied Mannheim and Heidelberg. Gen. Manteuffel's exactions from the wealthy city of Frankfort had been met with protests and appeals to the King of Prussia, and, by the Chamber of Commerce, with a flat refusal to pay the additional 25,000,000 florins.

THE FREEDMEN.

A BOARD is now in session in Washington revising the orders and regulations of the Freedmen's Bureau. It is composed of the following officers: Brevet Maj.-Gen. David Tillson, president; Brevet Maj.-Gen. J. W. Sprague, Brigadier-Gen. E. M. Gregory, Surg. T. B. Hood, Chap. M. French; Capt. J. W. De Forest, Secretary.

—The U. S. Marine Hospital at Charleston, S. C., has been purchased at auction by the Episcopal Home Missionary Society of South Carolina, for a freedmen's school-house. Rev. A. T. Porter, of that State, is trying to raise a portion of the purchase-money at the North.

—The Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Alvord, makes a report of the number of schools, scholars, teachers, etc., of which the following is a recapitulation: Number of freedmen's schools in the South, 1,002; of teachers, 1,409; of scholars, 91,413. These are only those that are regularly reported. There are many more that cannot be got at—of those taught by white teachers as well as colored. South Carolina shows the largest estimated number of scholars, 12,017 being the number reported. Virginia comes next, having 11,784. The District of Columbia has 74 schools, 132 teachers, and 6,552 scholars. In South Carolina the colored people in several localities have entered earnestly upon the work of erecting new school-houses, and have defrayed a fair proportion of the expenses. Superintendent Tomlinson reports that "the educational efforts of the past term have had another result not less satisfactory than the progress of the colored children—a growing conviction among the white residents of South Carolina favorable to their education. . . . In many districts the bitterness that was openly manifested toward Yankee teachers is abating, and, in some cases, requests have been made by planters for Northern teachers to be sent to their neighborhoods." Still, violence is yet to be apprehended in all parts of the State, from turbulent men, who are emboldened by the withdrawal of the Federal troops.

—Certain citizens of Oxford, Mississippi, including a chancellor, two professors, and a trustee of the University of Mississippi, and two prominent members of the local bar, have united in an address to the people of the State concerning the education of the freedmen. They set forth their duties to the colored race on the ground of the divine injunction to preach the Gospel to "every creature" and of human gratitude for past services. They propose to sustain a Sunday-school for oral and other instruction, and have already organized one with a hundred pupils and twelve teachers.

—North Carolina has 119 schools in operation, 5 teachers, 130 scholars, and a daily average attendance of 9,034 pupils.

—It is painful to continue the record of wrongs and violence done to the blacks at the South, but the gradual development of the President's policy, and the illustration of it in the New Orleans massacre, forbid us to expect a cessation of acts which a few months ago it was difficult to cite. The mildest with which we can head the list is the refusal of a passage to a Mrs. Jacob and daughter from Savannah to New York after they had purchased first-class tickets. Mrs. Jacobs is the author of a slave-autobiography called "Linda," and both she and her daughter are, besides being nearly white, of perfectly ladylike behavior. In the same city, in order to exclude the colored people, the authorities closed the park upon all citizens. The courts in Kentucky and Virginia are officially reported to the Bureau to be, so far as the rights and life of freedmen are concerned, devoid of justice. In the former State the military authorities are prompt in making arrests under the Civil Rights act. In Virginia, Gen. Terry knows no remedy for the existing evils but the re-opening of the Bureau or military courts. The mayor of Richmond commits two colored men, victims of an assault, to prison, refusing witnesses in their behalf, with the remark, "I do not intend for you niggers to be equal with white men while I am mayor." Ex-mayor Saunders, a magistrate, tells a woman whose little girl has been beaten, "I am not in a humor for giving warrants. You must go away from here." In Tennessee, the "Reverend" P. C. Ament shoots a colored woman (July 25) in broad daylight, at twelve paces. In Arkansas, negro testimony is refused in many places. Justice Gray and Judge Smith are to be prosecuted accordingly. Justice Hopwood, of Calvert Co., Md., has been arrested for similar malfeasance. Lieut. Butts, of the Bureau, was [illegible] and robbed in Jackson Parish, La.

Notes.

LITERARY.

The Sacramento *Daily Union* for June 25, 1863, published a summary of the bibliography of California, consisting of notes on over seven hundred volumes in print and manuscript, between 1544 and 1863, taking up twenty-five columns of the *Union*. This was the most extensive account of works on California then published, and contained much very valuable matter. A supplement containing over two hundred books and maps, some of them of very great rarity, was published in the same paper of the date of March 13, 1866. The compiler, Mr. Taylor, offered the catalogue as "notes and materials to aid in forming a more perfect bibliography of the old Alta California domain of 1750." It is to be hoped that these notes will be carefully digested and published in book form by the author, which will then be a most valuable contribution to the literary history of this country, and will bring to the knowledge of many what is now attainable only to the readers of the Sacramento paper.

—The Atlantic cable has at last been laid, with every prospect of continued success. The history of the partial success, of the failures and the struggles of the twelve years that intervened between the first organization of the Atlantic Telegraph Company and the successful trip of the *Great Eastern* this summer, is to be told by the Rev. Henry M. Field, the brother of Mr. Cyrus W. Field, who is the person best known to the American public in connection with the telegraph. The author has had access to all his brother's papers, and knows the inside history of the thing from beginning to end. With such advantages he can hardly fail to produce a readable book. Meanwhile, in the "Fortnightly Review" for July 1, can be found an interesting account of the same subject, and the lessons to be drawn from the previous failures, by Mr. J. Stephen, a practical electrician, whose preferences seem to be for the North Atlantic line *viâ* Greenland.

—Some steps have been taken by the city government for the establishment of a large free public library in New York. Some of the London papers are agitating for a similar institution there. In their appeals they bring New York up as a conspicuous example of a city abounding in free libraries. This seems rather absurd to the actual inhabitants of the city, who, if they are detained at their business during the day, find the Astor Library closed, and to whom the only one accessible for a small fee is the Mercantile Library, imperfect as that is. Until the passing of Mr. Ewart's act, in 1850, for enabling town councils to establish public libraries and museums, there was not in all England a single strictly free public library. Many of the smaller towns have taxed themselves and erected such libraries, but London still remains without one. The libraries of the British Museum, of Sion College, and of Dr. Williams, are subject to restrictions which prevent their free use, and are open at such hours as to exclude entirely the man of business, the clerk, the mechanic, and the artisan; yet these are the only ones at all available. Paris now possesses seven perfectly free public libraries, and they are being organized by the government in every village; Berlin has two, and Vienna three. If the city government of New York would only start the library, rich men enough would be found who would be glad to fill it with books.

—The Palestine Exploration Fund has begun to yield most promising results in a province where they were least expected and most needed, viz.: in that of Semitic Palæography. A number of photographs, taken by the exploring expedition on various spots of the Holy Land, and comprising representations of some of the oldest Samaritan manuscripts, and, further, Samaritan and Hebrew inscriptions of a remote age, were submitted by the committee to Mr. Deutsch, of the British Museum. This gentleman has now reported upon them at some length, and, it appears, has been able to arrive at some very interesting conclusions, chiefly with regard to a long-contested Samaritan inscription found upon a stone in a Mohammedan minaret at Nablous. Mr. Deutsch has completely restored the reading of this, probably, oldest Samaritan epigraph in existence. The contents of the stone are, briefly, an abbreviated form of the Ten Commandments as found in the Samaritan Recension (8 lines); a sentence taken from the interpolated passage following these commandments in the Samaritan codex (line 9); and, finally (line 10), the formula, "Arise, O Lord!" "Return, O Lord!" which is of frequent occurrence in Samaritan worship. A great deal of additional light is also thrown by these new materials upon the vexed question of the age and primitive shape of the square Hebrew character, the final decision of which must be of the highest import for Biblical and post-Biblical criticism, archæology, antiquities, history, and the rest.

—The French Academy pays its tribute to the increasing importance of the United States, by selecting as the subject for the prize poem of next year "The Death of President Lincoln." Few themes from modern history could be more suggestive to the poet.

—At a late meeting of the Academy of Science, M. d'Archiac exhibited a round pebble, coated with a greenish micaceous schist, and possessing a fine grain, which was discovered by M. Garrigou in the lower grotto at Massat-Arriège, in the midst of a vast quantity of human remains and flint implements of the age of the fossil reindeer. On the smooth surface of this fragment, which is eighteen centimetres long and ten broad, is the profile of a bear, in the act of walking, extremely well executed.

—Professor Beesly, who not long ago set forth the character of Catiline in the new light of a representative democrat, has recently been doing the same for Clodius. In a late number of the "Fortnightly Review" he has given a new and very plausible version of the difficulty between Clodius and Cicero, which is said to have led to the latter's banishment. The difficulties in the received account, which depended chiefly on the information furnished by Cicero himself, were very great. It is a little too much to ask any one accustomed to reflect on political phenomena to believe that Cicero, stained with the blood of the popular leaders whom he had unlawfully put to death, was respected and beloved by the Roman populace, and that his exile and all the troubles that befell him were simply the result of a personal quarrel with Clodius. The trial of Clodius, Prof. Beesly thinks, was merely gotten up by the Senate in order to rid them of a man who they foresaw would be an awkward and dangerous enemy. For this purpose they raked up a charge of sacrilege, said to have been committed seven months before, but which had been entirely disregarded at the time, as few of the Roman nobility still believed enough of their religion to attach any importance to such a charge. At this trial Clodius was acquitted, not by bribery, but because the majority of the jury, following the precedents of the time, thought it for the best interests of their party. The banishment of Cicero was, no doubt, entirely owing to the part which he had taken in the *coup d'état* which ended in the smothering of the Catilinarian conspiracy. His recall was not asked for by the people, but was one of the conditions of the compact between the Senate and Pompeius, and was only obtained by breaking up the popular meetings by a mob of gladiators, by intimidation of the tribunes, and by importing enough Italians, attached to the Senate, to swamp the people's vote. Altogether, Mr. Beesly has thrown much light on the part which Cicero took in the Roman revolution, and his two articles ought to be read, especially by those who have lately perused Forsyth's "Life of Cicero," in order to counteract the erroneous impressions that they may have received from that entertaining book.

—Among recent publications in England are "The First Man, and his Place in Creation," by George Moore, M.D.; "Julius Cæsar," a series of lectures by Prof. Saint-Hilaire, translated; "The Lake Dwellings of Switzerland," by Dr. Keller, of Zürich, translated by Mr. J. E. Lee; that absurd and readable book which has amused the subscribers to "Blackwood," "Memoirs of the Confederate War for Independence," by Heros Von Borcke, chief of staff to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart; and a volume of the viceregal speeches and addresses of the Earl of Carlisle during his Lord-Lieutenancy in Ireland. Longmans & Co. announce for October "The Life and Correspondence of Richard Whately, by Miss Whately; the ninth and tenth volume of Froude's "History of England;"—for November, "An Introduction to the Study of National Music," by Carl Engel; and "Sound," by Professor Tyndall. Messrs. Moxon & Co. will shortly publish "Lyra Elegantiarum," a collection

of some of the best specimens of Vers de Société and Vers d'Occasion, in the English language, by deceased authors, edited by Frederick Locker.

—A Sanskrit periodical is projected by the professors of the Benares College, to be called "The Pundit." It will be a sort of Indian "Notes and Queries," and, as such, will be valuable to Sanskrit scholars everywhere. It will also be devoted to the publication of singular and rare reliques of Sanskrit literature. It will afford to European scholars an opportunity which they have long been denied, of testing the famous learning of the Benares Pundits, and finding out whether it is only the remnant of traditional lore or a reality in itself.

SCIENTIFIC.

Clark's Object-Glasses for Telescopes. — The American Academy of Art and Sciences, at their meeting of May 30th, awarded the Rumford Medal to Mr. Alvan Clark, of Cambridge, Mass., for his improvements in the manufacture of achromatic lenses, as shown in his method of local correction. The optical parts of an astronomical telescope are: first, a large compound lens, called the object-glass, which forms an image of any object to which the instrument is directed, at a given point called the focus; and secondly, a combination of small lenses called the eye-piece, by which this image is magnified. The making of an eye-piece is a very simple optical problem, and the perfection of the telescope depends almost wholly on the excellence of the object-glass. In order that this may form at its focus a perfect image of the object to which it is directed, it is essential that *all* the rays of light, which it receives from any one point of the object, should be so bent by the glass as to meet exactly at a corresponding point of the image. Each one of the luminous points of the object sends to the telescope a separate beam of diverging rays, and a perfect object-glass will concentrate at a single point the whole light of each beam, and the collection of these points constitutes what we call the image.

Now no single lens can fulfil this condition; for the different colored rays, of which white light consists, are bent unequally not only by glass but also by every transparent material known, and the focus of the violet rays is nearer the lens than the focus of the red rays, while the other colored rays of the spectrum fall into intermediate positions. Hence the image formed by such a lens is more or less blurred and bordered by colored fringes, the defect thus caused being known as chromatic aberration. In order to correct this defect we must bend back the colored rays, and each to such an extent that they may all fall together. It is known that a concave lens acts oppositely to a convex lens, and, if placed behind the other, may be made to produce the correction required. But, if the concave lens is made of the same material as the convex lens, it will, while correcting the defect, bend back all the rays to their original directions, and thus destroy the whole effect of the first lens. Fortunately, however, for science, different kinds of glass bend the different colored rays very unequally. Flint-glass separates, or, to use the technical term, disperses, the colored rays much more than crown-glass, and hence a concave lens of flint-glass may be used to correct the chromatic aberration of a convex lens of crown. It will, it is true, bend back all the rays to a certain extent, so that they will not meet so soon, and will thus increase the distance of the focus from the lens, but, by its greater inequality of action on the different colored rays, it will, while thus only partially reversing the action of the lens, bring together at one point even the extreme colors. Such a combination of a convex lens of crown-glass with a compensating concave lens of flint-glass, is called an achromatic lens, and on its perfection the power of the modern telescope depends.

Another defect of lenses, fully as injurious as chromatic aberration, arises from the fact that, on account of the insuperable difficulties of grinding any other figure, the surfaces of lenses are necessarily made, at least in the first instance, spherical. Now no simple lens with spherical surfaces can collect at one point all the rays which a given luminous point sends to it. Those rays which strike the outer zones of the lens are proportionally more bent than those which strike the central zones, and are, therefore, brought to a focus sooner, and this inequality of action tends to blur the image even more than does the dispersion of the colored rays already referred to; this defect is called *spherical* aberration, to distinguish it from chromatic aberration. As in the former case, the defect can be remedied by combining together two lenses so arranged that the second shall compensate for the irregular action of the first, and happily it is found that the same combination which corrects the chromatic aberration may be made to correct the spherical aberration as well. The desired result can be obtained by a combination either of two or three lenses; but although, theoretically, the last should give the most perfect image, it is found, practically, that the simpler combination is the best, and this is now always used, at least for large telescopes. In the double achromatic object-glass there are four surfaces, and to determine that relative curvature of these surfaces which will produce the best results is a problem which has engaged the attention of the best mathematicians. A form of object-glass very commonly used for astronomical telescopes was devised by Herschel, and consists of a double convex lens of crown-glass combined with a concave lens of flint-glass, the inner surface of the flint being made slightly concave or slightly convex, or even absolutely flat, as the density of the glass may require. Those who are curious in regard to the subject will find given in the "Proceedings of the American Academy" (vol. vi., page 169) the exact values of the radii of the spherical surfaces, not only in the system of Herschel, but also those in the systems of Fraunhofer and Gauss, either of which affords an equally satisfactory solution of the optical problem, although, on account of the greater mechanical difficulties in the execution of the curves, or in the mounting of the lenses, the system of Herschel is preferred by Mr. Clark.

In order to make an achromatic object-glass, a separate tool must be prepared for each surface to be grooved. The tool is simply a thick plate of cast iron or brass, which has been turned in an engine-lathe until the required curvature is obtained. In order to form a convex surface the tool must be evidently concave and for a concave surface the reverse. On this tool the glass is ground to the required form with sand or emery, and afterwards polished with jewellers' rouge, the interior of the mould in the last stage of the process being covered with a coating of pitch. The achromatic lens thus obtained is far from being perfect. It is true that in some rare cases a lens has been found to be excellent, just as it leaves the tools, but such a result is a pure accident. The defects arise from several causes—first, from the imperfection of the theory itself, since it is impossible by any combination of spherical surfaces to eliminate wholly the effects either of chromatic or spherical aberration; secondly, from the inequalities in density even of the best optical glass; and, lastly, from the necessary defects of mechanical execution. When we consider the extreme accuracy required, we are surprised that lenses even of moderate excellence can be thus made. Nevertheless, all ordinary achromatic lenses, such as are used for small telescopes or opera-glasses, receive no further finish, and, until recently, the most celebrated European makers could do but little more, even for their best instruments. If the lens was very defective it was again polished on the tool, but it was very much a matter of chance if the defect was removed, and the whole process of correction was one of pure empiricism.

More than twenty years since Mr. Alvan Clark, of Cambridge, introduced into the manufacture of achromatic lenses a method of local correction, by which he is able to remove all the defects just mentioned, and by gradual approximations to reach at last an almost perfect result. In order to understand his method, we must conceive of the lens as placed at some distance from a brilliant, luminous point in front of it. If the lens is perfect, all the rays emanating from this point and falling on the front surface of the lens will be concentrated in a single point behind it, the focus. When now the eye of the observer is placed at the focus it will see the whole surface of the lens illuminated. Let the eye be moved slightly to the right or the left, and the light will be seen to flash on and off the surfaces, as the eye passes alternately in and out of the converging pencil of rays. If, now, the eye is placed just within the focus, and slightly at one side, at the point where the light first flashes over the surface, the lens, if perfect, will appear equally illuminated from the border to the center. On the other hand, if there are any defects, one or more rings or zones of the lens will be seen to be lighter than the rest of the surface. This indicates that the corresponding portions of the lens have too slight a curvature, and, therefore, send their light to

a more distant focus; hence also the eye, placed on the borders of the converging pencil, receives an undue proportion of these straying rays. To remedy the defect, the adjacent dark zones of the lens, which have relatively too great a curvature, must be made thinner by polishing. The amount of material to be removed, however, is exceedingly slight, and, in practice, Mr. Clark, after placing the lens on its support, simply rubs over the portions indicated with a little rouge on the end of his finger. The lens is now examined as before, when it will probably be found that the position of the rings has shifted. Their position is again noted, and the lens treated as before; and this process is repeated many times, until at last an equal illumination of the disk is obtained. In examining his lenses so as to discover the position of the rings just described, Mr. Clark makes use of a long subterranean box, into one end of which the light is reflected from the zenith by means of a mirror, while at the other end there is a support for the eye. The lens is pushed into the box to the required distance on a little truck, which runs on rails, and is there immersed in air of perfectly uniform temperature—a condition of prime importance in the process we have described. This process, as may be readily imagined, is exceedingly tedious, and it requires several weeks to correct the figures of a lens of moderate size. Mr. Clark was employed over nine months on the large eighteen-inch lens which has been recently mounted at Chicago. But true success in any department of science comes only as the reward of toil, and, in the hands of a skilful artist, this method of local correction becomes a process of constant approximation, by which, in time, an almost perfect lens must necessarily be obtained. It has enabled Mr. Clark to carry the manufacture of achromatic lenses to a higher perfection than has ever before been attained. The great glass of the Chicago telescope could not have been constructed by the methods which are still almost universally used in Europe. A similar method of local correction was also used by the late Mr. Fitz, of New York, and the excellence of his glasses is well known, although he does not appear to have carried the method to the same degree of perfection which has been attained by Mr. Clark. It is a noteworthy fact that these methods, which are essentially alike in principle but entirely different in details, are both wholly American. A few years since M. Foucault, of Paris, applied a similar method to the construction of silvered-glass mirrors for reflecting telescopes, and in a paper presented to the French Academy describing his process, he suggests that a similar method might be used in constructing achromatic object-glasses, evidently wholly ignorant of the fact that the method had been used in America for many years. The importance which this eminent physicist attached to his own comparatively simple achievement sufficiently attests the value of these American methods. To which of the two American artists the priority of discovery belongs is a matter of little importance, and cannot now be determined. Mr. Clark alone lives to receive the medal which the American Academy have so worthily awarded him.

SIR ALEXANDER GRANT'S ETHICS OF ARISTOTLE.*

We regret to believe that this work has found and will find but few readers in America, although it deserves the study not only of classical scholars but of all who are interested in ethical and metaphysical enquiries. A more remarkable work of learning has not appeared in England during the present generation. It is not merely a thoroughly critical edition of one of the most interesting of the treatises of Aristotle, but it also displays in a very high degree the enlightened spirit of modern scholarship in the determination of the real meaning as well as of the literal text of the original, and in the illustration of it with all the large appliances of modern thought. Sir Alexander Grant has aimed at bringing the "Ethics of Aristotle" into its just place in the current of philosophic thought, at showing its relation to preceding and to subsequent thought upon the topics which it treats, and at exhibiting its influence on the development of moral theories, and on the methods of enquiry and the terms of moral science. In accomplishing this object he has given proof of the possession not only of abundant learning, but of rare original powers of mind. The student of his "Essays and Notes" is continually led to admire the critical discrimination, the clear analysis, the acute penetration, the philosophic spirit and thoughtfulness which they exhibit. One recognizes the hand of a master dealing with the material of his work, aware alike of its difficulties and of his ability to overcome them. The style of the "Essays" is excellent, and the more thoroughly they are studied, the higher becomes the student's estimate alike of the literary talent and of the judgment and character of their author.

Some of our readers may remember the "Essay upon the Ancient Stoics," which originally appeared in one of the volumes of "Oxford Essays," and which is here reprinted as part of the general survey of the development of moral consciousness and speculation among the Greeks and Romans. It were to be wished that this essay, together with that "On the History of Moral Philosophy in Greece previous to Aristotle," and that "On the Relation of Aristotle's Ethics to Modern Systems," might be issued in a separate volume for the use of such readers as are unable or disinclined to give the requisite attention to the remainder of the work.

In the very interesting essay "On the History of Moral Philosophy in Greece previous to Aristotle," the author traces the gradual development of moral notions first through the era of popular or unconscious morality, as represented by Homer and Hesiod, the "Gnomes" of the Seven Sages, the moral sayings of such poets as Theognis and Simonides, the doctrine of the mysteries, and the moral opinions of the Pythagoreans; and, secondly, through the era of transitional, sceptical, or sophistical morality, as represented by the sophists and rhetoricians on the one hand, and by Socrates and the Socratic schools on the other. The investigation into the character of the sophists, the nature of their methods and doctrines, is full of interest, and presents a better and more complete view of them and their influence than is to be found, so far as we know, elsewhere in English. The third and concluding era is that of philosophic or conscious morality, and though the commencement of this epoch is marked in the teachings of Socrates, and in the dialogues of Plato, yet it is not too much to say that ethics only began to have an existence as a separate science with Aristotle. "Before the fifth century," says Sir Alexander, "philosophy had been entirely physical or metaphysical. With the sophists and Socrates thought was directed to the *rationale* of human life, to discussions of virtue and justice and the duties of a citizen. But before Plato there were no scientific treatises on moral subjects, and even in Plato there was no separation between morals and politics. Aristotle, beginning his treatise in a tentative way, and partly following the lead of Plato, speaks of his science as 'a sort of politics;' at the same time he gives it a treatment which effectually separates it from politics" (i. 44).

No one can study the ethics of Aristotle without being forcibly struck with the difference between the point of view from which he regards the subject and that from which it is regarded in modern speculation. Ethics, as he considers it, does not start with questions concerning the individual. It has primarily to do with society and the state. To the Greek the individual has no meaning except as a member of the state. The state is prior to and superior to the individual. "The end for the state is diviner," said Aristotle, "than the end for the individual." And his argument is directed to show that the chief good for the individual is *à fortiori* the chief good for the state. The fundamental question of his ethical system is, What is the end of action, or the chief good, the end which is never a means, the end in itself, the end to which all other ends are means? His answer to this question displays at once the weakness of his system and the noble height of his aim. "Philosophy and speculation are the end not only of the individual but also of the state. 'If it be true to say that happiness consists in doing well, a life of action must be best both for the state and for the individual. But we need not, as some do, suppose that a life of action implies relation to others, or that those only are active thoughts which are concerned with the results of action; but far rather we must consider those speculations and thoughts to be so which have their end in themselves, and which are for their own sake.' A moment of contemplative thought is most perfectly and absolutely an end. It is sought for no result but for itself. It is the realization of the divine in man, and constitutes the most absolute and all-sufficient happiness, being, as far as possible, in human things, independent of external circumstances. This, then, constitues the most adequate answer to the great question of ethics, What is the chief good?"

There is, unquestionably, in this conclusion, especially as applied to the state, much that is vague, even mystical. Nor does Aristotle solve the difficulties that attend it. And yet, if we make explicit what was only implicit in his thought, if we seek to find the full meaning of what he imperfectly expressed, we "can hardly escape the conclusion," to use Sir Alexander Grant's words, "that it is the deepest and most vivid consciousness in us

* "The Ethics of Aristotle, illustrated with Essays and Notes. By Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., M.A., LL.D., Director of Public Instruction in the Bombay Presidency, and formerly Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford." Second edition, revised and completed. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1866. 2 vols. 8vo, pp. xiv., 436; iv., 351, lxxxvii.

that [in the conception of Aristotle] constitutes our happiness," and is the true end of our being.

It is plain that in this theory there is very little affinity with modern modes of thinking upon ethical topics. It is a characteristic of Aristotle's system to confuse the subjective and the objective together. He gives little attention to the moral subject, "the relation of the *me*, of the will and consciousness of the individual to the good in life and action," while he deals "profoundly with those conceptions that form the *object* of moral action, the good or happiness, and the beautiful or virtue." This characteristic of his thought is the result in great measure of the absorption of the idea of the individual in that of the state, which prevents the questions relating to the nature and destiny of man as an individual moral being from assuming their just importance. The ideas of duty, of right, of obligation, which are the starting-points of modern ethics, find no place in Aristotle's discussion of happiness and virtue, of the chief good, and the end in itself. Conscience and responsibility are conceptions which are foreign to his system. All that side of morals by which it is connected with religion is unknown to it. The great question of modern ethics as to the ground of action, the ideas of utility and of duty, the notion of an innate moral sense, or of an acquired moral standard—all these imply conceptions to which man had not attained in Aristotle's day. They are the late result of two thousand years of human experience, and of the development of the religious nature of man under the influence of the teachings of Christianity. The ethical systems of our day are deeper than that of Aristotle, but there have been no thinkers upon the subject in modern times who have thought so deeply or with such effect as he.

In spite of Aristotle's calling his subject "a sort of politics," he virtually separates ethics by his treatment of it from its supposed dependence on political science. But it is, nevertheless, worth while to note, as an indication of the change that thought on these topics has undergone, that the prevailing tendency of modern philosophy is to classify politics under ethics, and to treat political as a branch of ethical science. The American view of the relation of the individual and the state is precisely opposite to that of the ancient Greek. Instead of the individual existing for the state, the state is conceived as existing only through and for the individual. The modern Christian notion of a community, the notion which it is the highest object of our political science to render practicable and embody in actual life, is the intellectual opposite of the Greek state. Our ideal commonwealth has little in common with Plato's republic. It rests upon the foundation of individual morality, and its form is determined not by external authority or theoretical considerations, but by the moral sense of its members, and their capacity of self-control as determined by their moral civilization.

Sir Alexander Grant concludes his "Essays" with the following eloquent words: "It is only by an effort of mind, and not immediately or at first sight, that we can understand Aristotle's ethics as they really are. It is a difficult task to throw aside our associations and views, which all belong to what Bacon calls 'the old age of the world,' and to go back to the era of Alexander, and put ourselves into the position of this early but deeply penetrating thinker. We have seen that much of his thought has been amalgamated with our own. There is much else in the profounder parts of his ethical system which is, when properly discerned and felt, a real revelation with regard to human life. Taken as a whole, however, when we consider this noble treatise in relation to modern thought, we feel that there is something about it that stands apart from ourselves; that its main interest is historical; that we look back on it as on an ancient building shining in the fresh light of an Athenian morning."

SIMSON'S HISTORY OF THE GIPSIES.*

The title of this work is a misnomer if by it the author intends to convey the impression that he has produced a general history of the gipsies. Of that portion which treats of the history, customs, and language of this singular people, more than five-sixths are devoted to the gipsies residing in Great Britain, and particularly in Scotland. The account of gipsies in other parts of the world is a slight sketch, not exceeding the limits of an ordinary cyclopædia article. In addition to these we have a preface, introduction, and notes, and a tedious, rambling "Disquisition on the Gipsies," by Edward Simson, who edits the work, and whose contributions comprise nearly half the volume. The author, a native of Scotland, soon after the establishment of "Blackwood's Magazine," contributed to it several short articles on the Scottish gipsies, whose mysterious origin and language had aroused his curiosity. The information which these contained had been obtained with so much difficulty, owing to the habitual caution of gipsies in speaking of themselves, or even admitting that they are gipsies, that the author was advised by Scott, who expressed considerable interest in his researches, to complete all the information he could collect before alarming them by a premature publication. He took the hint, and prosecuted his enquiries with extraordinary assiduity, patience, and caution. But, partly from fear of personal danger, in consequence of the revelations it would make, partly from a sort of morbid dread of literary criticism, he withheld, during his life, the manuscript from publication, and now only, after the lapse of thirty or forty years from the completion of the work, is it first given to the world. The notes and other additions supplied by the editor, it is asserted, render the history complete to the present date. So far as the original work is concerned, the writer's apprehensions, we must think, were groundless. The facts given by him are so interesting in themselves, so obviously derived from personal observation or conscientious enquiry, and so unaffectedly related, that they would have been esteemed a welcome addition to the history of a people of whom, notwithstanding they have been established four centuries and a half in Europe, only too little is known. And as to the vindictiveness of the gipsies, it may be doubted whether the revelations made by Mr. Simson are of a character to call forth any considerable degree of resentment from them.

As an account of the history and present condition of the gipsies in Scotland the volume possesses many claims to attention, and will prove a very storehouse of romantic incidents. These, of course, relate for the most part to former times. With the increase of population, the diffusion of wealth and intelligence, the opening of railways and other avenues of trade, the enclosure of waste lands, and, which is of not less importance, the establishment of an efficient rural police in most parts of Great Britain, the movements of the gipsies have been greatly curtailed, and their peculiar vocations and once-tolerated depredations may be said to have practically ceased. Sir Roger de Coverley and his friend the *Spectator* might now ride for many a day over his fields without meeting one of the vagrant people who told him that his roguish leer made a pretty woman's heart ache, and at the same time picked his pocket. Swarthy and wrinkled old women, with red cloaks and the gift of second sight, "handsome jades," with "white teeth and black eyes," and all the picturesque accessories of the woodland encampment, are now chiefly seen on the stage or on the canvas, and it is probably very many years since a stolen baby was identified by moles or other marks upon its body. The nomadic, tented gipsies in the British isles comprise, at the present day, but a handful, and few, if any, of these exhibit the characteristic features of the race. Intermarriage has so mixed the blood that one could almost reckon on his fingers those of pure descent. In the face of these facts, which are fully admitted by the editor, we have his assertion that "there cannot be less than 250,000 gipsies of all castes, colors, characters, occupations, degrees of education, culture, and position in life, in the British isles alone, and possibly double that number;" and he further states that in Europe and America together there are upward of 4,000,000 of them in existence. The number in the remaining quarters of the world he does not venture to compute.

These statements involve a pet theory of the editor, which is so frequently thrust forward and so persistently argued that the patience of the reader is likely to be wearied if his mind be not convinced. According to Mr. Simpson, the gipsies, as a race, never die; on the contrary, they increase from age to age with a prolificacy which in time threatens to absorb the whole population of the globe. A vagrant mode of life in a densely populated country becomes inconvenient in the nineteenth century; fortune-telling, pilfering, tinkering, or kidnapping proves unprofitable or dangerous, and the gipsy betakes himself to more reputable employments. But, though lost in the vortex of society, engaged in respectable pursuits, and even gaining eminence as merchants, lawyers, divines, soldiers, scholars, or statesmen, they are gipsies still, says Mr. Simson, and gipsies they and their descendants must remain. It is not improbable, notwithstanding so radical a change of habits and occupation, and the practical disappearance of the race by reason of its absorption into the body of the community, that its members, of unmixed descent, may retain their individuality and nationality beneath the disguise they have assumed. But in the British isles, to which Mr. Simson's experience is almost exclusively confined, by far the greater part of the so-called gipsies have probably not so much as an eighth or a sixteenth part of the blood in them; and to call this class of people gipsies is to take a liberty with their social position against which they have an undoubted right to protest.

"Some would naturally think," says our author, "that these would not be gipsies, but the fact is otherwise; for, owing to the dreadful prejudice which has always attached to the name of gipsy, these white and

* "A History of the Gipsies, with Specimens of the Gipsy Language. By Walter Simson." New York: M. Doolady. 1866.

parti-colored gipsies, imagining themselves, as it were, banished from society on account of their descent, cling to their gipsy connection, as the other part of the blood, they imagine, will not own them. They are gipsies, and, with the public, they think that is quite enough. They take a pride in being descended from a race so mysterious, so ancient, so universal, and cherish their language the more from its being the principal badge of membership that entitles them to belong to it. The nearer they approach the whites as regards blood, the more acutely do they feel the antipathy which is entertained for their race, and the more bitter does the propinquity become to them. The more enlightened they become, the stronger becomes their attachment to the sept in the abstract, although they will despise many of its members."

So morbid a sensitiveness does this imply in persons having but a slight infusion of gipsy blood that we cannot but regard the picture as overdrawn. Push the writer's argument to its logical conclusion, and we shall find a man having an infinitesimal amount—say, a dozen drops—in his veins in such a chronic state of uneasiness that life would be almost insupportable. If he were obliged to carry on his back a placard stating that he was descended from one of the degraded race, and was, therefore, to be shunned by all reputable persons, it is possible he might meet with some unpleasant rebuffs in society. But society, as a rule, does not trouble itself greatly with a man's antecedents, ancestral or otherwise, provided he conducts himself with propriety; and it may be doubted if one person in a thousand knows or cares whether the "white or parti-colored gipsies" are of "Egyptian" origin. In the United States, where, according to Mr. Simson, many thousand gipsies are to be found, such antipathies as are hinted at in the text can have no real footing. We therefore dismiss as purely fanciful the idea that an infusion of gipsy blood necessarily makes one a gipsy, or that there is such a thing as compelling him to remain a gipsy, because his great-grandfather mended kettles or his great-grandmother lived in a tent and told fortunes. Others of his ancestors in the same degree may have been Jews, or Turks, or Hottentots, or Tartars, and he might with equal propriety pretend to belong to any of those races. But, no, says Mr. Simson, though you be but one-sixteenth part gipsy and all the rest Turk or Tartar, you are an unmistakable gipsy, and so will be your children, even should they be ignorant of their descent. He even goes so far as to say that "the simple fact of knowing from whom he is descended, that is, who he is, in connection with having the gipsy words and signs, *although these are not absolutely necessary*," is sufficient to constitute a gipsy at the present day. The sentence, without the words we have italicized, might be intelligible, on the supposition that modern gipsies are a species of masonic order. As it now reads it seems unreasonable, not to say nonsensical. The only sensible rule to adopt in such cases is, that a race which resigns its hereditary occupation, habits, or language, and disappears from view by intermarriage with other races, practically loses its distinctive character. John Bunyan is claimed by Mr. Simson as a gipsy on the ground that his father was a tinker, and that he himself was brought up to the same calling. He even hints that Professor Wilson showed his gipsy origin by spending several weeks, during a youthful frolic, with a wandering band of tinkers and fortune-tellers. The reader can judge for himself what affinities these men displayed in their writings or lives for the vagrant race with whom it is sought to associate them, or with what propriety they are pronounced to be gipsies.

On the origin of the gipsies and their history the work sheds not one additional ray of light, and the theory of Grellman, and other later writers, that they were originally a low-caste Indian tribe, driven out of Hindostan by the ravages of Tamerlane in the latter part of the fourteenth century, is adopted by both author and editor. The latter, indeed, attempts to show that they were the "mixed multitude" who went out of Egypt with the Israelites, from whom they subsequently separated, going south, for no assignable cause, into Hindostan, where they remained until expelled by Tamerlane. During this period, he assumes, while preserving their homogeneity and caste, and other external features, they gradually exchanged their language for Hindostanee. This theory harmonizes with the tradition universally held by the gipsies, that they came originally from Egypt, and which is perpetuated by their name, a corruption of the word Egyptian. Beyond the fact that the tribe received some accessions from Egypt in the first half of the sixteenth century, in consequence of a revolt against the conquest of Sultan Selim under one Zinganeus, which drove his followers forth as wanderers over the world, there is not a particle of evidence to sustain Mr. Simson's point. The attempt heretofore made to derive the name Zingari, by which the gipsies are known in Italy, from this Zinganeus also fails, as the name was employed nearly a century previous by Pope Pius II., in a bull denouncing the gipsies as thieves and vagrants. Mr. Simson's explanation of the manner in which the original language, brought by the "mixed multitude" to Hindostan, was lost, is by no means satisfactory, and, indeed, conflicts with much of his reasoning in other parts of the work. Living together in Southern Asia as a distinct caste, it might be supposed that their language would be one of the last things that they would part with. At least we ought to find a trace in it of the parent tongue. On the contrary, however, it is unmistakably a dialect of the Hindostanee; and although much corrupted by the introduction of foreign words, according to the various residences of the gipsies, it is still to so great a degree one language that gipsies from all parts of Europe can readily communicate with each other by means of it. This is, indeed, remarkable, considering how widely the race has been scattered since its arrival in Europe in the beginning of the fifteenth century; and the fair inference from the fact would seem to be, that if, under such adverse circumstances, the language has not been lost, the original tongue brought from Egypt should *à fortiori* have been preserved in Hindostan. Otherwise, the "phenomenon of the perpetuation of the gipsy language," of which Mr. Simson has so much to say, is no such wonderful thing after all.

Not the least interesting portions of the book are those describing the efforts of the author to obtain a vocabulary of the Scottish gipsy dialect. His enthusiasm in what he calls "gipsy hunting," combined with considerable adroitness, enabled him to succeed where most others would have failed. But the sum of his acquisitions is by no means remarkable. A few dozen words and phrases seem to have been all that he was able to worm out of his gipsy acquaintances, and the fact that he was cognizant of these was, he alleges, cause of much grief and consternation to them, and possibly of danger to himself. These words correspond very nearly with those of the same signification in other gipsy dialects, and afford additional evidence of the universality of the language. Mr. Simson admits, however, that the language in Great Britain is so broken as "to consist rather of expressions or pieces, which are tacked together by native words—generally small words—which are lost to the ordinary ear, when used in conversation," although it serves the purposes of a speech. As it has no letters of its own, and no literature beyond a few rude songs, this corruption is scarcely to be wondered at.

Although this "History of the Gipsies" is by no means so comprehensive as its title would imply, the reader will find the Scottish phase of gipsydom fully and, we doubt not, faithfully delineated. If by one we are enabled to know all, it may answer the purpose of a general history, so far as national characteristics, habits, and language are concerned. Without accepting the fanciful hypothesis of the editor, we can readily admit that the race is of high antiquity, of mysterious origin, of peculiar and unchangeable habits where left untrammelled by social laws, and the possessor of a language, for the most part secret, and which, with certain private signs or catch-words, gives it a degree of power not easy to determine, but which must be considerable. Though systematically oppressed and hunted down in former times, and now generally despised, it has never been reduced to servitude, and its gradual extinction, or, more properly, absorption, by other races, is owing to no physical causes, but has been controlled by a constantly increasing standard of civilization, against which nomadic barbarism finds it impossible to contend. Its physical vitality may well be contrasted with that of the aborigines of North America, to whom contact with European races was fatal; whereas the gipsies have thriven and multiplied in the face of serious obstacles, and, though reluctantly compelled to abandon their characteristic mode of life, have infused a vigorous physical element into other races.

GRINDON'S "LIFE."*

THE title below is broad and suggestive, but we doubt if the majority of readers will form, even from that, an idea of the variety of subjects touched upon by the author. The contents of the book remind us of a course of lectures we once attended, which were announced to treat of physiology, but when the lecturer opened his subject we were informed that physiology began with polyps and ended with prison-discipline. Mr. Grindon treats of life upon as broad a basis, and introduces subjects far wider apart than those just mentioned. Much that he has written on physical, physiological, and psychological matters is very acceptable teaching, but too often it is put in figurative language when a plain statement would have been so much shorter and better. This, however, is the least of his faults, for, with whatever there is of good in his book, there is mingled an equal quantity which is utterly imaginary—sheer nonsense. One might read with profit what he says of the ordinary phenomena of the respiratory functions, but when he speaks of the air as "a cellarage of aerial wines, as the heaven of the spirits of the plants and flowers, which are safely kept there till called for by the

* "Life: Its Nature, Varieties, and Phenomena. By Leo H. Grindon." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1866. 12mo, pp. 578.

lungs and skin," and tells us that "all the virtues of the ground and vegetation are in the atmosphere by exhalation," and that the air "is a kind of solution of some of everything that the world contains, and from it as from a fountain all come into the lungs and circulation," one sees that his imagination is without a guide. Life, according to Mr. Grindon, is co-extensive with the universe, "is the sustaining principle by which everything outside of the Creator subsists, whether worlds, metals, minerals, trees, animals, mankind, angels, or devils, together with all thought and feeling." "There is as much life outside of animated nature as inside." One is puzzled to know why he calls this "sustaining principle" of the physical world life, since he distinctly asserts in another place that it has nothing whatever in common with organic life. To those who wish to know what spirit is, and are willing to take Mr. Grindon as an authority, we recommend the following views: The spiritual body is a substantial organized form, and when disengaged from the physical body at death still holds intact both the human configuration and every lineament on which personal identity depends, and by which individuals are recognized and distinguished, with this condition, however, that it may acquire an infinite access of beauty or deformity, according as its governing principle is good or evil. Man's physical body is permeated by his spiritual body, as the animal part of our skeleton is with lime; either may be removed, but the form will be unchanged. These spiritual bodies are our ghosts, and are visible to our spiritual eyes; but these, buried deeply in our flesh, are rarely opened; they were, however, to those present at the transfiguration, and so Moses and Elias were seen. They are opened even now on certain occasions, so that it "is possible for the spiritual body to be beheld." Mr. Grindon thinks it was only the ghost of Elijah that was taken up by "the chariot and horses of fire," since "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven."

The doctrines of "prefiguration" and "correspondence" are favorite ones with our author, and enter largely into his book. Everything in nature is the sign of something higher and more living than itself. The geological history of our planet is the biography of human nature; stratification, disruption, change of surface, and the succession of living beings are symbols of man's emotional and intellectual development. From chaos, through the creation of land, water, light, and life, we have the record of man's advance from infancy to maturity; the huge pre-Adamite animals "consist, we may see at a glance, with the wild ambitious phantasies of early youth, when the 'Arabian Nights' are thought to be solid facts, and the small number of species with the scanty stock of emotional experiences and ideas." The amethyst, lapis-lazuli, and emerald give promise of the flowers of plants, and are the blossoms of inorganic nature; the frost on the window-panes or the pavement prefigures the mosses and the "pectinated" skeletons of such fishes as the sole, and also remind us of the footprints of the sea-gulls in the sand; the starry snow crystals foreshadow the Star of Bethlehem and the star-fishes. The plants in their turn prefigure all kinds of animals, even to details of structure and function; the evening primrose and the *Cereus grandiflora* are the precursors of the owls and nocturnal animals; the flowers only fragrant in the evening prefigure the nightingale; the wild convolvulus and other "matutinal" species, the lark and the blackbird. The leaf of the plant prefigures the vertebrated animal; the mammal is an infinitely perfected leaf; the stems of the balsam and carnation tell us, in their slender shafts and peculiar joints, of the bones of the leg and arm. The pea-pod, folded with such fine symmetry on its little spine, is the miniature idea of the human frame; the walnut with its shell and kernel is the hint of the human skull and brain, while the cocoa-nut "gives tidings of the round brown head and comical visage of the monkey." "Everywhere in nature the mother's breast is foretold;" it is seen in the rounded hills which the French so appropriately call *mamelons*, and the streams which give drink to the beasts of the field, where the wild asses do quench their thirst, are the "adumbrations" of it in the great world of inorganic nature; but, above all is the exquisite presignificance conveyed in the perfect representation of it in the pomegranate, and so, imitated in gold, it formed one of the chief ornaments in Solomon's temple. Every flower, as it was created, showed that the bird's nest was to be expected, as also the "curtained sanctuary of married love."

The above is no travesty, but a literal rendering of the author's views.

Mr. Grindon attempts to give the reader a little insight into a subject which, of all things, most puzzles botanists and zoölogists, viz., the basis of classification, and in this attempt he has not been fortunate. In a little work published by him not long since, and called "Phenomena of Plant Life," he informs us that, in the book of Genesis, "*three* distinct classes of plants (trees, herbs, and grass) are enumerated by the inspired writer, and that learned and pious men have been led from this circumstance to believe that at the very gateway of holy writ there is set forth the great principle of triplicity which science in these later ages has demonstrated." In the present work all that is changed. Four is the magic number. There are four great divisions of plants and as many of animals, and each of these is separated into four subdivisions—one of each of the divisions forms the archetype around which the others are grouped, radiating from it, the highest of each being nearest the centre. This substitution of divisions by fours instead of threes is rather damaging to "the great principle of triplicity demonstrated in these later times," and the classification itself works badly. The object of all classification should be to bring together the forms which are the most like. Mr. Grindon does the opposite of this—in bringing the highest of each to a common centre, he brings together those which are the most unlike. The highest reptiles and fishes are nearest, while the lowest of each are furthest, from each other. Fishes and reptiles touch with the fish-like batrachians and the reptile-like sauroids—so that even Owen despairs of drawing the line. The same objection would apply to each of his divisions.

If we leave the book here the reader must not suppose that the two or three subjects we have noticed occupy more than a small portion of its pages; besides the circle of physiological subjects there are many others, the variety of which may be inferred from the following selection: "The Resurrection," "Spiritual Life," "The Spiritual World," "Unity of Nature," "Homology," "Instinct and Reason," "Man the Epitome of Nature," all of which are treated in a somewhat similar style, and present an odd mixture of sensible thoughts and wild vagaries. It were unjust, however, to leave out of sight the tone that pervades our author's writings; he seems to have a deep feeling for nature in all her aspects, and stands reverently in her presence.

Homes without Hands. Being a description of the habitations of animals classed according to their principle of construction. By the Rev. J. G Wood, M.A., F.L.S., etc. Illustrated. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)—In a general sense everybody knows that "the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests," and is more or less familiar with one or other of these sorts of habitations. Few comparatively have the opportunity to investigate these matters, and then only within a limited area of personal observation. Mr. Wood therefore brings welcome information to a very large circle of minds; and he writes in such a simple and attractive manner, aided by the best efforts of the draughtsman and the engraver, that the service he performs is deserving of a very high degree of praise. If we enumerate his classifications we shall have done all that can be done, apart from liberal quotations, which our space will not permit. He begins with the burrowing animals, including man, and then treats successively of those that suspend their homes in the air; the real builders; those that make their habitations beneath the surface of the water; those that live socially in communities; the parasitic; the branch-builders, etc. The author aims purely to be an instructor in natural history, and adheres rigidly to his purpose, reserving, of course, the latitude of telling something about the animal as well as about his home. Incidentally he gives a glimpse of the part his subjects have in the human and cosmical economy: as the robber-crab, which, in the genuine *sic vos non vobis* spirit, strips the cocoa-nut of its fibres for the benefit of the Malays, who plunder its nest when they want "junk" for the seams of their vessels, or stuff for mats, etc., together with the crab of the Simooan Islands, that even detaches the nut from the tree; the esculent swallow, whose gelatinous nests appear on the table of Chinese gourmands; the termite, on whose mounds the traveller is certain to find a crop of delicious mushrooms, and the hunter an observatory for game, and the game itself an observatory for its pursuer; the foraging ants, which serve as the scavengers of vermin for a whole village in their line of march; the *Cynips quercusfolii*, producing the nutgalls which yield us ink; the fowls whose eggs may be eaten; the *Teredo navalis*, that sends ships and their freight to the bottom of the ocean; the *Pholas*, which honeycombs the chalk cliffs of England, and dooms them to crumble before the invading sea; the beaver, which destroys forests, creates artificial ponds and lakes, and promotes the formation of peat-bogs, with all the attendant consequences to the climate and the comfort of man; the corals, finally, the repairers of continents and architects of islands. For those philosophers who, seeking to draw from the Divine constitution of the animal kingdom justification for wrong-doing in the case of sentient beings, have cited the Amazon ant in support of slavery, Mr. Wood has little encouragement. The Amazons are really the ones to be pitied, while their serfs are not only able to take care of themselves but to sustain their incapable and unproductive lords. "The real masters in the nests are the slaves; for upon them the Amazons are dependent from their earliest days to the end of their life, and without them the entire community would perish."

Memoirs of the Life of the Rt. Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan. By Thomas Moore. 2 vols. (W. J. Widdleton, N. Y.)—This republication affords no room for remark except as to the manner in which it is brought out. Externally, it is of very convenient size and neat appearance. Internally, the slightly tinted paper fails to conceal the well-worn plates from which the edition is printed. An error on p. 327 of the second volume, by which *then* is allowed to stand for *than* in a comparative sentence, makes nonsense of it. The editing of the French which Moore introduces in ample measure is inexcusably careless. We do not believe that Mme. de Genlis (p. 151) wrote "état," as she is reported; or that Bossuet (p. 331) is responsible for the total lack of accents in the sentence quoted from him, from "prononcee" to "arreter." As for *verb de société* on p. 325, who would have guessed, had not the translation been annexed, that it was intended for *vers de société?*

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

"USURPATION WILL NOT BE TOLERATED."

ACCORDING to Mr. Johnson's doctrine of the status of the States lately in rebellion, they occupy towards him precisely the same relation as Massachusetts or New York. The only important difference between their political condition and that of these States lies in the fact that, while Massachusetts and New York are represented in Congress, they are not; but their right to be so represented is perfect. If their representatives do not occupy their places in the Capitol, it is simply owing to an abuse of power on the part of the majority. It is true that by some theory of Mr. Johnson's, the nature of which we have never understood, and which neither he nor Mr. Seward has ever thought necessary to be explained to the public, he, the President, still possesses the power of suspending the *habeas corpus*, or rather of keeping it suspended, and of exercising as much or as little of the arbitrary authority which this gives him, as he pleases. But while claiming full discretion in the matter, he has of late made some parade of refusing to interfere in State concerns at the South. He has scolded Congress severely for seeking to exercise such interference for any purpose, however laudable, and has painted in glowing colors the danger of not allowing States to manage their own affairs in their own way, no matter what present inconvenience or suffering this abstinence may entail on individuals. In fact, if he be not at this moment the great champion of State independence, what is he? what other political principle does he represent?

This being the case, most people will have read with surprise his telegram to Governor Wells, of Louisiana, taking him to task for calling together the Convention of 1864. Governor Wells, be it remembered, according to this theory, Mr. Johnson's pertinacious advocacy of which is at this moment convulsing the nation, is responsible for his acts, whether official or non-official, only to the people of Louisiana. The enquiry from the President why he calls a Convention is either an impertinence or a private communication from Mr. Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, which the Governor is at liberty to answer or not, as he pleases. If the Governor be legally empowered to summon a Convention to revise the State constitution, the General Government has, according to Mr. Johnson's message, no more right to criticise his action than that of the Governor of New York. If Governor Wells calls a Convention, not being legally empowered to do so, the result is—what? That the President may declare martial law, and take the government of the State into his own hands? That he may set aside the Governor and put the Attorney-General in his place? That he may break up the Convention by force of arms, and throw the members into prison? Nothing of the kind. The question of the legality or illegality of conventions and of all other public assemblies is a question for the courts and not for the President to decide. If illegal, the sole result is that their resolutions, instead of being legislative enactments, become merely the written opinions of a certain number of private persons, of no legal force or effect. When the members go home their work descends into the same limbo with the Saturday speeches of the House of Representatives, and there is an end of it. Nobody has been guilty of any crime; a certain number of gentlemen have wasted some time, and that is all.

We have supposed Governor Wells to have called the Convention. It appears he did not do so. If we concede that the person who did call it was not clothed with legal authority to do so, we still repeat that its meeting at his summons made it simply an assemblage of private persons, and made its votes so many expressions of the opinion of private citizens. The monstrous phrases which we read in the "Conservative" press and in Mr. Johnson's telegrams, asserting it to have been "an illegal and unlawful convention," and that this is a justification for its forcible dispersion, show how rapidly he and his followers are drifting away from the great principles of American law, of which they profess to be the champions. There can, in this country, be no such thing as an "unlawful convention" or meeting, unless it be engaged in a breach of the peace or the commission of treason. If a convention be not a constitutional convention, it becomes, no matter for what purpose or by whom it may have been called, not illegal, but simply a meeting of American citizens, whom Mr. Johnson and all civil officers are bound to protect, even while uttering any sentiments they please, however wild or violent or imprudent. If they were to draw up a resolution annexing the United States to Hayti, the resolution would be not illegal but silly; the members would forfeit none of their right to freedom of speech and action, until they attempted to carry out the resolution by force.

All this is so familiar to every man and boy in the country who possesses the slightest acquaintance with the principles of our Government, that Mr. Johnson's course with regard to the Louisiana Convention, and the emphatic approval which the "Conservative" press is bestowing on it, are amongst the strongest and most alarming signs of the times. Here are men who profess to be engaged in the defence of the Constitution and the rights of States, and who clap their hands when the Executive sets aside the governor of a State, directs the military to suppress public meetings, and borrows in his denunciation of them the vocabulary of the French police. We dislike arbitrary power, and we are opposed to all schemes for treating the South as conquered territory. But, if the South is to be treated as a conquered territory; if its governors are to be responsible to the General Government for their official acts; or if the local courts are no longer to be allowed to pass on the constitutionality of local legislation, we believe the great majority of the public will, before very long, unite in demanding that the South be governed by *law*, and not by the arbitrary will of one man; that the rules which restrict freedom of speech and of action shall be drawn up by the whole Government, and set down in black and white.

It would not be necessary to add one word on its atrocity to make the New Orleans tragedy the most striking illustration we have yet had of the absurdity of the President's "policy." The day he telegraphed to Governor Wells, he burst the whole bubble, and more than justified Congress in its resistance to it, even if that resistance seemed factious. He showed that there is no legal or constitutional principle at the bottom of it; that he insists upon it, not because it is either expedient or wise, but because it is *his*. But the coolness with which he has refrained from expressing one word of honest indignation at the slaughter, in an American city, of unarmed men by a mob of their political opponents for political reasons—a mob, too, composed in the main, no doubt, of men from the ranks of the Confederate army, is, perhaps, the most alarming incident in this sad affair. His speech to the crowd in Washington last winter filled the country with anxiety. It seemed to inaugurate a new political régime, to throw a Mexican or French glare over our party contests. But even his worst enemy hardly expected to find him, six months later, deciding out of his own head that a meeting was "illegal," and half-justifying a band of cut-throats in massacring those who attended it.

If there be one thing more repulsive than his course in the matter, it is the course of his satellites in the press in supporting him. Some of the articles in which the New Orleans mob is whitewashed—such, for example, as that in which the New York *Times* talks of Mr. Dostie's murder as "the penalty of his violence"—will, we trust, help to open the eyes of the country to the nature of the moral and political abyss to which Mr. Johnson and his followers would fain drag us, and to the absolute necessity of putting an end at once to the reign amongst us of arbitrary power, and of restoring the reign of *law*—because law, whether just or unjust, wise or foolish, is, from the fact that it is written and known, immeasurably superior to the arbitrary decrees of even a good and great man. We at least have no substitute for it, and can find none, and cannot return to its shelter one minute too soon. We cannot trust ourselves to speak of this transaction as it deserves, or as we feel, because we are anxious to avoid, at a crisis of such gravity, even the appearance of exaggeration or of violence of language. But we think Mr. Johnson may be safely assured that, to use his own words, such usurpations as those of which he is now guilty will not much longer be "tolerated." We shall not submit either to the dominion of "illegal conventions" or of bloodthirsty mobs; but neither of them is one whit more obnoxious or more dangerous than the dominion of a

man who displays, as he has done in this last affair, as much contempt for the moral and religious feeling of the country as he has already displayed for the authority of its legislature.

AN INTERNATIONAL PANACEA.

"In the following year," says that graphic if not veracious historian, Gustave Doré, speaking of the reign of Jaroslav of Russia, the contemporary of William, Duke of Normandy—"in the following year he established his famous code, which fixed the value of every member of which one man should deprive another; and the consequence was that the proletary, anxious to gain an honest and not too toilsome livelihood, was never weary of procuring mutilations from the rich. This system permitted the Boyards henceforth to reckon their spleen among their minor pastimes. Thus, too, anger was measured by the capacity of one's purse, and it was a common thing to see citizens consulting it before coming to blows, and one of the assailants retreat at sight of the pocket-book of his adversary."

At the present day it must be admitted that, other things being equal, when nations go to war, the soundest exchequer is sure to win in the long run. They may keep on hacking one another with the most perfect reciprocity of loss and gain, there comes a time when one party has nothing to match against the last regiment, the last stronghold, or the last penny of the other. It is evident, therefore, that the justification for war between powers of the same class is vastly diminished since we may ascertain with the greatest accuracy in advance what the issue of a contest will be; and the advantages of the Russian method are so incontestable that it seems worth while to dwell upon them a little. For consider how human suffering might be abridged and posterity relieved of its ever-gathering burden, if, instead of hurrying troops to the frontier, two nations in dispute should send each other an elegantly bound copy of the last census, along with the latest quotations of consols. A glance at the state of manufactures, at the condition of the crops, the yield of mines, the receipts of railroads, the number and character of schools, the circulation of newspapers, the extent of libraries, the sanitary regulations of the metropolitan cities, the issues of the patent office, the efficiency of the courts, the proofs of public spirit in charitable and scholastic endowments—a glance at all those statistics, in which political economy has taught us to read the real wealth and forces of a state, would satisfy one or other of the disputants that he would be the loser by promoting a trial of endurance. Thus not only army and navy, but ministers of war and of marine would become superfluous, and even your minister of foreign affairs, who would naturally merge in the secretary of the interior; and this saving in the departments of government would mightily ease the taxes of the people. Perhaps domestic order might be preserved by a similar procedure, and the reading of the riot act be superseded by a demonstration of the comparative superiority of society to the mob—in point of numbers, of intelligence, of resources, and of unity in self-defence. Jails would in that case be changed into lunatic asylums, to which those would be committed who could not be convinced that lawlessness is irrational and always against odds.

We are aware that this proposition to dispense with dockyards and arsenals will hardly approve itself to the generation that now is; but the principle on which it is grounded is elastic enough to suit even the *status quo*. The *status quo* for nations which are at peace is to spend, in addition to their outlays for fleets and standing armies, vast sums in testing the warlike inventions of nations which have the misfortune to be at war. England did not venture to embroil herself with this country during the late rebellion, yet she felt obliged to bring her armament up to a par with ours, at an expense not smaller than that of wars which have decided the fate of empires. The cordial understanding between France and England differs, as respects jealousy of each other's prowess in arms, from open hostilities only as the decay of a log in the forest differs from its speedy consumption in a camp-fire. Each nation excuses itself by arguing that the best guaranty of peace is the highest preparation for war. But what is the highest preparation? Austria thought it was, aside from a just cause, men enough and fortresses enough. Prussia showed her, beyond a doubt, that a single improved weapon sufficed to turn the scale against her. Are we not reminded of the Russian method again?

Grant equal sincerity in both parties to the German quarrel, and a mutual desire to avoid the effusion of blood. Then suppose Bismark, when neither party would budge from its position, to have sent Francis-Joseph a specimen needle-gun, with a full explanation of its superiority over muzzle-loaders, and twenty-four hours to consider. The incredulous Emperor might at first, and at worst, have returned the gun with his compliments. Bismark, still shuddering at the thought of fratricidal slaughter, and preferring to lose the home elections rather than save them by conscripting the supporters of parliament, would then have offered to pit a regiment of Prussians against a regiment of Austrians, and so let the truth of his representations appear. Every one must see that if this had been done, there would have been no battle of Sadowa, and no such awful desolation as has befallen the hearths of both countries. If Prussia, big with her recent triumph, should ever menace the United States, her insolence would be pricked on receiving a case of Spencer rifles, beside which the needle-gun ceases to be formidable. By and by there will be no wooden frigates to overawe with iron-clads; but while England and France are determining whether the *Warrior* ought to quake before *La Gloire*, or *vice versa*, the United States moors its monitors at Sheerness and at Cherbourg, and Napoleon's response to their fifteen-inch guns is, once more, "L'empire, c'est la paix," while Disraeli borrows the broadbrim of John Bright.

This, some captious critic may interpose, is simply to deliver the world over to the rule of the strongest or, what is quite as demoralizing, of the most ingenious. "Behold," says a European observer of the present war, in the same sense, "behold, then, right, justice, all the instincts of liberty and of nationality, annulled at pleasure by a bit of iron skilfully inserted in a gun!" But he adds: "Surely, if anything could heighten the horror which war ought to inspire, and the contempt with which we ought to brand the bloody judgments pronounced by victory, it would be what we see taking place to-day." That is, the nearer war comes to being a purely mechanical contest, and therefore, under certain conditions, a foregone conclusion, the more palpable will be the absurdity of such a mode of settling questions of right, and the more odious will be a resort to it. Nations will at length perceive that dominion has been given to ideas, and that supremacy by brute force is not only shame but weakness when compared with leadership in civilization. So that we return to our starting-point; and the veritable Peace Congresses are the Universal Expositions at London, Paris, or New York, at which mankind, sitting as a jury, award honor and rank to the competitors, and which are followed by the discarding of effete notions and usages and material instruments, and the taking on of the newest and best. Here governments are put on trial and summoned to account; the condition of peoples is weighed; to have made two blades of grass grow where only one throve before, is respected more than to have coaxed six discharges a minute from a musket in place of one; a model school-house overshadows a model iron-clad; an ocean cable puts a torpedo to the blush. It is long before destructive ambition will give way to constructive, but the tendency is certain. Time will gradually teach that most difficult of lessons, that God has made different races not to squabble about territory or balance of power or the hegemony, but to accelerate human progress by the most varied contributions to the knowledge and the well-being of mankind. In that day civilization will perhaps "get forward" on something less clumsy than a "powder-cart."

OUR CREDIT ABROAD.

Five-twenties range in London at 68 to 69—equal here to a trifle over par, with gold at 148 to 149. The latest quotation by Atlantic telegraph is 68¼. At the same time the British three per cents are selling at 86 to 87. If the credit of the United States stood as high in London as the credit of England, our five-twenties would command nearly twice as much money as the British funds. If the latter continued to rule at 86 to 87, our six per cent. five-twenty bonds would, in the supposed case, command about 150.

It is not likely that we shall see five-twenty bonds selling in London at 150. Long before that price is reached, U. S. securities will be shipped

to Europe in such large quantities that the market will be fully supplied and the demand satisfied. But between 68 and 150 there is a wide gap. It is not at all unlikely that this gap, which divides the present market price of five-twenties from their value as measured by the standard of the British funds, will, within a comparatively brief period, be materially reduced.

The high credit of the British nation, which enables the British Government to maintain its three per cents at a price which yields less than four per cent. to the investor, is due to two causes: first, the unvarying ampleness of the revenue; and secondly, the general belief in the honor of the British Government. If it were generally understood that the revenue of the United States is as ample as that of England, with much smaller liabilities, and that the determination of the United States to pay their debt in full, principal and interest, on the day set apart in the bond, is quite as fixed and as sure of general approval as the determination of the English to pay the interest on their funds, our bonds would rise in Europe (not perhaps to twice the value of the funds, as our securities run but for a few years, but) to a price which would yield the investor very little more than British consols. The first of these conditions can be readily established. Our public revenue last year was over $550,000,000; and out of this, after paying all expenses of Government, army, navy, etc., the Secretary is understood to have applied no less a sum than $125,000,000 to the reduction of the public debt. If he could do this during the first year of peace, when claims of all kinds arising out of the war were being pressed for settlement, it would seem fair to infer that no less a sum than $125,000,000 will be available each year hereafter for the like purpose of reducing the debt. At this rate, in about fifteen and a half years the entire debt would be extinguished. So far as this condition is concerned, we may compare favorably with every other nation of the world. There is not a king, emperor, or potentate in the world who is able to reduce his debt at the rate of $125,000,000 a year. However dense the film of prejudice may be, it cannot be long before Europeans realize the fact, and admit the credit of the United States is at least as good as, if not better than, that of the wealthiest foreign nation.

Recent occurrences, however, have rendered it more difficult than it was a year or two since to argue convincingly that the United States are incapable under any circumstances of even seeming to wish to repudiate their debt. Especially among these occurrences has been Senator John Sherman's financial bill, by which it was proposed to rob the holders of 7.30 bonds of one-twelfth of their option, by making them decide four months before the maturity of their notes whether they intended to renew or collect them. It may be said that John Sherman is not a representative man; that his financial schemes have been abortions; and that he never expected his bill to pass, but merely introduced it for effect in Wall Street. All this may, or may not be founded on fact. The truth remains that Mr. Sherman is a prominent leader of his party, which is the controlling party; that his influence is great in the Senate; and that he rules the Finance Committee of that body more absolutely than Senator Fessenden, its chairman. Now, if this man can persuade the United States Senate to pass a measure, cheating the holder of 7.30 notes of four months of the time his option has to run, it is not difficult to guess that some stockjobber and demagogue may, at the next session, introduce a parallel measure for the reduction of the interest on the public debt. If the public creditors can be cheated in one particular, they can be cheated in other particulars. If they can be robbed in respect of time, they can also be robbed in respect of money. It is not more dishonest to attempt the one than the other. The faith of the Government was pledged to a three years' question on the 7.30 notes. If that faith can be safely violated by so much as a quarter of an hour, it can, by the same rule, be violated in every other particular—as to payment of interest, and as to payment of principal, and as to the kind of money in which payment is to be made;—this is one reason why our six per cent. bonds sell in Europe nearly twenty per cent. lower than the three per cent. bonds of Great Britain.

It is to be feared that other occurrences next year will also contribute to injure our credit. Next summer the "old five-twenties" mature. When they were first issued, and within the two following years, the question was constantly asked, Will they be paid off at maturity in coin or in paper? Mr. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury, was so importuned on the subject that he wrote a letter stating his confident belief that they would be paid in coin; and the financial organ of the Government, the New York *Times*, not only reiterated the prediction day after day, but went out of its way to denounce all doubters as copperheads, traitors, and rebels. We are now rapidly approaching the day on which these bonds mature. It is clear to every one that, unless some providential accident should put gold down to 110 or 115, the Government cannot pay off these bonds in coin in 1867. It is morally certain that the United States will not avail themselves of their option on those five-twenty bonds, so far as coin payment is concerned, and it is quite possible that the Secretary of the Treasury, reading the law differently from Mr. Chase, may avail himself of his option and pay them off in paper—with 66 cents on the dollar. The former proceeding might justify no comment; the latter would injure our credit very gravely.

There is, in fact, something more needed than mere wealth and strength to secure credit. Many wealthy houses are in poor credit because they neglect business principles, and administer their affairs loosely. Just so with Government. The country is rich enough and yields revenue enough to establish the public credit on as high a pinnacle as the credit of the richest Government in the world. But if our leading statesmen advocate repudiation, even on small collateral points, and the Administration makes promises which it cannot perform, we must not be surprised if it takes time to convince foreigners that we are as good as we are.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, July 20, 1866.

THE Emperor is still absorbed in his difficult work of peace-making, and has sent the Empress and the little Prince to represent him in the "progress" which the good people of the west had counted on his making through their principal centres. The reception given to the "august" visitors appears to have been most enthusiastic, and the outlay made, not only by the authorities, but by the richer inhabitants, to have been almost lavish. The scene at Nancy must have been very picturesque. The fine old cathedral was decked out with the greatest splendor, and the Empress was met at the doors by a procession of priests in their grandest toggery, who escorted her to her chair of state, carrying a dais of cloth of gold above her and the child. There were present three archbishops, eleven bishops, and priests innumerable, and masses of people belonging to various religious orders, all *en costume*, processions of girls in white, with colored sashes, from the schools, a grand gathering of official people and troops, and such a flock of peasants from the neighboring communes that the vast building was crammed and the town filled to overflowing. After this successful blending of pomp and piety, the Empress visited all the charitable institutions and public schools, enquiring into all their details, and delivering various little homilies to the scholars, whom she exhorted to do their duty and make themselves good and useful members of society. It appears that the students at the military school were so much affected by the little sermon of so charming and exalted a preacher, that they declared themselves determined to follow her advice, upon which, with one of her pleasant smiles, her graceful majesty quitted them with the parting remark, "Remember, I have your promise," and glided away, holding her son by the hand, and followed by the enthusiastic *vivats* of the assembled youths.

After this long peregrination the active lady, who is becoming so great a favorite with the French people, gave a splendid banquet to the official world of the department, the town illuminating and getting up torchlight processions in her honor. At other points the reception has been just as brilliant, and the popular welcome as general and enthusiastic. It may interest lady readers to learn that her Majesty, at the magnificent ball offered to her by the town, at Nancy, appeared in a cloud of transparent white muslin, trimmed with ivy leaves and diamonds, a dazzling diadem of diamonds—necklace, ear-rings, and so forth—of the same glittering species of coal. And ambitious mammas may like to know that the "hope of France" was arrayed entirely in black velvet, with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. The two made the tour of the rooms, set five deep all round with ladies in the most elegant toilettes, and crowded with rejoicing males, distributing bows and smiles with gracious liberality, and winning, apparently, all hearts. It is certain that both the members of the Imperial firm contrive to make a very agreeable impression, due either to nature or to art, or, perhaps, to a happy compound of the two, on those with whom

they come into personal contact. The Empress is impulsive, very kind, and has a smile that would be really sweet and charming in any woman, and that, naturally, loses none of its charm by showing itself in the face of an empress to a world still weakly partial to "majesty." The charm of the Emperor's smile is, in its way, just as effective, its power being often acknowledged even by those who detest him the most cordially, as in the case of M. Prevost-Paradol, one of his bitterest political opponents, who, having been received by the Emperor, as is the custom here, after his recent reception into the Academy, on which occasion he had crammed his discourse with ingeniously yet transparently covered allusions to the Emperor of the most bitingly malicious character, and, being questioned shortly afterwards by a friend, as to the impression made upon him by the interview, could not avoid expressing his sense of the charm of the Emperor's manner, and added, quoting a well-known French proverb, "The fact is, *mon cher*, that in order thoroughly to hate people one should not see them too near!"

Among the "farewell dinners" of the past week, some of the most elegant have been given by Americans, who are preparing to cut a figure among the gay gatherings at such of the fashionable watering-places as are out of reach of cannon-shot, while many European "highflyers" in the sky of fashion are said to be intending to cross the ocean, for the purpose of passing the season at Saratoga and Balston, whose waters are gradually coming into vogue among the extraordinarians of this hemisphere.

A grand banquet has also been given at Lemardelay's, in honor of the official introduction of horse-flesh into the Paris market. Several horse-flesh shops have been opened in this city within a few days, and, accordingly, one hundred and eighty hippophagists assembled to celebrate the auspicious innovation. M. Quatrefages, of the French Institute, was in the chair. The dinner was composed mainly of the new article of food, and was pronounced to be fit for the gods. The horse-flesh soup, the horse-flesh sausage, horse-flesh *à la mode*, horse-flesh pie, and lastly, fillet of horse-flesh, were devoured amidst general acclamations. Other dishes were served during the repast, but the guests declared the horse-flesh so "superior" that they ate little else. At the dessert various speakers proposed toasts, and grew excited on the topic of the hour. The chairman toasted the "Hippophagic Committee," which has been fighting the battle of horse-flesh for the last six years; M. Duméril, representing the Acclimative Society, toasted the new food; M. Sibère thanked the committee in the name of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; Dr. Blatin, President of the Hippophagic Society, gave a general glorification of the same, as did the Marquis de Béthizy and other gentlemen. An enthusiastic working-man thanked the gentlemen interested in the "movement" for having introduced a "new and delicious element into the humble larder of the poor;" a rather hard saying, seeing that even a fine, fat young horse's flesh is admitted to be "firm" even by those who will by no means allow it to be "hard," that the flesh of old, worn-out horses is confessedly rather "firmer" than ordinary shoe-leather, and that, therefore, as the cost of a prime horse ranges from eight to a hundred times higher than that of an ox, we have no choice between the aforesaid shoe-leather and an outlay absolutely out of the reach of the laboring population. But this somewhat obvious reflection not appearing to suggest itself to the excited minds of the hippic revellers, the working-man's outburst had an immense success. M. de la Bédollière, the veteran editor of *Le Siècle*, next sang two new songs, composed expressly for the occasion, and which, being regarded as extremely witty and appropriate, were applauded to the—chandeliers. The company then became generally jolly, and enjoyed the gathering so much that they remained together until near midnight. In spite of which brilliant demonstration, and the opening of the fine shops for the legal sale of horse-flesh (each joint "stamped" by the market inspectors, and thereby warranted to be "all right"), the unappreciating public is still asking itself, with a not very flattering expression of its nasal organ, "How near to starvation must I find myself reduced before I could contrive to swallow a first mouthful of this new species of butcher's meat?"

The safety of the Johannisberg cellars is confirmed, and Prince Metternich is able to sleep without dreaming of the havoc committed by thirsty Prussians among his renowned casks. The equally renowned vintage of Rudesheim has also escaped the forced contributions that its owner feared would be laid upon it. But the magistracy of Bremen have been less fortunate; and a good many bottles of the fabulously costly "Rosenwein," kept in twelve great casks with silver hoops, in what is thence styled "The Apostles' Cellar," and only drunk on rare occasions by the municipal fathers, by the sovereigns to whom they sometimes present a bottle, and by the sick citizens of the town, who have a prescriptive right to receive a bottle gratis in case of need, were disposed of by the Prussians. Under no circumstances is this precious liquor ever sold, for no fortune short of Aladdin's lamp would suffice to enable its possessor to adopt so costly a style of beverage, for the value of wine increases, like that of diamonds, in the ratio of the growth of the compound interest of the capital expended on its first purchase; so that, as a "piece" of German wine, containing 204 bottles, cost, in 1624, at which period this famous wine was placed in the Apostles' Cellar, 300 rix-dollars, or 1,200 francs, the cost of keeping up the cellar, the amount of taxes paid upon it, and the compound interest upon all this outlay through nearly two centuries and a half, the same "piece" of wine now represents a sum of 600,000,000 of rix-dollars, and each bottle would be worth, on the spot, 2,750,000 rix-dollars, that is to say, over ten millions of francs. And as a bottle of wine is supposed to contain eight glasses, each glass of this unparalleled wine costs 1,400,000 francs, and each drop 1,400 francs. The Prussians could not resist the temptation of tasting this wine, but they appear to have contented themselves with very little. Possibly they found it less delicious than they expected, for one who has been favored with a taste of it declares that it was by no means agreeable, the vinous flavor having changed to a weak acid, and the wine itself being of a dark brown hue, approaching to blackness. During the occupation of Bremen by the French some of their generals made heavy demands on this wonderful wine; and the burgesses of Bremen therefore assert that that town paid to France a ransom heavier than that of all the other towns of Germany put together.

AMERICAN CROQUET.

Of all the epidemics that have swept over our land, the swiftest and most infectious is croquet. While cholera skulks only in tenant hovels and blind alleys, croquet rolls boldly up to our very doorsteps; and while trichina confines its devastation to the swinish multitudes at the West, not even the *butterflies* of Newport and Nahant have escaped the croquet fever! "An uncroquetable lawn" is as much a stranger on this shore of the Atlantic as it is on the opposite; and if the "clever woman of the family" would honor us with a visit this summer, she would be warmly welcomed with the waving of mallets and the clicking of balls; and, moreover, she would find all the clever women of our family wrangling over the rules and misrules, that increase in number and stupidity with every new moon.

It is a great pity that for this charming game nobody has yet published, in this country, a simple, terse set of directions, that can replace the thousand-and-one diverse authorities that come with the different games; for every man who makes the implements puts into the box a set of rules to suit his own ideas. There is as much confusion and much more ignorance here than in England, as there the authorities are a grade above our lawgivers—*the mallet-makers*. But even there the conflict has waged furiously, till it was decided to call a croquet parliament of the best players, and give them ample time and full power to make a set of rules that should be above dispute—letting their decisions be final and binding for all croquet grounds, as the verdict of the "Jockey Club" is for the turf.

The committee, after sitting for a long time, and after receiving communications from all parts of the country, have just published their report; and we offer them our grateful thanks for the satisfactory way in which they have fulfilled their trust. Although differing in several minor points, we should be willing to accept their report as the standard; but there seems no chance of having it imported or reprinted in this country this summer, and no journal has as yet alluded to the subject, or to any of the English reviews upon it. In the hope of bringing a little order out of chaos, and giving a few hints to good American players, this article is written, and the writer trusts that a good deal of information and a great deal of enthusiasm may win him a fair hearing.

To begin—*usque ab ovo*—very little is known of the origin of this game; whether like Topsy "it grew," increasing from ball to ball and multiplying from wicket to wicket; or whether, Minerva-like, it sprang at a bound into full growth and good society at once, is uncertain. One thing is certain, that it is of rare antiquity and of the best connections. Far back in the days when kings wore love-locks, and courtiers were splendid in velvet and lace, when wise men played boys' games in public places, croquet flourished on Pall Mall. We can fancy "the curled darlings of chivalry" laughing to see Wilmot a *booby*, and Leicester a *rover*; and we wonder whether the customs courtesied to great kings, or whether Buckingham boldly accused his royal master of *spooning*, and dared to drive him off the field. There is no allusion to any ladies on the ground in these early days, and we are left in ignorance as to whether the manners and morals have improved or been impaired by their joining the sport. Certain it is, that more quarrelling and greater cheating could never have existed, and why people lose their temper and double their winnings is hard to understand. There must be some malign influence in sunshine and pleasant society to bring out the

evil that is in one; the perpetual disputes about rules are not enough to account for it. All horse dealings make jockeys into scamps; and, perhaps, croquet must make men—but, *place aux dames!*—make ladies and gentlemen into dogs, delighting in barking and biting.

But this is an endless theme, and while we are moralizing, the subject of our memoir has crossed into Ireland and found there "a local habitation and a *name*"—that is to say, the stroke which we now call *croquet* was there called *croky;* whether they called the game by the same name we do not know. This little variety of spelling is very dear to the heart of the antiquary, and proves its age, if further proof were needed. Did you, kind reader, ever know a Howell or a Lowell or a Powell who did not talk a great deal of the "Wars of the Roses" and such times, when he was called Howl or Lowl or Powl, as the case might be? From Ireland croquet wandered to France, perhaps under the banners of those earlier Fenians, those dashing, joyous soldiers of fortune, the Marshal McMahons and the Maurice Tiernays of that day. Here it definitely took its present name, and here, after a bright reign of many years among the *jeunesse dorée*, it apparently slept its hundred years, and waking "on science grown to more," returned to its native land and crossed to America, to find everywhere a warm welcome, a clean lawn, and—let us add with Sarah Battles—"the rigor of the game." And now to business.

The definitions are:

Roquet.—The act of hitting another ball, be it friend or foe.

Croquet is the stroke the player is entitled from having roqueted.

There are two kinds of croqueting. Tight croquet and loose croquet, or, as it has been badly called in this country, roquet-croquet.

Tight croquet is placing either foot upon your ball and striking it with your mallet, sending the other ball in any direction you please.

Loose croquet is laying the two balls together, and striking your own, without putting your foot upon it. There are several forms of loose croquet, to wit: "Rolling shots," "Splitting shots," and "Taking two off."

Rolling shot is putting the balls one behind the other, in a direct line for the place you wish to reach, and with a long, pushing stroke sending them along together.

Splitting shot.—Sending the two balls in opposite directions.

Taking two off.—Placing the two balls together, and, without moving the other ball, sending your own to any place you please, and then taking the second shot.

A booby is a ball which has missed the first wicket.

A rover.—One which has run all the wickets, and is ready to help its friends.

A fluke.—A lucky accidental shot.

Spooning.—Pushing your ball from behind.

Scooping is using the side of the mallet.

Flinching is letting your ball slip from under your foot while croqueting.

In play.—A ball is in play to another when it has roqueted it and has not yet taken the croquet.

In hand.—A ball is in hand when it is not in play, that is to say, when, having finished its run on one ball, it is at liberty to take another shot elsewhere.

Filibustering is leaving your own position and going off to help a friend or annoy an enemy.

We think these are the only definitions that the game requires, so we pass rapidly through a few necessary rules:

1. The player must stand on one side of his ball and never behind it.

2. Strike a clean stroke and never push, except in a rolling shot when a following stroke is allowable.

3. Strike with the end of the mallet-head and never with the side, unless it is agreed to allow scooping to a ball lying in front of the turning stake and touching it.

4. A ball missing the first wicket must be picked up and begin again the next turn.

5. A ball running its wicket and rolling back cannot count the wicket. Where a ball stops there it must remain.

6. A ball must be entirely through the hoop, so that the mallet-handle laid across the sides does not touch it.

7. If the ball flinch, the player loses the rest of the turn.

8. The player may use either or both hands.

9. Neither hand must be within eighteen inches of the head of the mallet.

10. If croqueted outside the bounds, the player may pick up two feet inside, on the line where he crossed.

11. While in play, a ball cannot count any other point which it may make, but must finish with the first ball, before it plays at anything else.

12. A captain can allot the colors as he pleases.

As this article is written for the amusement of good players and not for the instruction of beginners, we have not mentioned the simple rules nor definitions that every one knows; such as what running a wicket or touching the stake means, or, that if you run your wicket or touch the turning stake, you are entitled to another stroke. Neither will we waste time giving directions for laying out the field or arranging the wickets. The proportion of length to breadth ought to be as five to three, and the bounds some ten feet outside. If the ground is arranged with nine wickets, a cage may be substituted for the centre one—a cage being two wickets, one over the other, at right angles, with a bell hanging in the middle. Or, as in England, a stake with a bell upon the top, according to the fancy of the field-marshal.

In selecting the implements, care should be taken to have them heavy enough. Lignum vitæ makes the best mallets, and any hard wood will do for the balls. If the latter are too light, they are apt to hop just where they ought not to. Let the mallet handles be long enough for ease and not too smooth for a tight grasp. Except in the weight and strength of the wood, the very expensive English sets are no better than the cheaper home-made ones. Order your own set at the factory to suit yourself, is our advice, unless you are a crack player, when of course you will have your own fancy mallet, your inseparable companion on many a hard-fought field. Apropos of mallets, there are still exhibited in London Tower the identical ones King Charles played with on Pall Mall; they are very like ours, except that the ends or heads are not at right angles with the handle, being rounded, as if they were a few inches cut from the rim of a cart-wheel, the spoke serving for a handle.

And now a word or two upon playing. Suppose the ground well arranged, with nine wickets; as that plan throws the balls more together in the centre and admits of more croqueting, we prefer it to any other way of arranging them. We place a ball anywhere within a mallet's length of the starting stake, and strike for the first wicket, with steadiness and caution. Brilliant, dashing play is of no use here—even if you send the ball through two wickets with one stroke, it counts nothing, as it is not considered "good style" to claim the mallet's length you are entitled to. Many good players drive their ball sideways through the first wicket, so as to leave it in a good position for an oblique shot through the second, with the hope of getting into position before the third wicket on the second shot, and so making three wickets on the first tour. If your ball miss the first wicket, it is to be picked up and begin from the starting-point the next turn. So decides the English committee with great good sense; for, although at first sight the advantage seems to be all to the booby, on further examination we find much to be said on the other side. For instance, a good player could put his ball there on purpose, he could not be croqueted away by the enemy because he was a booby, but would lie there as an impediment to his adversaries and ready to help any partner who comes to put him through. Of course the first object in a croquet player's mind is to keep the side together as much as possible, and two balls when well started can easily keep together for a long while.

If there are eight balls playing, or even six, it generally happens that some of them are at the centre wicket before the best player, who is usually the captain, begins. He therefore plays hard through the second wicket, and then croquets upon some of the leading balls. After croqueting his own side where they wish to go, and scattering the enemy with one exception, he takes a splitting shot upon the ball he reserved for his own use, and sends himself in front of the third wicket and the other ball behind it. With his second shot he runs the wicket, roquets the same ball, and splits for the centre wicket, or if the ball is out of position entirely, leaves it and takes two off. He is now in position before the centre wicket, which he runs, picks up one of the balls on his side, which he had croqueted through, and rolls with it up to the fifth wicket; and so on, *ad infinitum*. A good captain, with a successful start, can make an enormous run, and the objection generally raised by poor players against what is called "Scientific Croqueting," *i. e.*, splitting shots, loose croquet, and taking two off, is that it lengthens the game and admits of endless filibustering. All this we grant and glory in. There was a time when getting through the wickets and sending an enemy into the flower beds, was to us brilliant playing, but in these our wiser but not sadder hours, we are ready to leave our best position, to dash to the rescue of our worst ally, to annoy the enemy, to be used by the captain—in fine, to strengthen our side with the wildest self-sacrifice. And to the unappreciative poor players, we say, Go on! play your best, learn science, and before long you will insensibly be on our side.

In making a loose croquet, if you strike your own ball below the centre, it drives the other a great distance without moving itself much. For a

splitting shot you must arrange the balls at the proper angle and hit according to the distance and direction required.

It is almost impossible to give any useful directions for these strokes, only a knowledge of billiards and practice will teach them; the latter will readily enough, and half an hour devoted to fancy shots is worth reams of paper rules.

In "taking two off," the English committee decide that the other ball *must* move, be it ever so slightly; and upon this one point we fully and firmly disagree. Let it be one thing or the other for the sake of peace; either require the ball to be moved six inches, according to the old rule, or raise the point entirely. A decided movement might affect one's own stroke, but just joggling it does neither party any good. A gentle wiggle will only raise a most ungentle wrangle, and every one knows that to avoid points of dispute is the first desire of croquet players! Therefore let the balls touch, but do not require anything else. In many English croquet fields it is considered ungenerous to put an adversary's ball out; but we cannot understand why damaging the enemy is not as much a part of the game as supporting a friend, and every one who plays well enough to be in danger of this fate, must know enough not to go through the last hoop. He is just as useful to his side as a "filibuster" as when he is a "rover," and it is no harder to run his last wicket on his return to the stake, than it is to go outside of it.

Some authorities require no penalty for flinching, allowing a player to continue his run. But it is so easy to flinch your ball a full mallet's length in the direction you want to send it, *accidentally* gaining a good bit of ground, that in memory of the lack of honesty in all croquet grounds, we decide *pro* punishment! We have yet to find any good authority or crack player in either country that endorses "spooning," and yet it still lives! We have the patriotism to add that the best American players we have seen spurn it, and the best English use it. But no one, who has watched the two styles, hesitates to say that the single-handed, lightly swung stroke is much the most graceful. It is certainly less steady, but better to devote a week's practice to steadying your right hand than ever to double yourself up like the "crouching Venus" *en culottes* and bearded.

We agree that spooning is perfectly fair in a match of gentlemen; but is decidedly ungenerous when playing with ladies, unless those ladies are Bloomers—when, for all we know, it may be the correct thing. Our domestic experience with Bloomers has been strictly nautical, and as they never appear out of water, we remain in blessed ignorance. Ignorance, we mean, of Bloomers; but not, we humbly hope, of croquet.

Correspondence.

"PROTECTION TO NATURALIZED CITIZENS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

An article with the above heading, published in The Nation of May 29th, appears to me to ask, in behalf of foreigners naturalized in the United States, a political action which the American Government neither can, nor, as a general rule, ought, to exert for their protection. The rights of a person naturalized abroad and returning from his new country to that of his birth or native allegiance, and consequently the duties of his adopted country towards him, may be determined—first, by treaty; secondly, by the local legislation of the country from which he emigrated and to which he has returned; or thirdly, by the general principles of international law.

1. We have, I believe, no treaty with any European power on this subject, and I think the facts I shall adduce in the course of this article will show that we ought to have none until Congress shall have more clearly settled what are the duties of naturalized foreigners to the United States, and provided some effectual securities for the fulfilment of those duties. The enjoyment of the privileges of American citizenship, and the extension of that citizenship over the whole world, are not matters of universal, common right, and the foreigner upon whom those privileges are bestowed ought to return an equivalent of some sort for the advantages secured to him. The right to protection as a citizen ought not to extend beyond the fulfilment of the duties of a citizen, and it is no injustice to a naturalized foreigner to demand from him securities for the performance of those duties which are generally superfluous in the case of a native-born American. The partialities of birth and education, the ties of family and friendship, the force of habit, the possession of property, and a more or less fixed character—all these constitute guaranties of continued residence, or of return from foreign travel, and of fulfilment of civic duties by the native, which in most instances either do not exist at all, or exist in a much less efficient degree, in the case of the foreigner; and the experience of our late war has shown that the temptation to shirk the civil and military responsibilities of the citizen is yielded to with infinitely greater readiness by the naturalized stranger than by the native-born American.

2. Every country claims and exercises absolute and unqualified jurisdiction over every person found within its limits, except so far as by treaty stipulation it may have conceded privileges and exemptions to subjects or citizens of foreign powers. In modern times the spirit of commerce has secured so numerous and so important immunities to merchants and other persons trading, travelling, or residing in foreign lands, that under most Christian governments the stranger is more "favored" than the native, and the civic burdens of mercantile men are lighter in alien countries than in their own. The determination, in any given case, of the question whether a person claiming immunities as a citizen or subject of a foreign state is legally to be considered as such citizen or subject, must rest with the local tribunals, who, in the absence of treaty provisions, will be governed by the *lex loci*, or by the established principles of international law. The laws of a foreign country—the United States, for instance—may confer upon a native-born subject of the Pope civic rights which he may enjoy free from interference or control by his natural sovereign so long as he remains within the jurisdiction of that foreign country; but the moment he returns to the country of his birth he is amenable to its laws, and no mere foreign legislation can invest him with any rights as against the government to which he owed allegiance by birth. Some European states—Great Britain, among others—deny the right of expatriation altogether. "Once a subject, always a subject," is the maxim of British law, and this principle has been extended so far as to embrace the foreign-born children of British subjects. In other countries the right of emigration, expatriation, and naturalization abroad has been tacitly allowed without express law, and in others, again, it is regulated by special legislation. In no case, however, is it admitted by any Christian power that the American law of naturalization is, of itself, of force to release a foreigner from every bond of native obligation, and invest him with all the rights of exemption and protection to which a native-born American might be entitled.

3. Judicial constructions of the principles of international law on the subject we are considering cannot be said to have been very frequent, for the reason that naturalization has always been comparatively rare in Europe, and it is only to America that there has been anything like an emigration *en masse* in modern times. It is, however, certain, that expatriation and naturalization have never been regarded as matters of legal right, and it is generally held in Europe that, without the express or implied consent of his sovereign, no man can renounce his allegiance to his native government and acquire the rights of a subject or citizen of a foreign state. But whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the abstract principle, one point of great importance in relation to our duties to naturalized foreigners is well settled. I refer to the doctrine of the rehabilitation of subjects naturalized abroad and returning to their native land. It is laid down by all writers on the law of nations that a person who, after having acquired rights of citizenship abroad, again takes up his residence in his native land, under circumstances which afford a legal presumption that he left his adopted country without the *animus revertendi* to it, forfeits those rights and is remitted to his original condition of a subject of the government of his birth-place. There can be no reasonable doubt that this is sound doctrine, and whether it is so or not, it is a principle which cannot be overruled by any legislation of ours, nor can its operation be avoided except by treaty negotiation.

The United States, then, can neither release a British, an Austrian, or a Russian subject from the obligations of his native allegiance, nor can they prevent the lapse of any rights he may have acquired, if he forfeits them by a voluntary return to his birth-place. In every case where a naturalized foreigner claims the protection of American diplomatic or consular representatives against the authorities of his original country, such representative is bound to enquire whether the applicant was ever legally released from his native allegiance, and, in the next place, whether he has forfeited his rights as a naturalized citizen by an abandonment of the country which conferred them upon him.

Americans who have contended for an absolute parity of rights between the native and the naturalized citizen, have often overlooked not only the principles of international law applicable to these questions, but the actual facts upon which the questions usually arise. Independently of the great number of foreigners who emigrate to the United States, in the hope of bettering the condition of themselves and their families by a permanent establishment in a new home, the recent political agitations of Europe have driven thousands of political refugees to seek temporary protection on American soil.

In nine cases out of ten, these persons, as well as the multitudes of foreign fugitives from justice who infest our shores, go to the United States with no purpose of becoming American citizens, and many of both classes return to their native country on the first lull in political or judicial persecution, without ever having made even the preliminary declaration required by the naturalization laws. If, however, circumstances compel them to protract their stay in America, they commonly become naturalized, either because they despair of ever being able to repatriate themselves, or, more frequently still, in order that they may come back to Europe with a passport which will afford at least a partial protection against political persecution. I have personally known repeated instances where European political agitators have gone to the United States with the avowed purpose of acquiring a title to American protection and of returning to renew their operations as soon as they could obtain evidence of American citizenship. Not only such persons, but many who have emigrated with the honest intention of becoming permanently domiciliated among us, are often called back by political changes, actual or prospective. If they find their party in the ascendant, they sink the American as long as is convenient and take office with their friends; but upon the first reverse, they whip out their American passports and claim exemption from all local jurisdiction.

Besides this, every commercial crisis in America sends back to Europe numbers of naturalized foreign speculators who have fled from American creditors, and who return to their native soil to commence business anew, with the privileges and immunities secured to them by an American passport; and our national credit has suffered severely from the disrepute thrown upon us by whitewashed bankrupts of this stamp. Within the last four or five years the number of returned emigrants has been vastly increased by the fear of taxation and conscription. Many thousands of naturalized Europeans have gathered up their property, and fled with their goods and their families to their fatherland; and I doubt whether it would be an exaggeration to say that one-half of the American "adopted citizens" now in Europe have left the United States, since 1860, to avoid the payment of taxes and liability to military duty. Very often these persons have come without passports, though provided with certificates of naturalization. When they are called upon for taxes, or for military service, they produce such papers as they have, and, in a great majority of cases, the local authorities, overawed by the seal of Mr. Nunes, or some other naturalization and passport broker, report them as foreigners, and they secure the desired exemption without any further proceedings. The number of persons who in this way escape taxation and military service on both sides of the Atlantic, and thus enjoy the protection of two governments without performing the duties of citizens of either, is vastly larger than those whose attention has not been specially drawn to the subject would imagine. There are in Europe thousands of naturalized American citizens who have never been enrolled among our national defenders, millions of property owned by these persons which have never paid a mill of taxes for the support of our Government. Besides all this, naturalized foreigners have been among the most active and efficient agents of the rebel cause in Europe. The ablest writer in England, in support of that cause, was an Americanized Swiss and a naturalized Italian. "Professor" Manatta is the author of a pamphlet on the negro race, in which the religious and "scientific" arguments in favor of the perpetual slavery and degradation of the children of Ham are maintained with a zeal which has given great satisfaction to the Papal court and other sympathizers with the rebel cause at Rome.

I see no ground of justice or expediency upon which the United States should embroil themselves with European governments for the sake of "protecting" fugitives from taxation, from conscription, or from criminal justice; or, in fact, any other persons who do not become abiding members of our body politic, abiding elements of our national strength.

Great numbers of foreigners become naturalized without ever having acquired a legal residence, or fulfilled the conditions which confer State citizenship anywhere. They make a declaration in New York, float off to New Orleans, wander about in the West for a year or two, turn up gold-diggers and obtain their certificate of naturalization in California, and then return to Europe, engage in commercial or political life under the protection of the American flag, without ever having contributed to the support of the American Government or performed any one duty of an American citizen, unless it be reckoned such to have cast a vote for the pro-slavery ticket in some town of which they were not freemen at the first election after they have obtained their certificate.

I am by no means disposed to deny or to undervalue the services which naturalized foreigners have rendered to our country in former and in recent periods, but I cannot shut my eyes to the notorious fact that a vast majority —certainly not less than three-quarters—of that class of our citizens have, from the organization of our Government to this hour, sustained the political interests of the South, slavery included, against the cause of the Union and of human liberty; and I do not hesitate to say that, but for the support which Southern policy has received from Irish and German-Catholic influence, slavery would long since have died a natural death, and we should have been spared the crimes and the curses of the late rebellion. The naturalized American citizens who have swarmed over the continent of Europe during the war have been, with few exceptions, favorable to the success of the rebels, and it has not been easy to find an individual among them who has not been, if not an open enemy, at least a very lukewarm friend to the Federal Government.

It seems to me not unreasonable to demand from foreigners, of whose character and history nothing is usually known to those whose office it is to admit them to the right of citizenship, some guaranty before conferring upon them such large privileges. When Esau sold his birthright, he got at least a mess of pottage in return from the brother to whom he surrendered it. Shall we bestow our birthright upon the stranger without asking even a small security against the abuse of that birthright?

It is now proposed, in many quarters, to impose an educational test as a qualification for the exercise of the elective franchise. Would it be too much to insist that the emigrant European, who asks admission as a citizen, should be able to read the certificate which testifies his enrolment as a member of our political community? Would it be ungenerous to require him to show that he has fulfilled the conditions of *State* citizenship before he is recognized as a citizen of the United States? I do not know that the attainment of the moderate amount of knowledge which could well be demanded, or the possession of taxable property, would be an effectual security against the evils which we are suffering from the existence of a numerous class among us who have the largest measure of political rights and yet are attached to our commonwealth by no moral, no material interests; but I strongly suspect that the law-breakers in the streets of New York in 1863, whom Bishop Hughes, in his flagitious speech, pronounced to be "not a mob, not rioters," the servant girls who are contributing their wages to support the Fenian army, and the Fenian army itself, have been mainly persons who neither read letter-press nor pay assessments.

In my judgment, then, no foreign-born stranger should be admitted to the privileges of American citizenship without furnishing some evidence, some securities, analogous to those which nature herself provides in the case of the native. But if it be thought inexpedient to demand such from foreigners *bonâ fide* resident among us, let us, at least, not extend our ægis over those who, if they ever had moral claims upon us, have forfeited or voluntarily renounced them. Our ministers and consuls abroad ought to be instructed to recognize no man of alien birth as an American citizen, unless he produces a passport from the State Department; the State Department ought to be forbidden to issue such passports, except upon evidence of performance of military duty, if otherwise liable, during the preceding year of State citizenship and residence, the payment of taxes upon property, and the open possession of property sufficient to secure such payment during the contemplated absence; ministers should be empowered to renew passports from year to year, on satisfactory proof that the applicant is absent from the United States for temporary purposes only, and official evidence that he has paid taxes on all his taxable property for ten years preceding the application.

Such regulations as these would exclude from American protection no person who is morally or legally entitled to claim it; they would secure a considerable increase of our national revenue, and they would much reduce the number of vagabond adventurers who are disgracing our national character abroad by parading a nationality which they misrepresent, and which they have no right to boast. H.

BERLIN, June 22, 1866.

WHAT THE "ADDITIONAL HYMNS" ARE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

A few words about your review of the "Additional Hymns" of the Episcopal Church.

In the first place, they are a mere experiment, *allowed* to be sung for the next three years on trial, and are not to be allowed between the covers of the Prayer-book.

Second, A church-hymnal cannot have the authors' names attached. This was not allowed with the hymns of the old collection, and this part of the index was a mere gratuity.

Third, The hymnal is not, and cannot be, a collection of poems on Dr. Bethune's principle. For an authentic copy of an author's poem, look into his works. The church's hymns must pass under her revision. Several of

Cowper's hymns must be thrown out altogether, or must be pruned; and the same is true of many other favorite poems. In the *Dies Iræ* the name *Mary* is left out, because there is no evidence that the sinful woman was Mary.

Fourth, Neither these hymns nor any others are *in* the Prayer-book. The church has never set forth any other than a tolerated collection—hymns "allowed to be sung"—and this binding up of the hymns *with* the Prayer-book is only a bookseller's scheme.

These remarks premised, I fully agree with you as to the egregious faults of this collection; but there is no cause for alarm. The only hope for a permanent hymnal was found to co-exist with a disposition to let everybody tinker a while at the old one. This license is already working its own cure, and those who know assure us that as the darkest hour is just before daybreak, so the present chaotic state of our hymnody is the first step towards order and harmony.

A Member of the General Convention.

July 23, 1866.

THE TEXT OF HYMNS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

The article on "Tinkering Hymns," in a recent number of The Nation, very properly exposes what has been for many years a general nuisance, and is of late beginning to be felt as such. But it is possible to go too far, and there is something to be said on the other side.

To the question, "Can we not have a collection of lyrics which to the element of religion shall add the element of authenticity?"—if thereby is meant perfect textual accuracy—it is safe to answer, No. A selection of sacred poetry is one thing, a hymn-book proper is another; and the requirements of the two are very different. A volume which lies on the parlor table, and is adapted to the uses merely of hand and mind, may and should preserve strict literary integrity, and give its verses as their authors wrote them; but a book intended to guide the vocal worship of congregations is subjected to restrictions unknown in the other case. Its great objects are practical utility and fitness to the purposes of praise or prayer; exact literary integrity, though far from unimportant, is a secondary matter. We are tolerably sure there never was, we greatly doubt if there ever will be, a hymnal of any size and value whose contents are just as their authors penned them. The difficulties in the way of that result are such as none can estimate who has not set himself to the task of compilation, with an honest desire to let his authors speak for themselves. The older hymnists—whom scarcely the straitest Anglican would altogether set aside—abound in crudities, carelessness, and even vulgarities; not to speak of passages which, if not poetically offensive, are yet unsuited to the worship of this age. That would be a bold or a stupid man who, at this day, would uniformly sing good Dr. Watts—even at his best—in Watts's own words. His predecessor, John Mason, produced several hymns of rare beauty, if one is content to "tinker" them with a steady and skilful hand; as they stand, most of them are practically worthless. Several of the finest pieces of Newton and Kelly are defaced by puerile platitudes, occurring between lines or verses of no small pathos and power. With writers more modern in date and spirit, as James Montgomery, and still more, Dr. Neale (the most elegant translator of lyric poetry whom England has yet produced), there is less difficulty. Yet if even Homer sometimes nods, surely these are liable occasionally to misstate their meaning, to state it not quite worthily, or not as one who desires to use the song would have it. There is scarcely a writer of English hymns whose ideas a compiler of thoughtfulness and culture could be content to take uniformly in his own unaltered words. The dilemma is constantly arising, to alter a hymn or not to use it. The latter would be a loss. It may be said, better lose than do wrong. But why is it of necessity a wrong? When the church's poets composed the church's songs, they were surely thinking of God's glory and their brethren's good, rather than of their own petty vanity. What they did is the legacy of all. The edification of many is of more moment than the reputation of one; and he must be a miserable fellow who would not rather have his productions tampered with, if thereby they can be made useful, than leave them to rust in profitless purity.

The testimony of usage and authority we do not value greatly. The weight of precedent is altogether on our side; too much so, indeed, for our own views. John Wesley mended his brother's hymns; Toplady took liberties with John's; Cowper, if he had made a hymn-book, would doubtless have done the same with Toplady's; Montgomery rewrote some of Cowper's, and made wild work of it; Josiah Conder tampered with Montgomery's. Each of them (or several of them at least) protested against the alteration of his own hymns; and each nullified the protest by doing the same ill office for his brother. The worst botches have sometimes been accomplished by men of fine talent and acknowledged taste. It is curious what a fearful mess one good poet will make of the effusion of another.

The writer of the article referred to is mistaken in supposing that "such settled public sentiment" demands entire preservation of original texts. Great Britain is far ahead of us in these matters. The Church of England especially has produced of late years a vast number of new hymns, translated or original, and an almost boundless quantity of collections for public use. The authors of many of these are men whose birth, position, and education might entitle them not only to the possession of refined taste, but to be representatives if not leaders of public opinion. Not a few of these volumes are by us as we write; but we do not see that one of them has aimed at strict literary integrity. That most popular of all, the famous "Hymns Ancient and Modern," goes slap-dash through the compositions of all writers, old and new. Its chief editor, Sir Henry Baker, himself a respectable hymnist, has *rewritten*, not only often, but as a general thing, the lyrics of the living men of his own school, as Chandler, Copeland, Isaac Williams, and even Neale. Some of these alterations (especially in the case of Dr. Neale, who has himself admitted the fact) are evident improvements; many, we think, are unnecessary and unimportant; others seem to us for the worse. Yet there is no volume in which changes so extensive have been made with such uniform good taste; though we cannot, for the reason expressed, call the *judgment* equally good. If any explanation is needed of this apparent distinction without a difference, it may be found in the statement that the altered readings are always gentlemanly (so to speak), never offensive; though, as we have said, not always called for. Another collection of some repute, the "Salisbury Hymnal," by no less a person than the Rev. Earl Nelson, abounds in reckless changes of text, many of them of the most abominable and absurd description.

We have shown, we think, that the Episcopal "Additional Hymns" (for which we have no interest nor disposition to apologize) at least sin in good company, and not so grossly as some; and that "settled public sentiment," so far as the usage of those who ought to know gives any indication of it, has not yet required the entire retention of the original text. But we are very willing to diminish the large liberty of "tinkering" which has been and is yet allowed, and to help public sentiment towards sterner demands than she has yet made in this direction. The promiscuous, idle, and unbridled mutilation of standard lyrics by every tasteless, thoughtless, or stupid person who chooses so to do, is not only a public affront but a public injury. Yet any remedy, short of absolute prohibition—which is both wrong in theory and impossible in practice—seems neither clear nor easy. It is a notorious fact that American hymn-books have been usually prepared by persons who know either just nothing about the subject, or so little that the difference, like their fitness for the work, might be expressed by a figure 0. A reform in the particular we are discussing will doubtless be accomplished when compiling committees become acquainted not only with the wants of churches for which they are purveying, but with the rules of literary criticism in general, and as applied to hymns in especial. When those entrusted with this work shall attain and use this knowledge, in addition to one equally essential, a loving familiarity with the history, spirit, aims, and needs of Christian hymnody, we shall doubtless improve in regard to genuineness of text and of all other matters. Until then, we can hardly do better than lay down one or two principles, which are so obvious that only sad experience could convince us the mention of them is not an impertinence.

A hymn-book was put together a year or so since, in the preparation of which some approximate knowledge of the subject, and some attempt at honest independent thought, were actually employed. (It was privately printed only, and is not yet published for church use, so we are not advertising gratis.) The compilers determined to be purists as far as possible, and prefer the original text, other things being the same, to their own alterations or anybody's else. Nay, even for a slight and immaterial improvement they would not sacrifice primitive genuineness. But as other things very often were neither the same, nor nearly so, they permitted alterations only for one or other of two reasons: 1. When some fault or peculiarity in the original reading rendered a change *essential;* 2. When an evident *improvement* could be made. The first of these cases often occurred; the second was occurring perpetually. For instance, Lady Huntingdon wrote, in her vigorously Methodistic hymn, "Come, thou Fount of every blessing," that surprising line,

"Praise the mount—oh, fix me on it."

There is nothing for one who lives in the nineteenth and not the eighteenth century, in a civilized neighborhood, and not in the wilds of Tennessee or

Texas, but to change or omit that verse; either of which is an alteration. Watt's Hundredth Psalm runs thus:

"Nations attend before his throne,
With solemn fear, with sacred joy."

Who would not accept John Wesley's "tinkering,"

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow," etc.?

Again, Dr. Neale translates

"Christ is made the sure Foundation,
And the precious Corner-stone."

There are those who prefer that a hymn should preserve throughout, when possible, the *form* as well as the spirit of praise or prayer; and rather address itself *to* the object of worship, than speak *about* him; so it seemed appropriate to turn this into

"Christ, Thou art the sure foundation,
Thou the Head and Corner-stone."

The "Country Parson" worked himself into a fine frenzy, some few years since, "concerning cutting and carving." Some of his arguments were very good; but he unfortunately chose for his final and triumphant illustration (not knowing the second authorship) John Wesley's modernization of Herbert's "Elixir." The original is a fine poem of the quaint antique style; four verses of Wesley's paraphrase make an admirable hymn, fit to be sung at any place and time, and almost under any circumstances. Here are the two:

Herbert, 1632.	Wesley, 1739.
1. Teach me, my God and King, In all things Thee to see; And what I do in anything, To do it as for Thee.	1. The same.
2. Not rudely, as a beast, To run into an action; But still to make Thee prepossest, And give it his perfection.	2. To scorn the senses' sway, While still to thee I tend; In all I do, be Thou the Way; In all, be Thou the End.
4. All may of Thee partake; Nothing can be so mean, Which with this tincture (for thy sake) Will not grow bright and clean.	4. All may of Thee partake; Nothing so small can be, But draws, when acted for Thy sake, Greatness and worth from Thee.
5. A servant with this clause Makes drudgery divine; Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws, Makes that and th' action fine.	5. If done to obey thy laws, Even servile labors shine; Hallowed is toil, if this the cause, The meanest work divine.

We have not Mr. Boyd's essay by us; but he went on somewhat after this fashion: "How besotted, how blasphemous is this! What insane presumption in this anonymous noodle to displace these grand old words with such dishwater doggerel!" A. K. H. B., like some others, would like to put an embargo on all alterations in the text of hymns. In this case, however, he would have erred somewhat. We need only remind our readers that Herbert's verses are read by a few scholars, while Wesley's paraphrase may be sung by tens of thousands.

One minor point may be noticed. When the names of authors are given in a hymn-book, and we think they ought to be, fully and correctly (here is one great disgrace of our current manuals), the letter *a* following such ascription may indicate any change, however slight, from the original text; and in the few cases where a hymn is substantially altered or "re-made," the word *from* may precede the author's name. This is done in the recent book we have above referred to; and it sufficiently avoids any real violation of literary integrity.

We think these considerations worthy of notice. Truth pushed too far will tumble into error on the other side; and a reform advocated by exaggerated views or unadvised zeal accomplishes its own defeat. Look at both sides; weigh all the facts; then we shall do better. B.

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The Nation.

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The Week.

As the Philadelphia Convention did little more than organize on Tuesday, we cannot at the present writing make any comment on its proceedings. Besides, we intend in our next issue to give a special report, from a trustworthy eye-witness, not of speeches made and resolutions passed, but of the characteristics of an occasion in which a pseudo-Massachusetts and a reconstructed South Carolina lock arms and keep step to the music of a re-united "Democracy." It will be strange if a convention, presided over on the first day by the man who ordered Mumfords to be shot, as Butler had them hanged, and composed largely of ex-Confederates who would gladly subscribe to-day, on Mayor Monroe's recommendation, to erect a monument to Mumford—it will be strange, we say, if such a conglomerate, duly seasoned with Copperheads, office-seekers, and Republican reactionists, do not afford scope for description which shall be either ludicrous or painful, according to the mood of the reader. Meanwhile we do not know who is so obtuse as to be deceived by the withdrawal, or, if you please, exclusion, of Wood and Stephens and Vallandigham from the convention. Out of the convention is not out of the party, and the coming campaign is to be one of parties, of which Congress and the President will be the respective heads. It is not yet apparent whether the name which has won so many victories by its mere prestige is to be dropped or retained by the new political combination. It makes very little difference. We believe there is intelligence enough among loyal people to distinguish between the false title and the true, and virtue enough to maintain at the polls in November the authority of the nation over presidents and rebels.

THE papers teem with speeches, generally tedious in print, from orators, great and small, in all parts of the country. Senator Nye, of Nevada, must be one of the most effective stump-speakers in the United States if the power of his personal presence does anything to confirm the impression which the words of his speeches are calculated to make. After the measureless deserts of talk about reconstruction since those far-away times when the New York *News* looked forward to negro suffrage and the *World* talked of Caligula's horse, it is pleasant to come upon anything so fresh and good as General Nye's little parable addressed to the Union men of Paterson the other night. In the days of his boyhood he learned the "first great lesson of life, that an invitation to ride is no license to drive." Senator Wilson, in his speeches at Boston and Natick, says nothing particularly new on the great topic. He defends himself in very temperate and dignified language from the attack recently made upon him by Mr. Wendell Phillips. He said that the latter was greatly mistaken—and, as Mr. Wilson remarked, Mr. Phillips, "like the rest of us, has sometimes been mistaken"—when he asserted that the Constitutional Amendment was not put forth in good faith by the majority in Congress. The senator was full of confidence in the future of the Union party. Governor Curtin, in Pennsylvania, talks with equal certainty of success, and in very plain defiance of Blair's menaces at Reading. On the other side the speeches have been nearly as numerous, but they are all cast in one mould. The most labored effort is Senator Doolittle's. He goes upon the singular assumption that Congress and President Johnson do not agree because Congress thinks the South was not sufficiently devastated by Sherman's and other Northern armies.

WE call attention to the first of the series of articles on "Webster's Dictionary," by the Hon. George P. Marsh, which we promised at the opening of the present volume. We believe that they will be found the most valuable and entertaining criticism which that work has yet elicited, and we commend them especially for perusal and preservation to the scholars and the whole corps of instructors of the country.

GOV. WELLS is out in an address to the loyal people of Louisiana, and undertakes to explain the remote and immediate causes of the late riots. He recalls the fact that he was first Lieutenant-Governor and then Governor of the few parishes of the State that, in 1864, were within the Union lines. In the spring of 1865 the Confederacy collapsed, and he became Governor of all Louisiana. Then, he says, he resolved to try conciliation, for he was persuaded that the majority of his fellow-citizens had been seduced from their true allegiance by the wiles of demagogues It was, we remember, after he had entered upon this course that it used to be commonly said in Louisiana, "Wells is doing on a small scale what Andy Johnson is doing on a great scale"—betraying the people who had raised him to office, and giving all the power of the State into the hands of people who were still rebellious. It is true that, being thus conciliated, these men re-elected Mr. Wells in the fall of 1865. But he perceived that he alone among Union men was allowed to fill any office of honor or trust. He saw Union men everywhere proscribed, and at last he acknowledged that his policy of conciliation had been a mistaken and disastrous one, as he had been forewarned it would be. "I am convinced," he says, "that they would renew the rebellion to-morrow if they saw a prospect of success." He began to see that the Convention of 1864 must be reconvoked. If he entertained any doubt of its legal right to continue its functions, he yielded to the opinion of abler men—to the opinion of able lawyers, and of Senators and Representatives, among others a distinguished Democratic Senator in Congress. Of the irregular manner of the summons, Governor Wells has nothing to say. The convention having been called together, the enemies of the Government determined that it should be crushed at all risks, and the scenes of the 30th of July were confidently predicted long before. The Governor's account of the riot itself it is not worth while to give; military investigations now in progress will make all that plain. But his conclusion is full of significance, coming as it does from a man who has tried conciliation of rebels even to the hazard of his good name, and who,

a twelvemonth since, it is likely, abhorred the thought of negro suffrage: "The ultimate security both of the Government and Union men of the South depends, in my opinion, on the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment, and the enfranchisement of the loyal black man as he becomes educated and qualified for that important privilege."

THERE is a statement in circulation that "one of the ablest physicians of New York"—we wish his name had been given—affirms that "no native of America is ever attacked with sun-stroke." A more seasonable time than the present might be adopted for refuting this error; but we warn the native American not to trust to so foolish a *dictum* for exemption at the next heated term. A very limited enquiry among the boating-men of our colleges would discover the fact that sun-stroke is a frequent penalty of too much exposure; and that the sun, which shines benignantly upon the just and the unjust alike, is not more a respecter of nationalities in its oppressiveness. Why Germans and Irish are most conspicuous in our lists of the sun-stricken is no mystery. They compose chiefly our poor and laboring population, obliged to work out of doors in all weathers, and are besides imprudent in drinking and eating from ignorance of sanitary rules. It is likely, of course, that their not being acclimated has something to do with their liability to attack.

THE "astounding developments" in an office of the detective police force in this city were to be found in the newspaper headings and nowhere else. In the first place, the developments could astound no one, for the general public has for a long time stood pretty well prepared to hear and believe almost any stories of rascality that could be told in reference to our detective police. In the second place, no developments of any importance seem to have been made. Superintendent Kennedy deposed one inspector and put another in his place, and then made the men a very affecting address, telling them that a thousand rumors were afloat regarding the corruptions said to exist among the detectives as a body; that the thieves and counterfeiters complained that the police "beat" them out of so much of their gains that they really found it impossible to carry on business any longer; and that the great public would certainly come to know of these practices unless they were at once put an end to; but we hear of nothing more that has been done. We are not surprised to learn that "the authorities at police headquarters are exceedingly reticent," but we confess to considerable curiosity as to what it is intended to do with that officer who was arrested in the act of receiving fifty dollars of black-mail from a criminal, and we are more or less astonished to learn that he was allowed "to write his resignation!" An exposure of this kind is, of course, a sad thing, and the policemen are naturally indignant at it; but, on the whole, the public will not be sorry at anything that discourages the present good understanding between burglars, counterfeiters, and guardians of the peace.

COL. STOKES has been telling the people of Nashville that negro suffrage is not only simply a question of time, but of five years' time. "You can't stop," he says, "four millions of loyal, patriotic people from participating in the Government which they help to support and defend. You will have it as an exciting question in every canvass until the negro obtains his rights." A Moses of this sort is worth two of the White House variety, and undoubtedly is listened to by the loyalists of Tennessee with far greater sympathy than was Gov. Johnson when he aped the Jewish deliverer. "Policy," indeed, has already effected, both in that State and in Louisiana, what honest preaching might have been years in accomplishing—the conversion of the Union party to colored enfranchisement, if not yet purely as an act of justice, at least as a prudent alliance against reaction.

THEY have a curious way in St. Louis of demonstrating the superior commercial advantages of that city as compared with Chicago. Some ingenious mathematician of the latter place having amused himself with figuring a train of cars equal in length to the earth's diameter as necessary to transport the Illinois corn crop of 1865, the *Missouri Democrat* triumphantly reckons the small number of steamers and barges which could remove the same bulk of corn, in easy trips, in the space of three months, and concludes that the method which is least bewildering to contemplate is also the most expeditious and the least expensive. This reasoning is directed against the proposed railroad bridge over the Mississippi at St. Louis, and will be adhered to, we imagine, until that bridge is built, and it is seen that there is business enough for boats and cars also; or until the river dries up, as it is said to be doing; or, finally, till Maj.-Gen. Warren, who has been ordered to survey the Upper Mississippi and its tributaries, shall report on "the best means of reconciling the conflicting interests of the railroads and the shipping." Meanwhile, again, it will be in order to disparage the growth and commercial prosperity of Chicago, as the *Democrat* does in another issue, by half-adopting a charge brought against "our neighbor" (a euphemism for "our rival") "of Lake Michigan," which would account for the cholera in New York and Brooklyn by the quantities of rotten wheat she sends to this market. "About this there can be no mistake," says the anonymous accuser: "the bread used is the cause of the sickness." If the Board of Health can only be induced to certify to this, we do not see how Chicago can any longer pretend to be the metropolis of the West.

Two new cotton factories were founded on the 1st of August near West Point, Georgia, on the Chattahoochee River, in close proximity to the railroad. The water power is said to be ample, and we hope it will prove so. The proprietors may have chosen an emancipation anniversary either to celebrate the release of Southern capital from its subjection to slave labor, or Southern independence of Northern manufactures. No matter which; no matter if Sherman and his armies, who made this consummation possible, are still bitterly remembered and spoken of at West Point; spindles, like school-houses, are signs that the revolution will not go backward, and that liberty has a permanent, although a precarious, foothold in the South.

COL. WILLIAM B. THOMAS, who is, or who at any rate has been Collector of the Port of Philadelphia, intends, it is said, to test in a court of law the President's right to remove him from office without the advice and consent of the Senate. It does not hurt a party, as a party, to be seeking office rather than enjoying it, and the majority in Congress were politic as well as wise when they refused to go the length of continuing the session till December for the sake of protecting Unionist office-holders against the Presidential axe. Still we commend Col. Thomas's intention to maintain himself in his collectorship by law, if it can be done, and we say again, as we have said before, we sincerely hope that the attempt may be successful. There cannot be two opinions as to the pernicious influence of our present practice upon the public service and upon politics and public morality generally. No honest man can, so far as we are able to see, be sorry if the law in this matter shall be found to contradict the custom.

ON the 11th of May a French correspondent of THE NATION wrote, on the eve of the German war, and just after Napoleon's expression of detestation for the treaties of 1815: "How can a Prusso-French alliance be reconciled with an attack upon these treaties?" will Bismark and the victorious Prussian army and bureaucracy fall back on the right bank of the Rhine? or, "will the French Emperor be satisfied with Landau, Sarrelouis, and what is called the frontier of 1814? It would be a very trifling price for the blood which must soon be shed, and the most threatening part of the treaties of 1815 would still be maintained, and would even be aggravated by the increase of the Prussian power." The Emperor's declaration in June that he had no design of extending the eastern frontier of France, unless a general grab-game were going on in Europe, has not been forgotten. But it was regarded at the time as simply one of many proofs of Bismark's understanding with Napoleon. This extension was, however, asked for on or about the 8th inst. by the French cabinet, and on Tuesday a telegram from London (of noon of the same day, received here at a quarter of three P.M.!) informed us that the Prussian Government was firm in its refusal to cede the coveted territory. Let us hope that this attitude is ominous of something more than a renewal of battle.

Dr. B. A. Gould, in a paper read before the American Academy of Sciences, gives some interesting facts about the stature of the American soldier. A grain of allowance is evidently to be made for some of the statements; for although army rules require that the height of the recruit be given at the nearest one-fourth of an inch, the doctor found that the persons who measured the men had a tendency to set down round numbers. It is possible that this large way of doing things may have prevailed in the West rather than the East, where people are popularly supposed to keep a sharper look-out for fractions, in any computation, than is common outside of Yankee-land properly so called. It was found that the time of reaching the maximum height is very much later than is generally thought. Men born in America, it appears, increase in height till they are twenty-eight years old. They are shorter at thirty-five than at twenty-nine and thirty, and this Dr. Gould attributes to the consolidation of the cartilages of the backbone. In the case of men from different States, the year of greatest average height was different, the average year for all the States being, as above-mentioned, twenty-eight. The men from Iowa head the list with an average height of 69 inches; next come those from Ohio (68.8), Indiana (68.7), Maine (68.6), Missouri (68.5), Minnesota (68.3), Vermont (68.1). No other soldiers were more than five feet eight inches tall. New Hampshire heads the second group of States, with men 67.9 inches. Then come New York, Pennsylvania, and Michigan, with an average standard of 67.8 inches. Wisconsin has 67.7, and Connecticut and Rhode Island 67.5. Massachusetts has only 67.4 inches. The colored troops of Louisiana are set down at 67.3. Less than 67 inches are the Jersey men—66.7, in a group by themselves; and the average stature of the American soldier, if these returns may be trusted, taking the shorter men of the Atlantic coast with the tall Westerners and Maine men, is five feet and eight inches, a height which the English think quite sufficient for a prize-fighter capable, all things considered, of holding his own with any man.

It is hard to realize that we are admitted by the Cable to a strictly contemporaneous view of European events, and are not, as formerly, ten days in arrears. We are not disposed, when everything is as yet so new and unadjusted, to complain of a want of system in the news despatches from over the water. It is evident, however, that the public ought to have, first, a well-digested summary of foreign intelligence, grouped under appropriate heads, according to the quarter of the world whence the telegram proceeds; and, second, the most careful discrimination of dates. A despatch without a date, or separated from its date, throws us back upon the old indefiniteness; while the introduction of such a word as "yesterday" is simply tantalizing. The daily newspapers, in their efforts to surpass each other in enterprise, have carried their vicious custom of subdivision and display to a most ridiculous and perplexing extent. Thus, on Monday, we had two despatches of Friday, announcing the close of Parliament. To one journal of this city, the first despatch afforded the opportunity of making four distinct paragraphs and as many head-lines. One, headed "The Queen's Speech," contained this line: "The session of Parliament has closed." Another was headed "Domestic Affairs of Great Britain discussed by the Queen," and read thus: "The remainder of the address from the throne relates to home questions." The second despatch is carved into five independent paragraphs, with heads that differ from the foregoing only in a partial mention of the home questions alluded to. Under "Austria," we have the caption "Prague, not Paris, the proper place" for the telegraphic statement: "It is now believed that it is *not Prague, but Paris*, which is the proper place for the peace negotiations between Austria and Italy." Still another newspaper, of the same day, reported that after the Gulf cable had been picked up, "a *speech* was made by Mr. Charlton, and the steamer headed for the shore." Nothing, it turns out, more innocent than a "splice" was made by Mr. Charlton, who, it is fair to suppose, is not an American, and therefore could not possibly have made a speech on so small an occasion. We do not forget the inherent difficulties of typography and night-editing; but we are sure that that journal will be most sought after which arranges its despatches from abroad with the least regard for sensational effect and the most for accuracy and ready understanding.

THE FREEDMEN.

The final report of Gens. Steedman and Fullerton has been made public. Their foregone conclusion is that the Bureau is a nuisance in itself, and is served by unworthy agents; its continuance will be productive of discord and oppression. It is in behalf of the blacks that these commissioners most urgently call for the dissolution of the Bureau. Forgetting the old cry of the slaveholders, that a negro would not work at all except under compulsion—forgetting the outrageous vagrant acts of the past twelve months, to which it was half believed, more than half hoped, and unqualifiedly asserted, the freedmen would soon become amenable—forgetting that the Bureau enforced the making of contracts (whose terms were not prescribed) partly to bridge over the disorganization of labor, partly in deference to the opinion that the freedmen would avoid labor, but chiefly in the interest of the planters themselves and the entire South, that the country and the people might be saved from ruinous impoverishment and even starvation—these Presidential fault-finders accuse the Bureau of re-enslaving the blacks by contracts which impose wages far below those obtainable in open market by competition. The very success of the Bureau in restoring labor, and in enhancing the value of the laborer, is thus turned against it as a crime; and while to-day it is feeding more whites than blacks, and, with what little military support is still allowed it by the President, is doing its best to promote industry, security, good morals, and substantial justice among all classes of the population, it is subjected to these assaults *de haut lieu*, and that, too, after the representatives of the loyal people have decided that it shall live for two years longer, because it is needed. No one less than the friends of the Bureau will object to the most rigid, so it be impartial and disinterested, scrutiny of its agents and its operations; nor is it to be denied that, from the very necessities of the case, as well as through errors of judgment, many incapable and not a few corrupt officers have been taken from the army into places under the Bureau. But, on evidence palpably one-sided and inconclusive, with motives undisguisedly hostile, to denounce the very existence of a legally established institution, resembles nothing else than the President's superfluous message concerning the Constitutional Amendment—that is, both are acts calculated and intended to weaken the popular respect for law, simply because certain enactments are not conformable to the "policy" of the Executive.

A report of Gen. Tillson, from Georgia, which has appeared since the above was written, affords a very exact confirmation of our criticisms:

> "When I assumed charge of the Bureau here in June, 1865, freedmen's wages ranged from $2 to $7 per month, and a general opinion prevailed that at Christmas the lands, mules, etc., would be apportioned off among the negroes; consequently indolence was very prevalent, and the planters were disheartened regarding the Bureau as the champion of the freedmen and unfriendly to them. My first efforts were to correct these mistaken opinions, in which I met with flattering success. Preparations for planting began early in the following February, and wages advanced to $12 and $15 per month. The testimony of the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens before the Reconstruction Committee is proof of the restoration of confidence and organization of labor by the Bureau. . . .
>
> "*Schools have been established*, valuable property gathered up and accounted for, that would have been lost to the Government. Local laws have been secured to the freedmen, protecting his rights and property, but the continuance and agency of the Bureau is still a necessity, as planters depend upon it to obtain labor—the freedmen to receive their wages. The experience of the past year warrants the conclusion that twenty-five per cent. of growing crops would be lost were not the Bureau in force to secure justice."

—According to reports from South Carolina, the freed people on Edisto are in a prosperous condition. All who are able to work will earn sufficient to feed and clothe them comfortably during the present year, until they can make contracts for the ensuing year. Many of them will make from four to eight hundred dollars, if no accident happens to the crops, and about one-half of them will, in addition to their cotton crop, raise sufficient provisions to support their families during the next year. Two plantations on Edisto and one on James Island are held by freedmen under possessory titles, and are worked on their own account. They have large crops in good condition. As a general rule, on these islands, the freed people are working for one-half the cotton crop, though in some instances on more advantageous terms than these. There are about seven thousand freed people on Edisto, and yet during the last four months a dozen cases of petty larceny and trifling assault and battery are the only crimes that have occurred. On Edisto, Wadmelaw, Johns, and James Islands are about three hundred freed people who are unable to support themselves, and who should be cared for by the communities where they live. They are the old, cripples, and orphan children.

Notes.

LITERARY.

A PARAGRAPH appeared in the London *Reader* some weeks ago, to the effect that Mr. Herbert Spencer had been unable to realize anything from the subscriptions taken up in this country in his behalf. The contrary is the case. Mr. Youmans, who went to England not long ago, carried five thousand dollars in money, with hopes of more, and a valuable gold watch, a present from the American Watch Company at Waltham. Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., Mr. Spencer's American publishers, have also paid him considerable sums arising from the sale of his books in this country. Mr. Spencer's works have met with a much better reception, and have been more widely read here than in England. In justice to his American friends, Mr. Spencer addressed a note to the *Reader*, printed in the last number, in which he contradicts the statement of that paper, and says: "From the beginning, and with increasing energy up to the present time, the Americans have given to my undertaking the strongest support, and have done it in the most admirable manner."

—Mr. J. Payne Collier has issued his reprint of Part I. of the fifth of the Poetical Miscellanies, "England's Helicon," which made its original appearance in 1600, and its reappearance in 1614. There are only four copies of the first edition in existence. Mr. Collier complains that his subscribers have fallen off, and that, though he has printed fifty copies and distributed them at the cost price, 10s., he has but twenty-five subscribers, so that he loses heavily. The reprints are exact representations of the earliest editions, are printed in elegant style, both as to type and paper, and are offered at a sum which merely pays the cost of transcript, print, and paper. Mr. Collier intends to print next "Davison's Poetical Rhapsody" of 1602. He fears, however, that he may not have even as many subscribers as he had before. We wonder that he does not give more facilities to subscribers in this country, where he could easily get fifty and more. Indeed he says that he has had a "very handsome offer from the other side of the Atlantic, where my last bibliographical work has been extensively reprinted in four handsome volumes, to enable me to carry it on, not only without risk, but with sure advantage."

—Professor J. Oppert, well known by his researches on the Assyrian cuneiform inscriptions, has published an address to the students attending the Sanskrit class at the Imperial Library of Paris, which contains some new and interesting matter. He controverts the views held by many students of comparative philology concerning certain "Aryan" ideas pervading the whole of the so-called Indo-Germanic races. Such an "*esprit aryen*," he holds, has no more real existence than the much vaunted "*idée sémitique*." Nor do, in his opinion, the Aryan and Semitic races differ from one another in a physiological point of view, nor have they been subject each to different influences of climate or locality. On the other hand, he attributes to Semitic influence a very considerable portion of the elements of which the Greek race more especially is composed. He promises to develop his ideas on this head in a larger work on the origin of the Greek and Latin races.

—"The Fine Arts Quarterly Review," which unfortunately died out, after a brief but meritorious career, has been revived under the editorship of Mr. Woodward, the Queen's librarian. The articles are, as formerly, signed, and cover a broad variety of topics. The writers are now chiefly men who do not belong to the realistic school. The illustrations, which are very profuse, are the best point of the magazine. Those in the first number of the new series are Jehan Foucquet's "Coronation of the Virgin" (in gold and colors); Reynolds's portrait of himself, from the picture in Mr. Stuart's possession; Raphael's cartoons of "Christ's Charge to Peter" and "The Beautiful Gate;" Flandrin's "Christ and St. John," the Pitti "Ecce Homo," Perugino's "Ascension," together with some minor works, initial letters, and the like.

—"Holbein und seine Zeit" (Holbein and his Times) is the title of a new work by Dr. Alfred Woltmann, of which the first volume has been published by E. A. Seemann, of Leipzig. The patient delving of the author has corrected, among other long standing errors, the commonly received dates of the great painter's birth and death, which are here fixed at 1495 and 1543. Unlike Grimm, in his "Life of Michael Angelo," he is not given to inventing hypotheses, and is rigidly critical and not at all poetical in his investigations. Some of his statements cannot be accepted in all their breadth—as when he says that "only from the city of the German renaissance could the painter of the German renaissance arise." Nuremberg is at least as emphatically as Augsburg "the city of the German renaissance," including in that term literature, art, and general culture; while the renaissance impulse which has left such stately monuments in Augsburg proceeded from a time long subsequent to Holbein's day. So Woltmann's repeated assertion, that the ideas of the Reformation were in no way hostile to the pictorial art, can hardly stand. That these ideas were nearly fatal to art is nearer the truth, though, since the choice lay, or seemed to lie, between enjoying a higher and more advanced truth and morality, and renouncing the blessings of art, it is not a reproach to the Reformation. At all events it obliged Holbein to quit the Continent for England. The illustrations of the book consist of thirty-two large wood engravings, reproductions of Holbein's works, and, naturally, least satisfactory when imitating his oils. "Altogether," says a German critic, "we have in this work a labor distinguished by loving devotion to research and charming vivacity of description, the best and in every respect the most satisfactory monograph that has hitherto appeared concerning any of our great German artists." The second volume, containing the concluding epoch of Holbein's life, will mainly relate to his stay in London from the year 1526.

—It is one of the signs of the increase of travel, and the rapidity of intercourse between nations, that a guide-book for China should be published, a region that, four or five years ago, was as inaccessible as the North Pole or the sources of the Nile. The first Chinese "Murray" appears in the shape of a neat pamphlet of about seventy pages, entitled "Notes for Tourists in the North of China, by N. B. Dennys," and is published by Messrs. A. Shortrede & Co. of Hong Kong. The pamphlet contains very full descriptions of Tien-tsin, Pekin, and the surrounding country, with valuable notes on the productions, objects of curiosity, public buildings, etc., of the capital of China, besides itineraries from Pekin to the Mongolian frontier and the passes of the Great Wall. Mr. Dennys has resided for two or three years at Pekin as an officer in the British consular service, and has had the best of opportunities for familiarizing himself with the peculiarities of the Province of Chih-li. His work is a very useful *vade-mecum*, and is illustrated with several serviceable plans of Pekin and of the route between that city and the sea.

—In the estimate of the receipts and expenditures of the Russian Government for the year 1866 we find 167,918 rubles set down as payments to the various journals published by the Government. Every department of the Government and many sub-departments have their own journals, in which are published all the orders and promotions, and also many articles which are either necessary or interesting to the service. The *Russkii Invalid*, published by the war department, gets the largest share, 23,770 rubles; the *Journal of the Ministry of Public Instruction* has 21,588 rubles. The journal published by the naval department also has a large sum. The Minister of Foreign Affairs gives the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg*, a widely read official paper, but not the organ of any branch of the service, 4,000 rubles.

—The Archæological Institute this year resigned the doubtful honor of being lions in a small town, and held their congress in London. They visited the Tower and Westminster Abbey, Lambeth Palace and various churches, and made an excursion to Windsor and Eton. Several very interesting papers were read, which have been reported quite fully in the *Athenæum*. The most important was the address of Sir John Lubbock on primeval antiquities and the present state of archæology, which went into detail with regard to the distinctions and characteristics of the four great periods of early life and their subdivisions. Mr. Hepworth Dixon delivered an address on the "Tower of London;" Dr. Guest one on the "Origin of London;" Mr. J. H. Parker settled various disputed points about Windsor Castle; Mr. Foss discoursed on Westminster Hall; Mr. Cyril Graham lectured on the proceedings of the "Palestine Exploration Fund;" and Mr. Emanuel Deutsch read a very

important paper on "Semitic Palæography and Epigraphy." The papers and addresses are all to be published in book form by Murray.

SCIENTIFIC.

Dissociation of Gases in Blast Furnaces.—That the force of chemical affinity may, at very high temperatures, cease to be an efficient means of holding elements in combination, has long been known. It was clearly shown, years ago, by the experiments of Grove upon the decomposition of water, ammonia, nitrous oxide, and other substances, and has lately been more fully illustrated by a remarkable series of researches by H. Deville, the details of which have been published from time to time during the last eight or ten years.

An interesting contribution to our knowledge of the phenomena of "dissociation"—as Deville has termed this peculiar decomposition, or splitting by heat—has just been made by Cailletet, who has enquired into the condition in which gases exist in the furnaces in which iron is smelted and worked. In order to obtain the gases from the interior of the furnace, they were drawn off, not through porcelain tubes, as in the experiments of previous observers, but through a fine copper tube, kept cool by a stream of water, and connected with an aspirating flask. It had already been demonstrated by Deville, that in collecting the dissociated elements for examination, it is, as a general rule, necessary to cool them very quickly, in order to prevent the recombination which would occur in case the cooling process were gradual. Cailletet, therefore, took care to surround the small copper abduction tube with another larger tube, through which a rapid current of cold water was made to flow, not merely that the copper might be kept from melting, but in order that the gases should be cooled to the temperature of about 50° at the very moment of their exit from the furnace.

The following analyses are of mixtures of gas taken at different times through one of the tuyere-holes of a hot-blast iron furnace fed with charcoal:

	I.	II.
Oxygen,	15.24	15.75
Hydrogen,	1.80	0.00
Carbonic oxide,	2.10	1.30
Carbonic acid,	3.00	2.15
Nitrogen,	77.86	80.80
	100.00	100 00

At the point from which these gases were taken the temperature was so high that both porcelain and platinum readily melted. The gas, as it reached the aspirating flask, had the appearance of thick smoke, owing, as Cailletet supposes, to a little aqueous vapor and some impalpable carbon which is carried along by the gas.

These analyses show that some oxygen can remain free and uncombined in the presence of hydrogen, carbon, and carbonic oxide, when the mixture of these substances is in the midst of a mass of combustible matter, the temperature of which is above the melting point of platinum.

In another set of experiments, the gases were taken from a large reverberatory furnace, used for welding iron, at a point in front of the grate, where porcelain quickly melted, and where the bricks of the furnace were heated to the most intense whiteness, the temperature being so high that the eye was unable to support the glare. The gases here obtained were composed as follows:

	I.	II.
Oxygen,	13.15	12.33
Carbonic oxide,	3.31	2.10
Carbonic acid,	1.04	4.30
Nitrogen,	82.50	81.37
	100.00	100.00

In these trials the mouth of the copper tube, when removed from the furnace, was found to be covered with a coating of lamp-black, precisely in the same way as had been noticed by Deville in his experiments upon the splitting of carbonic oxide into carbon and oxygen. Here again, as in the experiment at the blast furnace, it appears that oxygen, when intensely heated, has little or no action upon carbon. But in this mixture of dissociated gases iron burned readily; that is to say, it took on oxygen and at the same time developed a great amount of heat. By looking through a colored glass it was easy to see that the temperature of the burning iron was far higher than that of the furnace. Proof that iron is here oxidized is furnished also by the abundant slags which form during the process of welding. Even if it be admitted, then, as a probable hypothesis, that all compound bodies can be broken up or dissociated by exposure to sufficiently high temperatures, it will still appear that the dissociation of iron and oxygen is less easily effected than that of the compounds above alluded to. At the temperature here in question, the affinity of oxygen for iron is not destroyed. In fact, in the welding of large masses of iron, the heat developed by the oxidation of this metal is a very important point in the process, deserving, perhaps, as much consideration as the heat from the burning coal.

Other samples of gas were taken out at a point some forty feet or more beyond the grate of the welding furnace; the temperature at this point, estimated as 900°, was insufficient to melt copper, though antimony melted at once upon being exposed to it. Analyses of this gas resulted as follows:

	I.	II.
Oxygen,	8.00	7.30
Carbonic oxide,	2.40	4.02
Carbonic acid,	7.12	7.72
Nitrogen,	82.48	80.96
	100.00	100.00

It here appears that the elements previously dissociated have recombined to a very considerable extent. But this recombination, by cooling, is still more strikingly illustrated by the following experiment, in which the gases, taken at precisely the same point as before, were drawn off through a simple metallic tube instead of the cooled tube employed in all the other experiments. In passing through the plain metallic tube the temperature of the gases slowly fell from redness to that of the air, and the dissociated elements were thus enabled to recombine in great part. For comparison, the mean of the two preceding analyses is here given:

	Gas taken through Plain Tube.	Mean of preceding Analyses.
Oxygen,	1.21	7.65
Carbonic oxide,	1.42	3.21
Carbonic acid,	15.02	7.42
Nitrogen,	82.35	81.72
	100.00	100.00

It will be observed that there is here but little free oxygen, that which was free in the gas previously analyzed having here united with carbonic oxide to form carbonic acid.

Since, even in the apparatus which he has employed for collecting the gases, these cannot be cooled instantaneously, and since there must consequently be a certain amount of recombination during the cooling process, Cailletet urges that the actual amount of dissociation which occurs under the circumstances must be greater than that which appears from his own analyses. In his opinion only very small quantities of the compound gases exist in the hottest parts of blast and puddling furnaces.

If the accuracy of these experiments be admitted—and, connected as they are with the results of Deville, there would appear to be no good reason for calling their accuracy in question—it will be at once apparent to every chemist that a thorough revision of all that has ever been written or taught concerning the gases which coexist, and the reactions which occur in blast furnaces, is imperatively demanded.

NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

NO. I.—INTRODUCTORY.

I propose to contribute to The Nation, in the form indicated by the above heading, a series of miscellaneous observations on the character, composition, and sources of the English language. I select this dictionary as a basis for my remarks, because its wide circulation has made it accessible to all, and because, as it stands in this edition, its vocabulary is more copious, its etymologies more sound and satisfactory, and its definitions more accurate than those of any other English dictionary known to me.* In all these respects the work is a great improvement upon previous issues of that long familiar to the literary world under the same name, and a scholar who should compare the last edition prepared by Webster himself with the present would scarcely detect any characteristic common to both, except a remarkable fulness of etymological illustration, and certain deviations from the usage of the best and most authoritative English and American writers in the spelling of a few individual words and of some classes of regular

*I take this occasion to say that I am not acquainted with the new edition of Johnson, now in course of publication under the editorial care of the learned Dr. Latham, and, besides, I believe it is not yet sufficiently advanced to be a fair subject of comparison with works already complete.

endings. I do not purpose here to discuss the merits of the Websterian system of orthography—though I think it in more than one point unsound—and I shall, for the present, content myself with observing that, the proper office of a hand-dictionary being to furnish a key to a given language as it is, and within a comparatively recent period has been, such a work is the last place in which arbitrary orthographical changes, right or wrong, should be suffered to appear. The lexicographer is a historian, not a legislator. When, therefore, instead of exhibiting the oral or written forms of a language, which have been sanctioned by the ablest speakers and authors in that language, he assumes to impose new or unusual forms upon the tongue or the pen of those whose breath it is, he is usurping functions which belong to a higher jurisdiction, and the greater the merits of his work may be otherwise, the greater is the sin of his transgression.

In justice it should be added that where the Websterian orthography differs, from that generally regarded as normal in England, the latter is given in brackets and small italics, in the present edition. This is an improvement, certainly, but it would have been much better and fairer to put the spelling adopted by the highest living and recent authorities at least upon an equal footing with that which the editors propose to substitute for it, by assigning to it as conspicuous a place and letter as to the new orthography.

I regret to find myself under the necessity of thus qualifying the praise which this learned and laborious work so abundantly deserves, for I really think that, with this exception, the new edition of Webster is not only the best English Dictionary, but superior to any other existing word-book of a living language *not extending beyond a single volume.* I emphasize the last phrase because many of the published notices of this dictionary are conspicuous not merely for a strain of hyperbole offensive to good taste and calculated to destroy respect for American criticism, but for an equally discreditable ignorance of what modern lexicography has achieved for other tongues, and what it not only may, but certainly soon will, do for our own. That which has been accomplished for some languages, and which is in process of accomplishment for several others—namely, a complete historical and expository lexicon of the speech—so far from having been effected for the English language by Webster and his improvers, was not even attempted by them; nor, though Johnson and Richardson, not to mention some older and some less famous laborers in the same field, had large and liberal ideas upon the possibilities of lexicography, has it ever been seriously undertaken until it was commenced, within the last ten years, by the London Philological Society. Webster himself most expressly disclaimed any such attempt, and the improved edition does not in the least pretend to be what so many of its ill-instructed critics suppose it, a *thesaurus* of the English tongue. It has exceedingly well fulfilled the task it proposed to itself, namely as complete a presentation of the origin and meaning of the words composing the vocabulary of modern English literature, science, and art, as could be comprised within the convenient limits of a single quarto. It has neither aimed at nor accomplished anything more. The history of the vocabulary, except so far as that is implied in the etymology of single words; the times and occasions of the introduction of new words; the deduction and development of successive forms and meanings of individual words; the revolutions of language which have thrown out of use and into oblivion a vast multitude of terms familiar, in different ages, to our literature and our daily speech, sometimes supplying their places by new vocables, sometimes burying them with the dead objects or ideas they stood for—all these philological facts and laws have been necessarily, and therefore wisely, to a great extent excluded from a work designed to serve quite other objects than the philosophical analysis of the English speech. And yet they are, every one of them, absolutely essential elements of a complete lexicographical view of any language, ancient or modern. The learned and judicious editors of Webster would be the last to invite a comparison between their dictionary and the best existing Greek and Latin lexicons, nor would they attach any value to the praise of a critic who should rank it with the German lexicon of the brothers Grimm, or the French of Littré—the former of which is, indisputably, the ablest *linguistic*, the latter the best *philological*, dictionary of a living tongue which modern science has yet given to the world. The one is an admirable philosophical exposition of a vocabulary in its past and its actual phases, the other a complete practical guide to the comprehension and use of a language through its whole literary existence. But Grimms' Wörterbuch will extend to double, Littré's probably to quadruple the bulk of Webster's, Tramater's Italian dictionary fills eight folios, and in Tommaseo's new Italian lexicon—a work of great labor but of no pretensions to linguistic learning, the first three letters of the alphabet alone amount to nearly if not quite twice as much letter-press as the whole of the "Unabridged."

In lexicography we cannot realize the pious old lady's wish—"the smallest-sized Bible with the largest-sized type." A really convenient everyday manual of a language cannot extend beyond a single volume of moderate dimensions, and within that compass only a superficial view of any cultivated dialect can be taken. When, therefore, I say that "Webster's Dictionary" is not to be compared with the great lexicons I have mentioned, I am not speaking of a difference in *degree* but in *kind*. The one is a manual, the others are philological encyclopædias, and it would be unfair to raise a question of relative superiority in degree between works generically distinct.

It is a remarkable fact in the history of modern philology that the European language which most requires a good dictionary should have been among the last to attempt to produce one. As compared with English, all the other great European speeches, perhaps not excepting even the French, are homogeneous, or rather organic wholes, and the element of vital action in obedience to innate law is conspicuous in all of them. The form of the word, in general, implies and indicates the class and the stem, and it grows by development, or passes from one grammatical category to another by simple and uniform processes. There is little clashing and grating between unrelated and fortuitous constituents, no "conflict of laws" between rival nationalities, no struggle for superiority between heterogeneous elements and opposite tendencies. English, on the contrary, is hybrid in its origin, and, besides this, is marked by features not produced by organic development, but acquired by a process of "animal grafting." Hence, to the majority of those who use it, it is eminently an arbitrary and conventional speech, or a congeries of loose material moving in obedience to physical law, not a being animated by vital chemistry and dynamics. And yet, to a scholar who has studied its physiology, it is instinct with a vigorous though wayward life, and its energies are seen to have been intensified, not neutralized, by the reciprocal influence of its elements.

Until, by the labors of Bopp, the brothers Grimm, and other German linguists, order was brought out of the chaos of philology, and the study of language became a science, lexicographers regarded speech not as a semi-organism, but as a purely material engine, and themselves rather as the dismounters of a machine than as the physiologists of speech. They treated words as independent members of a clockwork, each arbitrarily formed, devoted to special determinate functions, and moving only in lines and curves fixed unalterably by its own structure. Hence, in their vocabularies, an isolated word is as powerless as dead, as insignificant as a wheel or a spring which has dropped from an unknown piece of mechanism. True philology considers it a limb developed from a germ, related to other parts of a vital whole, and intelligible only as comprehended in the mutual action and reaction between itself and its fellow-members. But language rises above even organization, for it is animated not only by a vital but by a controlling spiritual element, and its significance is as varied as the passions, the affections, and the conceptions of the soul which inspires it. The whole force of a word cannot be taught by its etymology, because its meanings are not usually all logically deducible from that of its root. Nor, except in the case of names of material objects and processes and of terms arbitrarily framed to denote scientific conceptions, can its various senses be all conveyed by definition. The meanings of words, as determined by context, are susceptible of almost infinite variation. The number of definitions in a dictionary must be limited not only by the necessary conditions of space, but by the inevitable confusion engendered in the mind of the student by a too numerous specification of significations. But there is still another difficulty in the way of all attempts to fix the force of words belonging to the vocabulary of our moral and intellectual nature by description. It is the fact that, with reference to a large proportion of the operations and affections of the human mind and heart, the words which denote them are symbolic, not expressive or even descriptive. These operations and affections are often but dimly conscious even to ourselves, and the words by which we indicate them are necessarily as incapable of analysis as the thing signified. How can we describe that which we cannot distinctly see? How can we explain that which we do not clearly understand? How can we define that whose being, whose action, whose conditions, whose limitations we cannot comprehend? The power of defining the moral and intellectual vocabulary of a language would imply a knowledge of the hidden nature of man to which the wisest has made but a distant approximation; and to insist on the possibility of such definition is as idle as to declare that we can learn as much of the mysterious workings of the human spirit by looking out the words of Mrs. Cowden Clarke's Concordance in a dictionary as by the study of the dramas of Shakespeare.

The higher the culture of a people, the larger will be the proportion of undefinable words in its language, and the signification of this class of its words can be mastered only by the same process by which the infant learns

the meaning of the vocabulary of the nursery, observation, namely, of actual living usage. Hence the dictionary best defines which most fully exemplifies. But wealth of exemplification is impossible within the limits to which a manual, a hand dictionary, of any language must be confined, and, therefore, the author of such a volume who is wise enough to renounce the impracticable, and aim only at what is possible under the prescribed conditions, must content himself with brief description instead of ample illustration. The necessity of formal discriminative definition being admitted, as in the case supposed it must be, it will be found that the attempt has been, in the main, eminently successful in the new edition of Webster.

Under the auspices of the London Philological Society, a number of competent scholars, aided by numerous readers and other subsidiary helpers, have been engaged for several years in the preparation of what aspires to be a truly complete dictionary of the English language through all its chronological range and all its wide variety of nomenclatures. The labors of this learned association are far advanced, and some portion of the results will appear at no very distant day. These results will ultimately embrace what has never been even foreshadowed—except imperfectly by Richardson—the biography of the several words composing the vocabulary of the English tongue. They will serve, not indeed to fix and petrify the flowing current of our speech, but to show whence that current has come, and whither it tends, to measure its volume and its velocity, to determine the laws of its movement and the composition and decomposition of its ingredients. In consequence of the comparison of a much larger number of authorities, the dictionary of the London Philological Society will often give many additional meanings, and doubtless, not unfrequently, greater precision of definition than has been attained by the editors of the work I am reviewing. But the superiority we may reasonably expect this new dictionary to possess over all former English word-books, will lie far less in superior exactness of description than in fulness of vocabulary, in copious illustration of the history of words, and in abundant exemplification of their actual use. For this purpose the whole body of printed English literature, old and new, has been laid under contribution. Not only every author known to fame, but hundreds whose names have scarcely survived themselves, have been, or will be, carefully read, and every first occurrence, every happy use, every forcible example of each word, accepted for introduction into the dictionary. The exemplifications thus collected, together with a laboriously deduced and constructed etymology, will furnish us the means of tracing the genealogy, the relations and the biography, the birth, life, and significance of every English word, native or naturalized, home-born or comeling; and though the great word-book will not supersede less voluminous manuals like Worcester and Webster, it will be appealed to on all, except the simplest, questions of English philology.

It is much to be regretted that American scholars have not more largely participated in the labors of the Philological Society, and thereby entitled themselves to a voice in the determination of the important questions upon which the editorial board of the dictionary must pronounce. But the aid which was courteously asked was churlishly refused. The United States have, indeed, furnished here and there a partial collaborator; but the contributions of America to the Philological Mare Magnum are but rills, not rivers. But though we have thus held ourselves aloof from this great enterprise—an object of greater importance to us than to England, because our libraries do not contain the philological material of which the new dictionary will present the quintessence—the orthography which shall be adopted by the editors of this lexicon will, probably, be universally accepted on our side of the Atlantic as well as on the other. This recognition it will have a right to claim, not because the opinions of its editors will be conclusive as *authority*, but because its vocabulary will have been formed on a comparison of the usage of all the great writers in the language, and as every citation will strictly follow the orthography of its author, it will be the best possible *evidence* of the actual practice of those most competent to judge what must be regarded as the normal spelling of that vocabulary. Nor do I admit that English, simply *as* English, is at all more binding on us than American usage; but I believe it will be found that nearly all our own authors who are possessed of such a degree of philological attainment as to be competent to form an opinion on the subject, employ the same orthography as the best English writers, so far as printers and publishers will allow them to do so. The termination *or, our*, however, is a pretty general exception, and, besides, the cacography of much of our popular literature, and of some of our widely circulated journals, has unconsciously affected the regularity of spelling even among writers who mean to bow only to better authority. Bad spelling, like bad grammar, is sadly contagious. The eye and the ear are very democratic, and, however strong their private convictions may be, they are much inclined to yield at last to the will of the majority. So far as our orthography has been made to deviate from that of England, the change has been effected not by the deliberate practice or the opinion of competent scholars, but by other influences of a character too transitory permanently to determine the American forms of our common English tongue. The great interests of literature will, in the end, prevail over narrower considerations, and our speech and that of England are more likely to become hereafter still more emphatically one, than to be broken up into two diverging dialects.

GEORGE P. MARSH.

FELIX HOLT, THE RADICAL.*

BETTER, perhaps, than any of George Eliot's novels does "Felix Holt" illustrate her closely wedded talent and foibles. Her plots have always been artificial—clumsily artificial—the conduct of her story slow, and her style diffuse. Her conclusions have been signally weak, as the reader will admit who recalls Hetty's reprieve in "Adam Bede," the inundation of the Floss, and, worse than either, the comfortable reconciliation of Romola and Tessa. The plot of "Felix Holt" is essentially made up, and its development is forced. The style is the same lingering, slow-moving, expanding instrument which we already know. The termination is hasty, inconsiderate, and unsatisfactory—is, in fact, almost an anti-climax. It is a good instance of a certain sagacious tendency to compromise which pervades the author's spirit, and to which her novels owe that disproportion between the meagre effect of the whole and the vigorous character of the different parts, which stamp them as the works of a secondary thinker and an incomplete artist. But if such are the faults of "Felix Holt," or some of them, we hasten to add that its merits are immense, and that the critic finds it no easy task to disengage himself from the spell of so much power, so much brilliancy, and so much discretion. In what other writer than George Eliot could we forgive so rusty a plot, and such *langueurs* of exposition, such a disparity of outline and detail? or, we may even say, of outline and outline—of general outline and of particular? so much drawing and so little composition? In compensation for these defects we have the broad array of those rich accomplishments to which we owe "Adam Bede" and "Romola." First in order comes the firm and elaborate delineation of individual character, of which Tito, in "Romola," is a better example than the present work affords us. Then comes that extensive human sympathy, that easy understanding of character at large, that familiarity with man, from which a novelist draws his real inspiration, from which he borrows all his ideal lines and hues, to which he appeals for a blessing on his fictitious process, and to which he owes it that, firm locked in the tissue of the most rigid prose, he is still more or less of a poet. George Eliot's humanity colors all her other gifts—her humor, her morality, and her exquisite rhetoric. Of all her qualities her humor is apparently most generally relished. Its popularity may, perhaps, be partially accounted for by a natural reaction against the dogma, so long maintained, that a woman has no humor. Still, there is no doubt that what passes for such among the admirers of Mrs. Poyser and Mrs. Glegg really rests upon a much broader perception of human incongruities than belongs to many a masculine humorist. As for our author's morality, each of our readers has felt its influence for himself. We hardly know how to qualify it. It is not bold, nor passionate, nor aggressive, nor uncompromising—it is constant, genial, and discreet. It is apparently the fruit of a great deal of culture, experience, and resignation. It carries with it that charm and that authority which will always attend the assertions of a mind enriched by researches, when it declares that wisdom and affection are better than science. We speak of the author's intellectual culture of course only as we see it reflected in her style—a style the secret of whose force is in the union of the tenderest and most abundant sympathies with a body of knowledge so ample and so active as to be absolutely free from pedantry.

As a story "Felix Holt" is singularly inartistic. The promise of the title is only half kept. The history of the hero's opinions is made subordinate to so many other considerations, to so many sketches of secondary figures, to so many discursive amplifications of incidental points, to so much that is clear and brilliant and entertaining, but that, compared with this central object, is not serious, that when the reader finds the book drawing to a close without having, as it were, brought Felix Holt's passions to a head, he feels tempted to pronounce it a failure and a mistake. As a novel with a hero there is no doubt that it *is* a failure. Felix is a fragment. We find him a Radical and we leave him what?—only "utterly married;" which is all very well in its place, but which by itself makes no conclusion. He tells his mistress at the outset that he was "converted by six weeks' debauchery." These very dramatic antecedents demanded somehow a group of consequents

* "Felix Holt, the Radical. By George Eliot." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1866.

equally dramatic. But that quality of discretion which we have mentioned as belonging to the author, that tendency to avoid extreme deductions which has in some way muffled the crisis in each of her novels, and which, reflected in her style, always mitigates the generosity of her eloquence—these things appear to have shackled the freedom of her hand in drawing a figure which she wished and yet feared to make consistently heroic. It is not that Felix acts at variance with his high principles, but that, considering their importance, he and his principles play so brief a part and are so often absent from the scene. He is distinguished for his excellent good sense. He is uncompromising yet moderate, eager yet patient, earnest yet unimpassioned. He is indeed a thorough young Englishman, and, in spite of his sincerity, his integrity, his intelligence, and his broad shoulders, there is nothing in his figure to *thrill* the reader. There is another great novelist who has often dealt with men and women moved by exceptional opinions. Whatever these opinions may be, the reader shares them for the time with the writer; he is thrilled by the contact of her passionate earnestness, and he is borne rapidly along upon the floods of feeling which rush through her pages. The Radicalism of "Felix Holt" is strangely remote from the reader; we do not say as Radicalism, which we may have overtopped or undermined, but simply as a feeling entertained. In fact, after the singular eclipse or extinction which it appears to undergo on the occasion of his marriage, the reader feels tempted to rejoice that he, personally, has not worked himself nearer to it. There is, to our perception, but little genuine *passion* in George Eliot's men and women. With the exception of Maggie Tulliver in "The Mill on the Floss," her heroines are all marked by a singular spiritual tenuity. In two of her novels she has introduced seductions; but in both these cases the heroines—Hetty, in "Adam Bede," and Tessa, in "Romola"—are of so light a character as to reduce to a *minimum* the dramatic interest of the episode. We nevertheless think Hetty the best drawn of her young women. Esther Lyon, the heroine of the present tale, has great merits of intention, but the action subsides without having given her a "chance."

It is as a broad picture of midland country life in England, thirty years ago, that "Felix Holt" is, to our taste, most interesting. On this subject the author writes from a full mind, with a wealth of fancy, of suggestion, of illustration, at the command of no other English writer, bearing you along on the broad and placid rises of her speech, with a kind of retarding persuasiveness which allows her conjured images to sink slowly into your very brain. She has written no pages of this kind of discursive, comprehensive, sympathetic description more powerful or more exquisite than the introductory chapter of the present work. Against the solid and deep-colored background offered by this chapter, in connection with a hundred other passages and touches, she has placed a vast number of rustic figures. We have no space to discriminate them; we can only say that in their aggregate they leave a vivid sense of that multiplicity of eccentricities, and humors, and quaintnesses, and simple *bizzaries*, which appears to belong of right to old English villages. There are particular scenes here—scenes among common people—miners, tinkers, butchers, saddlers, and undertakers—as good as anything that the author has written. Nothing can be better than the scene in which Felix interrupts Johnson's canvass in the tavern, or that of the speech-making at Duffield. In general, we prefer George Eliot's low-life to her high-life. She seems carefully to have studied the one from without, and the other she seems merely to have glanced at from the midst of it. Mrs. Transome seems to us an unnatural, or rather, we should say, a superfluous figure. Her sorrows and trials occupy a space disproportionate to any part that she plays. She is intensely drawn, and yet dramatically she stands idle. She is, nevertheless, made the occasion, like all of her fellow-actors, however shadowy they may be, of a number of deep and brilliant touches. The character of her son, the well-born, cold-blooded, and moneyed Liberal, who divides the heroship with Felix, is delicately and firmly conceived; but like the great Tito even, like Mr. Lyon, the Dissenting preacher in the present work, like Esther Lyon herself, he is too long-drawn, too placid; he lacks dramatic compactness and rapidity. Tito is presented to us with some degree of completeness, only because Romola is very long, and because, for his sake, the reader is very patient.

A great deal of high praise has been given to "Felix Holt," and a great deal more will be given still; a great many strong words will be used about the author. But we think it of considerable importance that these should at least go no further than they have already gone. It is so new a phenomenon for an English novelist to exhibit mental resources which may avail him in other walks of literature; to have powers of thought at all commensurate with his powers of imagination, that when a writer unites these conditions he is likely to receive excessive homage. There is in George Eliot's writings a tone of sagacity, of easy penetration, which leads us to believe that she would be the last to form a false estimate of her works, together with a serious respect for truth which convinces us that she would lament the publication of such an estimate. In our opinion, then, neither "Felix Holt," nor "Adam Bede," nor "Romola," is a master-piece. They have none of the inspiration, the heat, nor the essential simplicity of such a work. They belong to a kind of writing in which the English tongue has the good fortune to abound—that clever, voluble, bright-colored novel of manners which began with the present century under the auspices of Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen. George Eliot is stronger in degree than either of these writers, but she is not different in kind. She brings to her task a richer mind, but she uses it in very much the same way. With a certain masculine comprehensiveness which they lack, she is eventually a feminine—a delightfully feminine—writer. She has the microscopic observation, not a myriad of whose keen notations are worth a single one of those great synthetic guesses with which a real master attacks the truth, and which, by their occasional occurrence in the stories of Mr. Charles Reade (the much abused "Griffith Gaunt" included), make him, to our mind, the most readable of living English novelists, and prove him a distant kinsman of Shakespeare. George Eliot has the exquisitely good taste on a small scale, the absence of taste on a large (the vulgar plot of "Felix Holt" exemplifies this deficiency), the unbroken current of feeling and, we may add, of expression, which distinguish the feminine mind. That she should be offered a higher place than she has earned, is easily explained by the charm which such gifts as hers in such abundance are sure to exercise.

HOME TRAVEL.*

THERE being undeniable advantages in foreign travel, apart from considerations either of health or pleasure, in a change of scene, the practice of American tourists of traversing Europe before they have begun to explore the beauty of their own land is not to be visited with unmixed reproach. Circumstances, too, may make a man willing or even compel him to see Tivoli before he has seen Niagara; and something might be said for that feeling which in all countries makes those who live nearest to famous sites or monuments the last to visit them because it is always possible to do so. But it is really a pity that people should cross the ocean for *recreation* that might just as well be had at home. Ignorance, of course, is at the bottom of this expatriation, or an unbelief that there are here views as enchanting, air as pure, water as medicinal, novelties as real, as any to be found abroad. Whoever can contribute to the general information on these points is so far a public benefactor. New England has been fortunate in this particular—Thoreau, in his "Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," his "Walden," his "Cape Cod," and "Maine Woods," did much to celebrate her natural features. Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, and especially Whittier, have acquainted the poet-loving world with her inner mysteries of mountain, forest, and flood. The posthumous papers of Theodore Winthrop half-opened the portal of that magnificent region in which lie the six connected lakes that are emptied by the Androscoggin, and whose shores are innocent of any life save the lumberman's, the trapper's, or the trout seeker's. The wonders of the White Mountains were early revealed, but the classical work concerning them is that by the late lamented Starr King, who has left little for gleaners in a field with which he was so thoroughly familiar, and of which he knew how to write so gracefully. What Irving did for the valley of the Hudson need only be remembered in passing. There have been one or two books descriptive of the Adirondacks, but none, to our knowledge, complete and of recent date. Omitting the attractions of the South, which are just now not unalloyed, and making a long skip, we may derive from Mr. Bowles's "Across the Continent" many appetizing glimpses of what royal excursions are in store for us in the good time coming of the Pacific Railroad.

For the rest—and how great the void is!—we must content ourselves with photographic views, with occasional letters to the newspapers, or the diary of a friend; and for convenience in pursuing the travelled routes, we must take what guide-books we can get. In the case of the Connecticut Valley Mr. Burt's is, we believe, the only one yet published, but it is so good that it will be long before the public will complain of Hobson's choice. One reads it with almost the interest of a novel, and quite outstrips the ex-

* "Illustrated Guide of the Connecticut Valley, containing descriptions of Mount Holyoke, Mount Mansfield, White Mountains, Lake Memphremagog, Lake Willoughby, Montreal, Quebec, etc. By Henry M. Burt." Springfield: New England Publishing Company. 1866.

"Saratoga Springs: Being a complete Guide to the mineral springs, hotels, drives, and all points of interest around and in the immediate vicinity of this celebrated watering-place. By William L. Stone." Views taken on the spot by William Gellatly. New York: T. Nelson & Sons. 1866.

"Miller's New Guide to the Hudson River. Illustrated by T. Addison Richards." New York: James Miller. 1866.

"Miller's Guide to the Central Park. Illustrated. By T. Addison Richards." New York: James Miller. 1866.

press train which speeds him, in hurrying from town to town and from State to State. There is in this guide-book the material for a volume of essays on the New England character as developed under the republican institutions brought over in the *Mayflower*—a rich medley of industrial, agricultural, educational, and social statistics, topography and biography, history and archæology, the number of miles and the number of people, this man's charity and that man's wealth, incidents of the French war and of the Revolution, a battle-monument here, a grave-stone yonder, in short, the most curious information, along with railroad time-tables, choice of routes, the best hotels, and all other practical directions as needed. Mr. Burt, to use a figure appropriate to the broad meadows about Northampton, to which he belongs, cuts a broad swath on either side of his main-track, and will serve also those who prefer to travel by the highway, either in carriages of their own or, still better, on foot. Of the White Mountains he has nothing to tell except the mode of getting to them, and with good judgment.

Mr. Stone's little pamphlet accompanies some dozen or so views, which are tastefully and accurately enough engraved, but which, with all others of the same description, we long to see superseded by the photograph. The origin of the various springs, their mineral composition, their change of ownership, the character and sites of the principal hotels, and a fair number of agreeable drives, are duly recorded from something more than a sense of duty or as if under contract. Mr. Stone thinks the "Jesuit's Relations" have enabled us to settle the real signification of the word "Saratoga"—not "the place of the salt springs," as some would have it, but (Saraght-aga) "the place of herrings." We suppose a compromise on "salt-herring" would be inadmissible.

The anonymous author of the "Guide to the Hudson River" honorably acknowledges his indebtedness to various writers, among whom Mr. Lossing is mentioned most frequently, for the substance of his book. It is a well-written, discursive, not at all formal talk about the sights on right and on left as one sails up from New York to Albany—for the author alludes to the Hudson River Railroad only to upbraid it for niggardliness and short-sighted dealing with the dwellers by the river. He is equally free in his criticisms of the architectural displays—"follies" he terms some of them—that attest the ingenuity of the American man in solving the problem "villa;" and he humorously expresses his preference for Fishkill over Newburgh. As for details of boats and docks, and railway connections and hotels—he has none of them. A map of the river as far as Troy is prefixed to the text.

Mr. Richards's "Guide to the Park" is not a model of art or literature. (The author speaks of cascades and cedars as being pretty little "incidents" of the grounds, and descants on the "physique" of the Croton reservoir.) But those people who would enjoy the Mall or the Ramble more because they know its name—as M. Jourdain was entranced on learning that he had been speaking prose all his lifetime—will gladly pay for the privilege, and the plan at the end at least will be of service to them. But a far better guide in all respects is the "Ninth Annual Report of the Board of Commissioners," with two admirable maps, several lithographic and two photographic illustrations, besides woodcuts, etc., together with a complete list of the works of art, and other donations to the Park, zoölogical, botanical, and antiquarian.

Christine: A Troubadour's Song, and other Poems. Geo. H. Miles. (New York: Lawrence Kehoe.)—There is something not unlike the genuine pleasure of reading original poetry in reading such stuff as this "Christine;" the author so boldly carries us back to the old times when Sir Walter was the god of our idolatry; when in our hearts we plained upon our fate that we also had not been born a Marmion; or, perhaps, that solitary horseman, Algernon Gray—he was an earl really—who fought for the Princess Palatine by the green river Neckar. There are the old mouth-filling verses, the stolid monk, the fair ladye, the splintered lance, the torches twain at head and heel, the goodly tournament, the wizard, the hermit, and—why should we make an inventory?—all the well-remembered stock-in-trade of the mock mediæval poem.

> "Ho, craven, shun'st thou the mêlée?"
>
> "Saint George, but 't was a gallant sight!"
>
> "But the Baron thundered, 'Off with the slave.'"
>
> "Thou hast fasted, God wot, like an anchorite."

It is senseless stuff, we may as well confess, but who is not pleased with it? Like the meaningless spell of the Eastern enchanters, because the wise monarch used it once, it is still potent over all spiritual essences. In the last half of his book, where Mr. Miles imitates Browning, as in "Raphael Sanzio," and some of the smaller pieces, we do not read with the same degree of pleasure; still he has succeeded tolerably in his attempt. As a satirist he is a dead failure. The "fatal facility" of the eight syllable verse, of which he is so fond, has spoiled him for English heroics, in which we have learned to expect condensation and point. But there is not much point in this hit:

> "Why wake the organ wail of Hiawatha,
> When piping Publishers assume the author?"

And the rest of "Aladdin's Palace" is equally poor and unpolished. The pathetic little poem which we copy shows how narrowly Mr. Miles can escape doing well; and reading it one is at a loss to know how its writer could be guilty of about two hundred and fifty of these two hundred and eighty-five pages:

BILL AND I.

I.

The moon had just gone down, sir,
But the stars lit up the sky,
All was still in tent and town, sir,
Not a rebel could we spy;
It was our turn at picket,
So we marched into the thicket,
To the music of the cricket
Chirping nigh.

II.

Oh, we kept a sharp look-out, sir,
But no danger could we spy,
And no rebel being about, sir,
We sat down there by and by;
And we watched the brook a-brawlin',
And counted stars a-fallin',
Old memories overhaulin',
Bill and I.

III.

And says he, "Won't it be glorious,
When we throw our muskets by,
And home again victorious
We hear our sweethearts' cry,
'Welcome back!'"—
A step! "Who goes there?"
A shot—by heaven, the foe 's there!
Bill sat there, all composure,
But not I.

IV.

By the red light of his gun, sir,
I marked the rebel spy,
In an instant it was done, sir,
I had fired and heard a cry.
I sprang across the stream, sir,
Oh, it seems just like a dream, sir,
The dizzy, dying gleam, sir,
Of that eye!

V.

A youth, a very boy, sir,
I saw before me lie;
Some pretty school-girl's toy, sir,
Had ventured here to die.
We had hated one another,
But I heard him murmur "*Mother!*"
So I stooped and whispered "*Brother!*"
No reply.

VI.

I crossed the stream once more, sir,
To see why Bill warn't by;
He was sittin' as before, sir,
But a film was o'er his eye.
I scarce knew what it meant, sir,
Till a wail broke from our tent, sir,
As into camp we went, sir,
Bill and I.

The American Printer: A Manual of Typography, containing complete instructions for beginners, as well as practical directions for managing all departments of a printing office. By Thomas Mackellar. (L. Johnson & Co. Philadelphia, 1866.)—Should the practical printer desire fuller instruction in his calling than can be acquired during an ordinary apprenticeship at the composing desk, he ought certainly to find it in the handsomely printed and illustrated volume before us, which seems to be the result of intelligent research in the best modern works on typography, combined with considerable personal experience. That it can ever wholly supply the place of practical instruction is doubtful, to say the least, and the author, himself a practical printer, probably never intended that it should do so. But as a companion, or ready hand-book of reference for foreman, compositor, pressman, or proof-reader, it will doubtless serve a useful purpose. Its chief merits may be thus summed up:—It describes with commendable clearness, and with the aid of well-executed wood-cuts, the implements or tools of the art, the various processes of composition and imposition, the methods of proof-reading and correcting, the duties of foreman or overseer, the press and its working, and in general explains the whole economy of the printing office. Incidental to this we have an account of the rise and progress of printing, a sketch of the law of copyright, hints on orthography and punctuation, etc. We could wish that the author had noticed more fully the practice, unfortunately too prevalent in this country, of employing incompetent persons as proof-readers. The office, in general a thankless one, is so frequently intrusted to persons whose chief, if not only, recommendation is that they are good compositors and have a quick eye to detect mechanical inaccuracies, that a correctly printed book rarely issues from the American press. The union of thorough typographical instruction with good literary attainments and a knowledge of languages is so rare (and in the nature of things it can scarcely be otherwise) that there are probably not more than three or four persons in this city, where millions of books are annually printed, who can be pronounced *competent* readers. The error lies in not specially instructing persons for the office, and in not attaching to the office such a degree of dignity and importance, and such emolument also, as would induce men of acquirements to train themselves to fill it. The difficulty might perhaps be obviated by employing two classes of readers upon the same proof, one to correct typographical errors, and the other to insure literary correctness. But this would prove but a clumsy expedient, to be dropped just as soon as a system for instructing competent persons is put into practical operation. Not the least valuable portion of Mr. Mackellar's work is that embodying his hints to writers for the press, particularly those of limited experience. By attending to them they would save all departments of a printing office much trouble.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE SILENCE THAT CONDEMNS.

FIFTEEN days have elapsed since Mr. Johnson took the government of Louisiana into his own hands, and allowed it to pass into the charge of a ferocious and bloodthirsty mob. Fifteen days have passed since he learned of the wholesale massacre of unarmed and loyal men, by those to whom he had deputed his authority. When appealed to by pardoned rebels to suppress a peaceful convention and to depose the governor of a State, he lost no time. He could not wait from Saturday to Monday, but hastened upon Sunday to tie the hands of Gen. Baird, and to direct the forces of the United States to be used in support of the "thugs" of New Orleans. The thugs have acted according to their nature. We cannot believe that Mr. Johnson *meant* that they should enact the scenes of diabolism which they did. We cannot suppose that he intended arrests to be made without the shadow of legal warrant, the assassination of defenceless and unresisting prisoners, the deliberate massacre of unconvicted and unresisting men. But the deed has been done. Even some of his own tools are shocked at their work; why cannot the President speak? He was prompt to telegraph messages against the convention; prompt to publish his telegrams. Has he telegraphed any censure of this bloody work to the rebels whom he made rulers of Louisiana? If he has, why does he not publish his telegram? What means this silence over massacre after such ready speech against "usurpation?"

We trust that all our readers have studied the letter of Mr. E. P. Brooks to the President's organ in this city. Calm and clear in its statements, its impartial record is all the more terrible in its effect upon the mind. It relates how the clergyman who offered prayer at the opening of the convention came down to surrender himself to the police, with a white handkerchief on the end of his walking-stick, and "was met, knocked down, trampled upon, kicked and beaten nearly to death while begging for mercy" (he is since dead); how Dr. Dostie was treated in the same manner, besides being stabbed repeatedly; how a detachment of the mob, some hundreds strong, led by six policemen, hunted a single negro, the policemen, as they came up with him, emptying their revolvers into his back; how another negro, falling from a policeman's shot while trying to escape, was surrounded by policemen, who fired their pistols into him as he lay, and then, when he feebly raised his arms to implore for mercy, pounded him with their clubs; how a policeman mounted a cart full of dead men, and thrust his revolver between their bodies to kill two men beneath them who yet gave signs of life. These, be it observed, were the acts of the *police*—the sworn guardians of the public peace into whose hands the city was committed by the express orders of the President. For yet more ghastly scenes among the auxiliary mob, we refer to the same letter, in the New York *Times* of August 8.

These specific details, given voluntarily by an eye-witness who is a supporter of Mr. Johnson's policy, and who has not withheld censure of "Radicalism" at the North, have been public for more than a week, but yet we have not heard a word from Mr. Johnson or his organs. The Saratoga Convention has met and endorsed all the acts of Mr. Johnson. Long speeches were made on the occasion, but we do not notice a single expression of horror over this narrative, which half the members must have read on their way to the place of meeting. They could go out of their way to pledge an affected sympathy for the soldiers of the Union at the North, but could not spare a word for the discharged soldiers who had just been massacred by paroled rebels at the South. The president of the convention declared that he held out his hand to the loyal men of the South, whom he justly called our brothers; but to the blood of these brothers, spilt before his eyes, he was blind; to their cries for help and rescue he was deaf.

The partisans of the Administration in vain endeavor to evade their responsibility for this appalling crime. But for the President's positive orders, Gen. Baird would have protected the convention from violence. The action which Gen. Baird finally took, and which alone stayed the work of death, was contrary to the President's instructions; and it is already announced by one of the President's mouthpieces, that the general's action will cost him his place. If the whole object, end, and aim of the President's policy is not to turn over the loyal men of the South into the hands of such rulers as Mayor Monroe, and such police as those of New Orleans, who can say what it is? Not only does he encourage and aid the rule of such men, but if by accident a man of different mould comes into power, the President either ignores him, as in Tennessee, or threatens him with violent resistance, as in Missouri, or deposes him, as in Louisiana. In short, the man who made such loud professions of loyalty, of hatred of treason, of determination that loyal men should rule, is the man under whom to-day past loyalty is made odious, traitors raised to power, and Union men literally crushed under their feet. There is not a doctrine in his political creed which he has not violated, not a promise which he has not broken, scarcely an act of usurpation *in his power* which he has not committed. But of all his acts, none have been so utterly without palliation as his course in respect to the Louisiana Convention. His readiness to speak when he had no pretence of right to interfere, and his persistent silence when every instinct of manhood should have drawn him to speak, are his crowning, his damning disgrace.

THE REAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE GERMAN STRUGGLE.

THE theories which almost every German had formed at the beginning of the late war in Europe have been dissipated by the astounding events which have succeeded. The Southern Germans were firm in the conviction that a single battle would destroy the Prussian army, and establish the superiority of Austria in the field. Their only apprehension was lest a too easy victory, on the part of Austria, should make that power too overbearing and haughty, and, consequently, place at her mercy the liberal element of Southern Germany. The Prussians, on the other hand, and with them the majority of the North Germans, hoped and expected that the Berlin arrogance would, in the beginning of the war, see its Bull Run; that the guards and the gentry (*Junker*) would be beaten, and that after their defeat the people would step in to re-establish the Prussian ascendency and superiority over the despised Austrians.

Neither of these theories has been realized. Prussia has beaten Austria more quickly and more thoroughly than the most sanguine wiseacre ever expected. Her successive and decisive victories, together with the cession of Venetia to France, have effected a prodigious change in the mind of the whole nation.

First, in Prussia. It cannot be denied that in the beginning the great majority were against the war. In reading the Prussian papers of April and May, an indifferent observer would have been led to the belief that the whole country had become converted to the faith of Elihu Burritt. With the single exception of the town of Breslau, all the large and small cities, the middle classes, the manufacturing interest, the landowners, the burghers, and the whole liberal opposition, were clamorous for the preservation of peace. Even the army did not dare to demand war, and several officers of high rank refused to sign an appeal for war, addressed to the King by the so-called Berlin Generals' Club. But when Dresden, Hanover, and Cassel had been taken, and the first battle won, the nation went in for the war.

There are two explanations for this sudden change. The Prussian army is emphatically the armed people, and all classes are represented in its ranks. It is well known that every citizen is bound to serve in the army, and that there is no difference between the rich and the poor, the higher and the humbler classes, and that in rank and file the count or prince stands by the side of the peasant or day-laborer. The army is, therefore, simply a part of the people, and interwoven with all its interests. There is not a hut or hamlet in the remotest corner of the kingdom which has not its proud military recollections and associations; there is no family which has not one of its members in the army. As soon, therefore, as the government declared itself ready to carry out the programme of the German liberals, and the army was put in motion, all former differences of opinion about the doubtful character and object

of the war disappeared, and were merged into one common feeling of sympathy and concern for the defenders of the national honor. However wrong and provoking Bismark may have been in the first stages of the complications, the resolution of the Diet of June 14th was felt by the whole people as an insult, which must be answered not by protests on paper but by energetic and efficient action. On the other hand, the opposition, which in its home policy was perfectly right against the encroachments of Bismark's cabinet, yielded to his foreign policy when they saw that he was in earnest. "Prussia," this was substantially their reasoning, "has been too long the subservient tool of Austria, and by her vassalage has injured her best and most vital interests. One day the conflict between the two powers must be fought out, and the sooner the better. The revolutionary or democratic element of the country is not strong enough to unite Germany; that end can only be reached by a powerful Prussia, in the same way as a united Italy has been, or rather will be, created by her greatest military power, Piedmont."

Thus the Prussian people and its prominent leaders, after the first victorious battles, soon agreed in at least not opposing the government in its war schemes, and the victory at Sadowa created quite a *furore* for war in those who, scarcely a month before, cried loudly for peace. In Southern Germany we noticed at the same time but one common feeling, that of hatred, the most intense, of Bismark and Prussia. Old radicals, the Catholic clergy, the democratic beer-drinking masses, government officials, and the high aristocracy surpassed each other in denunciations of Prussia and her policy. Even the noted Elector of Hesse, and Herr Beust, of Waldheim, were venerated as martyrs to the law of the Confederation, and this detested concern was by its worshippers surrounded with the glory of a defender of the faithful. On this point all Southern Germans agreed; it was the only positive plank of their platform; but on all practical questions they differed as widely as Mr. Raymond from Vallandigham or Lee. The Prussians, from the beginning, always knew what they were about; the Southern Germans had no fixed principle, no positive object in view; and this hesitating, vacillating policy explains why the little thrones of the supporters of Austria, detested as they were, or at least regarded with indifference, by their own subjects, fell down so rapidly at the first shock, and why their armies were beaten before they had even entered upon the campaign.

The Southern German democracy has proved itself utterly incapable and weak, it has not shown the least understanding of the duties of the hour. Instead of driving away the little princes, or at least the most obnoxious of them, such as the Duke of Nassau, the King of Würtemberg, the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, and all the small fry of their dependents, it formed an alliance with reactionists of all stripes, and worked for the very same princes whom it had for years denounced and handed over to public contempt, and from whom it had never received any concession or consideration. The German democrats have shown that they do not deserve the name of a party, that they only represent a vague sentiment, and that they must first build upon a strongly national basis.

True, after Austria had ceded Venetia to Louis Napoleon they began to see clearer. A foreign enemy was called in, not by Prussia, which has so often been accused of treacherous designs, but by Francis Joseph, the alleged guardian, the archangel of the Confederation. The Würtemberg liberals at once denounced the shameful transaction as high treason against the nation, and threatened withdrawal from the unholy alliance: the citizens of the old Palatinate and of Rhenish Hesse protested strongly against a single inch of German territory being ceded to France; and the Rhenish liberals, who had been rather lukewarm, began, at the prospect of a French invasion, to invoke war against France if she should dare to interfere in German affairs. The reckless act of the Austrian Emperor merely injured his position among his allies, and elevated Bismark in the estimation even of his South German enemies, when he refused to accept Napoleon's good—or, rather, bad—offices.

For what, after all, has the war between Austria and Prussia been carried on? Not in the interest of freedom, but merely for the sake of power and the supremacy of Prussia. This kingdom came out of the Congress of Vienna too small for a great power and too great for a subordinate position among the empires of Europe. Till lately she had to bear all the burdens of the defence of Germany without reaping a single benefit from this obligation. Germany has, during the last fifty years, suffered under an abominable and disgraceful political system; the vigor, energy, and power of a great nation have been eaten up by some three dozen petty princes, with whom the country was saddled for the benefit of foreign powers. Ever since 1815 the national mind has been longing for and striving for unity, and Prussia, in spite of her subserviency to Austria and her reactionary tendencies during the greater part of the last fifty years, was the only German state which could eventually achieve a greater unity. In 1848 the romantic Frederick William IV. refused the imperial crown because it was offered to him by the people. Bismark is wiser. Three years ago he told Austria plainly that she had no business in Germany, and she ought to confine herself to the Lower Danube. Since that time he has overcome the King's repugnance to make war on his old ally, and the war undertaken for the exclusive interest of Prussia in its results will benefit all Germany—at least all Germany north of the Main. Bismark's policy has re-established Germany as one of the great powers of Europe, which is bound to increase from year to year, and to exert a more powerful influence upon the destinies of the Old World. A homogeneous population of thirty millions of souls, industrious and enlightened, well educated and disciplined, frugal and energetic, vigorous and wealthy, physically brave and strong, has all the elements of greatness in itself and will make its weight felt among its neighbors. Even those parts of Southern Germany which are now left to themselves will, by and by, be attracted to the greater centre by its higher economical development, its greater prosperity.

But will not a Germany thus Prussianized jeopardize the liberties of the country? Will it not kill the little that is left of free and parliamentary institutions, and, in the end, be a mere military despotism which knows only rulers and ruled? We believe not. There is no disaster in Germany's being Prussianized. On the contrary, if Prussia extends her influence over Germany, it will be a great blessing. Prussia, with her good schools and freedom of commerce and industry, with her liberty of conscience and the self-government of the towns and villages, with an army established upon a democratic basis, with her developed industrial resources, will confer the benefits of her own institutions upon the German people at large, and will soon make them feel one and the same. Besides, Bismark is too far-seeing a statesman not to understand that he must enlist the sympathy of the people for his schemes, if he would successfully achieve them. Before he broke with Austria he tried to conciliate the liberal opposition, and to obtain an indemnity for his home policy by his bold foreign policy. He made overtures to the leaders of the Second Chamber, but utterly failed. He sent for Baron Roggenbach, the able Baden minister and leading statesman of Southern Germany, and offered him a place in the ministry, but Roggenbach showed him the cold shoulder. He applied to Herr von Bennigsen, the President of the German National Union (National-Verein), and asked his support, but he failed in his endeavors. Since, however, the war has broken out, since the petty princes have been driven away, and since Bismark has proved that he is in earnest, the liberals are beginning to support him. Already, before the lately elected new Chambers, which have increased the strength of the ministerial party by about twenty-five votes, and which opened their sessions on the 6th inst., the King, in his address, has requested indemnity for the past, while acknowledging the right of the Chambers to reject or to pass the budget. The military question, which was at the bottom of the whole conflict, is no longer of practical consequence, since Northern Germany will now contribute its quota to the Prussian army, and the Prussian people may now be relieved of the most pressing burdens of a large standing army. Even the names of some new liberal ministers to be taken into the cabinet are given. It is an important fact that Baron Roggenbach, on July 1st, offered Bismark his services and co-operation, upon the sole condition that the work of the reorganization of Germany should be thoroughly done. "If you are willing," he wrote, "to break down the infamous system which in 1815 was created in the interest of Austria, and to build upon its ruins a German State, strong enough to throw off the rotten and pernicious yoke of the detestable Vienna politics; and if you are willing to persevere in the battle until the object be reached for which the German

people, for the last fifty years, have suffered and fought, you will always find me ready to co-operate with you." Bennigsen was offered the Prussian civil governorship of Hanover, but he declined for the purpose of entering the German parliament.

The question which presents itself to every patriotic mind is this: Austria, from the very nature of her power, must suppress all nationality in order to reign supreme; it is her interest to have Germany divided and weak, in order that she herself be strong. Prussia, on the other hand, whatever she does for herself, will and must do it for Germany too; she is a German power, and it is her interest to curtail the sovereignty of the smaller princes, if not to do away with them entirely. It is her interest to consolidate, to unite Germany. All minor considerations are silenced by this main question. The Germans have long enough felt the shame and the reproach of being a political nonentity; they now claim among the nations of the world the position to which they are entitled by their number, their intellect, and their wealth. There is no danger that Bismark, even if, contrary to the general expectation, he should continue in his old narrow-minded home policy, will be able to subdue the national spirit or to check its progress. The people will come out of this war more elevated, more self-reliant, and more enterprising. The Germans do not fight for "la gloire;" they will enlarge the domain of freedom; and we do not doubt that the wholesome influence of their reconstruction will be felt all over the world. A united Germany will never engage in an offensive war; it has better things to do; it will be the preserver of peace. It is on this account that we rejoice in the downfall of Austria and the success of Prussia.

FACTS NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN.

Gov. Boutwell's report to the House of Representatives, on the complicity of Jefferson Davis in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln and the cruel treatment of Union prisoners, naturally causes the enquiry: How came such a perversion of mind and soul about? How could they, who constantly vaunted their own nobleness of mind and fervor of religion, look each other in the face, when they knew that they sanctioned, or complacently winked at, what we do not hesitate to call the most atrocious public acts of modern history? These are questions belonging to what may be fairly called the psychology of the rebellion—a very instructive, but a very sad and humiliating subject. Uncontrolled and groundless pride, fierce hatred, coupled with stultifying contempt of the North, and the most liberal mendacity, are the main elements, in constant reciprocal action, of that great crime and folly called the rebellion.

From the very beginning of the war the South acted as if freed from all responsibility toward the North in morality or the law of nations; and it was often declared that the *insolence* of the North, in daring to attack the South, subjected the North to the severest acts of vengeance. If we are rightly informed, it was this very fact which induced the author of our General Order, No. 100 (1863) to relate in paragraph 67, what at the time appeared superfluous, that the treatment of prisoners of war does not depend upon their "belonging to a government which the captor may consider as a wanton and unjust assailant." Indeed, there are several paragraphs in that General Order which appear unnecessary. They were put in because our enemy defied all laws of war when it suited him, and he thought he could do so with impunity. Yet there exists a letter of Mr. Seddon, the rebel secretary of war, to Ould, the rebel commissioner for the exchange of prisoners, nearly, if not quite, as long as the code contained in the Order, and charging the latter with cruelty and dishonor, not to speak of the want of law-knowledge which the learned war secretary discovers in the author.

This decried General Order* pronounces itself against all assassination as contrary to the modern law of war among civilized nations (sec. 16 and appendix). The rebel government—Davis, the cabinet, all—entertained offers of assassination and the formation of a *corps of assassins*. We thought we were living in the nineteenth century; but we had to deal with an enemy corrupted and depraved by pride, hatred, and falsehood. If, as was never the case, an offer of assassination had been made to the pure-minded Lincoln or his government, he would doubtless have answered in the spirit in which Admiral Jarvis, Lord St. Vincent, commanding the fleet in the Mediterranean, promptly answered a Frenchman who offered to assassinate Napoleon: "Lord St. Vincent has not words to express the utter abhorrence in which he holds an assassin." Davis and Benjamin, and the other Richmond officials, did not express any abhorrence when the offer was made to assassinate Lincoln, Seward, Stanton, Prentice, Greeley, and other vile enemies whom there was no obligation to abstain from assassinating, inasmuch as they had dared to attack rebels of superhuman excellence.

There were, indeed, people in the South who could not easily reconcile themselves to the treatment of the Union prisoners—treatment, we repeat, unparalleled in history. Prisoners were sold into slavery, were mutilated so as to mark or to incapacitate them for further service. Napoleon ordered, at Jaffa, two thousand Turkish prisoners, the day after the surrender, to be led to the sea-shore and there slaughtered, and that great care should be taken that not one escaped. All this seems but cruel fury compared to the slow murder of our soldiers in the hands of the rebels by starvation, scurvy, pest, and filth in the prison-pens—thousands upon thousands—by the deliberate design of those who prated about their moral and intellectual superiority, and asseverated their superior civilization founded upon a select race.

We find that in their public messages, acts, and articles they exhibited their lawless practice of retaliation, called for, as they pretended, by the following atrocities on our side:

1. The Northerners came to violate their women. Recall the unblushing proclamation of Beauregard, with which he opened the campaign. Nor did Bishop Elliot omit mentioning this intent of ours as a justification of Bishop Polk. Dr. Elliot allows, in his sermon at the grave of General Polk, that a bishop ought not to accept a military commission for the sake of lucre or ambition (a great admission, indeed), but when the question is of protecting our altars or the *purity of our wives and daughters*, it is a different thing, and a bishop, much pressed as Polk was by Davis, had a perfect right to put on the uniform. Even before the war had begun, blatant orators, such as Pillow, told the Southerners that the Northern army was going to invade their country for the purpose of "ravishing their daughters."

2. Lincoln had called upon the slaves to murder their masters, at any rate "to do it in self-defence," and had done all he could to cause a servile war. This required retaliation of the severest kind.

3. We had defied all the laws of war by firing upon cities containing women and children. This came chiefly from that great lecturer on the laws of war, Beauregard, but it was soon adopted all over the South.

4. We treated Confederate prisoners in our hands most shamefully. The more unfounded this charge was, the more boldly it was asserted; and, perhaps, the more readily received.

5. We would not exchange prisoners, therefore they would force us by the suffering of our friends to do so. They did not tell their people that we would not exchange because they had executed our soldiers—colored privates and their white officers—when captured, nor did they tell them that we abstained from all retaliation in this case. Whether they ever executed white officers for commanding negroes we do not know, but they pretended that they did, and justified it—Davis at the head of all of them.

6. We did not spare private property (meaning, chiefly, slaves), yet private property ought to be protected by the modern laws of war.

7. We not only carried on war against soldiers in the field, but against private citizens, by capturing and impressing them.

8. We had no ground for attacking them, who wished to be left alone.

These are the chief arguments by which the rebel government excused their cruelty to themselves. Man is so curiously logical a being that where he finds a link missing in his own justification, he will fill the empty place. We have said before that all these enquiries and statements are humiliating; for who are they that fell so low and are found so loathsomely depraved? They are our brothers—of the same flesh and bone with ourselves. In identical circumstances we, too, might have said, "Slavery is divine, let us worship wrong;" and, having said so, we too should have hated him who refused to say the

* It has been made the basis of a very important work on the law of war, by a distinguished European jurist—Dr. Blantschli, of Heidelberg.

the same. We do not imprecate vengeance upon their heads, but we solemnly protest against passing over their wicked deeds as if they had been peccadilloes; against making them our masters, or even our equals, as long as they remain unchanged, and against sharing in their falsehoods, and prostrating ourselves before their resuscitated arrogance.

OUR AGRICULTURAL COLLEGES.

Four years ago Congress made provisions for the establishment in each State of an institution to be called an agricultural college, though the purpose in view was of a far larger scope than this term would indicate, and really contemplated an educational experiment of a very grand character. Two or three of these institutions have been fairly started, and in several others boards of trustees have been organized and plans debated, but there is generally a timidity and hesitation about the undertaking of practical operations which lead us to fear that the experiment is not likely to be tried under conditions favorable to its success.

Those who are responsible in the matter will do well to consider the experience of the Trustees of Girard College, as related in an interesting paper which will be found in the January number of the "North American Review." In this case it took thirteen years of mismanagement to build an edifice which is at once a monument of the benevolence of its donor and the incapacity of those into whose hands fell the disposition of his munificent gift. And when, to the discomfort of the boys who occupied it and to the ridicule of the men who planned it, the building was finished, sixteen years more failed to give to the college any fixed policy. The delay in opening the college lost it its first most able president, and the counsels of the directors were so vague and confused that the public were left quite in the dark as to what was becoming of the institution. The especial lesson of this experience is that strength lies in the one-man power.

The work of organizing and starting so novel an institution is not to be done piecemeal and at odd hours. It must be the event of the life of him who accomplishes it, not an incident in his career. It must be his study, not his diversion. There is little precedent to follow. Nearly all that can be learned from example is what not to do. There is great want of faith and little enthusiasm in the enterprise. Success is impossible if it is to be entrusted to those who can give it only their spare moments. Let no board of directors think that they can choose an incompetent man and help him out among them. And, having chosen a competent man, let him be endowed with a large and generous discretionary power. It is as fatal to hamper a good man as it is to choose a bad man. Good or bad, he must be let alone. We might as well have a wooden automaton for the leader in a new enterprise as a man with an idea, if he is not allowed full liberty to put his idea into execution. We must judge by results, not by processes. The unity of purpose, the clearly-defined plan of a single head, are far more likely to be successful than the conflicting plans and ever-shifting methods of a dozen heads.

At any rate, let us have something done. An energetic attempt, even if but partially successful, would be more encouraging than the darkness and silence which seem at present to be brooding over the whole scheme. It is a wanton injury to the people; it is scarcely less than a fraud upon our boys and young men especially, to withhold from them for one unnecessary moment the advantages which a beneficent government intended to convey.

THE SCRAMBLE FOR PLACES.

We think that the President is preparing for himself a punishment for his misdeeds which should entitle him to the compassion of his unfriends and even of his enemies. In the cause of his policy this unhappy man is on the point of offering himself as the quarry of the hungry pack of office-seeking hounds who have hunted more than one of his predecessors into their graves. If he knows what awaits him, surely his worst enemies should give him credit for sincerity. It is hardly credible that he is going to be an amateur martyr merely as a matter of taste. When Cranmer thrust his right hand into the flames as the offending member to be the first punished for having signed his recantation, nobody doubted his fidelity to the truth for which he suffered. But he did not tie himself to the stake, nor kindle the fagots with his own hand. But here is a martyr for a faith which many of us esteem a damnable heresy, who is getting ready to bind himself for wheeling, to don the boot and put on the thumb-screw, in order that it may mightily prevail. Cardinal Wolsey may have been in the right when he said the poor man is to be pitied that hangs on princes' favors; but it is certainly as true, as far as our Presidential princes are concerned, that the poor man who is hung upon is at least as truly an object of pity. It may be very fine to have ten thousand offices in one's gift, but it is quite another affair to have twenty times ten thousand ravenous seekers after them setting upon him all at once. The greedy crowd is already collecting about him. The number of conversions to the faith that is in him shows that the days of miracles are not past, and that a political Pentecost is at hand. He will be able to find no refuge from these hordes of office-seeking barbarians. There will be for him no privacy of home and no escape in travel—

> "By land, by water, they renew the charge,
> They stop the chariot and they board the barge."

The White House will become like unto the palace of the impenitent Pharaoh, and be visited with this plague of frogs, not to liken them unto more unmentionable tormentors, that will force themselves into his cabinet and his study, and, for aught we know, into his bed-chamber and his kneading-troughs.

It may be that Vice-presidents have greater powers of endurance than Presidents, for none of them have thus far died under this torture. Mr. Johnson, we should think, was as tough as Major Joe Bagstock himself; but he must have great faith in his constitution when he subjects it to such a strain as it is about to undergo. Poor Genera. Harrison, though a veteran inured to hardships, stood it only one little month, and then sought the repose of the grave. General Taylor, who had spent his life in camps and had withstood the attacks of foreign enemies, yielded up the ghost when assailed by these domestic foes. He was able to survive this disease, endemic at the White House, worse far than the fever and ague, for rather more than a year; but his constitution was so much shattered in the process of acclimatization that it yielded to the access of the omnibus or compromise fever, which attacked him about that time. To be sure, Mr. Johnson has been an office-seeker himself, and has been lucky in finding even more than he reckoned upon, and so he may have a fellow-feeling for the hungry swarms that are gathering around him, warping on the wind, like locusts, from the uttermost corners of the land. And, after all, it is this very power of dispensing office that makes the Greatest Officer of all the object of such ambition. And if he chooses to reopen the canvass for port-officers and tidewaiterships, when it might remain closed at least until the next election shall bring a new party into power, it is his affair, as far as the personal annoyance goes, and the great mass of the people will probably contemplate his self-imposed affliction with the equanimity with which men usually regard the sufferings of their neighbors. But it is a matter that concerns us all that the head of the nation should publicly offer the pay the nation provides for its own service as the price of recruits to a faction of his own creating, and to compel conformity to his confession of faith, on the part of all public servants of his appointment, under penalty of dismissal.

This is an exhibition of the working of our institutions even more discreditable than the one we offer to the world every four years at the recurrence of our Presidential olympiads. The prizes for which the political athletes race and box and wrestle at these quadrennial festivals are not mere paltry wreaths of oak, or ivy, or laurel. It is not the charms of empty praise but the weightier attraction of solid pudding that prompts and stimulates those struggles. Embassies, cabinet appointments, collectorships, post-offices, and so downwards to doorkeeperships and gaugerships, are the palms which urge on to those victories. During the preliminary struggles we hear much of great principles and mighty policies which are at stake, and one would think that sages and patriots sprang from the soil by spontaneous growth, so loud and fierce is the love of public virtue everywhere. But as soon as it is known what king is to reign over us, then these patriots and sages are suddenly transformed into hungry claimants of their share of the public plunder, proportioned according to the services

they rendered in elevating him to the throne. And this without the smallest regard to fitness for the posts of which the booty consists. This doctrine of making the offices of the nation the bribes of political service was first introduced, with great moderation, by Jefferson, on his accession in 1801. Jackson put it in force more sweepingly and most unblushingly. And ever since it has been the rule of faith and practice of all parties, according to the famous *dictum* of Mr. Marcy, that "to the victors belong the spoils." This is a disgraceful sight enough, but not so sorry a one as to see an accidental President turning this enginery for the destruction of the party to whom he owed his chance for power, and the erection of another on its ruins. It degrades the public servants by making them the mere *condottieri* of a soldier of fortune. Whether he will be able to raise enough to control the nation by hiring them with its own money remains to be seen.

Mr. Johnson will find, however, that he cannot be exempt from "the curse of great ones," of which they have had to complain in all times. Like Napoleon, he will have it to say that by every appointment he has made nine enemies and one ingrate. And yet the nine who have missed their end are, nine times out of ten, luckier than the one who has gained it. There can hardly be a worse piece of luck that can befall a man than to be cursed with the granting of his prayers for office. He is scarcely warm in his place before he feels the uncertainty of its tenure, and goes into the next Presidential canvass as for his life. After being mulcted in a large percentage of his salary for electioneering purposes, the odds are that he goes out by the loss of the election, or that, even if his candidate win, he is ground back into his original elements by the millstone of rotation in office. And in such case, as a general rule, he looks back with repining eyes at the fleshpots from which he has been driven, and wastes the rest of his life in vain attempts to get back to them. Many a life has been wasted thus, and many men, capable of honorable success by independent labor, have lived in disappointment and distress, and too often died in vice and misery. It is bad economy of life to spend it in pursuit of the apparent ease of public office, deluded by the treacherous glitter of the public gold, when it might be made safe and happy by the honest pursuit of honest bread by the independent labor of the hands or of the brain. But this should not be so. It cannot be politically impossible to devise a method by which independent men can serve their country in necessary posts without having the sword always hanging over their heads by the single hair of one man's caprice or despotic purpose. And if the country is destined to the great career we all hope and most of us believe to be reserved for her, this vice which has infected our polity must be radically cured. Now that slavery is abolished, this is the next labor that calls for a political Hercules.

FORLORN.

I.

Red roses, in the slender vases burning,
Breathed all upon the air:
The passion, and the tenderness and yearning,
The waiting, and the ennui and despair.

II.

Still with the music of her voice was haunted,
Through all its charmèd rhymes,
The open book of such a one as chanted
The things he dreamed in old, old summer-times.

III.

The silvern chords of the piano trembled
Yet with the music wrung
From them; the silence of the room dissembled
The closes of the songs that she had sung.

IV.

The languor of the crimson shawl's abasement—
Lying without a stir
Upon the floor—the absence at the casement,
The solitude and hush were full of her.

V.

Without, and going from the room, and never
Departing did depart
Her steps, and one that came too late for ever
Felt them go heavy o'er his stricken heart.

VI.

And sitting in the house's desolation
He could not bear the gloom,
The vanishing encounter and evasion
Of things that were and were not in the room.

VII.

Through midnight streets he followed floating visions
Of faces and of forms;
He heard old tendernesses and derisions
Amid the sobs and cries of midnight storms.

VIII.

By midnight lamps, and from the darkness under
That lamps made at their feet,
He saw sweet eyes peer out in innocent wonder,
And sadly follow after him down the street.

IX.

The noonday crowds their restlessness obtruded
Between him and his guest;
At throngèd crossings jostled and eluded,
Against his hand her silken robes were pressed.

X.

Doors closed upon her; out of garret casements
He knew she looked at him;
In splendid mansions and in squalid basements,
Upon the walls he saw her shadow swim.

XI.

From rapid carriages she gleamed upon him,
Whirling away from sight;
From all the hopelessness of search she won him
Back to the dull and lonesome house at night.

XII.

Full early into dark the twilights saddened
Within its closèd doors:
The echoes, with the clock's monotony maddened,
Leaped loud in welcome from the hollow floors;

XIII.

But gusts that blew all day with solemn laughter
From wide-mouthed chimney-places;
And the strange noises between roof and rafter—
The muffled clamor and the scampering races—

XIV.

Were hushèd by his heavy tread ascending
The broad steps one by one,
And toward the solitary chamber tending,
Where the dim phantom of his hope alone

XV.

Rose up to meet him with his growing nearer,
Eager for his embrace,
And moved, and melted into the white mirror,
And stared at him with his own haggard face.

XVI.

But, turning, he was 'ware her looks beheld him
Out of the mirror white,
And at the window yearning arms she held him
Forth from the vague and sombre fold of night.

XVII.

Sometimes she stood beside him, looking over
His shoulder as he read;
Sometimes he felt her shadowy presence hover
Above his dreamful sleep, beside his bed.

XVIII.

And, rising from his sleep, her shadowy presence
Followed his light descent
Of the long stair; her shadowy evanescence
Through all the whispering rooms before him went.

XIX.

Upon the earthy draught of cellars blowing
His shivering lamp-flame blue,
Amid the chill and damp he felt her flowing
Around him from the doors he entered through.

XX.

The spiders wove their webs upon the ceiling,
The bats clung to the wall;
The dry leaves through the open transom stealing
Skated and danced adown the empty hall.

XXI.

About him closed the utter desolation,
About him closed the gloom—
The vanishing encounter and evasion
Of things that were and were not in the room,

XXII.

Vexed him for ever, and his life for ever
Immured and desolate,
Beating itself, with desperate endeavor,
But bruised itself against the hold of fate.

XXIII.

The roses in their slender vases burning
Were quenchèd long before;
A dust was on the rhymes of love and yearning,
The shawl was like a shroud upon the floor.

XXIV.

Her music from the thrilling chords had perished,
The stillness was not moved
With memories of cadences long cherished,
The closes of the songs that she had loved.

XXV.

But not the less he felt her presence never
Out of the room depart—
Over the threshold not the less for ever
He felt her going on his broken heart.

W. D. Howells.

PARIS GOSSIP.

Paris, July 27, 1866.

The acceptance of the armistice has left our much-enduring Sphinx at liberty to exchange the gilded cares and ceilings of the Tuileries for those of St. Cloud, the beautiful suburban residence so greatly beloved of the founder of his house, rendered still more beautiful by its present master, and commanding the most magnificent views of "the metropolis of Europe." One who is in almost daily attendance on his Majesty assures me that the obstacles thrown in the way of his mediation by the three parties mainly concerned in the horrible war of this unlucky summer have tried to the utmost his sagacity, ingenuity, patience, and health. On assuming the part of peacemaker, Napoleon appears to have been filled with sanguine expectations of immediate success. When the Empress, on her return from her visit to the cholera hospitals at Amiens, on that memorable 5th of July, entered the Emperor's cabinet to talk over with him the incidents of her visit, he met her with a beaming face of satisfaction, and the joyful exclamation, "Eugénie, you have done a good day's work, *and so have I!*" The Emperor then informed her of the great news of the cession of Venetia made to him, as a matter of form, and to be by him transferred to Italy; of the Kaiser's desire for his mediation, with a view to peace, and of the request he had just been sending to the Kings of Prussia and Italy, by telegraph, for an armistice. The first reply of both the Kings was favorable, though accompanied by reservations; but, after conferring together, the two allies raised their demands to a height which seemed to render impossible the adhesion of the Kaiser. To bring these three personages to something like a common ground, and thus to create a basis for the armistice which should serve also as the preliminary of peace, without which Prussia flatly refused to consent to an armistice, has really kept the Emperor so hard at work, day and night, up to the present time, that he was getting to look tired, worn, and old, to a degree by no means satisfactory to his medical attendants.

The people of Paris are beginning to see that Prussia, however odious may have been the motives and tactics of her rulers, really represents the future of Germany, while Austria, though less in the wrong than her rival, as far as regards the immediate pretexts of the quarrel, represents the past. The sympathy that has been so generally felt here for Austria is, therefore, somewhat modified, and a reaction seemed probable, when the odious extortions of the Prussians at Frankfort, disgusting even their warmest friends, have thrown fresh unpopularity on their cause. The most popular of the foreign diplomatists resident here are, undoubtedly, the Prince and Princess Metternich; equally in favor at court and in the higher circles of this gay capital. They are highly accomplished, very clever, affable, and good-hearted; and the Princess, who boasts of being "the ugliest woman in Europe, with the prettiest ears," is also one of the liveliest and wittiest women of the day. There is a large and beautiful garden attached to the official residence of the Austrian embassy, and in this garden, under a clump of lofty trees, the pleasure-loving young mistress of the house has had a sort of tent made with the aid of a striped awning—white, black, and yellow—tied by the four corners to the trunks of four trees. A small carpet is laid under this awning, with a table in the centre, and chairs, lounges, and little work-tables scattered about under its shade. Here the lively lady has received her guests daily since the hot weather set in, and here, when the first news of the fight at Sadowa reached Paris—falsely announced as an Austrian victory—the "dear five hundred friends" of the popular pair came rushing in crowds to congratulate them on the joyful intelligence. Great, indeed, was the jubilation under the pretty striped awning, abundant the invectives bestowed upon Prussia, and very delightful seemed the iced sherbets, served to all comers in honor of the brilliant success of the Austrian arms. But the last guests had not departed, the last sherbets had not been swallowed, before the telegraph brought the terrible tidings of the real issue of that frightful struggle. The sounds of rejoicing were exceeded by expressions of regret, and the brilliant mistress of the pleasant tent has received only condolences and continued expressions of regret and consternation from that time to this.

Luxurious dinners have celebrated the definitive close of the "season"—dead and buried the day the Court departed from Paris. The American colony, rapidly becoming one of the most numerous, wealthy, and brilliant of the capital, has had the honor of several of these costly and cosy entertainments, since which many of its most dashing members have left Paris for the various watering-places. Artistic eating has always been held in high esteem in this capital; and the two best cookery books extant are the production of Frenchmen of high rank and great distinction. The Count de Bussac, who draws up the daily "skeleton-dinners" which all Paris so eagerly devours—with its eyes—in the columns of M. Emile de Girardin's newspaper, is a man of large fortune and ancient lineage, as well as being the first gastronomer of the day. M. Fizelière has just published an amusing volume on the "Wines and Eating-houses of the Seventeenth Century," full of curious details of the habits and manners of that time, as shown in the chronicles of its dinners and suppers. Among other famous gastronomers of the period figure conspicuously three or four noblemen, who kept open house, and whose tables were always supplied with delicacies so delicious that all the notabilities of the time disputed the favor of a seat. It so happened that all of these Amphitryons belonged to the order of the "Knights of the Holy Ghost," and consequently wore the broad blue ribbon of that ancient order. The excellence of their tables having become notorious, it came to be the custom in speaking of any specially luxurious repast to say, "It was a blue-ribbon dinner;" later, it became the fashion, in speaking of any very skilful cook, to say, "He (or she) is a blue ribbon." Hence the expression so common here at this day, in speaking of really good cooks, "*C'est un vrai cordon bleu.*"

Apropos of the dinners of the past week, it may be mentioned that, about three years ago, three squadrons—French, Austrian, and Italian—were lying in close proximity in one of the ports of the Levant. The French Admiral T.—being the eldest of the three admirals, and very hospitable withal—assumed the lead in doing the honors of the dinner-table to the officers of the other fleets, and frequently invited Admiral Persano and Admiral Tegetoff to his dinner-parties. The Italian admiral, rather blunt and rough, and a most hearty hater of the "Tedeschi," was not always, it is said, very courteous to his Austrian brother, and lost no opportunity of "chaffing" that unitary on the inferiority of the Austrian fleet. Admiral Tegetoff

appears to have stood these jokes with tolerable patience; but one day he retorted on Persano, and the quarrel became so violent that a duel seemed inevitable. The French admiral, however, contrived to make peace, and gave a grand dinner to celebrate the reconciliation. But Persano, at the dessert, being, perhaps, stimulated by the champagne, began a fresh attack on the Austrian admiral; and the latter, under the same inspiriting influence, retorted angrily, and ended the pleasantry by saying, "This is a question which we will go to the bottom of some of these days!" "In the Adriatic!" cried Persano. "I will give you an opportunity of settling it from your own experience," said the Austrian. "And be sure that I will let no such opportunity escape me," returned the Italian. Warned by this fresh evidence of bitterness, the French admiral took good care never to invite the two other commanders to the same dinner; but the encounter which he so anxiously endeavored to prevent has just taken place off Lissa. In this first naval engagement between the Austrian and Italian fleets, the former was commanded by Tegetoff, the latter by Persano. Both sides claim the victory; but the Italians, though they kept possession of the site of the engagement, have suffered far more severely than the Austrians, their two finest armored ships, the *Re d'Italia* and the *Palestro*, having been destroyed in the combat. The first was literally riddled by the shots from the Austrian frigate opposed to it, and sank like a stone, making in the sea a huge chasm that sucked it in bodily, with all its crew; the other, being penetrated by an explosive shell from the Austrian frigate, blew up, and its fragments were swallowed up by the waves. The crew of the *Palestro* were picked up by the Italian gunboats; but the brave fellows on board the *Re d'Italia* all perished with that ship, but not without sending a parting token among their foes. At the moment when the huge vessel made its swirling plunge into the awful gulf which was drawing it in, the crew discharged their guns into the Austrian frigate, killing forty Austrians and wounding several times that number. The two admirals having escaped unhurt, will doubtless meet again to settle their old quarrel, unless their "friend at the Tuileries" continues, by converting the armistice into a peace, to keep them asunder. The Italians, furious at the loss of the two splendid vessels from which they had hoped so much, are angrily declaring that they were built and armored in England. The papers here, enchanted to get hold of any handle that they can turn against "perfidious Albion," have been repeating this story ever since, delightedly declaiming against English dockyards, and declaring that the only ships whose armor resisted the Austrian fire were built and plated in France. But the fact is that the two unfortunate ships, as we now learn on the best authority, were built in New York; and so badly put together that it was prophesied, by all who saw them before they were plated, that they would fall to pieces at the first shot. These ships were plated at Spezzia; one of them with French plates, the other with Italian ones. No English builder had anything to do with them, and no English iron was used in plating them. Several of the armored vessels engaged in the late fight were of French build; and of these every one was pierced by the Austrian projectiles. One ship only, the *Affondatore*, was of English build, and that ship is the only one which came out of the fight perfectly unscathed, the Austrian balls not making the slightest impression upon her armor.*

The violent competition that has been going on between French and German managers, for the lease of the Folies Dramatiques, which has lately come into the market, has terminated in favor of the latter, Herr Maillot, ex-manager of a theatre at Vienna, having carried the day, after a combat of the most vigorous character, in which the adversaries kept on bidding alternately over one another's heads, until at last the offers of the Viennese took the wind completely out of the sails of their French rivals. The latter, furious at being beaten on their own ground by a foreigner, are spreading a report that the new manager, bent on importing a German troupe for the performance of French plays, will throw in the loan of a German pocket-dictionary with each ticket.

Thérésa has a rival who is fast dividing the empire of favoritism with the popular *diva*. Mlle. Columbat, the new star, sings at the Pavillon des Ambassadeurs, in the Champs Elysées, almost within hearing of her great prototype, and as, besides possessing a "mantle" very similar to that of Thérésa, she is excessively pretty, whereas Thérésa is excessively ugly, the supremacy of the latter is seriously threatened.

It may be interesting to distant readers to know that the judges in the great international competition of religious music that has just come off at Louvain, in Belgium, were as follows: for France, Berlioz, d'Ortigues, Baptiste, Saint-Saens; for Belgium, Fétes, Gevaërt, de Veoye, Soubre; for Germany, Hiller, Damke, Kufferath; for Holland, Verhulot; for England, Maher. The competition was organized by the Chevalier Van Elwick. Seventy-three compositions were contributed by fourteen different nations, and the three prizes were adjudged to Silas, a Dutchman; Reyer, a Viennese; and Habert, also an Austrian. STELLA.

* She has since gone to the bottom in a storm.—ED. NATION.

GONE ASTRAY.

WE doubt if all the cis-Atlantic readers of Matthew Arnold's sarcasm, entitled "My Countrymen," will read with the same undiscriminating relish his last effusion in the same vein, "Geist." His especial target on this occasion is Mr. Goldwin Smith, who, in suggesting a possible alliance of England and United Germany against the Second Empire, has laid himself open to the formidable charge of "Ungeist"—unintelligence, stupidity. The alliance will rather be the other way, says Mr. Arnold, since Prussia and France, like one body, are animated by "Geist," of which England has not a particle, at least as a controlling force; and he concludes his half-contemptuous attack with the recommendation, to the British people and to his fellow-professor, to get "Geist."

We shall not adopt the *Spectator's* short-hand method of disposing of this advice, which substitutes a familiar expletive for "get." We are not concerned in the personal antagonism of two professors of the same university, where the arguments, if hurled respectively from the domain of poetry and of history, belong in Sidney Smith's hopeless category of those which proceed from different premises, and, of course, will never have any conclusion. Neither is it necessary to undermine a house divided against itself, seeing that the latest news by the cable is that "Geist" in Paris and "Geist" in Berlin are at swords' points over the Rhine provinces—which is not exactly the answer Mr. Arnold invoked for his Prussian friend, but which we hope he will in good faith "take care that he hears," as he has promised. Our business is to note Mr. Arnold's unsoundness as a political teacher or crusader, as it was our melancholy task, not long ago, to do the same by Mr. Ruskin, who, after wishing well to the slaveholders' rebellion, at last took Gov. Eyre to his bosom. Mr. Arnold, in the name of democracy and "Geist," adopts Napoleon III. Which of these gentlemen is best qualified for the chair of Poetry at Oxford we shall not pretend to determine; but if the principle of selection is the worst ethics, we should say there is not likely to be further rotation in that professorship.

Mr. Arnold's paper appears, for another reason, at a very inopportune moment. In a recent translation of "May's Constitutional History of England, from the Accession of George III. to the Present Day," by M. Cornelis de Witt, the translator has availed himself of the preface for such liberty of expression as the "Geist" of the Emperor does not commonly tolerate. He says:

"We have never had to hear so much about the history of England as now that an effort is made to prove to us that it contains nothing worth learning. There have never been less pains taken to become acquainted with it than now that it is invoked on every occasion. . . . Those who, in order to free from reproach the régime to which at present our press is subjected, are fond of proving that across the Channel the laws relating to the press were tyrannous in the times of our great-grandmothers, will triumph on obtaining from the lips of an English writer the admission that in the eighteenth century printers were hung and journalists put in the pillory in England. I doubt, however, if, on the whole, this simple exhibition of the progress of the British constitution will leave in the mind of such readers an impression on which they will have greatly to congratulate themselves. . . . I surrender, therefore, the floor at once to Mr. May, reserving to myself for another place and time the explanation *why the English people is to-day, among the great peoples of Europe, the only one whose government cannot make war without consulting it.*"

The reply which our Samson will make to this compliment to his countrymen is easy to anticipate. It will include "Cole's Truss Manufactory" and the "representative industrial man" who is "something in the bottle-way." It will have much to say about Denmark, and the other chances, not a few, for England to embroil herself with the continental powers. It will probably contain a great deal of truth—truth not wholly creditable to the commercial and industrial interests which cried "Peace!" when honor and self-consistency would have accepted war. All this will not remove—we venture even to add, will not tarnish—the glory of England, shared by no other people from the pillars of Hercules to the Caspian, which M. de Witt has so clearly appreciated and declared. When the whole Continent is in arms by the intrigues of two or three cabinets, and by the original consent of barely a single people, who shall be told to "get 'Geist,'" if either liberty or democracy is a means worth attaining? M. de Witt has embodied in an indirect phrase the protest of such leaders of the only democracy France knows to-day, as Thiers, Jules Favre, and Jules Simon, against the infamy of enforced silence in the French Chambers when neighboring nations were all ablaze with revolution. Was it "Geist" or "Ungeist" that, in the session

of the 25th June, on the one hand forbade even an allusion to the state of Europe in a simple discussion of the budget, and on the other resented this gagging?—when the Marquis de Piré, backing the President Walewski, insisted, amid "hilarité générale," "if the Emperor has said what is necessary, there is nothing to add;" and Larrabure rejoins that "in circumstances as solemn as the present, the Chamber has the right to manifest its opinion also;" and Thiers is snubbed for crying out of turn, "The Chamber cannot abdicate its right;" and Berryer, still more warmly, "My right, my duty will not suffer me to admit that the Corps Législatif can adjourn in the present situation without discussing the affairs of Europe."

Mr. Arnold may sneer at the instinct of parties—he is not in sympathy with the spirit of the age when he sides with the arbitrary "Geist" of Bismarks and Napoleons. The world has too much of it already, and does not need to be told to "get" [more. The Empire of the 2d of December—of the *coup d'état*, of exile, and of transportations to Cayenne—has not changed its character in fifteen years. Its hideous policy has been to emasculate the French intellect by proscribing it from all concern in the Government, to demoralize the French people by encouraging the most licentious manners and corrupting pleasures; padlocks in the Assembly, censorship for the press, Thérésas in the *café* and the *salon*, gens d'armes at every corner—the Empire is decay and rottenness. Considering that Napoleon's reign has been a systematic repression of whatever is pure, independent, aspiring, enlightened that threatens the stability of his throne, what juster than to identify him with that Mephistopheles—

"Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint"?

Correspondence.

MR. BERGH, TURTLES, AND THE CANINE RACE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

In your last edition you devote more than a column of handsome letter-press to scolding me for declining to interpose the influence of this Society against the wholesale slaughter of the canine race by the city authorities, and for venturing to entertain a doubt that life, exposed to all the sufferings inherent to the dog's existence, is preferable to speedy dissolution.

"To be or not to be" has been a mooted question ever since the fall of our first parents; but, without going further into this enquiry, permit me to remind you that it does not necessarily follow that there is cruelty in taking animal life—otherwise the butcher exposes himself to this charge, and all who eat flesh are to a certain extent accomplices.

My purpose is, more especially, to correct an error into which you have fallen in relation to the "turtle case," which you seem to regard as being unsuccessfully terminated in so far as the Society is concerned.

On the contrary, the Marine Court has just denied the application of the defendant in this case, who has been indicted by the last Grand Jury, and now awaits trial before the Court of Sessions.

It may yet be made legally apparent, if not otherwise, to the torturers of the poor despised turtle, that the Great Creator, in endowing it with life, gave it feeling and certain rights as well as ourselves.

Feeling assured that such is your belief, I have the honor to be,

Your most obedient servant,

Henry Bergh, President.

Rooms of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, New York, July 19, 1866.

SEQUENCE AND CONSEQUENCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

It is sometimes difficult to carry two burdens at the same time. Thus, when Mr. Grant White, in The Nation of last week, endeavors to show that the "New Gospel of Peace" is not the "consequent" though it is the "successor" of the "Chaldee Manuscript," and at the same time to preserve the incognito of the author of the "New Gospel of Peace," he does not quite succeed. He says: "This criticism of The Nation led me to seek for the 'Chaldee Manuscript,' which, until about three weeks ago, I had heard of but never seen." And then he tells us of the difficulty he encountered in finding it, and goes on to draw his inference as follows: "Thus, although the 'Chaldee Manuscript' is half a century older than the 'New Gospel of Peace,' it is, I think, quite impossible that the latter should have been written in imitation of the former, or even because of its precedence."

Now this is quite conclusive if Mr. Grant White is the author of the "New Gospel of Peace," but otherwise I am unable to see its force. I think Mr. White was just then so solicitous about one of his burdens that he forgot the other for the moment and let it tumble to the ground.

N. H.

August 6, 1866.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

W. J. WIDDLETON.

The Curiosities of Literature. Isaac Disraeli. 4 vols. 8vo. Repub. Adv. below. Per vol. $2 25

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The Nation.

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The Week.

THE President's reply to the address of the Pennsylvania Convention was in great part a repetition of statements of his opinions and feelings with which the public is already familiar. But he went further than he has yet gone in denunciation of Congress, using one phrase which has a somewhat ominous sound. He spoke of Congress as "a body hanging upon the verge of the government, as it were; a body called, and which assumes to be, the Congress of the United States, but is, in fact, a Congress of only part of the States." It would be easy to set this down as an indication that Mr. Johnson is preparing his own mind and that of his followers for the creation of a Congress of his own in December, and for an attempt at the forcible repudiation of the body now in existence. We prefer, however, to believe that he is yet a great distance from any such step, and we call attention to the phrase simply as an illustration of the lengths of absurdity to which his own mental obtuseness and the flattery of his admirers are carrying him. It must be remembered that the Congress now sitting was elected by the loyal States for the purpose of governing the United States in peace or war, weal or woe, for the space of two years. Mr. Johnson, on the other hand, was elected Vice-President as a compliment to himself and his State, and nobody who voted for him had the smallest anticipation that he would ever be called upon to exercise any greater share either in reconstruction or in the general administration of our affairs than falls to the lot of the Speaker of the Senate. In other words, he was to occupy towards the executive the same relation as Hannibal Hamlin occupied towards it. He did not receive a single Southern vote, and was detested through every Southern State with a cordiality unknown in the case of any Northern Radical. He holds the power he now exercises by an accident, and when he speaks of himself as "a department of the government," and calls Congress "a body hanging on the verge of the government," he does no harm, we admit; but he reveals a state of mind, as we have often remarked before, which proves his presence in the White House at such a juncture as the present one to be most calamitous.

MR. JOHNSON has formally declared the war at an end and civil government restored throughout the Union. Mr. Binney's argument in support of the President's right to keep the *habeas corpus* suspended as long as he saw fit, was deemed conclusive, we believe, by the larger portion of the public at the time of its appearance. But there is nothing like experience for throwing light into the dark places, and we suspect a great many people do not now think his doctrine so very sound after all. It is quite plain that whatever the Constitution may mean, it ought never to have bestowed such monstrous powers on any one man as Messrs. Lincoln and Johnson have exercised. Only saints are fit to possess them, and the access of saints to the Presidential chair has long been so difficult, that it may be said that in practice nobody is fit to exercise them.

WHATEVER else the Philadelphia Convention has done, it seems to have impressed upon the minds of the Democrats that the President can no longer, with any propriety, refuse to turn over the offices to them. The President can hardly help gratifying them. The Missouri delegation to the convention, which called on him after the adjournment, informed him of two things, and respectfully recommended that both be changed. One was, that in Missouri the form of government was not republican in character, and the other, that "the offices at the disposal of the Federal Government" in that State might easily be filled by conservative men who support the President's policy. The New Hampshire delegation, which was in great part Democratic, were still more urgent; and the *World* says, with effusion, that the delegations from other States now temporarily in Washington, "all feel desirous of seeing and taking him by the hand, and speaking words of encouragement; and some of them," it unnecessarily adds, "have little matters in relation to office, etc., to arrange." The rumor is louder than ever that the Secretary of War is to be removed, and there is likely to be a clean and speedy sweep, so that the humblest postmaster may as well hold himself in readiness to tell Mr. Randall, by return of mail, whether or not he intends to hold his own or the Philadelphia principles.

IN the poem "Forlorn," published in THE NATION of last week, the word "*floating*" in the first line of the seventh stanza should be *fleeting;* and the word "*guest*" in the second line of the ninth stanza should have been printed *quest.*

THE *Herald* and the *World* are squabbling about the cable news, each accusing the other of all the sins which the conductor of a newspaper can well commit in his professional capacity. The *Herald*, however, appears to get more wonderful stories from the cable than any other paper, and we have little doubt will find the supply inexhaustible. The beauty of a *canard* which comes over the cable is that it costs too much to telegraphically refute it, so that it is sure of acceptance for ten or twelve days, and by that time two-thirds of the public will have forgotten all about it or have absorbed it into their mental fibre.

A RELIGIOUS newspaper of this city argues that Christian men and Christian ministers are morally accountable for their choice of a summer resort. Far be it from us to take an opposite view, or to lay stress on the coincidence that on the same day we read how the Cardinal Andréa had been suspended from certain of his functions because, in the pursuit of health, he had sought the waters of Naples, his native city, we believe. The cardinal has not submitted to the Pope's and the Jesuits' displeasure—for his deposition is the joint affair of both these parties—without a remonstrance addressed, on parting, to his charge. He alleges, with a show of reason, that his offence is one not known to the canons of the Church, and that the gravest misdemeanor would at least entitle him to a solemn trial and an impartial hearing. Of course he understands that his liberal views in politics are at the bottom of his attempted disgrace, but it is on the purely clerical line that he intends

to contest the matter, and we wish him all the success due to a righteous cause. Perhaps, though, the Pope, having given up all hope of restoring his invalid supremacy, is jealous of the refreshment of his subordinates. The French angels who have hitherto troubled the pool of his healing are to take their flight in September.

Most people have seen Gérome's picture, "Les deux Augures," either in the original or in a photograph. It represents two Roman soothsayers having a private and very hearty laugh over their professional labors. We do not think we are passing the limits of fair criticism when we venture on the presumption that a somewhat similar scene must have occurred when the managers of the Philadelphia Convention were arranging that pretty little *coup de théâtre*, the marching in of the Massachusetts and South Carolina delegates arm-in-arm. The walking arm-in-arm into a public meeting of the representatives of South Carolina and Massachusetts would doubtless be a very affecting incident; but the persons who walked into the Philadelphia Convention, in this affectionate manner, did not represent either of those States; and what makes the whole proceeding a joke—but an incomprehensible joke—is that they themselves knew they did not; the audience knew they did not; and when President Johnson wept over the report of the occurrence, he knew they did not. The men, such as Wade Hampton, who most thoroughly represent the spirit and genius of South Carolina, did not attend the convention, and could not be got to attend it. The two men who would, perhaps, most thoroughly represent Massachusetts politically—the one its intellectual strength, and polish, and culture, and learning, and the other its opinions, passions, aspirations, sympathies, and impulses—are Richard H. Dana, Jr., and ex-Governor Andrew. Neither of these gentlemen was at the convention, or could, probably, be got to go within fifty miles of it with friendly intent. The men who appeared for the State at the convention were simply inhabitants of the State, but in no way reflected the opinions of the people. There would, for instance, have been no difficulty at any time during the war, when Massachusetts was seething with fervor, in finding a dozen very respectable gentlemen in Boston to consent to walk arm-in-arm with Jefferson Davis and his cabinet into any assemblage in the world. But what would the spectacle have signified? Who would have blubbered over it? There is in these little shams and humbugs, to which politicians of all parties occasionally resort, something painful as well as absurd, as they reveal the fact that a class whose business it is to study the popular mind entertains for it the most unmitigated contempt.

General Custer, his friends and admirers will be sorry to hear, has taken to politics, and figured at the Philadelphia Convention. There was one lower depth of absurdity left, and into that he has fallen by writing a long letter to Mr. John W. Forney, setting forth his views "on national affairs," and giving the Clerk of the Senate "a piece of his mind" touching his (the Clerk's) own demerits. The letter we shall, from a sincere regard for General Custer, not sum up. The closing sentence, in which he speaks of Mr. Johnson as "the highest authority we recognize on earth," not, be it observed, as a civil ruler, but as a narrator or promulgator of facts, is a singular outburst of puerility. General Custer is evidently about as much in his place talking politics as Viscount Dundee would have been in the Archbishopric of Canterbury, or Murat on the bench of the Court of Cassation. Why can a man who has made a brilliant reputation not let it alone? What brings a *sabreur* like Custer into the company of such white-souled innocents as Thurlow Weed and Dean Richmond? Does he not know that these gentlemen belong to the Honorable Corps of Horse Marines, and have as little in common with land cavalry as foxes with lions?

The Hon. John Hogan, of Missouri, on the 20th inst., introduced a delegation from that State to the President, and the spokesman of the delegation informed Mr. Johnson that "if some demonstration were made, some show of protection by the General Government, some assurance that it will protect our people in all their rights, they would go fearlessly to the polls and cast their votes for the Union"—the Union being, of course, endangered by Congress and upheld by Mr. Johnson's policy. Thousands of Missourians who could conscientiously go to the polls will not go, Mr. King said, unless they are made to feel that the United States troops will protect them. Probably this is perfectly false. Governor Fletcher, whom these men denounce, calls out the militia for the protection of the polls, because thousands of people, disfranchised for the crime of treason, are suspected, on good grounds, of intending armed resistance to the laws and constitution of the State. The President's reply to Mr. King was not an outspoken one: "I think you will find the protection of the Government, as far as practicable, afforded to you." This may mean absolutely nothing, for, properly, it is in no degree practicable for the President of the United States, at the demand of irresponsible persons, to use the army of the United States in subverting a State government. Or it may mean a good deal, for the recent utterances of the President as to the condition of affairs in Missouri and his own rights and duties in the matter have been very alarming. Beyond a doubt, any interference on the part of the Federal troops would be resisted by force of arms, and civil war, at least in Missouri, would instantly follow. Governor Fletcher is firm, his proclamation calling out the militia is issued, and the men who made the Registry Law are determined to maintain it at all costs against those Missourians whom Price led out of their native State, and more than once afterwards led back into it with arms in their hands to wage the cruellest warfare against their former neighbors and fellow-citizens. Excitement runs high in Missouri, and great trouble is anticipated, though Governor Oglesby, of Illinois, in a speech made in St. Louis the other day, takes a comparatively cheerful view of things. "We are not going to have any civil war in Missouri," he says. "But what if they do have civil war in any of the States of this Union? I want you to say you can put Illinois down for 200,000 majority on the side of the loyal men in that war."

The *Round Table* published, some weeks ago, a statement that drunkenness was very common amongst American ladies belonging to "the best circles," that it was not unusual for them to appear drunk on Broadway, and that arrangements existed at the hotels and confectioners by which respectable female tipplers could obtain liquor secretly from the waiters, and have it charged in their bills as "extra lunches," or some other harmless luxury. The story was so very absurd that we believe nobody with much to do took the trouble of either noticing or refuting it. It has, however, been copied in England, and is now going the rounds of the press in that country. It may be readily imagined that it will not contribute much to the comfort of American ladies travelling in Europe, or to the consideration which they will receive in society, and we cannot help regretting that any American journal, laying claim to respectability, should have even, for that darling object of newspaper ambition, the production of "a sensation," put such stuff into circulation. The business of blackening the character of our own wives and sisters is hardly one which a respectable journalist ought to take up. We need scarcely say that no American lady has ever been seen drunk in Broadway or any other street, and that the arrangements by which, according to the *Round Table*, they surreptitiously procure brandy at hotels and restaurants, exist only in the imagination of the moralist who so terribly scourges our corrupt society in the columns of that journal.

Maximilian's blockade of Matamoras and other ports has been "disallowed" by our Government. As that potentate has, however, no navy, and never had a navy, it is not likely that he ever intended to blockade with anything more formidable than paper, so that he will not suffer seriously from our refusal to submit, and will, therefore, probably not notice Mr. Johnson's proclamation.

The miniature ship *Red, White, and Blue*, twenty-three feet long and twenty-one inches deep, has successfully crossed from New-York to London. The distance is not far from thirty-five hundred miles, and the weather during the voyage was severe; but the time required was only thirty-eight days, or less by one-third than is frequently occupied by vessels of large size. The enterprise was not, it seems, such a mere

piece of criminal foolhardiness as might at first thought be supposed. It was performed by men who had the greatest faith in the sea-going qualities of Ingersoll's Metallic Lifeboat, and were willing to prove them in this way. It is certainly a kind of puffery heroic enough to please Mr. Carlyle, who, on general principles, is not, we suppose, favorable to advertising agencies. It is observed by a daily paper that the trip of the *Red, White, and Blue* was being made at the same time with that of the immense vessel which was laying the telegraph cable; and the writer remarks that the one voyage "may fairly and contrastively complement" the other—the one being "massivity made nautically available," while the other is "dwarfish symmetry rendered demonstratively seaworthy." Providence, we presume, will not be tempted again by an endeavor to recross the ocean if the navigators can sell their craft to the Englishmen.

The full text of the peace preliminaries agreed upon between Austria and Prussia has followed the telegraphic synopsis already forwarded. Holstein is absolutely to become a part of Prussia, but Schleswig is to be allowed by a fair vote to decide whether Germany or Denmark shall be her fatherland. Saxony is to remain at present unmutilated in territory, but will be obliged to make a separate treaty of peace with Prussia, and bear some portion of the war expenses. The position of the kingdom in the Northern Confederation is left undetermined.

The terms of a treaty of peace between Prussia and Austria have been arranged. Austria goes out of the Confederation, without other loss of territory than Venetia, but shorn of all prestige and all weight. The loss of her position in Germany makes it very doubtful whether her sway over the other races composing the empire can be much longer maintained, based as it was merely on a system of balancing one against the other. The empire has, in fact, become an anachronism. It was essentially a mediæval machine, and its successful working in our day seems out of the question. The triumph of Prussia and Italy, even if it fail for the present to do much for parliamentary government, is essentially the triumph of education and ideas over brute force, of free thought over priestcraft, of lay over sacerdotal government, of equality over privilege; and we may all of us thank God that we have lived to see it. The failure of the French Emperor to play the part of "arbiter" in the quarrel has been signal. Prussia has forced him to eat humble pie, consigned him to a secondary position, thus depriving him, in one short month, of the fruits of twenty years' scheming, intriguing, and fighting.

The Tory Ministry in England refuses to prosecute Mr. Eyre for the execution of Gordon, although it acknowledges it to be "illegal," on the ground that it was an act of "practical justice." A more shocking and dangerous doctrine has hardly ever been propounded by the government of a free country. The forms of law are intended for the protection of men suspected, and strongly suspected, of crime, and not for that of those against whom nobody makes any charge. "Practical justice" would probably be done if two-thirds of the criminals who come before the courts were sent to jail without a trial; but who would recommend this summary process? An "illegal execution" is a solecism. Execution must be legal, or else it is either murder or manslaughter; and the reluctance which all parties in England show to call Eyre's offence by its right name is, to our minds, clearly the result of that bemuddling influence of the negro on the Anglo-Saxon brain which is so often visible in our own politics. Luckily the Jamaica committee are determined to put the law in force, although the House of Commons, to its shame, refuses even to censure the perpetrators of the atrocities of last summer. The Reform agitation continues, and is bringing out every day into more alarming prominence the class hatreds which lie at the bottom of it, and which give it a social character which the movement of 1830 did not possess. This, combined with a confession from Sir John Pakington that there are no reserves for the fleet—in other words, that a disaster at sea would be for the moment irretrievable—makes the political sky in England very cloudy.

THE FREEDMEN.

Gen. Howard's letter to the Hon. Roswell Hart is an indirect confutation of the Steedman-Fullerton charges against the Bureau. The commissioner reviews the condition of the South at the time the Bureau went into operation, and says:

"It is safe to say that in the so-called insurrectionary States, for six months after the surrender, no law of any kind existed, except that established by officers of this Bureau, and in some cases by other officers of the army. All the protection furnished for life and property of either class of persons was afforded by these officers, acting under instructions from Washington. The restoration of law and order so soon after the surrender of the rebel troops is in a good measure due to the efforts of Bureau officers in every district of the South, laboring to secure this end."

The continuance of the Bureau is justified by the present occupation of its agents. They act as the next friend of the freedmen in all courts recognizing the supremacy of the civil law; they examine all contracts and other legal documents affecting the freedmen, in order to shield them from fraud and oppression; they strengthen the sanctity of the marriage relation against a traditional sentiment in favor of its laxity; they shield the blacks from the evil effects of iniquitous vagrant laws; they are about the only supporters of the civil rights act at the South, and aid materially in extending to the freedmen the benefits of the homestead law; they receive and collect gratis the claims presented by any white or colored soldier; they find employment for freedmen not plantation laborers; and, without them, in numerous localities, the freedmen's schools could not exist a day. For the year ending June 1, 1866, the whites have received 2,901,767 rations; the blacks, 7,141,012. Since September, 1865, the rations for the latter have as steadily decreased as those of the former have increased, and now they receive almost precisely the same amount; so that the monstrous charge that the Bureau is only continued for the sake of indolent blacks—last made by the Hon. B. F. Perry in Philadelphia last week—is utterly disproved.

—The Tennessee Colored State Convention met and organized in Nashville on the 6th inst., and was in session till the following Saturday, when it adjourned to reassemble at Knoxville on the first Monday in September. The subjects for discussion were agriculture, mining, manufactures, and education. The proceedings were highly creditable to the members, and the presentation of statistics relating to the several counties was, if not complete, very satisfactory and business-like. It appears that the freedmen throughout the State are generally working the land for shares of the crop—from a half to two-thirds; comparatively few for wages. Mechanics make a good living. Considerable real estate is owned, but almost wholly in the cities.

Resolutions were passed—to send a memorial to the Legislature asking such annual appropriation of public school funds as will secure the colored children of the State the advantage of a common school education; appointing a committee of statistics on this subject; rejoicing that nearly 300 colored persons are already in the State normal schools and in Northern colleges, fitting themselves for teachers; urging their right to vote and be enrolled in the militia; asking Congress to grant Tennessee a republican form of government.

Just before the adjournment, General Fisk delivered a speech full of plain good sense and good advice to the convention. He exhorted them especially to build up their schools, and he would look after those who burnt them down.

—The following is the estimate of rations for September for the States of Arkansas, Missouri, and the Indian Territory: Whites (refugees), 35,000 rations; freed people, 5,000 rations.

—The last monthly report from Arkansas shows the number of persons to whom rations had been issued, as follows: Whites, 11,287; colored, 1,490. A large portion of the wheat crop in Arkansas has been destroyed by rust. In some districts equal rights are accorded to colored and white, whilst in others the old state of things remains. Indications are favorable for a large cotton and corn crop.

—General Fisk reports, for the quarter ending June 30, 1866, that there are 77 schools in Tennessee, directed by 183 teachers, and having an average attendance of 13,326 scholars, less than 2,000 of whom have not got beyond the alphabet. A first-class graded high school is to be opened in Memphis next month.

Notes.

LITERARY.

A very bold imposition on the public, by which a novel entitled "What is this Mystery?" has appropriated to itself the name and reputation of Miss M. E. Braddon, has just been exposed by a letter from the latter denying the imputed authorship. The "mystery" appears to have been how anybody could have been deceived by the attempted fraud, and still more how any respectable publisher in this country could have become a party to it. Ten thousand copies of the book are reported to have been sold, and it is the only comfort that Miss Braddon can derive from the transaction, since it testifies to her exceeding popularity. It may gratify her to know, too, that the American public will entertain a very just reprobation of such inexcusable pirating.

—A further search among Washington Irving's papers has brought out several unpublished manuscripts on Spanish subjects. These are to be issued soon by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, in two volumes, under the editorship of Mr. Pierre M. Irving. The unpublished papers are—"The Legend of Don Roderick," "Legend of Count Julian and his Family," "The Legend of Pelayo," "Abdenahman, the Founder of the Dynasty of the Ommiades in Spain," "Chronicle of Fernan Gonzalez, Count of Castile," "Chronicles of Fernando the Saint," and "Spanish Romance." To these are added the "Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.," and various biographical sketches and reviews that have not hitherto been collected, but which will be welcome in their present form to all who read and admire Irving.

—Almost at the same time with "The Naturalist in Vancouver's Island" has appeared "The Sportsman and Naturalist in Canada," by Major W. Ross King, which will be read with pleasure by the numerous sportsmen who are now enjoying their summer trip to the Adirondacks and the Maine woods, and also by those who have to stay at home, and find a malicious amusement in reading of the difficulties and disappointments of those who have been able to hunt—though, indeed, in Major King's book there is a deficiency of narratives of personal adventure, he having spent most of his strength in his studies of the habits of various animals. His account of the caribou and the moose is one of the most valuable memoirs of those animals that has appeared. His three years of careful observation have enabled him to correct many errors that have been handed down from one naturalist to another. Where the habits of animals are peculiarly interesting from the variety or perfection of their instincts, their intelligence is usually greatly overrated, and many exaggerated stories are told concerning them. Major King has closely observed the true habits of many animals, and his account refutes many popular errors. We find that the beaver of popular natural history and the beaver as actually living in Canada are quite different animals. Major King denies that they either drive in stakes with their tail or use it for plastering their houses. Their teeth and paws are what they chiefly work with in constructing their dams and habitations.

—The history of a successful piece of literary thievery has been given to the world by M. Léopold Delisle in some "Observations on the Origin of Several Manuscripts in the Collection of M. Barrois." In the famous library at Ashburnham Place, Sussex, is a collection of 702 manuscripts, formed by M. J. Barrois, and purchased by Lord Ashburnham in 1842. M. Barrois died in 1855, and a sketch of his life was printed in the *Bulletin* of the Société de l'Histoire de France for 1856. Ashburnham Place is out of the way and not often visited by literary enquirers. Lately, however, M. Paul Meyer, of the Bibliothèque Impériale, was admitted there and was presented with a copy of the catalogue of the collection. His friend, M. Delisle, borrowed this catalogue, and on reading it over was struck with the similarity of names and subjects to those of a quantity of manuscripts which were stolen from the library, now the Bibliothèque Impériale, about twenty-five or thirty years ago. Pursuing his enquiries he found that thirty-three of the most valuable volumes of which the Bibliothèque was plundered had been picked up by M. Barrois, and were now in the Ashburnham collection. Some of them were in their original condition, but most of them were cut to pieces and rebound by the plunderers, so as to multiply the apparent number of manuscripts. It is a satisfaction to know that many valuable manuscripts are still within the reach of historical enquirers and are in such intelligent keeping as that of Lord Ashburnham, who seems to have deserved no blame in the matter. Libraries should be more on their guard, and publish instead of conceal their losses. If they communicated to each other and to book collectors an account of their marks and sizes, of which they should use plenty, such losses would be less frequent, and the books could not be sold without detection.

—The efforts of the missionaries and the progress of Christianity in the East are inciting various native sects to new and vigorous struggles to retain the supremacy which the old religions have so long enjoyed. In China the Tauists, a sect of Rationalists, are very active in the distribution of tracts and books designed to promote the cultivation of virtue. The founder of the sect, Lautsz or Laukium, was born 604 years before Christ, and 54 years before Confucius; his only work, the "Tau Teh King, or Memoir on Reason and Virtue," is the foundation of the principles of his followers. In India the Brahmo-Samaj, or Church of the One God, has become very prominent. This is an organization founded by one Keshub Chunder Sen, of a good family of the third or Vaidya caste, for the purpose of substituting deism for idolatry. In 1860 he commenced the publication of a series of tracts, all powerful of their kind, and all directed to the same end—to solidify the floating unbeliefs of young Bengal into a definite system of religion, which nearly approaches Unitarianism. Keshub Chunder advocates on the negative side the extinction of idolatry, the abolition of caste, and the destruction of the existing Hindu laws of ceremonial, and on the positive the worship of a single omnipotent God, prayer, and personal holiness of life. On prayer he is very urgent, attributing to it most of the benefits which the old Buddhists expected to derive from what they called *upodhan*. "Prayer makes the weak powerful, the timid heroic, the corrupt righteous, and the ignorant wise." He and his adherents have now founded some fifty churches, and the numbers of the sect are counted by thousands. An interesting account of their religious system and a sketch of their chief has been published by Miss Francis Power Cobbe in the August number of "Fraser's."

—One who had not investigated the subject would not at first think how many proverbs, phrases, and metaphors have originated with music and musical instruments. It would be, perhaps, thought that a magazine article would contain them all. But the elucidation of this subject occupies a small quarto volume of seven hundred closely printed pages by M. Georges Kastner, of the Institute, under the title of "Parémiologie musicale de la Langue française, ou Explication des Proverbes, Locutions Proverbiales, Mots Figurés qui tirent leur Origine de la Musique." From the words *chant* and *chanson* alone nearly three hundred proverbs or proverbial expressions have arisen in French, and the words *danse* and *danser* have furnished as many more. In these proverbs we find a whole epitome of the musical art, and of its history. There is hardly a term which has not its crowd of proverbs. The *piano*, however, so universal an instrument nowadays, has made no mark as yet on language. There is no proverbial expression in French, or, that we can recollect, in English either, which speaks of it. The drum (*tambour*) has furnished far more, many of which are readily brought to mind, and has also been the occasion of at least two remarkably witty reflections; one of Oxenstiern, "Le hâbleur et le tambour semblent également faits pour étourdir;" the other, more subtle, of Joubert, "Le son du tambour dissipe les pensées; c'est par cela même que cet instrument est tout militaire." M. Kastner points out to writers a crowd of proverbs that could be used at need to express or strengthen their thoughts; some of which, under a lively and picturesque form, have a great moral or philosophical meaning. For example: "New god, new flute;" "little bell, great sound;" "when you are in any one's carriage sing his tune;" "when the masters laugh the servants sing;" "a lyre in the hands of a good musician is ornamented enough;" "interior harmony is the only true music;" "one must walk as the fiddler leads;" "the bell is the first and last fiddle of life," etc., etc. In the second part of the work of M. Kastner are the proverbs relating to musicians, to the different dramatic and lyrical forms, to dramatic artists, to dancing and dancers, for to the paremiology of music is joined that of the dance. This part contains

a long series of piquant details on the manners of the artists of the middle ages and of modern times.

—A singular book has been lately published at Paris under the title, "Manifeste du Magnétisme du Globe et de l'Humanité," the author of which, a Captain Bruck, tries to prove that the earth's magnetism influences the destiny of man. As he considers that the zodiacal light, shooting-stars, and other natural phenomena are referable to an effect of magnetism, so great events in human history can be traced to the same cause. For example, the 9th of November is, according to Captain Bruck, the day of least magnetic circulation and of least physical and moral energy, while the 22d of June is the day of most circulation and most energy. The 8th Brumaire (Nov. 9) was a memorable day in the life of the First Consul—the 22d of June saw the end of the empire. Also to magnetism certain great moral movements are due—Teutonism in Prussia, Anglicanism in England, Gallicanism in France, and Catholicism in the Papal States. The Philadelphia Convention, on this theory, is probably due to the showers of falling stars which were visible about the same time.

—On the 2d of August there appeared in Paris a work by M. Capefigue, entitled "Madame de Krudener and the Emperor Alexander I. at the Congress of Vienna." This woman was the first to conceive the idea of the Holy Alliance, and her influence over the Russian Emperor was sufficient to induce him to propose what his allied fellow-sovereigns accepted out of respect for him. With Alexander it was but a momentary whim, as was clearly shown twenty years ago by M. de Stourdza in his work on the origin of the Holy Alliance. Madame de Krudener nevertheless had for a long time been the object of his very high esteem, and in 1815 his praying with her was the means of her accomplishing her political dream. Some years later, by his order, she was removed from St. Petersburg and kept in a sort of exile in the Crimea, where she shortly died. The pretence that her preaching was regarded as dangerous was not borne out by the facts that she did not preach at the capital, and that she never could have affected the populace, because she did not speak Russian.

SCIENTIFIC.

"Modern" Chemistry.—Till within a few years it might have been said that chemical notation and symbolization had been for a generation tolerably uniform among all students of the science, but, since 1860 or thereabouts, every year has seen greater and greater departures from uniformity and consistency—greater discord among chemists on this subject, and nearer and nearer approaches to the existing chaos of opinions and practices. There may be said to be four parties to the dispute: First, there are the advocates of the *equivalents* or *proportional numbers* of Berzelius, numbers which indicate the ratios in which the different substances unite by weight; these write the symbol of water HO, in which the *equivalent* of hydrogen being *one*, that of oxygen is *eight*. Secondly, there are the advocates of *atomic weights*, who believe that the simple gases always contain the same number of atoms in equal volumes, and who maintain that the volumetric, as well as the ponderal, relation between its elements may be expressed in the formula of a compound; these write the symbol of water H_2O, in which the *atomic weight* of hydrogen being *one*, that of oxygen is *sixteen*. Between these two parties all advanced students of chemistry must choose, and then forthwith encounter another difficulty in the further division of chemists into two camps upon a different point. It has long been the prevailing custom to write the formula of many compounds in such a way as to suggest the proximate constituents from which they were prepared, or into which they might readily be resolved; thus oil of vitriol was formulated as HO, SO_3, a formula which suggests that it contains water and a dry, white, silky substance called anhydrous sulphuric acid, from which two bodies oil of vitriol can indubitably be prepared; or, again, caustic potash was represented by the formula KO, HO (k from kalium, the Latin name for potassium), and when oil of vitriol and caustic potash were brought together in due proportions, the product, a white saline substance called sulphate of potash, was represented by the symbol KO, SO^3, a formula which has a dual aspect, inasmuch as it implies that the part of the salt which the potash supplies continues to have within the compound some separate existence from that part which the vitriol furnished. This conventional representation of the intimate constitution of chemical compounds is, in fact, known as *dualistic;* it may be employed by the chemists who use atomic weights almost as well, though not quite as simply, as by those who hold to equivalents, and is to-day the mode of representation used in the great bulk of memoirs, treatises, dictionaries, and text-books on chemistry.

Opposed to this dualistic conception stands the *unitary* system, which, from small beginnings thirty years ago, has grown stronger and stronger, until it threatens to drive out the elder theory and reign in its stead. According to this unitary doctrine, it is impossible to determine in what manner the atoms of the ultimate elements of compounds are grouped together; the construction of dualistic formulæ is wholly unwarranted, and each formula must represent a single molecule of the substance it stands for, without suggesting any division into proximate constituents. Oil of vitriol is HSO_4 for unitary chemists who use equivalents; H_2SO_4 for those who prefer atomic weights; sulphate of potash is KSO_4 or K_2SO_4. So far as the unitary doctrine warns us against dogmatism, against enforcing speculative views with the same positiveness with which we speak of facts experimentally determined, its effect upon chemical philosophy is wholesome; but it has been found too negative in its character to serve as a basis of classification, or as the central doctrine of a school of active, eager, proselyting teachers of a new philosophy. Hence the chemists who have discarded the dualistic view have, with few exceptions, ardently embraced another hypothesis touching the mode in which chemical compounds are built up or moulded—an hypothesis which is, to say the least of it, quite as artificial and gratuitous as the dualistic conception. This new conception of the structure of chemical compounds, which is known as the doctrine of *types*, has for the last five or six years been vigorously contending for the mastery, and has made noteworthy progress towards ousting the elder dualistic hypothesis. According to the *typical* view, all substances are to be conceived of as built upon the model, or formed in the mould, of some one of the four bodies, muriatic acid, water, ammonia, and marsh gas. Chemists of this persuasion write the formula of the substances mentioned above as follows:

Water, ... $\left.\begin{matrix}H\\H\end{matrix}\right\}O$; Oil of Vitriol, . . . $\left.\begin{matrix}SO_2\\H_2\end{matrix}\right\}O_2$;

Caustic Potash, $\left.\begin{matrix}K\\H\end{matrix}\right\}O$; Sulphate of Potash, $\left.\begin{matrix}SO_2\\K_2\end{matrix}\right\}O_2$.

The formula of caustic potash is on the type of one molecule of water; while those of oil of vitriol and sulphate of potash are on the type of the doubled molecule, $\left.\begin{matrix}H_2\\H_2\end{matrix}\right\}O_2$. It will be observed that in the formula of caustic potash K *replaces* H; and that in the formulæ of sulphate of potash and oil of vitriol the group SO_2 *replaces* H_2. The manner in which the various elements and compound radicals replace hydrogen atoms is a chief object of enquiry with chemists who value this conception of four main types of chemical structure. They have invented the word *equivalence* (sometimes written *quantivalence*) to express the atom-replacing power of an element or group of elements. To represent the facts of chemistry in accordance with the typical hypothesis, the atomic notation must be employed, for the notation by equivalents does not lend itself to the effective exhibition of these typical structures.

It is altogether probable that the atomic system of notation will ultimately, and at no very distant day, prevail, inasmuch as it exhibits much better than the system of equivalents the important laws of combination, by volume, of specific heat and of isomorphism; but it is by no means so clear that the typical view of chemical structure is likely to become the dominant, or even a general view. During the last twenty years a large number of very able chemists have almost exclusively devoted themselves to the chemistry of the compounds of the element carbon, and the typical hypothesis applied to the thousands of new compounds of this element has given great scope to the ingenuity and keenness of the investigators in this fresh field. In organic chemistry the theory has been of great use in enabling students to detect analogies, in suggesting methods of research, and in promoting the orderly classification of multitudes of obscure compounds. On the other hand, in inorganic chemistry, which is by far the larger and more comprehensive subdivision of the science, the dualistic theory has been of very great service, while little or nothing seems to be gained by trans-

lating the established formulæ into *typical* forms. The interest which now attaches to the chemistry of carbon is wholly disproportionate, and will certainly be transient, although we may not yet foresee the turn of the tide. When we remember the relation of oxygen to fermentation, respiration, and combustion, its presence and functions in air, water, and the solid crust of the earth, and the part it plays in organic life, we shall be well persuaded that oxygen must continue to be, what it has been since Lavoisier named it, the central element of all chemistry.

The chemistry of minerals and metals, the chemistry which finds application in the useful arts, is, and must be in the main, other than that of the compounds of carbon. It may be said on the other hand that organic chemistry has already created sundry new branches of chemical industry: that the aniline colors are its fruit; that it has made benzine and paraffine, and a crowd of inflammable liquids which may be called naphthas, common substances; that carbolic acid, as an article of commerce, is of its furnishing, and that gas-making, coal-oil distilling, and the manufacture of ethers and chloroform, fall within its legitimate sphere. All this may be granted, and many more such additions to chemical manufactures may be anticipated in the future, and yet it will still be true that rocks, minerals, ores, metals, glass, pottery, and drugs, paints, and chemicals of inorganic nature, like the soda and potash salts, oil of vitriol, bleaching powders, the iron and lead paints, and an endless variety of similar substances, will always constitute the great bulk of the material on which the labor of chemists and manufacturers will be expended. Hence it is obvious that a chemical hypothesis which, like the doctrine of types, has been wholly suggested by and developed from the facts of organic chemistry, of the chemistry of carbon, has but an insecure hold upon the general subject.

The English chemists, counting Dr. Hofmann among them, have pushed the new views with much more unanimity and effect than the chemists of any other nation. The first manuals of chemical analysis, in the unitary notation, were published by Church and Northcote and by Conington; in 1861 came the first part of Dr. Odling's "Manual of Chemtry," which was unitary, but did not present a consistent system of atomic weights, in consequence of which defect it has remained an unfinished fragment. Not long after, the third edition of Prof. Miller's large and admirable work, "The Elements of Chemistry," appeared with both notations inserted for the benefit of both the old and new schools; in 1865 appeared Prof. Williamson's little book, "Chemistry for Students," in which he presented the new views, and the new notation in a compact and simple form for the benefit of beginners, that their minds might never be corrupted by contact with the older hypothesis and nomenclature. In 1866, Dr. Hofmann's very attractive, not to say seductive, little book, "Introduction to Modern Chemistry," gave to the new school the very best proselyting manual which they have yet got. Very lately, anxious to gain over the apothecaries' boys to their side, Prof. Miller, on behalf of the Chemical Society, addressed a letter to the Council of Medical Education, requesting them to introduce the unitary notation into the British pharmacopœia on the occasion of the publication of a new edition, whereupon the Council voted to give two formulæ, the old and the new, for each therapeutic compound. Meanwhile no new text-books of much authority have appeared in England to reinforce the system of equivalents or the dualistic hypothesis. A great "Dictionary of Chemistry" is in course of publication under the supervison of Mr. Watt, the translator of Gmelin, which, though it is not entirely consistent throughout, because of the somewhat different and rapidly changing views of the various contributors, yet in its later volumes lends the whole weight of its influence to the unitary and typical hypothesis, although dualistic formulæ are not unfrequently given.

In France, the matter stands somewhat differently. Würtz and his pupils are pushing the new doctrine with indefatigable energy, but the great majority of eminent French chemists still use the old equivalents and the dualistic formulæ. It has been hard to teach the new doctrines very widely in France because of the lack of text-books written in accordance with them, and in all the chief schools the manuals written with the dualistic notation still have full possession. In 1865, Naquet, a pupil of Würtz, published his "Principes de Chimie, fondés sur les théories modernes;" but in the same year appeared the second edition of Debray's admirable "Cours Elémentaire de Chimie," a book inspired by Deville, Debray's teacher and friend, and written throughout in conformity with the older theories.

In 1866, Richie published a most excellent manual, also written upon the dualistic hypothesis, and using the old equivalents instead of the new atomic weights. In short, the elementary teaching of chemistry in France is still conducted upon the old and established system, in spite of the fact that some of the most earnest advocates of typical hypothesis and the doctrine of equivalence, which has grown out of it, are to be found among the French chemists.

In Germany, again, the weight of authority inclines to the old views, although the most elaborate exposition of the new doctrines yet made is that given in the admirable "Lehrbuch der organischen Chemie" by Kekulé, of Ghent, the publication of which, begun in 1861 and continued in 1863, is not yet finished. Bunsen, Wöhler, Fresenius, Otto, Kolbe, and Strecker, and in fact the great majority of German chemists, still teach and write the old notation.

In this country all the chemical text-books in use are based upon the system of equivalents and the dualistic hypothesis, and this for the reason that most of our manuals have either been translated or compiled from foreign publications more than six years old. It is understood, however, that we have not long to wait for a manual of modern chemistry, arranged on the atomic system of notation, by one whose name will certainly commend the new views to the earnest attention of American teachers. We reserve for another occasion some criticisms on the name applied by its priests and converts to the new doctrine, viz., modern chemistry. We object to both adjective and noun. The spirit in which the English advocates of the new system have taught and urged it, also seems to us open to animadversion.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE recent election at Commencement of eight overseers of Harvard College by the voice of the alumni instead of by the Legislature of Massachusetts is a great revolution in the government of our most ancient university. It inaugurates a policy which, if it works well in Cambridge, is likely to be followed in many other places. The change was effected with but little outside commotion. Only one ticket was publicly advocated, and for that were cast only four hundred and forty-seven votes. The whole number of Harvard College graduates (B.A.) now living, according to the Triennial just published, is 2,779, in addition to whom 183 persons admitted to honorary degrees are entitled to vote. Less than one-sixth, therefore, of the full number of votes was cast.

It is thought that this radical change will free the colleges from unwise interference on the part of the State, and will, besides, enlist more earnest support from the great body of men whom the university has trained. Many of the traditional forms are of course altered by this change of front, including the Commencement Latin. There is one regulation which raises an enquiry in the mind of an outsider. Only graduates in the faculty of arts and those who have received honorary degrees are allowed to vote. Now, if Harvard is a true university, why should not all who have taken degrees there be allowed the same privilege?

—Many of our readers in different parts of the country must remember Rev. James Fraser, an English gentleman who visited our educational institutions last year in behalf of a Royal Commission, having been appointed to enquire into certain characteristics of our public-school system. His report has been eagerly expected. A private letter from England informs us that it is completed and printed, but not yet published. The Commission to whom the report is addressed are not yet ready to present their own views, and properly withhold for the time being the documents addressed to them. Nearly at the same time with Mr. Fraser's visit to this country and Canada, Mr. Matthew Arnold (to whose essay on "A French Eton" we have already called attention) was engaged in the study of the school systems of France, Italy, and Germany, under the auspices of the same Royal Commission. His report is also completed, and there is some reason to hope that it may be distributed, together with Mr. Fraser's, in advance of the complete volume. The ability of these two gentlemen, the importance of their

enquiries, and the authority under which they have acted, give promise of a most valuable contribution to the literature of education.

—Among the places favored by the annual educational conventions during the summer vacation, Indianapolis has been conspicuous. On the 13th was held there the meeting of National Superintendents; on the 14th that of the National Normal School Teachers; and on the 15th–18th those of the National Association of Teachers. At the first-named the leading subject of discussion was the need of better systems of obtaining statistics, for the sake of trustworthy comparisons of the workings of schools. The normal school teachers congratulated themselves on signs of an increased respect for the diplomas of their respective institutions, which were formerly even a hindrance to those seeking employment. They discussed the best methods of securing the general training of teachers, and it was urged that for those who intended to devote their lives to the profession, each State ought to possess a single school apart. Something was also said in favor of a sort of circuit normal school or institute, holding from four weeks' to as many months' sessions in varying localities. The two chief topics of interest with the National Association of Teachers were the relations of the state to education, and the educational condition and needs of the South. A general desire was manifested for a national department of education to collect statistics to aid in forming and assimilating methods of instruction, but with no coercive power over the administration of local authorities. Confidence was expressed rather in the spirit of our institutions than in legal enactments. Gov. Morton said in his address of welcome that a pure education, which should inculcate the fundamental principles of morals and of politics on which our Republic is based, would be a better guaranty of our future safety than any constitutional amendment.

In these meetings the Border States, including Tennessee, were well represented—the latter by one of her loyal legislators. Maryland, West Virginia, and Kentucky gave, through their State Superintendents, encouraging reports of their progress in popular education. The general attendance was diminished by the prevalence of cholera at the West, which deterred many from travelling. The agent of the Massachusetts Board of Education and three ladies from Rhode Island were the only representatives of New England. Especially notable was the presence of Señor D. J. Sarmiento, Minister Plenipotentiary of the Argentine Republic to the United States, and well known as the author of several educational works, including one on the American school system, published in Spanish by the Messrs. Appletons, and of a Life of Abraham Lincoln. He was received with marked attention.

NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

NUMBER II.—DIFFICULTY OF ASCERTAINING THE TRUE NUMBER OF WORDS IN THE VOCABULARY.

In specifying the points of excellence of the dictionary under review, I first mentioned fulness of vocabulary. The exact numerical computation of the words in our completest dictionaries is interesting, as furnishing an approximate measure of the copiousness of our speech, and it is an important element in estimating the value of a new dictionary as compared with older ones of the same language. For miscellaneous readers—and it is almost exclusively for such, not for professed scholars, still less for specialists in any branch of knowledge, that manual word-books are designed—completeness of vocabulary is more important than exactness of definition; for if the general meanings of a word are correctly stated, the context will, in most cases, indicate the special application with sufficient precision. How far, then, is the claim of superior fulness in behalf of this dictionary justified? If we compare, word by word, any ten pages of Webster with the corresponding pages of any other general English dictionary, we shall find that while the former omits few, if any, words given elsewhere, it adds several which do not occur in other alphabets, and hence a fair presumption of greater completeness is raised in favor of Webster. Again, it might seem that, as between Worcester's, the most copious previously existing English dictionary, and that now under consideration, the superiority of the latter in the point in question was sufficiently established by the statements of the respective editors, which assign 104,000 words to Worcester and upwards of 114,000 to Webster. But a little consideration will suffice to show that these estimates alone, admitting them to be accurate as understood by those who made them, afford no ground whatever for a judgment upon the relative completeness of the two word-lists, because in neither case are we informed upon what principles the enumeration of the words was conducted.

In a lexicon of a dead language the vocabulary of the recorded literature may be absolutely complete, so far as the specification of the words which composed it is concerned; the vocabularies of dictionaries, and especially of manuals, of a living speech must always be very imperfect. Hence, in estimating the real copiousness of a dictionary of a modern language, we must take into the account both weight and value, we must subject it both to quantitative and to qualitative analysis. In a later number of this series I shall give some statistics which will serve to show that the praise bestowed upon Webster, in this respect, is not unmerited. In the meantime, it will not be superfluous to point out some of the difficulties in the way of taking an exact census of any comprehensive word-list.

To those who have not bestowed much thought on the subject, it would seem an easy thing to count the actual words which compose the vocabulary of a given dictionary. But this assumption is quite erroneous, and in practice it would be found that any two scholars, who should attempt to estimate the number of words in Webster, or in any other dictionary, would arrive at very different results. Before commencing an actual enumeration, there are several preliminary questions to be disposed of. For example: 1. Shall we count every word which happens to occur in the alphabet without enquiring into its right to be found there? or shall we confine our number to words which we recognize as, at least in some sense, English? Thus, I find in Webster, *Agul*, a thorny shrub of Persia or Mesopotamia, which affords a kind of melon. This is an Oriental word, the name of a plant which, as well as its products, is unknown to English literature, commerce, and art; *Alwargrim*, a name said by Pennant to be given in the island of Aoland to the spotted plover. This is a suspicious, and probably erroneous orthography, and no such word is to be found in the dictionaries of the Swedish language or of its dialects. If it exists at all, it is a foreign and purely local word for an object which has a proper English name. Now these words, though confessedly not English in origin or in use, do nevertheless occur in some English books of natural history and, perhaps, foreign travel. Shall we count them as constituents of the vocabulary, or shall we reject them?

2. If we agree that only those foreign words are to be counted which have acquired at least a qualified citizenship, a *locus standi*, among us, by what principle are we to be guided in determining whether a given word has attained to that position? The Latin phrase *ad valorem*, according to the value, has come into familiar English use both in adverbial construction and as an adjective, and it is found in most dictionaries. We speak of duties levied *ad valorem*, and of *ad valorem* duties, meaning duties levied on imported goods in proportion to the cost or value of the article. The Latin *nemine contradicente*, no one objecting, usually contracted to *nem. con.*, is used of proposals or resolutions accepted by general consent and without debate. When a meeting adjourns without fixing a time for reassembling, it is said to adjourn *sine die*, without day. The Latin preposition *sine*, without, occurs also in other phraseological combinations commonly used in English books, and Webster introduces it into his alphabet as an independent word, thus: "*Sine*, prep. [Latin] without." In estimating the extent of Webster's vocabulary, as a measure of the richness of our language, shall we count words repugnant to its forms and its grammatical combinations, and which tend rather to prove its native poverty? And in comparing this with other dictionaries, shall we hold it more copious than they because it contains more words which its editors themselves characterize as foreign, not in origin only but in essence? It is evident, however, that a dictionary of a language so eminently composite as English, with a total vocabulary not one-half of which is of indigenous origin, and with a literature normally employing from five to thirty-five per cent. of words from alien sources, can not follow the same rules in this respect as the lexicons of a homogeneous tongue like the German. German general dictionaries usually do, and very properly may, confine their alphabets to words of the Gothic stock, or at least they embrace only such Celtic and other foreign derivatives as had become a part of the speech before the birth of its literature; but there exist general glossaries of terms borrowed from Greek, Latin, French, and other languages, and naturalized or semi-naturalized as German, some of which, though confined chiefly to words in common use and containing few strictly scientific vocables, number more than fifty thousand words. In English, it is very rare to find a page, in some writers even a period, in which several words of foreign stock do not occur, while in German one may easily write whole volumes without introducing any but Gothic radicals and derivatives. Opening at random a German popular novel which happens to lie before me, the "Verlorene Handschrift" of Freytag, I fall upon the tenth chapter of the fourth book, containing about eight thousand words. In this whole chapter, exclusive of proper names and of several repetitions of *Professorin* and

Lakai, designations of two of the characters, and the like, I observe not above fifty non-German words, and nearly half of these occur only in the remarks of a tradesman whose language is not the best. And yet Freytag does not, I believe, make special profession of purism.

3. Words may be the same in form, but radically different in etymology and meaning. Thus Webster gives *pay*, to satisfy or discharge a debt, and *pay*, to smear the bottom of a vessel with tar or pitch, as one and the same word, and erroneously refers both forms to a common root. But *pay*, in the first sense, is immediately from the French *payer;* in the second, from French *poix* (pitch); and the respective derivations and significations are wholly unrelated. Shall *pay* be counted as one word or as two? Again, the verb *to curry*, which the editors derive through the French from the Latin *corium*, means to *dress* leather by scraping, cleansing, beating, etc., to *dress* a horse by combing and smoothing his coat, to *dress* certain dishes by seasoning them with curry-powder. These significations are all grouped by Webster under one title, and, in fact, they have some slight analogy in sense; but though the noun *currier*, a leather-dresser, is very probably derived from *corium*, the verb *to curry*, in the sense of combing a horse, certainly is not from that root, and it is very doubtful whether, even when meaning to dress leather, it is cognate with the latter word. When it signifies to season with *curry-powder*, it is unquestionably from the noun *curry*, which is Oriental. The three significations, then, of *to curry*, though figuratively allied, are logically, and two of them, at least, etymologically, distinct. Is *to curry* one word, or more?

4. Words may be the same in form and in etymology, but so widely different in meaning that neither the derivation nor any one general definition would suggest the various significations. Thus, the verb *pass* means *to have currency, as money*, and *to make a thrust with a sword*. In both senses this word comes from French *pas*, and more remotely from Latin *passus*. Shall it be counted once or twice? Further, words identical in origin and in form, and more or less analogous in signification, may belong to different grammatical classes. The verb *precipitate* means to throw or fall down headlong, the adjective *precipitate*, over-hasty, rash; the noun *precipitate*, a substance which, having been dissolved, is again separated from its solvent, and thrown to the bottom of the vessel, by pouring in another liquor. Now this word, in all its senses, is from Latin *præceps* (headlong), and its different meanings are allied. The editors of Webster make the verb *pass* one word; the verb, adjective, and noun *precipitate*, three. Are they right in both cases or wrong in one, and, if wrong, in which? Again, in the latest previous edition of Webster, the past participle was separated from its verb, and arranged under a different heading. In the present, it is treated as a form of the verb, and has no separate title allotted to it, except in cases where it has become a technical adjective capable of being used without an auxiliary. If we count the words simply as they stand in the columns of the two editions, we shall make the new vocabulary less copious than the old, by the number of titles thus omitted.

5. Words may be the same in etymology and the same in meaning, or at least indistinguishable in definition, but they may be slightly different in form, and the two forms may be contemporaneous or successive. Webster gives *comic* as one word, *comical* as another; but his definitions of the two are not logically distinguishable. Nevertheless there is a certain distinction in the use of them. We say, the *comic* almanac, the *comic* Blackstone, but the actor Foote was a very *comical* fellow. *Magic* and *magical*, on the contrary, are grouped together under one set of definitions, though they are as much distinguished in practice as *comic* and *comical*. There are, however, other words with these two endings which are employed indifferently. There are, further, cases where words, which originally had but one form, have come to have two, one with a Romance, the other with a Gothic termination, as *glebous* and *gleby*, *canonry* and *canonship*, *opacity* and *opaqueness;* cases where words indisputably identical in origin and in meaning have more than one orthography, and, of course, occupy different places in the alphabet; and, finally, there are many instances of technical terms where we use indiscriminately a Greek or a Latin and an English form, as *antispastus* and *antispast* in prosody, *cauliculus* and *cauliele* in botany.

6. In many languages a very large number of radical and derivative words are compounded with a simple privative, or other qualifying particle, the force of which is so uniform and familiar that it seems quite superfluous to give a special negative, or otherwise limited definition, to every possible word containing it. Thus, the most copious Dutch dictionaries catalogue about five thousand words compounded with the prefix *on*, which nearly corresponds to the English inseparable particle *un*, and "Worcester's Dictionary" contains almost as many beginning with the latter. The new edition of Webster explains fully the significance of this prefix, but it wisely, as I think, omits a great number of the words compounded with it, for the reason that to one who knows the meaning of the simple word that of the negative form is self-evident. Shall we say that Webster is really less copious than other dictionaries because it omits compound forms that the most ignorant reader could have no possible occasion to search for?

The opinions of lexicographers in most of these cases differ on the question whether we are to count words in these various categories as one or more, and their practice, in all of them, is probably more discordant than their opinions. We must, therefore, determine the right principle applicable to each case before we begin a numerical comparison between two vocabularies, and follow it scrupulously in computing the extent of each of them. The principles by which we are to be guided in answering these questions are not, in every instance, altogether obvious, and any one who makes the experiment will find consistency in the application of his principles harder still. He must sometimes appeal to etymology, sometimes to form, sometimes to nice points of grammar or of signification, before he can decide whether a particular word is to be treated as a cipher, a unit, or a doublet. In such delicate questions there is usually a subjective and variable, as well as an objective and constant element of uncertainty, and probably a scholar who should twice count the words in Webster would make his second summing up *plus* or *minus* by some thousands as compared with his first. Hence it will be seen that it is not a simple matter to ascertain the number of words in a given alphabet, and that the respective enumerations of the editors of "Worcester" and of "Webster" are quite too vague to furnish us the necessary data for arriving at any conclusions whatever respecting the absolute copiousness of the English language, or the comparative fulness of the two vocabularies.

G. P. M.

DE PROFUNDIS.*

WHATEVER opinion may be entertained of Mr. Gilbert's inventive faculty or literary merits, it will not be questioned that he possesses a knowledge of the habits and haunts of London costermongers, charwomen, thieves, and other denizens of the overcrowded and filthy quarters of the metropolis, to which few writers of fiction can lay claim. And if an almost exclusive use of these as materials for his story, and a morbid satisfaction in what is offensive, or, perhaps we should say, an irresistible tendency to dwell upon the disagreeable phases of social life, for no other reason apparently than because they are disagreeable, can make a man a good novelist, the author of "De Profundis" should take high rank in his profession. From beginning to end of the book he is literally and typically in the "depths," and he takes good care to remain there. If by chance a character of average respectability or a locality of average cleanliness is introduced, he almost apologizes for the intrusion, and seems uncomfortable until he can regain the more congenial atmosphere of the back-slums in which the main incidents of his story take place. Of this we purpose giving a brief sketch.

The hero of the tale is a foundling, deposited in the basket of Mrs. Sparkes, a washerwoman, while she is calling at the house of one of her customers. Both police and parish authorities refuse to take charge of him, each demonstrating, beyond the possibility of doubt, that the other is his legitimate guardian; but Mrs. Sparkes, unwilling to see the child perish in this muddle of red tape and circumlocution, decides, with the consent of her husband, a private in the Scots Fusilier Guards, upon adopting him, and he is christened James Duke, the latter half of his name, which supplies the place of patronymic, being due to Private Sparkes's admiration for the Great Duke, under whom he had served at Waterloo. Under the care of Mrs. Sparkes and her daughter Jemima, an ugly girl, with freckled complexion and red hair, James grows up a sturdy, stupid, but well-disposed boy, and at fourteen years of age becomes a drummer in the regiment of his adoptive father. The latter, who has died early in the tale, is now followed to the grave by his widow, and Jemima, grown into a prodigiously tall woman, with her natural physical imperfections exaggerated by years, enters the world as maid-of-all-work at a boarding-house. James, having a natural repugnance to constituted authorities, soon tires of a military career, and deserts from the service. After leading a vagabond life for some months, he is enabled, by the assistance of Jemima, to obtain employment as an errand boy with a poulterer, and, showing aptitude for his calling, is gradually advanced in position and wages, and, finally, marries Jemima, who is eight years his senior. The couple being now comfortably settled in life, misfortunes thicken around them. James, prostrated by severe illness, is induced, against his earnest remonstrance, to take brandy as a stimulant. Jemima also has an attack of illness, from which she emerges with the loss of one eye and no increase of personal attractions. Meanwhile, husband and

* "De Profundis; a Tale of the Social Deposits." By William Gilbert. Alexander Strahan, publisher, London and New York. 1866.

wife have acquired a taste for ardent spirits previously unknown to them, and, under the influence of unusually deep potations, the former commits an assault upon a policeman, for which he is sent to the house of correction. Upon being released he is summarily dismissed by his employer, the poulterer, and soon after falls into the clutches of a scamp named Meffy, who, taking advantage of the simplicity of Mr. and Mrs. Duke, contrives to plunder them of the few pounds they have laid up in the savings-bank. Reduced to great poverty, they leave their lodgings in the comparatively aristocratic quarter of New Pye street, Westminster, for a squalid back-court, known as "Smith's Rents," where the author lingers lovingly during the rest of his tale. Of the appearance and condition of that locality, and the habits of its inmates, many graphic accounts are given, which, it may be added, are entirely apart from the plot of the story, if plot there be. James now makes a new start in life as a costermonger in the fish line, and succeeds very well until his evil genius, in the shape of Mr. Meffy, again environs him with difficulties. With inconceivable stupidity he is induced by this person to become a vendor of poultry, with which certain of Mr. Meffy's friends kindly supply him on very reasonable terms, and in due time he is again sent to the house of correction as a receiver of stolen goods. Meanwhile, Meffy plots with one Theodore Walters and his son Edward, both residents of "Smith's Rent," to rob the house of a wealthy old bachelor named Mostyn. In the execution of the burglary Mostyn is murdered by young Walters, Meffy, as usual, succeeds in getting out of the way, and the elder Walters, who is entirely innocent of the murder, after assisting his son to escape to America, is arrested as the perpetrator of the crime, which, it seems, was committed on the night preceding Duke's last incarceration. With a view to still further shield his son, and also to extricate himself from difficulty, Walters next endeavors to turn Queen's evidence, and boldly charges Duke with participation in the burglary, and with the commission of the murder. The latter is arraigned, but easily proves an alibi and is acquitted, while Walters is convicted and hung. The heir-at-law of the murdered man now interests himself in Duke, and sends him out to Sydney, New South Wales, where the story leaves him established as "Purveyor of Poultry to his Excellency the Governor."

Such is the main thread of the story, the point or moral significance of which, unless the author has intended merely to produce a series of sketches of the London poor, cannot be readily detected. The hero and his wife, who, in spite of a stupidity which we fancy cannot be characteristic of native Londoners, are an affectionate and worthy, though very commonplace couple, are involved in all kinds of trouble, which certainly are not of their own seeking, which develop in them no remarkable traits of character, and from which they emerge no better able, apparently, than before to combat or avert misfortune. As their first mishap illustrated the evils of over-indulgence in alcoholic drinks, we fancied the story was to be a temperance tale; but there is nothing to show that Duke abolished or greatly abridged his potations in after life, or that he might not have got into just such another scrape again. Both are buffeted by the world without cause, by the pure force of circumstances it would seem; and even the elder Walters, whose efforts to shield his guilty son awaken some commiseration for him, suffers the extreme penalty of the law, while the two principal villains of the tale, Meffy and young Walters, escape scot free. Thus that exemplification of poetic justice which is supposed to be the novelist's aim is defeated; it is the guilty who are favored of fortune and the innocent who are punished.

The constructive ability of the author is very slight. His numerous episodes illustrating low life, though evidently founded on fact and often humorously told, positively detract from the interest of the story. Possibly a third part of the book is devoted to such digressions. As an illustration of the minuteness with which he goes into unimportant details, he devotes in one instance half a page to describing two characters, one of whom, he tells us, is not to appear at all in the story, and the other "only once or twice in very secondary business." Above all, the atmosphere, reeking with squalor and misery, in which the main incidents of the tale are enveloped, oppresses the reader from the first page to the last. We do not complain that Mr. Gilbert has penetrated deeper into the "social deposits" than others—Dickens, for instance—but that he remains there so persistently and so needlessly, introducing no grateful sunlight to relieve the sombreness of his shadows, and pointing no moral from the ugly associations with which he has brought us into contact. That is the glaring error of a work which evinces in many passages a considerable degree of descriptive talent and dramatic feeling. Had the author shown that Duke and his wife, in spite of living in "Smith's Rents," among thieves, prostitutes, and vagabonds, triumphed over misfortune by reason of certain innate virtues, and not through circumstances as purely accidental as those which produced their misfortunes, his aim would have been intelligible. But, failing to do this, his "tale of the social deposits" is simply an offence against good taste and propriety.

English Travellers and Italian Brigands. By W. J. C. Moens. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1866.)—On May 14, 1865, Mr. Moens and the Rev. J. C. Murray Aynsley, while returning with their wives from an excursion to Pæstum, were stopped by brigands near the village of Battipaglia, about midway between Pæstum and Salerno. The ladies were speedily released and permitted to proceed on their way to Salerno, while their husbands were hurried off by the band to the mountain fastnesses adjoining the coast. Their ransom was fixed at 50,000 ducats, equivalent to £8,500 sterling, and Mr. Murray was selected by lot to go in quest of the money, his companion in misfortune remaining with the brigands as security for its payment. On August 23d the last instalment of the ransom, which had been reduced to 30,000 ducats, was paid, and on the 25th, after a captivity of one hundred and two days, accompanied by ceaseless hardships and danger, Mr. Moens was restored to liberty. In the volume before us he has given a plain and modestly written narrative of whatever of interest came under his observation during his captivity, from which the reader can obtain a good idea of the romance, the perils, and the profits of brigandage. The romantic side of this mode of life, according to the author's experience, is altogether a fiction. The brigands are ignorant, ferocious, and cunning; fierce and determined when brought to bay, but for the most part inclined to avoid a fight, unless the odds are clearly in their favor. Their leaders are not, as is often said, men of superior condition and generous instincts, who have been driven by misfortunes or oppression to outlawry, but in general are as unmitigated brutes as one would wish to encounter, and selected as leaders from superior skill or determination. The traditional picturesque garb, and no less picturesque bivouacs or banquets in mountain caverns, commonly associated with Italian banditti, certainly did not fall to the lot of Gaetano Manzo's band, by whom Mr. Moens was captured. Their clothes were more frequently drenched with rain or plastered with mud than warmed by a bivouac fire; for days at a time they were often without other food than a miserable crust of bread; and the vigilance and activity of the Italian troops stationed among the Southern Apennines compelled them to be constantly on the move. It seems almost incredible that men should endure so much peril and personal discomfort, in view even of the large pecuniary rewards which they sometimes reap from brigandage, except on the supposition that they have committed too many crimes to permit them to reside in civilized, law-abiding communities. This is the true cause of the existence and permanence of the system, and not, as is commonly believed, political disaffection promoted by Bourbon reactionists. Brigandage is a necessity, and a necessity which the peasantry gladly recognize and encourage for two reasons: it rids them of certain dangerous members of society, and it opens to them a profitable trade with the outlaws themselves, who pay for food, clothing, arms, or ornaments from eight to ten times the value of the articles. From the peasants and the *vetturini* they gain all the information and aid they require to carry on a successful career, and, in the opinion of Mr. Moens, it is against these classes that the Italian Government must direct its efforts if it expects to put down brigandage. So long as the *interests* of the country people are concerned in its maintenance, or while their fears of the *vendetta* forbid them taking a hostile attitude against the brigands, it will flourish. The remedy suggested by the author is to open up the country by roads, to levy the sum paid as ransom for any captive upon the district in which he was captured, to punish severely those known to have had dealings with brigands, and to establish an armed rural constabulary, who, knowing the country and being of the country, he thinks, would be far more serviceable than the Piedmontese troops now employed, for whom both proprietors and peasants in Southern Italy at present entertain a marked dislike.

The Lady's and Gentleman's Science of Etiquette, and Guide to Perfect Manners in Society. By Count D'Orsay and Countess De Calabrella. (Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.)—In Barbadoes, they say, a man becomes a gentleman by purchasing and sometimes wearing a pair of shoes and stockings. We dare say an American citizen from Arkansas, though he were barefooted and owned but one negro, would once have maintained his right to the title at the point of the well-known toothpick of his native State. But more than shoes and stockings or likely negroes are demanded by our noble authors. For instance, the count says: "Do not pick your teeth too much, as, however satisfactory a practice to yourself, to witness it is not at all pleasant." "And never," says this foreign aristocrat,—"never use your knife to convey your food to your mouth." As a home-made book of etiquette remarks, we have discarded the worn-out despotism of the Old World so far as our form of government is concerned, why should we not, if we choose, establish an American rule in this matter of eating with our knives? There is more of the argument, as that the knife is just as clean as the fork, that it is really less awkward, that, as for the charge that a man eating with his knife looks as if he would cut himself, the reply is, that reason reassures us no man ever did cut himself except when he was in a very great hurry. But we do not propose to discuss the question. If Count Alfred is severe in his requirements, the countess also sets the standard of gentility high. "It is bad ton," she says, "to keep the cards you have received stuck around the frame of a looking-glass." And again, this is a hard saying: "Ladies should avoid talking too much;" though we are forced to assent when she adds, "It will occasion remarks," which seems undeniable. This is good though; it is addressed to wives: "In all discussions you should watch yourself attentively lest domestic familiarity raise itself by degrees to the pitch of a quarrel."

But a fine moral tone pervades the book, and, on the whole, we see no reason why the Count D'Orsay and the Countess Calabrella, if they are in heaven, have not a right to do what Timothy Titcomb says he intends doing if he should go there—namely, take by the hand such of his readers as he finds, and mildly but firmly, also hopefully, ask them if they were not really benefited by the perusal of his works.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE CONSERVATIVE PLATFORM.

THE resolutions adopted by the reactionary convention at Philadelphia afford another illustration of the hollowness of party platforms. Nine out of the ten resolutions could be accepted by every opponent of the convention with very slight alterations. The whole question at issue turns upon the *interpretation* of the very language used in this platform. Much of it is taken literally from the Constitution of the United States, and is, of course, accepted and insisted upon by both parties. The resolutions make no practical application of these general principles, although it is notorious that the only cause for the assembling of the convention was the difference of opinion which arose in attempting to make that application. No one disputes that every State is entitled to representation by members duly elected to Congress. But is South Carolina an organized State? and if so, have her representatives been *duly* elected? The convention does not say. The State having been once confessedly disorganized and broken up, had the President the exclusive power to dictate the mode of its reorganization, or was this a subject for the control of Congress? The convention does not say. Yet these are the only questions of constitutional law and the cardinal issues of political principle involved in the struggle which this convention was called to initiate.

Of course we all fully understand the real views of the convention upon these points; but they were just as well understood before it met. And if, having assembled with so much parade, to utter a few meaningless platitudes, we are left simply to our previous knowledge of its members from which to infer their views and aims, we are at liberty to put such construction upon the platform as the past history of the great majority of the delegates will warrant. Practically, the resolutions mean that which the party supporting them intend that they shall mean. The great object of the mass of those present was to clothe the rebels with power, to put loyal men under their feet, and to release the white people of the South from all checks and restraints upon their will. Doubtless they purpose to do this within the Union, and we believe that most of them have no ulterior designs against the maintenance of the Union, if it can be preserved upon their terms. But their policy is inconsistent with the very idea of free government, and inevitably hostile in its tendency to the continuance of the Union. We judge them by their general policy, not by specious declarations made under the pressure of necessity and for political purposes.

The address is a little more explicit than the resolutions, though even this is, to a great extent, couched in general and evasive language. We gather from it that ten States are, in the opinion of the convention, unconstitutionally excluded from Congress, that if they are not promptly admitted a new civil war may be expected, and that, by this exclusion, the validity of the Government itself is brought in question. In attempting to recite and confute the arguments by which the action of Congress is justified, the author of the address confined himself to a citation of those arguments which he thought could be most easily answered. The address takes no notice of the fact, assumed as indisputable by Mr. Johnson and all his supporters in 1865, that the events of the war had obliterated all legal civil government from the revolted States, and that it was the duty of the Federal Government to organize those States anew. It evades the main issue before the people, which is not whether conditions shall be imposed—since conditions have been imposed, with the assent of the convention, expressed in its endorsement of Mr. Johnson—but which is merely whether the work of reorganization and the imposition of terms which necessarily belong to it, are within the province of the executive or of the legislative power. Congress claims this work as both its right and its duty. It claims the right to determine how fast the work of reconstruction shall be carried on, and to deliberate upon its methods and means. This takes time, undoubtedly, and meanwhile no representatives can be "duly elected," since the springs of local government cannot be put in motion without the supervision of Congress. But even the President's plan has not avoided all delay, for no members have yet been elected to Congress from Texas, though fifteen months have elapsed since he usurped the task of reconstruction. Time is an element which all free governments must use liberally. Only despots can create new laws and institutions in a day.

Some of the assertions of the address are worthy of note, as entirely inconsistent with the truth. Thus it is said that in every respect, except that they are denied representation, the States once in rebellion are recognized as holding the same position as the other States of the Union. This, it is well known, is not so. Congress has steadily refused to recognize them as reorganized for any purpose, and has never admitted that the governors and legislatures elected at Mr. Johnson's bidding have any right to control even the internal affairs of their States. So it is said that Congress has asserted an absolute right to exclude States from representation at its own discretion, wholly independent of the fact of their rebellion or disorganization. Such a pretension would indeed be monstrous; but we are not aware that it has been advanced by a single member of Congress, and we are quite certain that it has never been put forth by the collective body. An appeal for popular support based on such gross misrepresentations cannot command the respect of any one acquainted with the facts. As for the declaration that there is no section of the country in which the laws meet with more prompt obedience, or where there is less danger or purpose of any future insurrection than in the South, its audacious coolness puts it entirely beyond comment.

Neither the resolutions nor the address explicitly asserts the power of the President to do the things which they applaud him for doing. That is a point upon which the convention wisely refrained from argument; its shrewdest members being well aware that they could not prove the right of Mr. Johnson to reconstruct the Southern States without putting weapons into the hands of Congress. So they endorse his acts generally, without specifying particulars or attempting to reason out their position. The obvious truth is that the majority of the convention were so thankful to Mr. Johnson for not going further, that they were glad to forgive him for going as far as he did.

The platform of the new party being so evasive, so capable of interpretation in different ways, the account which we give elsewhere of the doings of the convention will throw more light upon its aims and spirit than any of its official expressions. Indeed, we all know very well of what material the party is and must be composed. No matter what professions its managers may make, its tendencies are inevitably to sustain oppression, and to substitute peonage for slavery. In this respect it stands in marked opposition to the party of Congress, which, with many grave defects of policy and leadership, has nevertheless always had a better tendency than its platforms indicated, and has always done, or tried to do, more for the cause of liberty than it has promised. We look for plainer, more distinct, and far more generous utterances from the Union conventions this fall, than those of the Philadelphia assemblage. The party of liberty ought not to fear to express itself in language unmistakable as well as just.

WHAT BARON VOM STEIN DID FOR PRUSSIA.

THE extraordinary rapidity with which Prussia has jumped into the position of the first power in Europe—for such she may now undoubtedly be considered; the extraordinary skill which has been displayed in the management of her resources in the recent contest; the great qualities displayed in it, both by the rank and file of the army and by its leaders; and the marked influence which she is likely henceforth to exercise on European politics, have naturally excited general interest in her recent history. Everybody knows something of the wars of the great Frederick, and how much fighting he got out of his unfortunate people; but Prussia in his day was not a state, but a camp. Few people know, however, by what process and whose hand it was raised from the condition of degradation and poverty and weakness in which the battle of Jena left it, into the martial, industrious, wealthy, prosperous, and powerful state which we see to-day.

With the peace of Tilsit, in 1807, the fortunes of Northern Germany reached their lowest ebb. The Prussian monarchy was reduced to the

three provinces of Prussia proper, Brandenburg, and Silesia, with fragments of Pomerania, but with frontiers curtailed on all sides. For many months the virtual administration, even of that portion of these shreds of a country lying west of the Vistula, was in the hands, not of the officers of the King, but of three French *corps d'armée* and the civil commissaries in their train. Immense contributions were in arrears, and the forces of the Emperor Napoleon had no idea of leaving until they were collected. The collection was tardy, because of the enormous amounts required; and the longer it lasted, the longer was the occupation, and the heavier the attendant expenses and the new contributions required to meet them. By arguing in this ingenious circle, Napoleon filled his coffers and rewarded his favorites; but, instead of extending he practically circumscribed his power, by fomenting among the tax-paying orders of the conquered provinces—the very classes on whose inveterate ill-will toward their hereditary rulers he should have relied for support—that universal discontent which, powerless as yet, was destined shortly afterwards to become troublesome in Spain, formidable in Austria, and ultimately overwhelming in Prussia, Russia, and Austria.

The remnants of Prussia were inhabited by about 4,600,000 people, saddled with all the evils which the French had thrown off in their revolution, and which, until now, the Prussians had not only borne, but cherished, as interwoven with the glories of their history. To one who has not visited the eastern shores of the Atlantic, it is almost impossible to convey an adequate idea of the hostile castes into which the peoples of Europe were divided at the close of the eighteenth century. The peasantry were serfs, bound, by the accident of their birth, to render not only agricultural but menial services, and but little better protected against the tyranny, the insolence, and the immorality of their superiors, than the negroes and negresses of the late slave States. Penal laws prevented them from quitting the curtilages which their forefathers had given them to cultivate, and of which their landlords were nevertheless at liberty to dispossess them at pleasure, and incapacitated them, if not from learning trades, at least from exercising them in towns. The peasants on the royal domains had been personally enfranchised in 1702, but without conferring upon them any rights of property to the land they tilled. The townsfolk, though accounted free, were not at liberty to settle in the open country, unless, indeed, they were wealthy enough to purchase a whole estate, with its village of appendant serfs, its seat in the "estates" of the province, its court-leet, its advowson, its chase, and its right of entail, all of which required special letters of license from the crown. The peasant could not obtain these letters, and, of course, could not make such a purchase. The next heir to such an estate, if a commoner, was postponed to a more distant kinsman of noble birth. Even the nobles thus privileged were in their turn prohibited from acquiring town lots or peasants' farms, or from engaging in commerce or handiwork. The army, in which they alone could be commissioned, and the bureaucracy were their only refuge from penury; but the sudden curtailment of the kingdom to hardly a third of its late area, accompanied by the disgraceful collapse and disintegration of the army, filled every corner of the land with displaced office-holders and military men on half-pay. In the province of Posen alone, which Napoleon had transferred from Prussia to Saxony, seven thousand civil functionaries were dismissed by the new government, and driven to Prussia to escape starvation. So high was the price of the necessaries of life that rations of bread had to be issued to the half-pay officers.

Practically, though not legally, the office-holders constituted a fourth estate as widely severed from the rest as the latter from each other. In this category must be comprised the clergy and the men of learning, who labored to console themselves and the educated classes of the people for the want of actual freedom, by constructing doctrines of theoretical liberty. "At such times," says Stein, "the speculative sciences usurp a disproportionate importance, matters of public concern are neglected, and eccentricities and paradoxes engage and abash the mind, which lapses into purposeless reveries instead of irradiating the field of action." Even in the principal cities, elective offices had lost their existence or their importance, and the municipal business was entrusted by the central government to the hands of invalid officers, sergeants, and corporals. Every member of the bureaucracy depended upon the favor of his immediate superior for his chance of preferment, and even of livelihood. The ultimate superiors, the ministers of state, depended, nominally, on the King, but, substantially, on the ebb and flow of their intrigues against each other, and of the other courtiers against them. The ministers were thirteen in number; the heads of departments never assembled for consultation, but communicated with each other in endless diplomatic correspondence.

At the head of this people was King Frederic William III., a monarch whose natural parts never sufficed to give him the command of his mother tongue, and whose leading maxim was to distrust men in exact proportion to the degree of capacity of which they gave token.

In a word, matters had arrived at that desperate pass at which alone reform even may be inaugurated with a prospect of adoption, and, fortunately, the strong hand was not wanting for the work. The reorganization of the army was radically designed and energetically prosecuted; "no one in the world," to use Blücher's phraseology, "was exempted from serving, and no one cut off from the chance of promotion." Gymnastic exercises were prescribed even for the common schools. The renunciation, on the 29th of March, 1808, of the prerogative right of exacting heavy fines for permission to erect mills, was followed by the abolition of the monopolies of the guilds of bakers, butchers, and hucksters. On the 26th of August oral deliberations of the Ministers of State had been inaugurated. On the 19th of November ensued an edict empowering the citizens of every town to elect their own local magistrates. The organization of provincial assemblies, or estates, mooted and discussed about the same time, was effected in 1823, and a representative legislature, formally promised the people in 1809 and 1815, was secured by them in 1848, on which occasion, also, they realized the hope, so long deferred, of a judiciary not appendant to the manor, but appointed by, and responsible to, the state. On the 15th of August, 1808, the King conferred upon some 47,000 families—the peasants of the crown domains in the province of Prussia, the only one then uninfested by French soldiery—the fee-simple of the lands tilled by them, comprising about 4,230,000 acres, valued at seventeen millions of thalers. All these measures, however, were preceded by what may be called the great constitutional amendment, adopted the 28th of October, 1807. It restrained landlords from converting into sheep-walks the farms once leased to a peasant family, without the consent of the tenant and his heir and of the provincial authorities; qualified every Christian subject of the realm to exercise any and every calling; and to take, hold, and convey real estate, and for ever abolished all rights of property in man or in human labor or services. Another, and, as many regard it, the crowning part of the work, was the establishment of the University of Berlin, the focus of a national system of education pervading every order of society, and unfolding every grade of intellect on the fundamental principle of Pestalozzi's method; the evocation of the spontaneity of the mind in contradistinction to the cramming of the memory.

Such were the far-famed reforms of the Baron vom Stein, the practical results of the programme with which, in October, 1807, he had entered upon the administration.

Notwithstanding the authentic exposition of the motives of the scheme, and notwithstanding the pains we have taken to place it in its true light by detailing the grievances and abuses it corrected, we cannot suppress a misgiving that the remark, "Is that all?" will be the first comment of our readers. The "liberal" reforms of the Baron vom Stein would not be dreamed of in the United States at this day as the wildest aspiration of the most reactionary aristocrat. It is as if an American were laboring to explain to Prussians the value of a law forbidding the butchery of negroes for pastime, or preventing the banishment of citizens for having aided in suppressing a rebellion. Yet recent events in the centre of Europe are indications of a national health and vigor for which the needle-gun alone will not suffice to account. Great ends have been attained in a very short time, and at very small expense. That much of this is due to those features of Stein's system which may be regarded as an approximation to American institutions no one will deny; but, in candor, a liberal share of the credit belongs to the two points of the programme which the American reader may have thought least worthy of notice—the principle of universal liability to military service on the one hand, and the guarantee of universal edu-

cation, in every grade, according to the Pestalozzian method, on the other hand. No part of our late military administration underwent less criticism than the bounties paid our volunteers and the commutations allowed our drafted men. No act of the Government was more universally applauded than the instantaneous and total disbandment of our forces. Nothing could have been more fully sanctioned by public opinion than the entire omission to secure a permanent registration and organization of the national forces upon the return of peace. Yet the bounties have done more to demoralize the masses and pile up the national debt than all the efforts of the enemy; the precipitate disarmament, besides throwing away the most splendid opportunities in foreign politics, and leaving the loyal inhabitants of half the country to the tender mercies of defeated but unchecked enemies, has flooded the walks of business and of politics with hosts of enforced adventurers, many of whom, under the pressure of necessity, are laboring socially and politically to injure, debase, and destroy the country which they risked their lives to save, and which, did not hunger forbid, they would gladly serve and sustain; and the absence of a system of national drill and organization makes it certain that the next war will be as long drawn, as corrupting, and as wasteful of blood and treasure as the last. The Prussian soldier of the present day has every title to the name of a citizen; but the army, from the ranks up through every grade of officer to the staff, is pervaded by an amount of military intellect, skill, and discipline such as no "regular" troops have ever attained. The acquirements of the business and professional part of the community is not the mere residuum of each individual's own business experience, but the development of what he has learned in the college or the high school, not to detest as a task and forget as rubbish, but to incorporate with his mental growth and being. There is an appreciation of other standards of excellence besides the accumulation of wealth; and the wealth on hand, vastly inferior in volume to that of maritime nations, has a power of purchasing the means of happiness infinitely superior. A millionaire in New York can accomplish no more in the education of his children, in the enjoyment of cultivated pleasures and of the refinements of life, and in rescuing from the turmoil of business, ambition, and care a reasonable portion of leisure, ease, and self-culture, than a pensioned German officer or retired professor.

ELEANOR.

Only one tongue to speak!
And that his—the betrayer!
Her white lips were still and meek,
And the world did not care!

She was beautiful and young,
As she lay there cold;
Smoothly flowed the guilty tongue;
No one *her* tale told!

Only one tongue to speak
In *this* world! Betrayer!
Does it never blanch thy cheek
To think that Christ *must* care?

THREE DAYS IN PHILADELPHIA.

If an unfriendly observer might, perhaps, for the moment be a little depressed as he looked round upon the benches of the Wigwam and saw the great multitude, twelve or fifteen thousand strong, apparently enthusiastic and unanimous, gathered together there, he might partly reassure himself by turning to the platform, where the chief places were no better filled than by Mr. Randall, Mr. Doolittle, Mr. Edgar Cowan, Mr. Browning, and Mr. Hogan of Missouri. General Dix also sat among these gentlemen during two of the three sessions; so did Senator Carlile; Mr. Raymond was there on the last day; and until the last day Mr. Isaiah Rynders, of New York, was pointed out to the curious.

It was reassuring, too, to notice that this was a great popular rising of the sort which seemed to give its most heartfelt cheers to the name of Vallandigham. And the unanimity—which was so striking a characteristic of the proceedings that one was reminded rather of a machine than of a deliberative assembly, or a meeting of long-separated brethren speaking freely the fulness of their hearts—was a unanimity obtained by certain means that were obvious to the most inexperienced eye. We do not speak of the means by which Vallandigham, Henry Clay Dean, and other delegates of national notoriety were induced to spare the convention the scandal of their attendance, for that business was managed in private rooms, and apparently it was provided in whatever agreement was made that Mr. Vallandigham should not only withdraw, but withdraw in silence, and he made no speech in public before going away from Philadelphia. It may sufficiently account for his silence and for the generally repressive treatment to which he submitted, that his Southern friends condemned him to no more difficult task than they themselves were willing to perform. No Southerner claimed or took a prominent part in the proceedings; not one of them, we believe, opened his mouth in the convention—except to give the chairman the name of some gentleman to be put on committee—after the ex-General Dick Taylor called for three cheers for the temporary president, General Dix. In regard to Mr. Vallandigham and themselves they judiciously decided, and the decision was rigorously carried into effect, as Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, is reported to have decided in his own case, "that peculiar circumstances of an antecedent nature made his non-participation as an active delegate more advisable than otherwise."

"For you see," said a delegate from Georgia, talking to another in a horse car, "what we want is to split off a part of the Black Republicans—enough to change the majority in Congress."

"Well, we'll do it," said the other. "That was a heavy delegation from New York. And after what Mr. Vallandigham has done, we can carry all our districts in Ohio but four. I was not a great friend of Mr. Vallandigham's before, but he's done a big thing for himself. And we never would have forced him to go, sir. He was one of our delegation, and we admitted it."

The Georgian assented, and went on to speak of the address:

"I don't like all that address. It's mighty long, for one thing. Though, far as that goes, it'll be read by everybody. He's an able fellow. And there were some things in the resolutions, too. That one about the Federal soldiers. We saw Federal soldiers in Atlanta. But it ought to give us a hundred thousand votes."

The Ohio man was confident that it would, and much more confident than the Southerner seemed to be that the desired diminution of Black Republicans would take place.

Within the Wigwam Mr. Doolittle was the great promoter of harmony. For example: it had been made a rule for the government of the deliberations, that all resolutions meant for the platform or the address should be referred without debate to the Committee on Resolutions. On the second day an Illinois Democrat, as he announced himself, rose, and, much to the disgust of the managers, moved that the resolutions should be reported in print, and he added, in substance, that he wished the platform thoroughly examined before it was accepted. A keen-faced old man, of the New York delegation, was up in a moment, and asking Mr. Doolittle to make the preposterous ruling that an order of the convention, directing the committee to print their report, was a motion of such a kind that, under the rules, it could not be adopted nor rejected, but, like a resolution, must go to the committee without a vote. Mr. Doolittle, evidently to the satisfaction of Mr. Randall, and somewhat to the amusement of Mr. Cowan, who laughs easily, and probably has learned something of parliamentary law, instantly complied with the New Yorker's request. This is but one instance; the after history of the resolutions and address furnish several others. A Pennsylvania delegate offered an ill-considered resolution referring to Forney, Sumner, and Stevens. What it referred to was not, however, found out by its being read to the convention, for Mr. Doolittle coolly took the responsibility of keeping the slip of paper in his own possession, nor could the delegate afterwards succeed in having the matter brought up. Again, it was generally noticed, when the resolutions were reported, and a gentleman on one of the very foremost benches was endeavoring to catch the President's eye and ear, that he, without the smallest regard to that circumstance, declared the question to be upon the adoption of the report, and, immediately putting that question, it was answered with gratifying unanimity in the affirmative. The address written by Mr. Raymond followed next, and was no sooner adopted in a similar way than the ever-vigilant Mr. Hogan, rising in the interest of harmony—which at the Wigwam seemed to resemble liberty in one respect—was ready with a motion for an adjournment at once and *sine die*.

The studious preparation of this harmony, the cut-and-dried monotony of agreement, were made manifest in many other incidents, as, for instance, in the reading of Mr. Raymond's address. The discouraging quiet with which that paper would be received had been foreseen. The first few sentences contained nothing that would not be acceptable to any body of Americans. The

country was said to have risen with renewed strength after a long civil war, and to have displayed such courage and resources as to command the respect and admiration of the civilized world, and thereupon some matter-of-course applause followed. Mr. Raymond sat down and looked at Mr. Doolittle. Mr. Doolittle gave two or three raps with his gavel and said that gentlemen must know that whenever applause was given some time was consumed; he requested, therefore, that no sign of approbation be made until the end of the reading. Much of what succeeded may be serviceable in Northern political campaigns, but we doubt if any Southerner there present listened without displeasure when the reader went on to mention the late war as an insurrection, when it was said that throughout the rebellion the United States had acted strictly on the defensive, and that the absolute supremacy of the National Government had been established. At any rate, for half an hour or more, all disposition to applaud was perfectly restrained, and there was no stamping or cheering till Mr. Raymond came to the passage where it is said that the Southern people, if they should submit with uncomplaining submissiveness to the humiliations that Congress seeks to impose on them, would be unworthy of their ancestors and themselves. Then there was a great uproar, and, on motion, the words were read over again and were applauded more furiously than before. It is fair to say, however, that it is left open to Mr. Raymond to plead that his statement of what it is that Congress asks of the South was, in many respects, a false one, and that, therefore, the policy which he indirectly advised the Southerners to resist by force is an imaginary policy, which never was and never will be pursued towards them. Again, when the committee reported their ten resolutions, the convention adopted them in rather less than two minutes. Then the president said that, by mistake, one resolution, the seventh, would have to be passed upon by itself. The Secretary read it, and in a moment we had the pleasure of hearing the abolition of slavery ratified with particular ceremony, and of seeing Massachusetts and South Carolina rising together to lead off in cheers for the propositions that the South has no purpose nor desire to re-establish slavery, and that the negro ought to have equal protection with the white man in every right of person and property.

If it seems wrong to allege or to suspect so much finessing, we can only say that from the beginning the sincerity and straightforwardness of the managers were made more than doubtful by continual displays, some of them above-mentioned, of rather unscrupulous and mean adroitness and of cheap stage trickery. A specimen of this latter was given on the first day, when the delegation representing South Carolina, and a delegation which came from Massachusetts, were made to walk down the central aisle arm-in-arm—the South Carolinians, by the way, Governor Orr, Governor Perry, and the rest, having much the advantage in point of appearance; for although both sides seemed to wear an air of being conscious that the performance was rather ridiculous, the Massachusetts men had a half-frightened look of sheepishness and inferiority that made one pity them, and was not pleasant to see. Other instances were when General Custer swung his hat, and led off the applause as the band played "Dixie," and when General Dick Taylor was selected to propose three cheers for General Dix.

But, at any rate, the labor and pains of the managers were exceedingly well rewarded. The discipline of the convention was perfectly maintained, and at no time was its quiet in any danger, except, for a moment, when the president tried the method of peremptory repression which had previously been so successful with Mr. Hays, of Illinois, and attempted to prevent the reading of Vallandigham's letter. Mr. Groesbeck, of Ohio, leaving his seat, walked down to the front row, holding the letter in his hand. He presented it as a communication from Mr. Vallandigham. The applause that followed was instantaneous, beginning in several parts of the hall simultaneously, and needing no prompting. On the platform there were none but grave faces, and in the benches there were many angry faces when Mr. Doolittle replied that without the unanimous consent of the convention the letter could not be read. A gentleman from New York was quick with his dissent, but as he said "I object," there were cries of "No, no," and indications of a storm. Mr. Groesbeck kept standing, and several other members rose amid a stir which can hardly be called confusion, but which was in marked contrast with the ordinary dead calm. Evidently the prearranged programme was spoiled; but Mr. Reverdy Johnson, who, with Mr. Montgomery Blair, was conveniently posted full in the President's eye, came to the relief of Mr. Doolittle's embarrassment, and got a round of applause for moving a suspension of the rules so that the letter might be received. This was carried, and there were more cheers. Then the secretary read the letter, which was vehemently applauded, and all danger was past. The great danger, at all events, was past; for it proved not difficult to get the declaration of principles through without a word of debate, though that, it seemed, was a cause of thankfulness, since when it was done there was plenty of hand-shaking among the managers, and the odd-looking face of Secretary Randall, which, however, is not fitted for the display of the harsher emotions, was perfectly beaming with delight.

Outside of the convention almost everything was equally satisfactory. There was, of course, a great consumption of drinks in the different bar-rooms, but it led to very little disputatious talking, and we saw nothing that approached a breach of the peace, except, perhaps, on Wednesday night, and the talk then came to nothing. "There will be no riot," I heard a city merchant say. "Naturally it makes some of our people mad to see these rebel major-generals walking up and down the streets. There 's Chalmers; he was at Fort Pillow. And there was an impression that John Moseby was here, but I believe it 's his cousin, C. L. I do n't know, I won't say we should n't have had trouble if the papers and the influential men on our side had n't set their faces against it. Indeed we may have trouble yet, but I think not. Our very lowest class of people are not like your lowest class in New York, and Philadelphia is not New Orleans."

These last words were the first I heard in the street on the morning of Tuesday. An old negro leaned on a cane and watched a young one who was scrubbing the sidewalk. He looked after a delegate, unmistakably from the South, a long-haired man in a full suit of black, except that the waistcoat was wanting, and said to the other, "No, Philadelphy a' n't New Orleens."

On Wednesday afternoon a band appeared on Ninth Street, under the balcony of the Continental Hotel, and, beginning to play, soon attracted a crowd which cheered and called for Doolittle and Randall. Neither came out, but regular stump speeches were made by Rogers, of New Jersey, Marshal Gooding, of the District of Columbia, a man with a wonderfully stentorian voice, and George Francis Train, arrayed all in white flannel, who indulged his immedicable hate of Great Britain and love of Ireland, and did not spare the Radical Congress. It was not far from dusk when he ended his amusing farrago, and the crowd had largely increased. By eight o'clock it extended from Chesnut Street to Sansom, and must have consisted of five thousand people. Soon there began to be proposals for three cheers for General Geary, which would be given by about half the persons present. A cheer would then be set up for Heister Clymer. This would be answered by groans for "Shyster" Clymer, and by and by it became impossible for the speakers in the balcony to make themselves heard, except at intervals, and then they were to be heard expostulating with the crowd something in this manner:

"Fellow-citizens of the North, shall I go home—(Yes, yes, go home. Hurrah for Geary)—to my constituents and tell them that in the great city of Philadelphia—(More cheers for Geary. Three more)—in the great city of Philadelphia I was not allowed free speech? (New Orleans, New Orleans. Dostie. Do you allow it in the South? Go home, Johnny. Let yourself down with a rope. Hurrah for Geary.)"

If the speaker showed signs of getting angry he was assailed worse than ever, and his voice was drowned with shouts. If he spoke of "the revolutionary party now controlling the country," the crowd gave cheers for Old Thad, for the Radical Congress, for Charles Sumner, for King Thad, for William D. Kelly, for negro suffrage, and for Thaddeus Stevens. If he spoke of "the country" he was asked, Which? If he declared that the South accepted the situation, some one would say, D—n you, you had to, or Who made you? If he insisted that the South was to-day as loyal as the North, the shouts of New Orleans and Memphis were repeated, and when he mentioned the army, or spoke of "a brave and magnanimous people," the audience cried out "Andersonville," "Salisbury," "Macon," "Libby," "Go get Wirz," and throughout the evening the cheers for Geary were incessant. When a speaker was tired out and went into the hotel, Vallandigham and Jeff Davis were called for, and a favorite cry was "Moseby, Moseby." A little after nine o'clock a strong party of policemen came upon the ground, and, marching down the street, took their position in the heart of the crowd. The delegates, leaning from the windows, clapped their hands, and the speaking was resumed in comparative stillness. The friends of Clymer, who for some time had been pretty quiet, now began to be heard again. But by and by the shouting recommenced, and the meeting fairly passed into the hands of the Geary men, who used all the old cries over again, and added cheers for Forney and patriotic songs, such as "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "Rally Round the Flag," and "John Brown's Body."

This scene made some impression on the minds of the Southern delegates inside of the hotel, and had the effect of making them, for the moment, less jubilant. The disgust at the stiffness of the Philadelphia Radicals was great. A New York delegate, however, did what he could to cheer and encourage his friends by informing them that the shouts were not those of Pennsylvanians, Bostonians, or New Yorkers. He recognized them, he said,

as the voices of a hired gang of ruffians from Baltimore who had been brought on by the Radicals for the purpose of beginning a riot.

The general appearance of the convention may be pronounced good enough, unless we say that, considering the work it proposed to do, it should have been specially good. B. F. Perry, of South Carolina, Reverdy Johnson, and Montgomery Blair were the ablest looking men present. Among the other members there were not many very stupid-looking faces. The two prominent types of mankind represented were the Southern and Northern politician and office-holder, and those are classes of people who, if they do not look particularly great and good, generally look sufficiently sharp. The work which really was done, however, was not of a kind that required higher powers than those of an accomplished wire-puller and lobbyist. The platform was ready-made; it only remained to induce Mr. Vallandigham to keep out of sight while it was being put up, and to stand on it quietly afterwards, and to persuade the Southerners to take back seats in the convention. This work was certainly marvellously well done, and everybody was disappointed who thought Presidential patronage had lost its power and Southern politicians their traditional shrewdness, and that the convention would either break up in a quarrel or be given over openly to the detested and despised Copperhead party.

NAPOLEON'S MISCALCULATIONS.

Some one who moves in our high official circles said at the beginning of the present war that the Emperor of the French would astonish the world by his disinterestedness. The astonishment begins after the battle of Sadowa. Napoleon III. offered to victorious Prussia the conditions of vanquished Austria, but these conditions having been rejected, he finds it now equally convenient to recommend to vanquished Austria the conditions of victorious Prussia. This is not yet clearly understood in France. You certainly do not read our provincial papers. I do sometimes, notwithstanding their dulness, in order to see the shadow of coming events; for most of these papers receive their inspirations from our *bureau de l'esprit* in Paris. This is their present language: "To be sure the King of Prussia has obtained a magnificent victory, but the Emperor of the French has obtained a still greater victory, for it has cost the life of nobody." How is it that this language does not satisfy public opinion, and that yesterday the Emperor found himself obliged to suppress the *Courrier du Dimanche*, a paper rendered famous by the collaboration of Prévost-Paradol, but now, alas! extinct? Why is Cæsar getting so nervous after his great pacific victory? I think it can easily be explained. A month ago Cæsar promised us at Auxerre that the treaties of 1815 should be torn to pieces. They are torn, indeed; but the letter only is defaced, the spirit remains stronger, more ardent, and more powerful. The German Confederation had been organized against France in 1815; its sword was Prussia; its frontier was placed against our most vulnerable frontier. This point of the sword is still in the same place; but the sword itself has been made infinitely more powerful. Thanks to the organization of the German Confederation, France has found herself able to accomplish great things since 1815; she was able to make her revolution in 1830, to create the neutral kingdom of Belgium, and, in 1859, to deliver Lombardy. The opposition which these three great changes have met across the Rhine, never was able to gather strength quickly enough to stop our progress. The hostility of Germany was rather defensive than aggressive; now, under the leadership of Prussia, it may become aggressive if it chooses, and German unity, formed by a military despotism, will some day be inclined to try its force against the Imperial despotism of France. Instinct is stronger than reason with nations as well as with individuals. Philanthropists and philosophers will tell us in vain that German unity will be satisfied with its legitimate conquests; that France has nothing to fear from it; that the Germans will be contented with the great works of peace and with the glory of their own regenerated empire. This might, perhaps, be true, if German unity was sister to German liberty; if all over Europe there were free parliaments, free institutions, a free press. But if Europe is divided between a few great potentates, who will only keep sham parliaments; if the military spirit continues everywhere prevalent; if large standing armies and navies continue to absorb the chief attention of all governments, I am afraid that this great era of peace and of fraternity which is promised us is far distant. Deep calleth unto deep. So war calls for war. It is, therefore, not surprising that the French nation should feel some anxiety with regard to Germany.

The French Emperor had hoped that the war between Austria and Prussia would be long, bloody, and uncertain in its results. He would have stepped in, in the end, like *deus ex machinâ*, and his Cæsarian hand would have traced the conditions of the peace. Instead of that, what have we seen? A campaign more rapid than any of the first Napoleon's; a great empire crushed in an instant; the secondary states of Germany giving way everywhere before Prussia. The day after Sadowa, the Austrian Emperor offers Venetia to Napoleon III., and asks his mediation. But Italy refuses to accept Venetia from his hands, and sends her army across the Po. The Prussians do not halt for a day; not one of their columns is arrested. From Bohemia they march into Moravia, and they never stop until their headquarters face Vienna. Austria submits to all the conditions imposed by Bismark; she gives away everything; she unties the knot which for centuries had tied her to Germany; she acknowledges Prussia as the heir of the old German empire.

It is useless to enter into the details of the preliminaries of peace; one word tells the whole story: Prussia is free to do as she likes. The kings and small sovereigns which she will disdain to dethrone will be nothing but hereditary governors of her provinces. Their sovereign rights are lost. Germany will have but one army, one diplomatic system of representation, and this army, this diplomacy, will be directed from Berlin by a king who believes in his divine right and has never yielded before his parliament. For a moment there was some question of the second Germany on the south of the Main, under the hegemony of Bavaria, but the craving for unity is as strong on the south as on the north of the Main; and Bismark is obliged to keep a stick to defend himself against the Bavarian and Würtembergian annexationists. Since national unity could not be procured under the federal form, let it come under the form of a military centralization. Such is the mood of Germany, and, of course, the Germans must know better than we do what is good for them.

It would, however, be unfair to accuse the French of egotism and national jealousy for being unable to witness without some uneasiness the monstrous development of Prussia. This uneasiness is all the more natural as England is entirely converted to the Prussian cause, and hails with an unconcealed joy the creation of a great Protestant military power which will be capable of checking the ambition of France.

A Frenchman.

Paris, Aug. 4, 1866.

PARIS GOSSIP.

Paris, August 3, 1866.

Never were so many sovereigns out of their capitals at the same time, and never, certainly, had so many of them so fair a prospect of never re-entering them. The Sphynx, after a stay of a few days at St. Cloud, has gone to Vichy, his departure for which fountain of health seemed, for a few hours, likely to be deferred by the "narrow escape" incurred by the "hope of France," who, in going through his exercises in the gymnasium fitted up for his little highness in one of the wings of the palace, managed to make a false move, and fell from a considerable height on his head, to the intense horror of his teacher and attendants, who, on picking him up, found him quite insensible. The Emperor and Empress were, of course, sent for in all haste, and the great surgeon, Dr. Nélaton, summoned by telegraph, was speedily on the spot. But a child's bones are, happily for the prospect of the future, rather more elastic than those of their "forbears," and by the time that Dr. Nélaton, conveyed to St. Cloud by a special train as fast as steam could drag him, arrived at the palace, the little prince had come out of his insensibility, and seemed quite ready to resume his gymnastics. The most minute examination failed to detect any injury; and as the child has seemed none the worse for the accident, it is hoped that no bad effects will follow, and the Emperor, who was on the point of setting out for Vichy, was able to leave him, apparently quite well, on the following day. Queen Victoria is at her favorite marine residence of Osborne, in the lovely Isle of Wight; the Queen of Spain is taking baths of mountain air at the stately palace of San Ildefonso, before taking sea-baths at San Sebastian, near the Franco-Spanish frontier, which has just been quietly and peacefully "rectified" by a commission named for that purpose by the two governments. The Emperor of Russia is at the great summer-palace of Czarskoe-Cselo, where Princess Dagmar of Denmark is about to be married to the new heir to the Russian crown. It appears that the young princess, who was sincerely in love with her first betrothed, was, at first, not willing to listen to the proposed transfer of her hand to his brother. But the whole family are extremely fond of her, and especially the Empress, who loves her as though she were her own daughter, and had set her heart on making her the wife of her second son when her eldest born had departed. The new heir, on his side, was passionately attached to his brother, and grieved so deeply and heartily at his loss—and all the more so that his brother's malady was attributable to an injury he received in saving him from a dangerous fall—that he could not bear to hear of his own accession to the rank of heir-apparent. "It seems like a sacrilege for me to take my brother's place!" he kept crying, in

the midst of his sorrows. The influence of time, however, seems to have gradually accustomed the young man to his new dignity, and to have reconciled him to the idea of marrying pretty Princess Dagmar, who, if not bringing to this alliance all the warmth of her first affection, is said to be quite willing to take him. The splendor of the match may well have made her friends desirous to secure it for her; and the great affection of the Empress, who has been the prime mover of the alliance, has at last overcome all the princess's hesitation. The Kings of Denmark, Sweden, and Portugal are all in the country; the King of Prussia is in Bohemia with the corps commanded by the Crown Prince; the King of Italy is at Rovigo; the King of Holland is drinking the waters at a German spa; the King and Queen of Belgium are making a journey through their prosperous little kingdom, received at every point with enthusiastic ovations; the King of Greece is amusing himself at Corfu; and the kings and kinglets dispossessed by Prussia are at Vienna with the Emperor Francis-Joseph, the only potentate of Europe who is now in his capital.

The prospect of peace is sending a ray of delight into the hearts of the hotel-keepers of the fashionable watering-places, who have been hitherto reduced to a very low pitch of despondency. Hombourg, especially, which has been in very low spirits, is now rejoicing. Half a dozen princesses, and a goodly number of marchionesses and baronesses, have just arrived there from Paris, with no end of splendid toilettes; and have partly consoled the people of the town for the nullity of their receipts during the last two months—months usually so fruitful for them. But, oddly enough, a "season" of unusual brilliance had been anticipated by the townspeople, in consequence of the unusually large gathering of lionesses of the demi-monde who had made up their minds to favor the town with their presence, thereby raising the hopes of the Hombourgers to a very high pitch; but hitherto the world of fashion has been represented at Hombourg during the present summer almost entirely by its lady-members; and the dangerous sirens in question, finding themselves deprived of their usual amusement of plucking gulls, have been reduced to the unwonted occupation of playing billiards and *rouge-et-noir* among themselves. What with this costly species of pastime, their extravagant mode of living, and the non-arrival of the purses on whose contents they had speculated so confidently, these interesting personages are said to be thoroughly "cleaned out," kept under sharp surveillance by the hotel-keepers with whom they have been running so deeply into debt, and absolutely unable to get away from the trap in which they have caught themselves. But the tide of fashionable folly, no longer arrested by the dykes of war, will doubtless soon be flowing in its usual channels, and the sirens in question fishing again in its turbid waters with their usual disastrous success.

Meantime, among the many names of *grandes dames* who have recently arrived at Hombourg is that of the mysterious Baron Krudener, whose reputation as necromancer, seer, somnambulist, or "medium," according to the view taken by those about him of his peculiar powers, has so greatly excited the curiosity of the Parisians for the last two or three years. This gentleman's mother was thought to have inherited the mantle of the renowned Mademoiselle Lenormand; and her son is said to be possessed of faculties even more wonderful than her own. Should the baron, however, defer his appearance in Paris much longer, the Parisians will begin to deride his reputation. Paris cannot forgive a celebrity which ventures to grow up without its sanction; and if its owner persists in doing without the stamp of its approbation, soon denies its worth and reality. It has not only never forgiven Jenny Lind her persistent refusal to sing within its borders, but has arrived at the conclusion that she must needs be only a third-rate *artiste*, and accordingly, to bear out this decision, the Paris papers have been declaring that the reappearance of the Swedish Nightingale, who sang, on Monday last, with immense applause, at a concert in London, and was overwhelmed with plaudits, enthusiasm, and bouquets, was a complete *fiasco*. "Her voice, if it ever existed, except in the imagination of her English admirers, has left her. Her audience listened to the broken notes of their former favorite, at first with disappointment, then with unequivocal signs of discontent, and at last drove her from the stage with a storm of hisses."

We have had a few splendid marriages, and are to have a few more, with *trousseaux* that have created some stir among the fashionable *fournisseurs* of the capital, and some interest among that portion of the fashionable public that has not yet quitted Paris. Baron de Cordova, attaché at the Russian Embassy, carries off Princess Bibesco; and no less than three French dukes have raised delighted womankind to the rank of duchess. One of the latter is a niece of the fortunate Hebrew, Fould, who, while so faithfully serving his Imperial master in the difficult and responsible post of Minister of Finance, has not diminished the colossal fortune he had, it is said, previously acquired. Another of these glorified ladies, though her "great expectations" in the pecuniary line have probably not been altogether foreign to the choice of her noble husband, is said to "possess as many charms as millions," and to have inspired her ducal spouse with a very genuine adoration. The third, the spoiled and petted daughter of one of the wealthiest manufacturers of France, has been so inflated by the grandeur to which she has found herself lifted by her betrothal to a duke, that her arrogance and superciliousness since that moment have been something sublime. The duke's mother, a thorough lady, of very old family, and distinguished for the gracious simplicity and kindness of her manner, being greatly annoyed by the young lady's manner, which was fast bringing ridicule upon her, and making enemies of all about her, but who, like most French mothers, would probably have considered it a "tempting of Providence" to try to dissuade her son from espousing a money-bag of such colossal proportions, determined, at least, to give her a hint. Accordingly, after the wedding, the dowager-duchess, having kissed her new daughter in the most approved maternal style, took her aside and said to her, in her sweetest tones, "And now, my love, that *you have become a great lady*, I trust you will remember that courtesy is the truest mark of rank, and that henceforth, having no longer any need to enforce your claims to respect by pretension, you will prove that you appreciate the dignity of your position *by being uniformly polite to all*." How the young duchess received this wise piece of advice from the old one, gossip saith not. Let us hope, however, for the comfort of her new connections, that the young lady will profit by the counsel of her mother-in-law.

The Empress has sent a gold medal, with a charming letter, as a "mark of admiration and sympathy," to Mme. Cornuan, wife of the Prefect of the Somme, who has been devoting herself so heroically, for a month past, to the cholera patients of Amiens. We have still a good deal of cholera in this city, but the disease appears to be on the decline.

WHAT A HYMNAL SHOULD BE.

Our recent review of the action of the committee appointed at the last general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, seems, from the communications we have received, to need some further remarks upon the same subject. Having accordingly pointed out the things which the gentlemen of the committee ought not to have done, we propose now to add a few words as to the things which they have left undone.

And first, let it be understood that a church hymnal is not a book of "elegant extracts," nor even a "collection of sacred poetry." Its excellence is literary, but it is not literature; it is a book, but it is one which has no place in the library. Read by many readers, yet depending not upon popularity for circulation; designed for assemblies of men, yet intended to satisfy the conscience and requirements of each; a work built up of intellectual material, yet never meant for intellectual edification, the church hymnal has an object different from that of every other work in literature. Whatever differences may exist as to its contents and form, but little question is ever made as to their main object. All men agree that it is to be used for the purposes of public worship, and that other aims and objects are to be kept subordinate to this chief end. Yet something else is needed — not much, yet still a little. The thousands within the church who have no libraries and centre-tables; no books of sacred poetry or works of religious literature, these require something more. The church hymnal is their little library; their list of poetic writers, their companion, their consolation, and their hope. They will use it before their home-altars, and from it will teach their children as they themselves were taught. It mingles with their earliest and best recollections, and is to mingle with the earliest and best recollections of those who are to follow them. We, therefore, define a church hymnal to be "a selection of sacred lyrics, for the purposes of public worship and of private devotion."

This selection needs not to be large. With all our diversities of taste and education, it is found that the religious mind and the religious heart of different classes and conditions of men centre and unite upon a few great hymns. Thousands of hymns have been written, yet we can hardly number by hundreds those which have succeeded. We pass from sect to sect, from learned to unlearned, from city to village, and from village to country, to find that these few hymns are common to all, and that beside them there is a mass seldom resorted to and comparatively unknown. Clergymen there are who seize on a hymn as on a hammer wherewith to drive down the doctrine of the sermon; and clergymen there are who pick out a hymn by its subject, and approve it because it is sensible and good, and these resort to the unfamiliar hymns; but clergymen whose selections are addressed to the tastes and hearts and sympathies of their people, and especially those clergymen who are men of acknowledged power, travel in a narrow

circuit. Again and again does the same hymn come around, and the favorites of the pastor are generally the favorites of his flock. Seldom do we hear a hymn which we do not know, and to hear a new hymn is, as a general rule, to hear a poor one. The Episcopal Church has the smallest of hymnals, and it may be doubted whether hers is not too large. In every hymnal there are hymns which no one wants. Committees and compilers placed them there to meet, as they say, all tastes—not because they themselves wanted them, but because they supposed that some one else might want them. Were a hundred clergymen, and a hundred laymen, and a hundred mothers of families, called upon to name all the hymns which they themselves actually desire to have placed in a hymnal, the list of each would be small, while the lists of all would commingle and the total number would not be large. Few are the hymns of which any one has said, "I want them."

Our field of English hymns is small, and our brief list of successful hymn-writers almost any one can name. This dearth is so well known and so peculiar that it points the compiler who is worthy of his work to other sources of supply. Behind him is the great field of mediæval hymns, covered for the most part with the rubbish of bigotry and superstition, yet studded with many gems whose reviving rays are yearly added to the modern church. Beside him is the larger and richer field of the German hymns, and, compared with it, our English hymnals sink into insignificance. The selection of Albert Knapp alone numbers three thousand and sixty-six, and to it is appended a list of four hundred authors. "To give," says the accomplished authoress of the "Cotta Family," in her "Christian Life in Song,"—"to give a series of biographies of German hymn-writers would be to write the church history of Germany. The German hymn-book is no mere series of metrical compositions, compiled by a few orthodox divines, nor is it the collection of the religious poems of a few poets. It is the utterance of the heart of the German church."

From the former of these fields our joint committee has taken, with timid hands, a few weak specimens, but has thrown away a great opportunity that was offered to accomplish for the American church what has been long accomplished for the German. The authoress whom we have already quoted well says: "The music and the hymns of the mediæval church were not separated by so definite a barrier from the psalmody of the German Evangelical church as from ours, but floated on into it, the old blending with the new." "The great reformer of the German church was also her first great singer. Luther gave the German people their hymn-book as well as their Bible. He brought over some of the best old hymns into the new worship, not word by word in the ferry-boat of translation, but entire and living, like Israel through the Jordan, when the priests' feet, bearing the ark, swept back the waters."

Into the latter of these fields the joint committee did not venture. It is true that a large part of the German hymns are not adapted in style or sentiment to our Anglo-Saxon taste, and that but a small part has been transferred to our English tongue, yet there is much that is peculiarly English and peculiarly Protestant, and which bears a closer comparison with those of native birth than any taken from a foreign language. Thus, as an example, we may point to that strain of hope written by Louisa Henrietta, Princess of Orange, and wife of the great Elector, Frederick William of Brandenburg, whose clasped hand of faith we think one of the finest figures to be found in any lyric:

"Jesus, my eternal trust,
And my Saviour, ever liveth;
This I know; and deep and just
Is the peace this knowledge giveth,
Though death's lingering night may start
Many a question in my heart.

"Hope's strong chain around me bound
Still shall twine, my Saviour grasping;
And my hand of faith be found
As death left it, Jesus clasping;
No assault the foe can make,
E'er that deathless clasp shall break!

"I am flesh, and therefore duly
Dust and ashes must become,
This I know, but know as truly
He will wake me from the tomb,
That with Him, whate'er betide,
I may evermore abide!"

And we may take also, as an example not likely to come before the general reader, the sister hymn of faith by the great hymn-writer of the German people, Paul Gerhard:

"Father, Thy faithful love,
Thy mercy wise and mild,
Sees what will blessing prove,
Or what will hurt Thy child;
And what Thy wise foreseeing
Doth for Thy children choose,
Thou bringest into being,
Nor sufferest them to lose.

"All means always possessing,
Invincible in might,
Thy doings are all blessing,
Thy goings are all light.
Nothing Thy work suspending,
No foe can make Thee pause,
When Thou, Thine own defending,
Dost undertake their cause.

"Trust Him to govern then!
No king can rule like Him;
How wilt thou wonder, when
Thine eyes no more are dim,
To see these paths which vex thee,
How wise they were and meet;
The works which now perplex thee,
How beautiful, complete.

"Faithful the love Thou sharest,
All, all is well with thee;
The crown from hence thou bearest
With shouts of victory.
In thy right hand to-morrow
Thy God shall place the palms;
To Him who chased thy sorrow
How glad will be the psalms!"

There are also scattered about, in many nooks and corners of our literature, hymns not merely "worthy of being preserved," but worthy of being sung. Thus we clip from the manual of one of our city public schools its "Closing Hymn," whose simple imagery would enrich any hymnal:

"The summer eve is gliding
Serenely down the west,
So, every care subsiding,
My heart would sink to rest.

"The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close;
May angels, round me singing,
Thus hymn my night's repose.

"The evening star hath lighted
Her crystal lamp on high;
Thus, when in death benighted,
May hope illume my sky.

"In golden splendor dawning,
The morrow's light will break;
So, on the last dread morning,
May I in glory wake."

There are also hymns too recently written to have attained popularity, yet which may be unhesitatingly received upon the authority of competent judges or upon their unquestionable merits. In the "New Englander" for August, 1860, Dr. Bacon, with praise surely very much exaggerated, pronounces the following "unsurpassed in the English or any other language." It is usually ascribed to the poet, James A. Hillhouse, but, according to Dr. Bacon, it was written by his younger brother, Augustus, who died March, 1859:

"Trembling before Thine awful throne,
O Lord, in dust my sins I own;
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend, oh! smile and heal the strife.

"The Saviour smiles! upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll;
His voice proclaims my pardon found;
Seraphic transport wings the sound!

"Earth has a joy unknown in heaven—
The new-born peace of sins forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight!

"Ye saw of old on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
Ye know where morn exulting springs
And evening folds her drooping wings.

"Bright heralds of eternal will,
Abroad His errands ye fulfil;
Or throned in floods of beaming day,
Symphonious in His presence play.

"But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear!"

The joint committee of the Protestant Episcopal Church has limited its selections to such hymns as were *forced upon it* by their popularity. Apart from the few taken from "The Seven Great Hymns," and a translation from St. Bernard, and another from Francis Xavier, there is not one which has not become popular through other compilations. The compilers have not turned back to the powerful lines of our older English writers, where their tinkering powers might have developed into necessary corrections. They have hardly turned back to the hymns which have come down to us, and been sung and prized by the whole Christian church for centuries. They have not sought the hymns of other languages, whose translations enrich our literature, if not our hymnals. They have not gathered together the treasures that our own language contains, as a gem among which we would point to the great hymn of Henry Kirke White, "When marshalled on the nightly plain." A majority of the Episcopal Church called for a revision of her hymnal, and the committee has flung to them a small handful of popular hymns torn carelessly from the hymnals of

other churches. This is the length and breadth and measure of the compilers' work.

And now, as some misapprehension exists, we will add a few words concerning the duties of a compiler. And first, it is the right and duty of a compiler to omit. All authors write too much, and few are competent to reject their own less meritorious parts. The erring stanzas are often those which they prize most highly. The verse which touches the general heart is the one that least affects their own. Especially is this duty to be exercised in regard to foreign hymns; for our English standard, more accurately, we think, than that of the German or the Latin, requires that our hymns shall not be sermons in verse, but songs of praise. Thus, in the two selections we have given from the German, we have taken but few of many stanzas; for the reason that these few stanzas form an English hymn, while all form a religious poem, beautiful and good, but nevertheless one which the English hymn-reader inevitably would reject.

And secondly, the compiler has the right, of various readings to select that which time, the standard of taste, has pronounced the best. Thus he would be an offensive purist who, travelling back to authenticity, would change "Glory to Thee, my God, this night" to "All praise to Thee;" or who would restore Watts and reject Wesley, by re-changing "Before Jehovah's awful throne" to the original:

> "Nations attend before His throne
> With solemn fear, with sacred joy."

And, thirdly, the compiler *may correct!* But this is a dangerous doctrine, and must be taken with some limitation.

The compiler may correct, but he should not correct with his own hand. "It becomes no man," saith the maxim of the common law, "to be both the party and the judge." The office of the compiler is to select—his province is to judge. Woe generally follows him if he crosses the limit and drops the scissors for the pen. When the false syntax is to be corrected or the obsolete word exchanged, or the coarse figure or harsh utterance of a former century is to be modernized, or some old theology must be toned down, then the compiler had better call in some literary aid, and, selecting the best correction, remain in every instance a judge.

And the corrections must be of the dead and not of the living. While the author lives, his work is his own. If corrections are to be made, he is the man to make them. It is a petty theft which takes a man's work and alters it without his leave, and no hymnal is the better for a hymn wrested from an author against his will.

The altered hymns must not be well-known pieces or from great authors, for the reader who finds a familiar passage changed despises it as spurious. We cannot paraphrase "Paradise Lost." If Milton or Byron cannot be quoted as they wrote, we must give them up altogether, and pass their works by.

The compiler may correct, but he must not tinker. He may remove his author's defects, but he must not, under that pretext, seek to interpolate his own beauties. He may try to make that good which the general voice pronounces bad, but he must not attempt to make that prettier which is already good. It is true that Toplady altered Wesley, and Montgomery rewrote Cowper. But these were hymn-writers and not mere compilers. They were brother poets, taking a brother's liberty with each other's work. They were not committee-men, selected simply for their ability to select.

And the corrections must be not only as few as possible, but each must be as limited as possible. They must not extend beyond the evil which it is intended to remove. Under the guise of correcting, the compiler must not palm off upon us his own poetry for his author's. To fit for the great end and object of a hymnal a hymn which disinterested judges pronounce defective and unsuitable, is to correct; to rewrite that which other men deem good in the vain experiment of trying whether it will not be made better, is to tinker. We have censured the one, but we have never condemned the other.

Correspondence.

THE BREMEN ROSE-WEIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Your Paris correspondent, in his letter of July 20, 1866, which appeared in The Nation of the 9th inst., makes a great mistake in representing the value of the celebrated "rose-wein," kept in the "Bremer Rathskeller," *now* at 600,000,000 rix-dollars, and a slight one when he states it is "only drunk on rare occasions by the municipal fathers, by the sovereigns to whom they sometimes present a bottle, and by the sick citizens of the town, who have a prescriptive right to receive a bottle gratis in case of need," etc., as the following statement will show:

Through an influential citizen of Bremen, who obtained from the authorities six bottles of the "rose-wein," and sent them to the great central fair, held in Philadelphia in June, 1864, "for the relief of the suffering soldier, whether friend or foe, or of whatever nationality," the writer learns that, in 1845, an accountant made a calculation of the value of the 1624 Rüdesheimer Berg, and arrived at the following figures: In the year 1624 the wine cost, per cask, 300 rix-dollars; after a loss by evaporation during 221 years, at ten per cent. per annum compound interest on the outlay and leakage, the value amounted in 1845 to 421,607,100,000 rix-dollars. Each bottle, at the above valuation, was worth 292,782,708.24 rix-dollars; each glass (eight glasses to the bottle), 36,597,838.39 rix-dollars; and each drop (1,000 drops to the glass) 36,597.60 rix-dollars.

C. M., Jr.

Philadelphia, Aug. 18, 1866.

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The Nation.

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The Week.

DISGRACEFUL as it may be, and unpleasant a thing as it is to say, it seems no longer doubtful that some person connected with the White House, and apparently in the confidence of Mr. Johnson, has been guilty of an act, in regard to Sheridan's despatches from New Orleans, which honest men will know how to characterize. In reporting to his superior officer his opinion of the riot, General Sheridan, among other things, says this: "In the meantime official duty called me to Texas, and the mayor of the city, during my absence, suppressed the convention by the use of the police force, and, in so doing, attacked the members of the convention and a party of two hundred negroes, and with fire-arms, clubs, and knives, in a manner so unnecessary and atrocious as to compel me to say that it was murder." The despatch, when it came to him, was turned over by General Grant to the Secretary of War, and by the Secretary it was sent to the White House. From the White House it got into the hands of the correspondent of the New York *Times*, and in that paper it was published with the passage above quoted omitted. The correspondent is acquitted of blame. The attempt at suppression seems so stupid, that it might almost be supposed that the suppressed passage was omitted accidentally. But in the next sentence was the word *thus* referring to the before-mentioned manner of the killing, and that word also was stricken out. Besides, the clamor for the original despatch was suffered to continue a long time before it was produced. The meanness of the act consists in the wilful falsehood and in the endeavor to make Sheridan seem to approve, or to disapprove but slightly, a massacre that shocks and disgusts all civilized communities. The disgrace of it there is no need of enlarging upon. The American people are supposed to look leniently on rather sharp practice in politics, and they allow the great officers of the Government to be partisan politicians; but there are certain limits beyond which not even a politician in a private station can go without earning contempt.

THE accounts previously received of the New Orleans riots, which were most unfavorable to the New Orleans authorities, are more than borne out by the report, which is soon to be made public, of the military commission that has been investigating the cause of the riot and the behavior of the police and the mob. The riot, it appears, was preconcerted. It was a white man who fired the first shot. The negro crowd at the Institute and the negro procession in Canal Street were quiet and peaceable enough. The policemen's way of making arrests may, without extravagance, be termed butchery. Briefly, there was a bloody massacre of negroes and of Union men whose political opinions were distasteful to Monroe, Abell, and Herron. It is not possible—or eight months ago we should have said it was not possible—that some at least of the persons engaged in these murders are not to suffer the penalty of their crimes.

VERMONT, which is sure to give a heavy Union majority, leads off in the fall elections on the first Tuesday in September. On the following day California and Nevada vote. In Maine, which is also sure to vote on the side of Congress, the election is held on the second Monday of September. Thus the Union party will have the not despicable advantage of beginning the campaign with a succession of victories, for Nevada is not a doubtful State, and California was last carried by the Union party. Colorado, which has just elected a Radical delegate to Congress, votes on the first Tuesday in October. On the second Tuesday Pennsylvania undoubtedly elects Gen. Geary for Governor, and probably by a larger majority than has ever been given to any candidate of the Republican party since that party was formed. Representatives in Congress are also chosen on that day, and a Legislature which is to elect a United States senator, the probabilities being in favor of a majority for the other Union candidates as well as for Geary, though his majority over Clymer (a very weak opponent) will be much greater. Upon the same day occur elections in Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, and Minnesota, and the Democrats, uniting with the Johnson men, talk very confidently of making great gains of Congressional districts in the first two and the last of those States, as indeed they do in the case of Pennsylvania. One more State, "the bogus State" of West Virginia, as the *World* calls it, votes in October, on the fourth Thursday; West Virginia has just instructed her senators to attend the Southern Loyalists' Convention. In November, on the first Tuesday, New Jersey, Illinois, and Wisconsin hold their elections; the first-named, it is hardly doubtful, will go against Congress. It is on this day, too, that the New York election takes place, the result of which will be looked for with the greatest interest and which will be preceded by a most vigorous campaign. The chances are in favor of the party which elected Barlow over Slocum by twenty-eight thousand majority. On the first Wednesday Kansas and Maryland range themselves, one on the side of Congress, the other, it is more than likely, on the side of the President. In Massachusetts, Delaware, Michigan, and Missouri, the election day is the Tuesday after the first Monday in November.

THOSE working-men who are in favor of the eight-hour movement have held a "Labor Congress," in which they said a good many wise things—such as that co-operation was the great remedy for the ills of the working-classes; and a good many foolish things—such as their talk of the "alarming encroachments of capital on the rights of the industrial classes." If the capitalists were to refrain from these "encroachments," two-thirds of the working-men in the country would starve. They are much of the same nature as the "encroachments" of his clients on Charles O'Conor or any other leading lawyer. The Congress however made one or two good hits, especially that in which they ask to have immigration from Europe legally checked or prohibited. This is, or ought to be, a plank in every protectionist platform. A protectionist policy which only keeps out foreign goods does the working-man no immediate good, whatever manufacturers may say. If it raises his wages, it also raises, in the same proportion, the price of everything he eats, drinks, and wears. But whatever diminishes or

keeps down the number of laborers raises wages, or, in other words, increases the share of the products of labor and capital falling to each laborer, and there is, in our mind, no more flagrant absurdity than to raise the tariff in the interest of American labor while at the same time moving heaven and earth to flood the country with laborers from Europe. But there is, after all, something deplorable in the ignorance exhibited by working-men of the laws which regulate their relations with their employers throughout this eight-hour agitation, and what makes it all the worse is, that the agitation itself is due to the growing tendency of all classes of the public to believe that remedies for all social ills are to be found in legislation. We think a truer thing was never said than Mr. Atkinson's assertion before the Massachusetts commission, that if the American workman is unfit to make his own bargains with his employer, then democracy is a failure, and our institutions are no better than those of the Old World.

If the New York *Tribune* had not told us, in its issue of August 21, in an article on the Philadelphia Convention, "that it did not like to speak intemperately," we should have, we honestly confess, fallen into the—as we now see—gross error of imagining that it was "intemperate" speaking to call Thurlow Weed, as it does in another column of the same paper, "an infamous old villain," guilty of an "atrocious calumny;" and a little higher up, to comment on "the affection of a liar for his lie, the tenacity with which he clings to it, and fondles it in spite of exposure, and reprobation, and loathing," the "liar" being "T. W.," and "the lie" a statement of his in the *Times*. The *Tribune's* horror of intemperate language seems something like the candor and impartiality of the Englishman who said "that if he knew himself, he had no prejudices, but he *did* hate a Frenchman."

The following named "sneaks and mean whites," to use the language of the New York *World*, have been deputed by the State of Massachusetts to meet the members of the Southern Unionists' Convention in Philadelphia: Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Russell Lowell, John G. Whittier, Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson, John A. Andrew, Josiah Quincy, Samuel Hooper, George S. Boutwell, Amos A. Lawrence, and many more, whose names, if of less fame than these, even the *World* will admit are as honorable as the famous horse of Caligula.

Among the atrocious crimes imputed to the victims of the New Orleans massacre, the list telegraphed to the President by Voorhies and Herron is worth a moment's comment. "A Radical mass meeting, composed mainly of negroes," had ended on the night of the 27th of July "in a riot." The next night the committee of arrangements met, "violent and incendiary speeches [were] made; negroes called to arm themselves; YOU bitterly denounced." It was not the first time that Mr. Johnson had been thus appealed to. In the late campaign in Connecticut it was always—with office-holders about to betray their party—"Is my conduct approved in taking sides against those who denounce YOU and YOUR policy?" Of course Mr. Johnson would be less than mortal if he could make other than one response to such a question. But it is instructive to note that a minister of Napoleon, in recommending the other day the suppression of the *Courrier du Dimanche* for an article by Prévost-Paradol deploring the present helplessness of France, merely characterized the "detestable representation" as at once an outrage on the truth, a calumny on the country, an attack on the honor of the nation, an incitement to revolt, sedition, and the overthrow of existing institutions and of the Government. And yet it would have been as easy and as truthful to say that the article aimed at Napoleon, who is the Government. But there is still enough decency under the Empire not to invoke upon the subject the personal vindictiveness of the sovereign, and the fact that this has now become a common resort with the supporters of the President, is a proof that we have arrived, without a *coup d'état*, at a political condition in which we may learn something even from France.

"The entire city press," says the *Times'* correspondence from New Orleans, "having received the official despatches of Sheridan regarding the riot, is pitching into him hot and heavy, some of the papers going so far as to charge him with untruthfulness." Untruthfulness is a hot and heavy accusation; but out in the country, away from martial law, hotter and heavier charges are made. The *Times* of Union Springs, Alabama, begins an article upon the general's order re-establishing martial law in New Orleans rather mildly by calling him "five feet eight of resolute Finneganism," whom the editor was rather glad to see promoted "even in an army of cravens and thieves;" it was pleasing rather than otherwise to see him "escape the paternal pick and shovel." But his General Order No. 14 proves him to have been "only a vulgar ditcher at heart after all." Humiliating as it may be to confess it—for "we have henceforth to acknowledge these Yankee hybrids as countrymen"—Sheridan has added his name to that list of "outrages upon humanity" which includes Grant, Butler, Sherman, and Thomas, and stands revealed "a slimy tadpole of the latter spawn, the blathering disgrace of an honest father, an everlasting libel upon his Irish blood, the scorn of brave men, and the synonym of infamy." Certainly, the Southern press, whether in Richmond, where it is ablest, or in Union Springs and other such villages, where it is not, contrives to make itself more ridiculous in its wrath or its sublimity than the press of any other known community; and we may add, it is unmatched in any Christian country in its frequent displays of a shameless, sickening brutality—as, for instance, the unquotable remarks of a Mobile journal in reference to Dostie and the New Orleans riots—which make it easy to believe all that is told of Andersonville and Salisbury.

A curious illustration of the effects of office on the mind of the average man has lately been afforded in the case of Mr. Thomas Foss, a respectable citizen of Marblehead, Massachusetts, who has just been appointed chief of police of that town. We are satisfied that he is an excellent man, and will make a capital police officer; but, immediately after receiving his appointment, he had an attack of rhetoric, and broke out into a hand-bill which opens thus:

> "It cannot but be apparent to every intelligent mind that there is no one thing in the arrangement of political economy that can possibly conduce to elevate the public interest to that moral and social standard designed by *those* unalterable laws, human and divine, as the faithful and impartial administration of the Police Laws, based as they are on municipal requirements. The complicated machinery, when properly adjusted, will work harmoniously in all its parts."

After this awful beginning, which might well cheat the young and inexperienced into the belief that Mr. Foss was going to deal with Marblehead as Baron Vom Stein did with Prussia, or Peter the Great did with Russia, he announces that—

> "The undivided attention of the whole Police Force will be specially directed towards the enforcement of the Sunday Law, the Dog Law, and the By-Laws of the town. Standing on the sidewalk or curb-stone, or sitting upon door steps, or entrance to any dwelling-house, store, building, or enclosure on the SABBATH DAY or EVENING, or at any other time contrary to the intent and meaning of the Statute, will be punished to the utmost rigor of the law."

We hope the "dog law" in particular will be rigidly enforced, and, as for the people who sit on door steps "on the Sabbath evening," we hope they also will be so dealt with as to "elevate the public interest" to Mr. Foss's "moral and social standard;" only we trust there will be no capital punishment inflicted. As Mr. G. M. Towle would remark—"A chief of police who, in the nineteenth century, deprives a fellow-creature of the inestimable boon of existence for assuming a sedentary posture on the porch of a residence on a Sabbath evening, must be wanting in all the finer feelings of humanity."

The supporters of the Philadelphia Convention are jubilant over the fact that, about the time the news of the convention reached England, United States securities rose in the English markets. Whether the convention and the rise stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect, it is, of course, difficult to decide, but we think it very likely. The solemn declaration of the only party in the country which was supposed to be hostile to the payment of the public debt, that it will see that the public faith is kept, cannot but be reassuring to the holders of Government bonds, and encouraging to those who buy them. But to argue from this that Government creditors, either at home or abroad, are specially interested in the triumph of the Johnson party, is

absurd. The Radicals have never been suspected of a desire to repudiate; and although we are gratified, as every one else must be, at finding our credit rising in the estimation of the English public, it is almost painful to see a journal of the standing of the New York *Times* using this as an argument in favor either of Mr. Johnson's policy or his principles. There is probably no corner of the civilized world in which a more accurate estimate of American prospects, either political or financial, could not be obtained than the London Stock Exchange. The present confidence in our securities of gentlemen who, during the four years of the war, rated Confederate bonds nearly twenty per cent. higher, cannot be of any great value.

THE treaty of peace between the European belligerents, which we foreshadowed last week, has been signed. About five millions of inhabitants are added by it to the territory of Prussia proper, which is equivalent to an addition of about 60,000 men to her standing army. But it also puts under her absolute control the troops of the whole of North Germany, which will increase her disposable force by about one-third, and render her, it is safe to say, the first power in Europe. But it is impossible to consider the present arrangement a permanent one. It is, clearly, only a step towards the ultimate consolidation of the whole of Germany, and to this Russia and France are clearly alive. Russia is uneasy, in a clumsy, ursine way, but is perhaps too much occupied with the task of extending her empire in the east to give much vent to her feelings. Austria is too much disheartened and demoralized to feel anything but thankfulness at having got off so well. Her army was fast crumbling to pieces when the armistice was made. Her artillery and cavalry stood their ground, but the infantry had actually begun to break up and throw away their arms whenever a Prussian detachment came in sight. Another fortnight of hostilities and the empire would probably have ceased to exist. France is, however, in a rage, which nothing but the iron hand of the police prevents from ending in an explosion. When men like Eugene Forçade pronounce the nation dishonored and endangered by the Prussian success, we may guess how the average Frenchman feels. Louis Napoleon has not simply been foiled in all his schemes, but has been treated by the Prussians with an indifference little short of contempt. Instead of the loose congeries of principalities placed on the French frontier by the "detested treaties of 1815," there is a giant before whose arms the most braggart Frenchman recoils, and the worst of it is that it is well known that the slightest attempt against Prussia on the part of France just now would rouse the whole German people as one man, and Prussia would spring at one stroke into the German empire. Therefore we shall probably have quiet for the next ten years, broken only by gnashing of teeth and the gunsmith's hammer. It will take that time for the various powers to provide themselves with breech-loaders. But the others will not do what Prussia is doing steadily every day, provide the educated soldiers to stand behind the breech-loaders, and this, we are thankful to say, is now known to be the great condition of victory. The empire of the world will hereafter belong not to the country with the biggest battalions, but to that which has most schools and most children in them.

ITALY is the only power which has come out of the fray dissatisfied while securing every material object for which she fought. Venetia is ceded to her directly, so that she is spared the humiliation of receiving it from France; but then she has not won it as she prayed and hoped to win it, as half her people would have died to win it, with her own good sword. Her battle at Custozza was almost a defeat, the naval fight at Lissa was unquestionably a defeat, so that she marches off the field with Venice freed indeed, but without having proved her ability to hold her own as a first-class power on the battle-field. We may imagine how the men who for twelve mortal hours stood up under artillery fire at Custozza feel on thinking over this. But there is this consolation for Italians and their friends, that to feel this noble ambition and this proud mortification as Italians now feel it, is just as good an indication that a healthy national life has begun in Italy as if she had carried the Quadrilateral at the point of the bayonet. Other fields will come, perhaps, soon enough.

THE FREEDMEN.

THE following circular (No. 10) was issued by Gen. Howard on the 22d inst.:

"In accordance with the instructions of the Secretary of War it is ordered that on and after the 1st day of October next the issue of rations be discontinued except to the sick in regularly organized hospitals, and to the orphan asylums for refugees and freedmen already existing, and that the State officials who may be responsible for the care of the poor be carefully notified of this order, so that they may assume the charge of such indigent refugees and freedmen as are not embraced in the above exceptions."

—Gen. Schofield has been ordered to perform the duties of Assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau for Virginia, in addition to those of Deputy Commissioner. In Louisiana, Gen. Baird has also been relieved as Assistant Commissioner, and Gen. Sheridan ordered to perform the duties.

—The New Orleans massacre has been followed by the burning of a new M. E. Church, built for the colored people in the suburbs of the city, at an expense of four thousand dollars. The New Orleans *Tribune*, a loyal paper, owned and edited by colored men, has been compelled to suspend publication, owing to the withdrawal of the military guard which alone saved it from destruction in the late excitement. The Marine Hospital is still filled with those who were injured during the riot. The distresses of the freedmen are increased by the raging of the cholera among them, coupled, it is said, with a dread on their part of taking medicine from white men, from apprehensions of being poisoned.

—The month has been prolific in reports, some favorable, but the majority unfavorable, to the welfare of the blacks. An unprovoked, cold-blooded murder of a freedman in Kent County, Delaware, occurred on the 4th. In Virginia, the civil courts in Richmond and at Yorktown afford no justice to the colored people. At Amelia Court House outrages are almost the rule. At Charlottesville, a mutual distrust exists between blacks and whites. At Lynchburg, instances of cruelty have exceeded in number those of any former period since emancipation. Affairs are unsettled in Lunenberg and Bedford Counties. In North Carolina, Gen. Robinson is testing the statement of the Governor that "there now exists, under the laws of this State, no discrimination in the administration of justice to the prejudice of free persons of color."

—A causeless murder was committed on a freedman returning to Abbyville, S. C., after an absence of five years, by a white man named Reuben Olding, who met and shot him on the road. Governor Orr has offered a reward of $250 for Olding's arrest. Certain negroes who stole a bale of cotton from a house among the Santee hills were fortunate enough to be tried and sentenced for simple larceny. A law passed by the present Legislature has made this act a capital felony.

—Major Eldridge, of General Howard's staff, after a tour through Northern Alabama and Georgia, discredits the accounts of destitution in those States which have been made the basis of several charitable appeals to the North. A Bureau surgeon at Jonesboro', Ga., however, reports a sad state of things in that district, which was devastated by the two hostile armies that contended about Atlanta. The wages promised the freedmen have failed with the failure of the crops, and a hospital is urgently needed to care for the sick and friendless wanderers in search of employment. Near Macon, an old negro was attacked at night in his cabin by three ruffians, knocked senseless, and afterwards horribly mutilated with knives. The murderers sought his little savings of $300. In Clinch County, Judge King ordered a colored woman, arrested on the charge of a white woman with whom she had quarrelled, to receive fifty lashes at the hands of the sheriff. The sentence was executed.

—Thirty murders of freedmen are reported to have been perpetrated in the vicinity of Vicksburg within the six weeks ending August 9. In other districts, Commissioner Wood reports a comparatively peaceful state of affairs, and the freedmen working industriously. At Davis Bend, he says, "not a case of even freedmen drunkenness; all very harmonious; the schools all self-supporting. Much of all the property here is held as abandoned, and leased in small lots to the freedmen. Their crops are among the best in the State." There has been a general improvement in Mississippi.

Notes.

LITERARY.

A LITERARY dispute has arisen with regard to the edition of Wheaton's "Commentaries on International Law" of Mr. R. H. Dana. Mr. William Beach Lawrence published an edition of the same book with notes in 1863, which, though they showed a bias toward the South hardly admissible in a professedly impartial work, were yet very valuable. At the suggestion of Mr. Wheaton's daughters and lately deceased widow, Mr. Dana, of Boston, has re-edited the work with new notes, professing to give none of Mr. Lawrence's. Mr. Lawrence, in a communication to an evening paper, accuses Mr. Dana of having, nevertheless, used his labors, and often in the very words which he himself employed. Charges like this are always easy to be made and hard to be refuted, but a cursory examination shows an apparent justice in Mr. Lawrence's statements. The whole matter will probably be decided in a lawsuit with regard to the right of ownership in the book, which Mr. Lawrence is now bringing. Mr. Dana's notes, however, contain much that is confessedly new, and give the latest discussions of laws that are ever varying; they are a necessary supplement to a book regarded as an authority throughout Europe and America, and which, in 1864, was even translated into Chinese, and is now the text-book of Chinese diplomacy.

—In Vol. II., No. 57, of THE NATION, we gave some account of the excommunication of noxious animals by the Catholic Church, according to the book of Léon Ménabréa, of which the title was there set forth. The curious reader will find some civil examples parallel to those there quoted in the recent work of M. Charles Desmaze, counsellor of the Imperial court at Paris, entitled "Histoire des supplices, prisons et grâces en France," from the very origin of French legislation to the present day. This history has been constructed from unedited and authentic documents, and the author everywhere cites the sources which he has consulted. In 1516, an official of Troyes pronounced sentence on the caterpillars of Villenox, at the request of the inhabitants and "parties ouies"—that is, after hearing both sides. Ten days were allowed them in which to decamp, on pain of being "accursed and excommunicated." June 4, 1094, "Jehan Levoirrier, licencié ès lois, maïeur de M. Saint-Martin de Laon," condemns a swine that had devoured the child of Jehan Lenfant, cowherd of the farm of Clermont, near Laon, to be hung and strangled in a forked gibbet.

—By an order of the Emperor Maximilian, the *Diario del Imperio* will publish an edition of the instructions which the Spanish viceroys of Mexico left to their successors. This is greatly to the satisfaction of students of Mexican history, who have hitherto been able to procure MS. copies of only a few of these papers, and that with the greatest difficulty. The *Diario* proposes to publish the instructions of the viceroys that exist in the general archives, including some few that the viceroys received from the court. There are many other valuable instructions and papers that are preserved in various places, some of which have before been published, that might well be added to the documents to be published by the *Diario*.

—In the "Transactions of the Philological Society for 1865" is included, as an appendix, a "Dictionary of Reduplicated Words in the English Language," by Henry B. Wheatley. The author has collected about six hundred such words as found in English literature from the "Promptorium Parvulorum" of about 1440 A.D. down. There must be many more such words than those given in this dictionary, and they must have existed in spoken language at least much earlier than in the books quoted by Mr. Wheatley. Cotgrave, that prince of dictionary-makers, seems to have escaped his researches. Such a collection as this, though of words which are chiefly mere nursery-jingles like

> "Mummery-flummery, ching-wing wum,
> The King of the Cannibal Islands,"

is very curious, and to the defenders of the onomatopoetic theory, very valuable.

—The Asiatic Department of the Russian Ministry of Foreign Affairs has published, for several years, a collection of papers, of which the fourth volume has just appeared, entitled "Labors of the Members of the Russian Religious Mission at Pekin." This publication is now to change its form. Henceforth it will be published by the Holy Synod, and will take the title of "Asiatic Collection." It will contain all the articles which seem to deserve attention written by Eastern officials on the subject of Asia, as well as diplomatic documents on the old relations of Russia with the Asiatic peoples, which no longer have more than an historic and scientific interest.

—The annual meeting of the French *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres* took place on the 3d of August, M. Brunet de Presle in the chair, who gave an account of the labors of the Academy during the past year. M. Guigniaut, perpetual secretary, delivered a panegyric on M. Joseph-Victor Le Clerc, the late dean of the Sorbonne, and the author of several historical works. Prizes of 2,000 francs each were decreed to M. François Lenormant, sub-librarian of the institute, for a memoir on the ancient forms of the Phenician alphabet, and to M. Félix Robiou, adjunct professor of history, for a memoir on the forms of public worship among the Romans. Medals were given to M. Hertzog, for his "Description de la Gaule narbonnaise;" to M. Auguste Prost, for his "Etudes sur l'histoire de Metz;" and to M. Mantellier, for his "Mémoire sur les Bronzes antiques de Newry." The first Gobert prize was awarded to M. Gaston Pâris for his "Histoire poétique de Charlemagne," and the second to M. Léon Gautier, for his "Epopées françaises." The other prizes were not given.

—Not long ago a curious list of the pensions of Louis XIV. was published, in which Corneille figures at the side of Chapelain with a smaller sum. It will not be without interest to give a list of the pensions made by Napoleon I., taken from the last volume of his "Correspondence," in which, in like manner, names without fame figure in equal or even superior conditions with names illustrious, or at least known: M. Picard, for example, at 6,000 francs, while Bernardin de Saint-Pierre has only 2,000. Of this list a single one lives yet, M. Lebrun, author of "Marie Stuart:"

"TO THE COMTE DE MONTALIVET, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR, PARIS.

"Paris, 3rd January, 1810.

"I send you the list of the savants, or literary men, to whom I give pensions on the journals. Let me know those who have been the most distinguished in the last two years in literature and the sciences:

"M. M. Haüy, 6000f.; Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, 2,000f.; Dutheil, 2,000f.; Gosselin, 2,000f.; Coraï, 2,000f.; Monge, 6,000f.; Gianni, 3,000f.; Lebrun, 1,200f.; Legendre, 3,000f.; Barré, 4,000f.; Radet, 4,000f.; Desfontaines, 4,000f.; Monsigny, 2,000f.; Palisot, 3,000f.; Villevieille, 2,000f.; Chênier, 6,000f.; Ducray-Duménil, 3,000f.; Baour-Lormian, 6,000f.; Picard, 6,000f. Debrien, 2,000f.; Luce de Lancival, 6,000f."

—Another French newspaper has been suppressed. *Le Courrier du Dimanche*, after having eight warnings, two suspensions, and a judicial condemnation, has been suppressed by imperial decree. The reasons were, not for publishing the famous protest of the Paris press of 1830, which is a matter of history, but for publishing an article, by Prévost-Paradol, calculated to excite sedition, in which a picture was drawn of a humiliated, powerless, degraded France, which was considered by the authorities to be calumnious and untrue. The worst sentence was, perhaps, this: "France is a court lady, very beautiful, loved by the most gallant men, who runs away to live with a stable-boy. She is despoiled, beaten, stupefied a little more every day; but it is accomplished; she has taken a liking to him, and cannot be torn from this unworthy lover."

—The August number of "Trübner's American and Oriental Literary Record" contains a list of some books published in Greenland, in the Eskimo language. Most of them are translations of parts of the Bible; but among them is one Eskimo periodical. One book is a collection of the popular tales and legends of Greenland, including the traditions of the first descent of the Norsemen in the eighth century. It is worthy the attention of the antiquarian, the ethnologist, and the philologist. It is illustrated with forty wood-cuts and lithographs, all the work of natives, and has an appendix giving the national melodies of the Eskimos with the music. The book, of which the Eskimo title

is "Kaladlit okalluktualliait kalâdlisut kablunâtudlo," has, beside the Eskimo text, a Danish translation.

—The treasurers of the Bopp Memorial Fund have published their financial statement, together with a detailed list of the contributions that have been received. The total amount is nearly eight thousand thalers, of which 4,540 thalers were contributed by Prussia, 794 by France, 565 by England and India, 535 by Saxony, 721 by the rest of Germany, 658 by the other European States, and 165 by America. Subscriptions are still received by the Berlin Committee, and if a few more dollars could be collected in this country for a memorial of a great philological discovery, they should be forwarded to Messrs. Trübner & Co., of London, we suppose by their New York agents, Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.*

In most of the discussions in relation to the improvement of female education, the objectors have shown themselves unable to rise above the utilitarian, or rather the purely material, argument, and have assumed that those who ask a higher intellectual training for woman are as incapable as themselves of regarding the question from a loftier point of view. The range of woman's powers and duties, say they, is confined, by her physical and her mental nature alike, to a narrow and a humble sphere. Of what *use* is it for her to pursue studies or cultivate arts, which for her can have no practical application? Why should she concern herself about the political history, the constitution, or the jurisprudence of her country, seeing that she is deprived of the political franchise, and ineligible to legislative or judicial office? Why should she know anything of theology, except as a body of positive dogmas, inasmuch as she can neither preach nor perform any priestly function? Why should she study the rules of æsthetical criticism, or the fundamental principles of any art, when it is notorious that she can neither invent a character, paint a historical picture, model a group, nor compose an anthem?

Now this reasoning is objectionable, not merely as assuming much that is disputable, much even that this generation has seen dispelled, but because it raises a false issue, while, at the same time, it places a low and degrading estimate on the uses of knowledge, and virtually denies that it is, in and of itself, a good. Our intellectual training, our discernment of good and evil, of the true and the false, of the beautiful and the base—these are as much constituents of that complex entity which we call *self*, as our physical appetites and sensations. Discipline, self-culture, soundness of judgment, positive attainment, all which are implied in *knowledge*, are equally necessary for the discharge of our duties to our Maker, to ourselves, and to our brother. Knowledge, then, helps us alike *to be* and *to do*, and the obscurantists, in refusing a better education to woman, are denying her the choicest of jewels as a possession, the most efficient of instrumentalities as a means of action.

The present question is not, as is perversely insisted, What shall women *do?* Shall they command fleets and armies? Shall they preside in the councils of the nation? Shall they defend criminals at the bar of justice? Shall they expound Scripture and enforce religious and moral obligation in the pulpit? Shall they administer potions and perform capital operations? Shall they be allowed publicly to buy and sell and get gain? But it is: Shall woman be encouraged, or at least permitted freely, to cultivate such humble faculties as she is admitted to enjoy, and develop those intellectual powers which, in common with what grammarians call the "sexus dignior," the worthier sex—though, as a half-reasoning animal, in an inferior degree—she appears to possess; may she receive a mental training which will raise her in her own self-respect, contribute to her rational enjoyment, and render her a more useful and less tiresome companion to the Solomon who is destined to lord it over her?

There are, certainly, persons who propose to put women forthwith upon a footing of absolute, social, civil, legal, and political parity with men, and I suppose the fifteen hundred British maids and matrons who are demanding the exercise of political franchises in England, will have many sympathizers in and out of their own sex, many powerful advocates in Parliament, in society, and in literature. But, after all, we do not know or believe that, as a general rule, women now want, or ever will want, to exercise many of those functions of which generous man reserves to himself the monopoly. Physical reasons, and the appetites and repugnances naturally resulting from the physical constitution of women, will secure man, to a very great extent, from the dangerous competition, the apprehension of which is throwing universal fogydom into such a fever; and the law of supply and demand will, in the long run, when the market is fairly thrown open, bring the custom to the right shop, whether Adam or Eve stand behind the counter. As we have already said, we have no sound experimental knowledge in regard to the capacities and aptitudes of women, but, so far as the evidence goes, it is, as in all cases of the extension of human liberty, entirely favorable to the enlargement of woman's sphere of action. Women, we all know, once voted in New Jersey. The world was then by no means as well prepared for such an anomaly as it now is; but history does not tell us that New Jersey gained very much in wisdom of internal administration, or in respect abroad, by their exclusion from the polls. Had women continued to vote in that State, or rather *station*, we believe New Jersey would have been sooner redeemed from thraldom to the slave-driver; and had she still, for a time, worshipped some Juggernaut as the god of her idolatry, she would have placed him on a nobler chariot than a snorting locomotive, and the lesser divinities of her pantheon would have been something better than deified stokers.

The opponents of the social and intellectual elevation of woman may be divided into two categories—the hierarchies, which fear or rather foresee that their own usurped powers and privileges will be reduced in proportion as rights shall be recovered by classes which have hitherto been deprived of them, and the vast body of men and women who honestly believe that woman is, upon the whole, an inferior creature.

The love of power is the strongest of human passions, and it is a remarkable proof of the intensity of the social feeling in man that aggregate bodies cling more tenaciously than individuals to the exceptional privileges they have become possessed of. Kings have voluntarily abdicated their thrones, but never did an *order* resign its prerogatives except upon compulsion. This is especially true of all hierarchies, lay or ecclesiastical, which, by incorporation or otherwise, have or claim perpetual existence by continuous succession, the transmission of a *virus*, as Dr. Rice called it. Happily the inviolability of corporate rights of all sorts is now becoming matter of frequent question. The reverence with which associate bodies were regarded is greatly diminished. The old Whig superstition of the immaculate conception of the United States Bank is now pretty much exploded, and it is very doubtful whether every point of the judgment in the famous Dartmouth College case would be affirmed upon a rehearing to-day. Although financial, and especially railroad, corporations have been the great springs of pecuniary, and too often of political, corruption in our time, yet their social influence is far less dangerous than that of bodies which rest their claims to power on the higher basis of religion. Ancient oppressions were sanctioned by appeals to vaguely conceived divinities, speaking, as in a great part of Europe they do to this day, only through the priests. In nations which have shaken off some part of their mediæval superstitions—royalty, hereditary aristocracy, consecrated priesthoods—advocates of the slavery of man and the degradation of woman fortify every proposition by quotations from Holy Writ—the joint authority of "Peter and Paul." When it was a penitentiary offence in South Carolina to teach the negro to read, when generous Georgia condemned missionaries to penal servitude for preaching Christianity to the Indians, the pious, the learned, the wise, and even the philanthropists of those enlightened communities had no doubt that the sentences were just. Reason and experience proved the inferiority of the black skin and the red just as logically as they establish the inferiority of woman now, and devout gospellers appealed to Scripture in the former case as triumphantly as they still do in the latter. It was clear from Holy Writ that "Ham's sons was gi'n to us in charge;" slavery was their natural, divinely ordained condition, their earthly school and paradise; and though the "nigger" was a "useful institution" to his owner, yet it was more as a matter of duty than of interest that the magnanimous Southron held him in perpetual bondage. In fact, the Southern States constituted a great Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the slaveholders and priesthood; and when a religious congregation in Charleston sold a few "communicants" further "down South" to raise money to repair their church, they had the comfortable reflection that they were sending out catechists and missionaries to teach the way of truth to their yet but half-converted brother on the sugar plantations. As to the Indian, his name did not appear in the biblical genealogies—he was not the son of anybody; they "'spected he growed." Of course he inherited no share in the "covenant promises," and the taking of his lands and his goods and appropriating them to better uses was a praiseworthy spoiling of the Egyptians. All this was conscientiously believed five years ago by seven or eight millions of men, women, and children. Does anybody but a Copperhead believe it now?

Is it not possible that the all but universal belief in the inferior nature

* "Essays on the Pursuits of Women. By Frances Power Cobbe." London. 1863. 239 pp. 12mo.

of woman rests on a not less sandy foundation? We look back with astonishment at the solemn decision of Southern judicial tribunals, that, unless restrained by local statute, the master's power over his slave was as unlimited as over his ox; that at common law no indictment would lie against the owner for torturing or even killing his "servant"—that, in short, he had all the rights over his bondman which the volunteer gladiator's oath and the laws of Rome conferred upon the *ludimagister*, "to bind, burn, scourge, slay with the sword, or whatsoever else the master should please." Justice Buller declared that, by the law of England, beating a wife with a stick not thicker than his lordship's thumb was not to be considered as anything more than that "moderate chastisement" which the husband might rightfully administer. Shall we not by and by grow wise enough and humane enough to try to get a mitigation of this judgment and reduce the size of the stick to perhaps the measure of a judge's little finger?

Dr. Johnson, whose strong sense helped him, in spite of the tenacity of his prejudices, to see the hollowness of many of the social shams of his time, said that woman was not made subject to man because she was his inferior, but because, "when two ride on one horse, one of them must ride behind." In our day everybody travels in the East, and the Western world is becoming familiar with the fact that, by the use of a pannier-saddle, which the Orientals call a *kajava*, two persons may travel on one camel and yet ride side by side.

Some time since a European lady expressed to us the regret she felt, in visiting a school which her husband had been instrumental in establishing for the purpose of so far educating peasant girls as to make them useful domestic servants, to find that the girls were not content with the little their instructors were willing to teach them, but that they desired to acquire knowledge enough to qualify them for teachers in higher female schools. When we said that we thought this was a creditable feeling, which ought to be encouraged rather than repressed, she replied, "*Mais, Monsieur, elles aspirent à se déclasser!*" They want to rise above their caste. "Well," said we, "this answer of yours points to a fundamental distinction between your Old-World institutions and those of which we Americans are so proud. The very thing we aim at is to '*déclasser*' our people, to relieve them from the servitude and the tyranny of caste, to 'exalt the humble' majority, even at the cost of 'depressing the proud' minority. True, we strive to lengthen upwards the ladder on which all alike stand, that all may climb higher than the highest has yet ascended, but we do not allow the occupant of the topmost round any possessory right to exclude from a place beside him the aspirant who is rising from the lowest."

The European traditions, which reduce woman to the condition of an inferior caste, are in conflict with the whole tone and purport of American institutions. They constitute what lawyers call a "discrepancy," an irreconcilable discord, in our whole social life. Let us begin with recognizing true and liberal principles, and trust to the logic of society to work out legitimate and beneficent results. Let us not dispute whether women shall, if special vocation call them, walk in hitherto untrodden paths, or still be confined to such rude "small chores" as lofty manhood scorns to stoop to; let us not, like the bee, feed one human larva to be a worker, one a mother, and another a drone; but let us administer to both sexes, in every condition of life, that generous intellectual, moral, and physical nutriment which will enable each to develop most perfectly the powers and faculties of its material and moral organization.

No person has discussed this general question with greater ability, none with more of that sage moderation which is the sure token of an elevated and an enlightened spirit, than the noble woman whose essays we take as the text of this article. We do not know how much her works have yet been read in the United States, but no writer of our time, male or female, better deserves to be listened to by Americans who seek the true solution of the greatest social problem which it remains for Americans to determine.

INSIDE: A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.*

As a story this novel cannot be said to have much merit, and evidently is the work of a beginner, and quite likely his very first literary attempt. Yet it is most readable, and really valuable, being rather a contribution to contemporary history than a work of fiction. Mr. Arthur, a young clergyman "born and raised," as our Southern brethren say, in the Old Dominion, goes down into one of the cotton States—South Carolina, we should say—and assumes the pastorate of a small church. It is some years before the war, and the minister becomes deservedly popular. He is a Union man, however, and when the rebellion once begins finds many of his parishioners looking askance upon him, and one, in particular, is inexpressibly shocked at his recreancy. This is Mrs. Bowles, relict of the chivalrous Major Bowles, of South Carolina, and mother of the chivalrous Rutledge Bowles, for a short time an undergraduate in the University of South Carolina, afterwards an officer at the glorious siege of Anderson in Sumter. Also, she is the mother of Alice Bowles, who, in her girlhood, is a pupil of Mr. Arthur's, and with whom Mr. Arthur, of course, falls in love. Notwithstanding his political opinions, his suit is finally successful, for the lady he converts from secessionism, the fire-eating Rutledge Bowles gets himself killed in the war, and Mrs. Bowles dies of grief for the loss of her beloved son and the downfall of her beloved Confederacy, which she loves, in the second place, because it is Southern, and, in the first place, because it was founded by the sovereign State of South Carolina. Along with this plot, but not in any way connected with it, is another. In the early days of rebellion a large, handsome, lavish-handed secessionist, an intimate friend of General Beauregard and Mr. Davis, makes his appearance in Somerville, and by his manners and his high-toned sentiments is at once recognized as a perfect type of the Southern gentleman. A good many men in and around Somerville can curse a Yankee or a Union man with copious and forcible profanity; but when Dr. Peel, the new comer, begins to swear, whole bar-rooms are speechless in admiration, and, as he goes on in a foaming torrent of oaths, even hardened blasphemers might be excused for going down on their knees and entreating him to stop. The doctor captivates the heart of Miss Annie Wright, a planter's daughter, and at the very last moment, while Brother Barker is in the house of the bride's father ready to officiate at the wedding, while the prospective father-in-law is drunk in honor of the event, the bridegroom is discovered to have been a Federal spy during the whole war; worse than that—this associate of Southern gentlemen, who has patronized some of the first families in Somerville, and made love to a slaveholder's daughter, turns out to be a colored man! But, as we suppose, the mere story engaged not much of the labor of the writer, and he need care little if it engages not much of the attention of the reader, whose interest is absorbed by the obvious truthfulness and the astonishing vividness of the picture which is here drawn of a Southern community in Confederate days.

Somerville is like hundreds and hundreds of other towns in the limits of the late slave States. It is a dull, remote, languid, decaying village of some two or three thousand black and white inhabitants, situated somewhere near the geometrical centre of the county of which it is the capital, and surrounded by a cotton-raising district. "A level, post-oak, sandy plain is its location; no mountains, no river, and but a scrubby forest." There are three or four churches in it, bare meeting-houses, much in need of paint probably, and each with a most dismal grave-yard near by. There is a hotel, and a post-office, and dry-goods stores "with their red blankets hanging at the doors," and a saddler's shop, and "provision stores sticky with sugar and molasses, and greasy with great piles of bacon." There is also a court-house—

"A square brick building in the centre of the town. But why should one feel the strong aversion I feel for that gloomy building, with its brick-paved floor below, its well-worn and exceedingly dirty stairway, its breezy court-room above, its yellow walls spangled a yard up from the floor with tobacco-juice, its bewhittled benches and hide-bottomed chairs, its doors and posts beplastered with curt sheriffs' notices—half print, half writing—and with notices of cattle lost, written in all possible varieties of spelling and grammar?"

The aversion which the author feels for the court-house he feels because it was there that secession was born, there it rejoiced over its triumphs, and thence it ruled with an iron sceptre those unfortunate men who either avowed their loyalty or were suspected of hating rebellion.

If the birthplace of secession in Somerville was the town-hall, its nursing cradle was the office of the *Somerville Star*, of which the editor-in-chief is Mister, or, if you like, Colonel, or Major, or General, Lamum.

"An undersized man is Lamum. He may be thirty, and he may be fifty years old—you can form no conclusion on the matter merely by looking at him. Excessively lean; very much stooped in the shoulders; face very pale, and never changing color under any possible circumstances; nose long and sharp; thin black hair; of a swift gait in walking; prompt and sharp speech; very shabby in clothing—that is the man.

"Although continually associated with people that do, Lamum never smokes, never drinks, never plays a game—at least of cards. You never catch him in a billiard-room or doggery, unless it is in search of some politician to be found nowhere else. Lamum rarely enters a church—never, in fact, save for some political reason, such as to hear a political prayer or sermon. Yet Lamum swears only when very greatly provoked. No one has ever breathed a syllable against him as a husband. In regard to his various pecuniary transactions his enemies violently assail him; but then his friends as vehemently defend him. As these transactions are enwound

* "Inside: A Chronicle of Secession. Geo. F. Harrington. New York: Harper & Brothers." Pp. 223.

in lawsuits without number, it is impossible to decide upon them in advance of the jury.

"One word expresses Lamum from his earliest manhood upward, heart and soul, body, mind, and spirit, conversation and conduct—in every respect from head to foot. He is a politician. Above politics, beneath politics—if it had any beneath—besides politics he has not a thought or emotion. All his reading is political papers; he holds no conversation, when he can help it, except upon political topics. He knows no ties to any living creature except political ties. As to his wife, he sees her only across the table at meals, or, perchance, asleep in bed when he comes in late at night.

"There is nobody in the world, perhaps his wife excepted—he has no children, he has no time for such nonsense—loves this pale, cold, eager man.

"Like Robespierre, he loves politics not for the office or profit it brings him so much as for the dry sake of politics itself. Something like the intense fondness, not so much of a gambler for his cards as of a chess-player for his mystic game. He has a cold yet infinite zest in the intrigue, the twisting of facts, the magnifying of useful nothings, the diminishing of disagreeable somethings—the downright lying, the flattering, the bullying, the rewarding, the punishing—the wielding of Power, that is it! Robespierre had his guillotine, had he? Every Saturday's *Star* falls like an axe across some man's name if not his neck! Talk about the unscrupulous devotion of a Jesuit to his order!

"Let it suffice to be said, Lamum was, in the most exclusive and intense sense possible to the word, a Politician, not in the sense of a stump speaker. Lamum had a thin, feeble voice—he could not make speeches, never tried. But his pen! Ah, how powerfully he spoke through that! And how he ruled with it hundreds in every county in the State who did mount the stump."

Still better drawn and excellently displayed in action is Brother Barker, the rabid secessionist preacher, who prays bitterly for the Confederacy, denounces Union men from the pulpit, and convinces his hearers by Scripture texts that the South is commanded by the Lord to withdraw itself from a nation of atheists and free-lovers. Then there is Mrs. Warner, the snuff-dipping, lean-faced, fierce wife of the easy-going doctor; there is Tim Lamum, the Confederate provost-marshal, and his young friends who play poker in the office; there is old Colonel Juggins, the illiterate planter, who lives on terms of equality with his negroes in a house no better than one of the shanties "down at the quarters;" there is Colonel Ret Roberts, the aristocratic planter, a furious but high-toned rascal, who is rapidly losing his family negroes, who gives notes of hand he never pays, is free with his claret, ready with his duelling pistols, and unequalled in a speech at the court-house; there is Alonzo Wright, "Mass' Lon," a planter who has been known to kill a negro or two, and who becomes wild when he has made himself drunk with whiskey and takes a fancy to use his revolver; there is Guy Brooks and his brother Paul, the Union men; and Joe Staples, the hotel-keeper, who grows rich, no one knows how, as the Confederacy grows poor; and, besides these, there are a score of other figures, all delineated with painstaking care, so that they appear to be, what we doubt not they are, pictures from life drawn by a careful observer with every opportunity of attaining complete accuracy. We suppose the book to be a perfectly trustworthy, as we know it to be a most interesting, description of the life of Southern loyalists since 1861, and think we speak within bounds when we say that there is no other book which will give the student of Southern history in the last five years a clearer understanding of the way in which the Southern white people were affected by the war. The illustrations by Thomas Nast are in most cases admirable.

MEDICAL ELECTRICITY.*

Two qualifications are pre-eminently necessary for authors—a knowledge of the subject considered and the ability to write in intelligible language. After patiently wading through Dr. Sarratt's ponderous book, we are reluctantly forced to conclude that he is lamentably deficient in clear ideas of the science to which he has evidently given a great deal of labor, and that he has written a book which, for obscurity of diction, viciousness of style, and badness of English, is not excelled by any other volume we have ever read. If it was Dr. Sarratt's aim to make a large book and to fill it with absurd dogmas and speculations, expressed in language which not one man in a thousand of the educated classes can understand, he has met with entire success. If he was desirous of writing a clear, concise, and sensible work on a subject of great importance, he has just as decidedly failed.

There is scarcely a page of the volume under notice which does not contain some glaring error of fact or of grammar. For instance, we are told (page 15) that "some several hundred pages of that portion of the work *is* thrown out." It is stated (page 42) that "ozone acting the part of an acid unites with the potassium in forming potassa." Dr. Sarratt is, therefore, ignorant of the fact that acids do not unite with elementary bodies but only with bases, and that consquently the action of oxygen never can be that of an acid. Speaking of the influence of impure air in giving rise to disease, he says (p. 44), that it will cause "no sort of ague, neuralgia, neuralgic rheumatism, nor other periodic disease, *if not situated in a meteorological*, i.e., *malarial region*." The medical students, for whom the work is ostensibly written, will be rather confounded to find the adjectives meteorological and malarial used as synonymous.

At page 63, the following specimen of Dr. Sarratt's style will be found:

"Another *freak* of lightning is mentioned by M. Arago—that lightning has been known to strike, penetrate, and demolish powder magazines, and there upsetting and scattering the powder in all directions, and yet not set it on fire! This fact, though rare—for the setting it on fire and producing an explosion is by far the most usual result—illustrates *the law of damage to man;* for electricity by friction, as in that case of lightning, never burns, nor even explodes gunpowder if it meets no hindrance; but rather follows an under conductor. In this case it is too quick to fire, burn, or disorganize. It can be demonstrated that electricity or lightning explodes the powder, burns, tears, or disorganizes to destruction only when it encounters in its route a given degree of resistance that actually delays its velocity."

The little germ of fact contained in the foregoing extract could be stated with about one-third the expenditure of words given to it. What "the law of damage to man" is, and why the well-known fact mentioned by M. Arago should serve to illustrate it, are matters far beyond our knowledge. Dr. Sarratt informs his readers (page 64) that "the molecules of the living body *is* naturally bi-polar," and on the next page that long and large sparks made to strike obliquely on the back of a looking-glass "*demonstrates*" the arborescent action of electricity.

Electricity is recommended (p. 984) as a remedy for sea-sickness, and directions are given for its use in this affection. Whether any sea-sick persons were ever cured by the application, or whether it has ever been actually employed or not in this connection, Dr. Sarratt does not inform us. We are also told, with his thorough disregard for the grammar of his mother tongue, that, "on going on board at first, it is prudent to have the stomach and bowels free, eating plainly, and have a daily stool."

At page 841 Dr. Sarratt speaks of "iron *bi-hydrogen*"—evidently supposing that the iron reduced from its protoxide to its metallic form, in very fine powder, by the action of hydrogen, and hence called iron *by hydrogen*, is a definite, chemical compound, consisting of one atom of iron and two of hydrogen. Even upon this supposition he has given it a name which is bad enough to make the authors of the system of chemical nomenclature start from their graves.

To follow Dr. Sarratt through all the devious turnings of his book, would be a task which we spare both ourselves and our readers. We have not read a page of it which is not disfigured by some exhibition of ignorance or disregard for the plainest rules of English composition; and the specimens which we have quoted are not, therefore, isolated examples of his style. Instead of being such a book as was and is needed by the medical profession in this country, it is an *omnium gatherum* of platitudes and cheap scientific facts, with here and there a few valuable statements. These latter, however, are almost entirely taken from the works of Du Bois Reymond, Matteucci, Remak, Duchenne, Bird, Althaus, Mitchell, and others, who have written upon the medical application of electricity. When we come to look for Dr. Sarratt's own contributions to a knowledge of the science in question, we find it to consist of descriptions of American galvanic batteries, and the details of cases (some of them interesting, but by far the greater number valueless) which have occurred in his practice. That such a work should be issued with the imprint of J. B. Lippincott & Co. argues much for the good nature of that highly respectable and generally careful house, but little for its discrimination. We trust it will be long before American medical literature is made to bear the burthen of such another book as Dr. Sarratt's.

* "Medical Electricity: Embracing Electro-Physiology and Electricity as a Therapeutic, with Special Reference to Practical Medicine; showing the most approved Apparatus, Methods, and Rules for the Medical Uses of Electricity in the Treatment of Nervous Diseases. By Alfred C. Sarratt, M.D., etc." Third edition, revised and improved. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1866. Pp. 1103.

HALLECK'S INTERNATIONAL LAW.*

As the author assures us on the title-page and in the preface that the present work was prepared as a text-book for schools and colleges, it will be more justly compared with another text-book of similar design than with the larger work of which it is an abridgment, and whose sections and divisions it rigidly preserves. Such a comparison is afforded by President Woolsey's "Introduction to the Study of International Law," of which a second edition was published by Scribner in 1864. For merely school-room pur-

* "Elements of International Law and Laws of War. By H. W. Halleck, LL.D. Prepared for the use of Colleges and Private Students." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1866. Pp. 380.

poses, the "Elements" has the advantage in point of shape, but the larger print of the "Introduction" and rather fewer pages of open text would make the contents very nearly equal, were it not for frequent notes in the latter, besides a valuable appendix, both of which are excluded by Gen. Halleck. Neither, again, illustrates its subject from the late rebellion, and one will consult them in vain for the case of the *Alabama*. But while both allude to the *Caroline*, Woolsey alone mentions the *Creole* and the *Amistad*.

On the whole, we fail to perceive that in any important respect the newer work is more valuable than the older, while in many it is certainly inferior. Gen. Halleck's first two chapters contain the substance of President Woolsey's introductory chapter, and these may be taken as samples of each author's style, method, and design. The somewhat pretentious but very meagre and vague historical survey of the origin and growth of international law with which the General sets out, is in striking contrast with Woolsey's full yet condensed summary of the practices of classical antiquity and of mediæval times. In the following passages there is a very evident discrepancy, and, though Gen. Halleck's language is not free from obscurity, he seems plainly to be laboring under a serious misconception:

"What was called the law of nations (*jus gentium*) by the Romans was not any positive system of jurisprudence established by the consent of all, or even the greater part, of the nations of the world, and applicable alike to themselves and others; it was simply a civil law of their own, made for the purpose of regulating their own conduct towards others in the hostile intercourse of war. It was, therefore, contracted in its nature and somewhat illiberal in the character of its provision." (Halleck, p. 19.)

"The law of nations, *jus inter gentes*, is not to be confounded with the *jus gentium* of the Romans. This term denoted the principles and usages of law common to all nations, that is, practically, to all nations known to the Romans, as contrasted with what was peculiar to the *jus civile*, the law of Rome itself. . . [Gaius and Ulpian quoted.] . . These common usages of nations may run through all the fields of law, and so will include some rules of the international code. But the two evidently cover different ground, and the civil law never distinctly contemplates a law of nations in the modern sense." (Woolsey, p. 27.)

A very good instance of the habitual point of view of each is contained in these extracts:

"Some publicists have argued that, as all sovereign states are considered equal in international law, and as they can never be subjects of *criminal law*, they cannot be punished for offences committed. This is probably true in the strict technical sense of the term punish. Nevertheless, as the injured state may, in order to obtain indemnity for the past and security for the future, destroy the property of the offending state, and kill its citizens, it does, to all intents and purposes, inflict *punishment*. (Halleck, p. 35.)

"Grotius held that a state had the right to punish injuries committed not only against itself and its subjects, but also against others over whom it has no guardianship. . . This right he derives from a similar right of individuals in a state of nature, which they gave up to society. He adds that it is more praiseworthy to punish injuries done to others than to ourselves, inasmuch as we are then less likely to be partial.

"Few, if any, we suppose, would now undertake to defend the explanation here given by Grotius of the state's right to punish; and the extent which he gives to the right seems equally objectionable. There must be a certain sphere for each state, certain bounds within which its functions are intended to act, for otherwise the territorial divisions of the earth would have no meaning. In regard to the right of *punishing in any case* outside of the bounds of the state, there may be rational doubts. Admitting, as we are very ready to do, that this is one of the powers of the state over its subjects, we can by no means infer that the state may punish those who are not its subjects but its equals. And yet, practically, it is impossible to separate that moral indignation which expresses itself in punishment from the spirit of self-redress for wrongs. As for a state's having the vocation to go forth beating down wickedness, like Hercules, all over the world, it is enough to say that such a principle, if carried out, would destroy the independence of states, justify the nations in taking sides in regard to all national acts, and lead to universal war. And yet extreme cases of outrage may be conceived of, where a burning desire to help the weak abroad, or to punish the oppressor, ought hardly to be disobeyed." (Woolsey, pp. 34, 35.)

Halleck's definition of international law is, perhaps, preferable to the two proposed by Woolsey: "The rules of conduct regulating the intercourse of states," as compared with "the expression of the jural and moral relations of states to one another;" or, "the aggregate of the rules which Christian states acknowledge as obligatory in their relations to each other, and to each other's subjects." But again we discover the aim of the General to be simply to lay down the actual condition of international law, while President Woolsey strives to make the record subserve the higher development of the law. Hence the one has written a dry and juiceless statement, hinting at discussions without going into them, and doing little to elevate the mind of the student, or even to direct him to the noblest sources of enquiry. The other has written less for the memory than for the understanding, and displays, with at least an equal amount of learning and research, a thorough sympathy with the spirit of the age, a perfect consciousness of the crudities and imperfections of a code which shows the fraternity of nations to be far behind that of the individuals which compose them, and a hearty desire to bring about a closer conformity in all human dealings to the divine teachings. On all moral questions, therefore, President Woolsey's remarks are more copious, and, we venture to say, more enlightened, than Gen. Halleck's. His citation of authorities is constant, and his historical illustrations are generally more complete, more definite, and more interesting. His rhetoric is always more laudable. In logical order there is little to choose. The index of Woolsey is superior, and is of names as well as of things; and in connection with an appendix of works and documents bearing on international law, and another of the most important treaties since the Reformation, with a brief statement of their provisions, renders the "Introduction" a much more permanently useful manual than the "Elements." Except for those who do not read easy Latin, if even for them, we know of no special class with which Halleck would supersede Woolsey, and none whatever with which it should.

MAGAZINES FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE Balaam Box was the name which Christopher North gave—on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, we suppose—to the receptacle of a vast mass of dubious contributions which went to his editorial room, intending, doubtless, to bless, and remaining to curse him. Too good, or written by too good authors, to make it just the thing to burn them, and not quite good enough to go into print, even the robust-minded Berserker of "Blackwood" was embarrassed by them. The "Atlantic" has evidently succumbed for the moment to the common fate of magazines, and this month publishes "The Surgeon's Assistant," "The Voice," "A Distinguished Character," "The Bobolinks," "Incidents of the Portland Fire," "My Little Boy," "An Italian Rain Storm," "Lake Champlain," "Yesterday," "Woman's Work in the Middle Ages," and "The Chimney Corner for 1866," articles all of which, of course, can be read, and no one of which any human being need care to read. "University Reform" is the words of a favorite son of Harvard, delivered at the great college festival, listened to not without approval by a great many alumni of Harvard, and yet pronouncing in favor of a remodelling of the method of teaching in vogue there, and, to a certain extent, condemning the system of education now maintained. Except in this aspect of it, the essay, which is naturally rather rhetorical or oratorical in tone, is of no great interest or importance. "The Johnson Party" is a model of those slashing articles in which the writer at any rate slashes, whether anybody is effectually slashed or not. It is Sir Philip Francis, we suppose, who being dead yet speaketh in sentences of the style of these: "The will of ordinary men is addressed through their understanding and conscience. Mr. Johnson's understanding and conscience can be addressed only through his will. . . . . The President of the United States has so singular a combination of defects for the office of a constitutional magistrate that he could have obtained the opportunity to misrule the nation only by a visitation of Providence." The sonnet by Longfellow, "On Translating the Divina Commedia," is the third of a series, in which he celebrates the close of his task and rests from his labors. "Griffith Gaunt" is doled out artfully as usual. It is broken off in this number at a point where the reader is supposed to be intensely interested, for the heroine is in the middle of a trial for her life, and just about to show her undoubted abilities in the cross-examination and confounding of witnesses. Hawthorne speaks of Thoreau with just appreciation, and of September and October so inimitably, that those passages from his note-book will even add a charm to the New England autumn weather.

"Our Young Folks," in the September number, gives the first of its promised full-page illustrations—a pathetic little picture by W. J. Hennessy, which the engraver has pretty thoroughly spoiled. When an "Infant's Magazine," which is projected, we believe, shall get fairly under way, we hope "Our Young Folks" will feel at liberty to give up those highly poetical allegories, such as "The Pond of the Dollys," which compose so much of each number. All the boys of our acquaintance scoff at them, except occasionally, when Mrs. Stowe makes one, and it is a good deal better than they usually are.

In "Harper" the illustrated papers are—"Army Life on the Border," which is a review of Colonel Marcy's very entertaining book; "Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men," which relates to the operations of the Federal and rebel forces in Texas, and is written by John S. C. Abbott in his inimitable and too well known manner; and "Porte Crayon's" "Personal Recollections of the War," which is the most readable article in this number till one comes to the "Editor's Easy Chair," with its agreeable talk about Gladstone and Canning, Austria and poor Benedek,

"Now from the book of honor razèd quite;"

Felix Holt, Rachel and Ristori, a graceful little essay of a kind in which Mr. Curtis has no equal in this country, and William T. Sherman, a Dartmouth doctor of laws. It must be this "Easy Chair" which keeps for "Harper's" the best class of its readers. General Strother bears testimony to the warm, admiring respect Mr. Lincoln compelled, even from prejudiced persons and enemies, if once they met him face to face. He gives us also camp pictures true to the life, and glimpses of Lander, raging because his Massachusetts regiments were cut to pieces at Ball's Bluff; of Stone, who lost that battle; of Banks, who, he seems to think, ought to have had vengeance for it before McClellan got down from Washington, and of this latter himself, the commander-in-chief whose attitudes reminded his observer of Napoleon, and whom he describes as a heavy-limbed little man, "his head large and rather square, complexion florid, and light-red beard." A late Confederate officer writes pleasantly about "Wilmington during the Blockade," and there is the regular allowance of tales of love, written mostly by young women.

"Hours at Home" for September is much as usual. The editor, if it is the editor who writes "Books of the Month," has his little jeer at Miss Evans, who, however, as an author, seems to enjoy a good deal of his approbation. Donald G. Mitchell, who apparently belongs to the party which has no reason to like Congressional commissions of enquiry, imitates the mode of investigation which elicited the truth from unwilling witnesses at Memphis and New Orleans, and proves that his old enemy, the gentleman-farmer, may be a gentleman, but has no right to the other name. The chief literary article is upon Froude's "History of England," and a comparison is drawn between Froude and Lord Macaulay, to the disadvantage of the latter. But the critic appears to be a person so intensely susceptible, that perhaps he is hardly to be trusted in these matters. In judging a poet it may be well enough to be "now and then made to spring from our seats by the startling effect of some bold thought," etc.; but history belongs rather to the literature of knowledge than the literature of power. Perhaps, however, the professor does not mean that he did really jump from his chair when Froude described Queen Mary to him, but only has an inexact and violent way of expressing himself. Mr. Towle talks loftily of those benighted German students, and the superiority of the undergraduates "in our own well-disciplined colleges." He gives us a very tolerable description of duelling as practised at Heidelberg, and justly, and with his usual force of thought, remarks that "men who live in the nineteenth century are behind the age, indeed, if they cling to the doctrine of 'ordeal by battle,'—if they believe in the doctrine that God awards strength and skill in the use of the sword to test right and wrong"—a confusion of two quite distinct institutions.

Of nineteen articles in the "Catholic World" five are original, the best of them being an able examination of two answers which the Church of England gives to the question, Is Episcopal Ordination a *sine qua non* to constitute a valid Ministry? . The writer vindicates the correctness of the answer given by the Low Church party, which allows equal validity to the ordination by presbyters. Of the selections, a translation from the French, entitled "Three Women of our Time," will be found amusing reading in the part which speaks of Charlotte Brontë and English life. The other selections are a little out of the line of ordinary magazine readers.

Our handsome contemporary, "The Galaxy," though as yet there is some little uncertainty about it, seems to have pretty well decided on the field which it will occupy. It will not be so good as the "Atlantic," for the "Atlantic" has at its command a better class of contributors in prose and poetry than any yet employed by the "Galaxy." It will be a magazine for young people rather than for thoughtful people; and for young men we should say rather than for young women. These latter, if they like it, will like it for its serial stories, which are very good as serial stories go. This is a feature that, no matter how unaccountable the fact may be, one must concede to be popular. Our own opinion is that its popularity must be attributed to the preponderance of female names on the subscription lists. We should select the paper published in this last number, entitled "Literary Frondeurs," as a fair sample of the spirit which will pervade the Galaxy, and as a rather favorable sample of its ability.

Footprints of a Letter Carrier. By James Rees, Clerk in the Philadelphia Post-office. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1866.)—It was said of the late Dr. Whewell that "science was his forte, omniscience his foible." Though unable to speak of the scientific proclivities of Mr. Rees, we can safely assert that in his desire to grasp universal knowledge he closely resembles the distinguished Master of Trinity. His "footprints" may be found in many provinces of the great domain of knowledge, and, to judge from their wide divergence, he must have been provided during his travels with means of getting over the ground quickly, compared with which the seven-league boots of the fairy tale were of little account. In a duodecimo volume of rather more than four hundred pages, which is ostensibly devoted to what is called "postal history," we have essays on language, the origin of writing, the confusion of tongues, and the pastoral life; notices of Chinese art and science, ancient Rome, modern architecture, the Declaration of Independence, the Kaffirs, the pyramids of Egypt, Yankee Doodle and the Star-Spangled Banner, the American stage, railroads, the abolition of slavery, and the late civil war (on both which subjects the writer's opinions, we are happy to say, are very sound), Merlin's prophecies, Sir Walter Scott, Abraham Lincoln, etc.; biographical accounts of Cyrus, Penn, Franklin, and other worthies, ancient and modern; historical sketches of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, the American Revolution, etc.; lists of Congresses, Presidents, and Vice-Presidents, and Governors of Pennsylvania, and a variety of other discursive matter, which space will not permit us to recapitulate. It is true these subjects have no conceivable relation to the post-office, but to the volatile genius and active pen of the author that is a matter of little consequence; and as the postal system penetrates into every quarter of the civilized globe, so in a treatise upon that system it is permissible, he evidently thinks, to offer to the reader as many and as various facts, fancies, and opinions as can be crammed into four hundred-odd pages.

Mr. Rees is apparently a post-office clerk of long standing and considerable experience, and those portions of his work relating to the post-office itself, though loosely constructed and incomplete, are, in the main, interesting. With the exception of Great Britain, he has little or nothing to say of the postal systems of Europe; but, as some compensation for this omission, he tells us how letters are delivered on the West Coast of Africa. The anecdotes, constituting what may be called the "romance of the post-office," are not comparable with those contained in Holbrook's "Ten Years Among the Mail Bags," published some years ago. The statement that the New York post-office was, in 1844, established in a new building in Nassau Street, erected expressly for that purpose, will be news to the majority of our readers. But they will doubtless concur in the author's opinion that the structure in question reflects little credit upon the city, and in his conclusions on the subject of American post-offices in general, architecturally considered. To these unfortunate edifices he attaches the severe, but perhaps not unmerited, stigma, that they are inferior in appearance to many lager-beer establishments.

Some remarks on style occur in the preface. The author sets his face resolutely against foreign and learned words, avows himself in favor of "the American language in its plainest style," and states that he has written his book "in a manner which he flatters himself will be received favorably by the masses." In this expectation we trust he will not be deceived; but he certainly gives some odd examples of that severe simplicity which he would associate with the use of "the American language." Thus, wishing to say that on a certain occasion he was about to distribute letters, he tells us that he prepared to "distribute the thoughts, the opinions, the love, the hatred, the wisdom, and the follies of mankind, through the medium of letters," which, though a very fine sentence, is not nearly so comprehensive or exact as if he had omitted everything between the first word and the last. We suspect he has unconsciously exhibited some qualities of "the American language" not altogether reconcilable with plainness of style.

Poems. By Sarah E. Carmichael. (San Francisco: Towne & Bacon. 1866.)—Miss Carmichael is, we believe, the first poetess of Great Salt Lake City. She was brought up a disciple of the Mormon faith, but has abjured it. Some of her Gentile friends, with her permission, have published this thin little volume of her poems, hoping that the proceeds of its sale may enable her to fulfil her desire of coming East and completing an imperfect education. She is not a person upon whom education would be wasted. Indeed, we are inclined to think that she might easily take a very good rank among our living American poetesses. It would not be true to say that she has any great measure of the poetical faculty; but, on the other hand, she has some negative merits. She is not an imitator, or if she is, it has at any rate happened to her to live away in the Land of the Honey Bee, with thousands of leagues of land and water between her and Locksley Hall. She is not affected, she is not misanthropical, she is not without the power to think, and when she does think she is not instantly at work thinking, What is my thought like? Her metres are the old ones, tolerably well used, and occasionally there is quite a noticeable felicity of rhythm, as in the last of these verses from "President Lincoln's Funeral:"

> "He was weary-worn with watching,
> His life crown of power hath pressed
> Oft on temples sadly aching—
> He was weary, let him rest.
>
> "Toll, bells at the capital!
> Bells of the land, toll!
> Sob out your grief with brazen lungs,
> Toll! Toll! Toll!"

Papers from Overlook House. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1866.)—"The hall has rung with laughter," so the author says, "as some of these papers were read;" and "some have shed tears over the 'Ghost of Ford's Inn,' and said, 'It is too sad'"—which indeed it is, considered as poetry:

> "There was a small church in the little town
> Of Bristol, some miles distant, over which
> A loving pastor ruled with watchful care.
> He came from England."

The prose is worse than the verse, and the whole book is really supernaturally flat. It might have been written for the "Banner of Light" by the spirit of Martin Farquhar Tupper, or communicated by the same personage in a spiritualist circle at which Titcomb was medium. We know of no other branch of literature to which it can be compared for the most perfectly pithless twaddle, and why any one should write it is the most difficult problem in the world except why any one should publish it.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE POLITICAL FUTURE.

It is easy for persons of a sanguine temperament to prophesy results and to foresee certain victory. But it is not so easy for those who, of a more calm and less buoyant disposition, are accustomed to survey the ground with caution, to calculate chances, and to indulge in no vague and unwarranted hopes. Mr. Seward drew upon the future at ninety days in 1861, but Mr. Lincoln, when within thirty days of final and overwhelming victory, carefully abstained from all predictions.

Just so it is in politics. The man who knows least about statistics, and is least acquainted with the popular drift, is, generally, the most confident of success. The man who is most familiar with these things knows well that there are so many conflicting influences at work as often to overthrow the most sagacious calculations. For example, the general election of 1864 developed such singular results in various places as to baffle entirely all attempts to explain them, at any rate upon any facts which have yet become generally known. Why should Connecticut and New Hampshire have given such meagre majorities for Lincoln—smaller by far than they gave in the spring of the same year, or in 1860 and 1856—while Maine gave a full majority, and Massachusetts and Vermont larger majorities than they ever gave to any man in their history? Why did Western New York and Pennsylvania fall so much below what was expected of them? Why did Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa show such magnificent gains upon their home vote, when the adjoining States of Wisconsin and Michigan did so poorly?

Even if these questions could be answered, how can we account for the diminished vote in 1864, as compared with 1860, in the warmly-contested States of New Hampshire and Wisconsin, while in the States of Vermont and Iowa, immediately adjoining, the vote was the heaviest ever polled, although the minority could have had no hope of success?

How many elections, moreover, are decided by changes unlooked for, and almost unaccountable. Connecticut has twice, in 1860 and in 1866, been carried by gains in counties at the eastern part of the State, such as no one anticipated, and which were not heard of until after the State was supposed by every one to have gone the other way. The same thing has just happened in Colorado, to the great mortification of Senator Doolittle, whose congratulatory announcement at Philadelphia has been made ridiculous by later advices.

Illustrations might be multiplied to show the difficulty of the subject; but we have given enough. There is, however, a broader field for prophetic vision than is afforded by the political struggles of a year or two. It is not nearly so difficult to foretell the issue of a great conflict of principles extending over a course of years, as it is to foresee the popular verdict at an election immediately approaching. And it may be well for those whose faith is shaken by passing events to study the prospects of the future from the indications of the past. The result of one or two elections is of small importance compared with the long range of the future. Indeed, a few temporary reverses are often the very roads which lead to final victory. It was the overwhelming triumph of slavery in 1852 which directly brought about those events which made it possible to elect Abraham Lincoln in 1860. It was Bull Run which secured the abolition of slavery. It was the Democratic victories of 1862 which, by leading the party to show its real *animus*, reaching its height in the riots of 1863, secured the Union triumph of 1864. But for the odious manifestations of treachery and disloyalty in the Illinois and Indiana legislatures of 1863, it may well be doubted whether those States could have been carried for Mr. Lincoln after the military disasters of 1864.

If, therefore, contrary to our full expectation, the policy of Mr. Johnson should be ratified by the people this fall, we should nevertheless lose no confidence in the eventual victory of justice and equal rights. Either by the wisdom or by the madness of the South, our government will be made truly republican. If Mr. Johnson is defeated this year, the peaceable solution of the problem will be easier; but, if he is successful, the party to which he has now committed himself will go to such lengths as will ensure its final destruction. It is in the very nature of evil to work out its own ruin. And under such a form of government as ours, as the growth of evil is more rapid than in other countries, so its cure is more prompt. Government is in its nature conservative, whether for good or evil; and in despotic administrations this tendency to conservatism is unchecked. In republican countries the energy and will of the people impress themselves more directly upon the ruling powers; and whatever may be the popular tendency at an election, it is fully borne out by the elect. Thus it is that in an aristocratic country like Great Britain the government is always somewhat behind the sentiments of its supporters, while in America it is apt to be controlled by the most advanced section of its party. A Liberal government in England has always been more conservative than the mass of the Liberals, and has never fully carried out the idea and expectation of the party; while Conservative governments have been forced to adopt Liberal measures in order to hold power for a month. It was found more practicable to pass a reform bill under a Derby administration than under the *régime* of Palmerston and Russell; and the admission of Jews into Parliament was actually effected under Tory auspices, after Liberals had struggled vainly to accomplish it. But in this country almost every administration has carried out the most radical ideas of its supporters. Gen. Jackson did not expect to destroy the United States Bank when he came into power, and thousands voted for him, even in 1832, who were not opposed to the idea of a national bank. The Sub-Treasury scheme of Mr. Van Buren was devised by the most radical of his party, who were at first only a small minority of it. The free trade tariff of 1846, the renewal of the Sub-Treasury, and the annexation of Texas, were all measures supported by the most ultra party men among Mr. Polk's supporters. Gen. Taylor's administration was paralyzed by a hostile Congress, and Mr. Fillmore's was nullified by his betrayal of Northern principles before his accession to the Presidency, so that no argument can be drawn from them. But the administration of Mr. Pierce, having an overwhelming majority in Congress during its first two years, was entirely under the influence of the radical pro-slavery section of its party, and did *more*, not less, than was expected of it by the South when Mr. Pierce was elected. The same is true of Mr. Buchanan's administration, though its power for evil was greatly restricted by its defeat in the first session of Congress. Mr. Lincoln afforded a still more remarkable example of the progressiveness of American governments. Elected without a shadow of expectation that he would do more than prevent the *extension* of slavery, and fully intending to confine himself to the most moderate action, he nevertheless was led by the advanced sentiment of his party to the total abolition of slavery, first, in the District of Columbia, and finally throughout the whole land.

We have dwelt upon this characteristic of American government, because both in its good and evil aspects it gives an assurance of healthy progress. Evil that is sufficiently restrained to avoid violent excess, is like those fatal diseases which give no pain until they are incurable. Judicious and moderate wickedness is far more demoralizing than open outrage. If we must sometimes have wicked rulers, we do not regret that they carry their malice to great lengths. But for their excesses it would be difficult, if not impossible, to arouse the people to a sense of their danger. Mr. Johnson would have been just what he is, and his policy just as injurious to the nation, even if there had been no massacre under his auspices. Slavery was just as monstrous and corrupting when it was peaceful, and allowed a few men to talk about its evils without resistance, as it was when it rose in rebellion and sought to destroy the Government. But it would have lasted two hundred years longer, if it had not shown its ferocity and demoniac spirit on so broad a scale. It was in vain, however, that its servile apologists and allies sought to impress this fact upon the Southern mind. And now that they have succeeded in mesmerizing the tiger for a few hours' meek performance at Philadelphia, their exultation is boundless. But it will be short-lived. The tigerish spirit will again blaze from the eyes, and inspire the acts, of the devotees of slavery; and the first important success which they achieve will carry in it the seeds of their destruction. On the other hand, we care little for the platform or professions of the party of liberty. If only it puts forward

men of integrity, whose hearts are true to the cause, we rest assured that they will do more than their professions require, and not less. Partly under the inspiration of their friends, and partly from the folly of their enemies, they will be led, step by step, to do more for the good cause than they ever promised or supposed that they would.

Moreover, on a clear and unembarrassed issue, we have great faith in a people educated like ours. It is no slight task to convince a whole nation of great moral principles, but it is a labor that promises, in the long run, a certain reward. An intelligent Christian people have never yet failed to respond to appeals based upon honor and justice, and we believe that they never will. Even nations whose education has been grossly defective, or who have grown up in total ignorance, have shown their capacity to appreciate noble and unselfish sentiments. The resurrection of half-educated Italy, the noble patience of Lancashire workmen, the steadfast loyalty of East Tennessee, have shown that even among men destitute of the advantages which are secured to every child at the North, a lofty principle may be fully comprehended and heroically maintained. How much more should we expect from the children of free schools and Protestant churches, than from a people who have for centuries been kept in the religious and intellectual darkness of Southern and even Central Italy?

We look, therefore, with absolute confidence to the political future of this country. We grieve over temporary disasters, for the sake of those who now suffer; not because we fear that they will have any permanent influence for evil. We believe in a Divine Power which not only counteracts the wickedness of evil men, but which makes it the very means of effecting good. We have faith in the indefinite progress of the human race, wherever the benign influence of Christianity is once accepted; and we maintain our confidence in the future of man, unshaken by occasional reactions or apparent defeats.

THE PHILADELPHIA ADDRESS.

It is safe to say that had either the suppression of the rebellion or the organization of the Union depended on the general agreement of the people of the North on some theory of the relations of the States in rebellion to the General Government, the rebellion would never have been suppressed and the Union would never have been restored. Our salvation has lain in the fact that, though nearly every county in the loyal States had a theory of its own as to what the Government could or could not do, all acted, except the extreme Copperheads, on the theory that it could do anything which any belligerent might do; that the Confederacy was enemy's soil, and its inhabitants were alien enemies, and all territory wrung from it conquered territory. So that the disquisitions with which the free States rang during the war on the rights of States, the powers of the General Government, the lawfulness of emancipation, happily for us and for mankind, served no better and no worse purpose than to sharpen the wits of those who took part in them. The armies marched and fought and conquered, just as if Davis was the Emperor of Morocco and derived his title from the Koran.

It is, in fact, only lately that even Mr. Johnson acknowledged that he cared a straw about theories. His first messages to the revolted States, after their overthrow, were those of an intensely practical man who means to do whatever the case calls for. There can hardly be a doubt that had he, after Lee's surrender, propounded the doctrines touching the rights of the vanquished to readmission which have emanated from him within the last six months, they would not have agreed to abolish slavery. Why should they? What could *he*, on his theory of their rights and his own duties, have done, if they had refused to acknowledge the validity of the emancipation proclamation? He could not have held them by military force, for that would have been treating them as a conquered people, which he says they are not and cannot be. He could not claim for the proclamation the powers of an act of legislation. It owes all its force to the fact that it is the order of a victorious general; and nothing is more certain than that, had Mr. Johnson, in June, 1865, assumed the position he now holds, no State would have consented to liberate the negroes, and he would have been bound to support their readmission to Congress in spite of that refusal. At that time, however, he still retained some sparks of the common sense or anti-aristocratic prejudices which led him to refuse to join in the rebellion, and accordingly gave the vanquished to understand that, no matter what lawyers or politicians might say, the plain truth of the matter was that they were beaten in war, and that they would have to submit to whatever conditions the victor chose to impose, and, first of all, to the surrender of their slave property. All the claptrap which he now deals out to deputations as sound constitutional law has been compounded by him since then.

The address of the Philadelphia Convention is, in reality, a long and elaborate statement of the things which Mr. Johnson, in order to be consistent, should have thought of when he succeeded Mr. Lincoln, but which he luckily did not think of, as at that time the country would have displayed very little of its present patience with his performances. It enumerates the various arguments used, or supposed to be used, by the majority in Congress against the immediate admission of the South to its old place, and then proceeds to refute them with arguments which, if good for anything, prove the emancipation of the negroes to have been accomplished by a discreditable trick. "It is alleged," says the author of the address—

> "*First*, That these States [the States lately in insurrection], by the act of rebellion, and by voluntarily withdrawing themselves their members from Congress, forfeited their right of representation, and that they can only receive it again at the hands of the supreme legislative authority of the Government on its own terms and at its own discretion."

Now, as a matter of fact, this was the ground taken by Mr. Johnson before Congress met or had opened its lips, so that it is not really on this point that the issue between him and it is raised. The real question between the President and the majority, disentangled from his own rant and the rant of some of his prominent supporters, is not whether conditions of readmission may be imposed on the South, but whose right and duty it is to impose them. This question whether any conditions may be imposed is a question which he, by his own acts, is now estopped from raising. The statement of the Radical position on this point, as made by Mr. Raymond, may be one which some Radicals will accept as correct; but it is not by any means the strongest ground they might take, nor yet the ground which the more acute and reflecting members of the party do take.

It is quite true, as the Philadelphia Conventionists assert, that representation in Congress never having been held by the South as a privilege or favor, it cannot be withdrawn as a punishment. It may be admitted further, that the States could never "forfeit" their representation—they could not "forfeit" anything whatever; and the reason is that they are what they are by the possession of certain sovereign powers, or supreme powers, if anybody likes the word better—as Mr. Marsh probably would. They never have been sovereign—that is, have never possessed the sum total of sovereignty. But the powers held by the States in severalty ("the reserved powers," as they are called) and those held by the States in unity—that is, the powers of the General Government—are co-ordinately equally supreme or independent powers. They hold them as absolute monarchs hold power the world over, not being responsible for the exercise of them to anybody. Now a sovereign cannot *forfeit*. If the cases like that of Charles I. be cited, we reply that royalty is one thing and sovereignty another. Regal power may be held under conditions, sovereign power cannot be. The States could not *forfeit* either their reserved powers or those held in common with other States. In maintaining that they could and have done so, the Radicals gave the Johnsonites an advantage which the latter have not been slow to use, and which—let us be frank in the matter—is telling with some force in the minds of great numbers against Congress. Sovereign powers, though they cannot be forfeited, may, however, be voluntarily relinquished, resigned, abdicated, or abandoned, and, when abandoned, they must immediately pass over to some one else. Sovereignty cannot lie in abeyance. Secession, in the sense of a withdrawal from an association, is a nullity. But the State, as a political body, may relinquish any sovereign powers belonging to it.

In the address it is further said that "representation is, under the Constitution, not only expressly recognized as a right, but it is imposed as a duty, and it is essential in both aspects to the existence of the Government and to the maintenance of its authority."

The Constitution does nothing of the kind. Representation in Con-

gress is only the instrument through which States exercise their share in the common sovereignty. This sovereignty was not given to the States by the Constitution, as the idea of "duty" implies. These very sovereign powers are the source of the Constitution; they uphold it now, as at the time of its adoption. It has imposed on nobody the duty of exercising national sovereign powers, for the simple reason that it is never necessary, and never has been necessary, to make the exercise of such powers obligatory. All the writers on public law may be searched in vain for any such doctrine as that the possessors of sovereign powers are under a moral or legal obligation to exercise them. The public law of the world is founded on the idea that sovereign powers will never go a-begging. The appetite for dominion is too widely diffused for the exercise of dominion ever to have risen into a duty. We see this illustrated in the case of the elective franchise. It has never occurred to anybody to make it obligatory on men to vote at elections, although each vote only exercises an infinitesimal influence on the government. But even here the parallel will not hold. Individuals hold these rights *under law*, and to every such right there is a corresponding obligation attached; but States do not hold their powers under law. A State may abandon or relinquish a portion or the whole of its sovereign powers while in the Union, just as it did to get into the Union. From the nation of which they form a part, its people cannot escape; but it may relinquish its right to share in the common government, and this we hold the Southern States to have done. If anybody set up the plea that their surrender of this right was not complete, as it was only effected by a minority, we refer him for an answer to the Southern people themselves. Who dares to doubt in any Southern assemblage out of Tennessee the completeness of the act by which the people of each State severed their connection with the Union?

The address is specious and clever, but it has the capital defect of being mainly devoted to proving what nobody denies, and of passing over in silence the only questions on which the public wants to be enlightened. If the revolt of those States has in no way affected the relations of the Southern States to the General Government, of course they are entitled to representation. But to assume this, as the author of the address does in every line, is to beg the question. The sapient argument that the Constitution makes no provision for governing them as dependent provinces is adduced by people who forget that the Constitution makes no provision for the conquest or purchase of foreign territory, and yet both have taken place under it. And there is in the argument the utterly baseless assumption that Congress seeks to govern them as conquered territories. It does nothing of the kind. It desires to admit them to the Union, as every State except the original thirteen have been admitted, on conditions framed by the legislature of the United States; and the conditions which we seek to impose on them are that they shall not profit politically by their crime, and that there shall be nothing in their laws and constitution which shall deny to any human being any right or immunity which his fellows enjoy. If that be tyranny, make the most of it.

THE LATEST VERSION OF THE NEW ORLEANS AFFAIR.

The official correspondence relating to the New Orleans riot has been published, and it reveals the unpleasant fact that the following most important passage was omitted in the version of General Sheridan's despatch, first published in the New York *Times*, and drawn, we presume, by that journal from official sources:

> "In the meantime, official duty called me to Texas, and the Mayor of the city, during my absence, suppressed the convention by the use of their police force, and in so doing attacked the members of the convention and a party of two hundred negroes, and with fire-arms, clubs, and knives, in a manner so unnecessary and atrocious as to compel me to say that it was murder."

The *Tribune* at once pronounced the despatch either "garbled or forged," an imputation which the *Times* resented with great warmth, but the result has shown that the *Tribune* was right. A controversy is still raging between the two journals, and carried on in the usual abusive style. The *Tribune* will have it that the *Times* was a party to the fraud, and the *Times* will have it that the editor of the *Tribune* is a habitual inventor of calumnies and distorter of news. The truth probably is that the despatch was "cleaned and dressed" in some official bureau—a decent respect for the "constituted authorities" prevents us from speaking out our mind more freely on this point—and was then furnished to the Washington correspondent of the *Times*, who forwarded it in good faith. The vigorous defence of its correctness and authenticity in which the *Times* subsequently indulged was, doubtless, perfectly honest, in the newspaper sense. Party tactics require a journal which serves its party according to rule to certify all party documents, and canonize all party leaders.

Somebody has unquestionably been guilty of a piece of great knavery in the matter; but since the fraud has been exposed, the question of where the guilt lies becomes of secondary importance. Nothing can be sounder in law or in sense than both General Baird's and General Sheridan's statement of their own duty, and that of the civil authorities, in dealing with the convention. Sheridan had clearly a very unfavorable opinion of the leaders of the movement, and of their aims; but both he and his subordinate proclaimed it in unmistakable terms to be their duty, and that of the city officials, to abstain from interference until an overt act of crime was committed. It seems passing strange that cavalry officers should, at such a crisis as this, remember what Mr. Johnson—that great "constitutional lawyer," as one of his admirers recently called him—and his advisers in Washington, as well as the civil functionaries in New Orleans, had forgotten, but what we hope the American people will never forget, that there is not and cannot be in the United States such a thing as an "illegal assembly" for the purpose of discussion. No spoken words will justify any authority, civil or military, in breaking up an orderly meeting; and Mr. Johnson has probably never in his life made a greater display of his unfitness for his present office than in his despatch denouncing the New Orleans convention.

The meeting of the convention—or, if it were not a legal convention, the meeting of the radicals—was announced for the 30th of July. If, as Mayor Monroe and his friends maintain, its object was to overturn the State government, as long as it sought to compass this end simply by passing resolutions and "ordinances," it was as innocent and as harmless as if it had met to dethrone the Queen of Great Britain. It appears, however, according to General Baird, that the city authorities had made up their minds on the 25th, *five days* before the convention met, that it would be unlawful, and that "they *knew*," according to the New York *Times*, that it would be made "an occasion for addressing inflammatory harangues to negro crowds, and for advising negroes to arm themselves," and therefore determined to break it up, and positively asked General Baird not to interfere, or whether he would interfere with their action. Better justification of General Sheridan's assertion that the attack on the convention was "premeditated" there could not be. They decided that Dostie would make an inflammatory speech, and would deserve to be shot and stabbed, nearly a week before he opened his mouth. We venture to say that there has never been a French prefect or an Austrian "Platz Commandant" who would dare to lay before the world such an account of his own proceedings in a riot as these New Orleans worthies have communicated to the Government of the United States, and without eliciting from it one word of reprobation.

We hold the whole affair to be most serious and important, not so much because some dozens of American citizens have been massacred on a platform at a public meeting at the instigation and with the assistance of the sworn guardians of the public peace—though this is an awful occurrence—but because it has revealed clearly what are the ideas of the President and of his followers as to the status and rights of those persons at the South who happen to differ from the majority touching either the condition of the blacks or the relations of the States to the Government. Mr. Johnson, we now know, does not think them entitled to any more freedom of speech or protection for life and property than the majority in each locality are willing to accord them. In the South, as we all know, the courts are nothing and the police are nothing; the local majority is absolute. And it is not an educated, enlightened, mild-mannered majority, accustomed to respect individual rights and the forms of law. It is a majority trained for a century in the use of violence for the suppression of a particular set of political opinions; for the prevention of all attempts to change, by speech or

writing, a particular kind of political institutions; and, in short, for the rooting out of all individual peculiarities either mental or social. It was the supremacy of this mob law which most distinguished the South from the North and from all other civilized communities before the war, and which made its society so un-American, and its political union with the North so precarious. The grand result which we all looked for from the war—the result without which the war, we have no hesitation in saying, may be pronounced almost fruitless—was the putting an end to this tyranny, the placing of individual rights under the protection of the law as administered by the courts, and the utter effacing of all distinction between a man's liberties as enjoyed at New York and as enjoyed at New Orleans. Mr. Johnson and his followers, it now appears, are willing that, as far as they are concerned, this distinction shall be kept up; that for one reason or another rights which are secured to every American citizen by the Constitution in Massachusetts need not be recognized in Louisiana. The New York *Times* says that although "the meeting of a score of Wendell Phillipses in New York would be a harmless affair," in New Orleans it would "be pregnant with mischief." We say, on the other hand, that we have no real Union, we have no real Government, we have no real Constitution, the rebellion has not been really suppressed, order has not been really restored at the South, as long as the meeting of ten-score of Wendell Phillipses in any part of the South can be attended with any outward consequences which would not attend it here. We hope the country will keep this point before it. We have fought through the war not simply to restore the appointment of Southern postmasters and tide-waiters to the President, but to make the great constitutional guarantees for the life, liberty, and happiness of every American citizen as strong and valid in the South as in the North; to provide even for the fanatical and foolish and ignorant and discontented that freedom of speech which it is, we say deliberately, our greatest boast and glory that they enjoy here. Mr. Johnson makes light of the disorders now witnessed at the South on the ground that they are temporary, the natural consequence of the recent termination of the war. They are not temporary; they are not of recent origin; they are not bequeathed to us by the war. They were witnessed long before the war broke out; every Southern boy was bred in them; every Southern man is used to them. Mayor Monroe and his "thugs" only put into practice lessons learnt by the whole of Southern society long before Mr. Johnson was born.

THE CORNER IN THE GOLD ROOM.

For the first time since the suspension of specie payments, gold was worth last week one per cent. for immediate delivery. The phenomenon is easily explained. All the floating gold in the city—amounting to some $12,000,000, only $7,000,000 of which is in the banks—has been bought up by a few wealthy speculators, and they, failing in their attempt to put up the price, have endeavored to indemnify themselves by refusing to lend gold. This presses with severity upon merchants who want gold to pay customs duties, and upon speculators for the fall, who have sold gold short, and are forced to borrow it at the exorbitant rates of the day. So far as this latter class of persons is concerned, the public are not interested in their losses. If a man chooses to sell that which he has not got, in the hope that he may be able at a subsequent period to buy it for delivery at a lower price, he takes the chances of the market, and cannot fairly complain if speculators on the opposite side combine to make him pay more instead of less than he got for the property he sold. These are the fortunes of trade, and no fair trader has a right to complain when they make against him. But the "corner" in gold is inflicting no little suffering upon merchants who require gold for legitimate business purposes, and who find that they cannot get it because Messrs. A, B & C have bought up all the floating gold in the city, and will not lend or sell it except at exorbitant rates.

The grievance is not new. It has recurred at intervals during the past three years. On a dozen occasions a few bold operators, commanding large amounts of capital, have been enabled to corner the gold market, to embarrass commercial operations, and occasionally to impair the credit of the Government. And it is in vain that a remedy has been sought. Mr. Thaddeus Stevens tried to cure the evil by making it penal to demand a premium on gold; but such puerilities only excited contempt. Other loyal men have thought to discredit the gold room and its operations altogether; but, though the room is supposed to be controlled and officered by men of doubtful politics, and Jeff Davis may, perhaps, be quite as popular in that institution as the late Abraham Lincoln, it is none the less clear that, so long as our currency remains at a discount, a gold exchange will be a necessity of the times, and the present one, with all its faults, is probably as good as any new one could be. It is unfortunate, perhaps, for the gold room that quasi-rebels and Copperheads have found admission within its walls. But the outbreak of the war drove nearly one-half of the smart merchants of the South to New York in search of employment for their brains, and that employment they found, for the most part, in the gold room. You shall find there ex-traders from Louisiana, planters from Georgia, merchants from Tennessee, clergymen from the Carolinas—a varied assortment, in short, of Southerners, all differing in their origin and aptitude, but generally agreeing in Southern proclivities. That this class of persons should be in the gold room is, perhaps, unfortunate; that, by combining, they should have the power of raising the price of gold, and so raising the cost of all imported articles, is also unfortunate; but to abuse the room in consequence is, to say the least, hardly logical.

It is the legitimate privilege of every man to buy gold, if he be so minded and can pay for it. The public have no right to say to him: Your purchase of gold is going to add 10 per cent. to the cost of my tea, coffee, spices, claret, and blankets. With that he has nothing to do. He has the same right to buy $100,000 gold as the public have to buy a pound of tea or a pair of blankets. And there is no law, custom, or comity which prevents him combining with twenty other speculators to buy up all the gold in market. If he does so buy, and so combine, we can only "grin and bear it." It is hard that a party of gamesters should by their speculations enhance the cost of every cup of tea drunk by the poor throughout the United States. But there is no remedy, save the inexorable operation of the laws of trade, which are sure to come into play sooner or later.

An effort, it is said, will be made at the next session of the Legislature to punish the gold room for its interference with values. It will probably take the shape of a tax upon gold-brokers' licenses and sales of gold. A tax of $1,000 a year on each license, and of one-tenth of one per cent. on each sale of gold would add a considerable amount to the State revenue, and might be constitutionally levied. But no such vindictive legislation would cure the evil.

The main reliance of merchants whose business is disturbed by the constantly recurring corners in gold must be upon the fundamental laws of trade. If gold be forced above its fair relative value by the speculations of the gold room, it is certain as any mathematical truth that it must react. If gold be made worth one per cent. a day by the cornering operations of bull speculators, specie will flow hither from all parts of the world for employment in so lucrative a business. Already the telegraph, which announced to Europe our embarrassed condition, has notified us that $500,000 are coming here in the *Alemannia* and $600,000 in the *Scotia*, besides $3,000,000 just received in the California steamer. At this rate the bulls in the gold room will have their hands full within the next fortnight. They may undertake to corner the New York market, but they can hardly expect to carry all the bullion of the civilized world.

Pressure has been brought to bear upon the Secretary of the Treasury with a view to induce him to sell more gold. A *pronunciamiento* in this sense, signed by leading bankers, was published in the papers a few days since. The Secretary has experience enough to distrust any collective petition of bankers or merchants. Such petitions are too often prompted by individual interest. If we are ever to get back to specie payments, the corner-stone upon which the new edifice will be built must be the specie reserve in the United States Treasury. Resumption will take place when that reserve becomes so large that the Secretary of the Treasury can afford to say to the holders of legal tenders: "Gentlemen, we are prepared to pay off your paper dollars in gold." On that instant the banks will either resume or fail, and the era of paper money in this country will come to an end. But if the Secretary is to go on selling his gold as fast as he gets it, how will he

ever be able to redeem, or proclaim his readiness to redeem, his legal tenders?

The gold market is in a very dangerous position. There is no reason why gold should be higher now than in March last, when it sold at 124. The present premium is artificially maintained, and, as the laws of trade vindicate themselves, a fall of ten to twenty per cent. would not be an extraordinary event.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF SMALL-ARMS AMONG THE LEADING POWERS OF BOTH HEMISPHERES.

It is one of the curious facts in the history of arms that improvements upon established forms and systems of construction have always been very cautiously received, and a long time has invariably elapsed before they have superseded those which have previously been in use. The enormous expense involved in changing the arms of a nation may account for the reluctance with which the work is undertaken; but the vital importance of the questions at issue constitute the chief motive for delay, and at the same time the necessity for prompt action when the superiority of the improvement is clearly proved.

More than a century elapsed after the invention of gunpowder before the bow was superseded by the musket in England. It was nearly as long after the invention of the flint-lock before it took the place of the match-lock, and, to come down to a period within our own recollection, the percussion-lock was long regarded as an invention of doubtful value, and, even after it was universally used by sportsmen, the idea of its ever being adopted in military service was regarded as preposterous.

The civilized world is now in the midst of a revolution of this kind which many persons suppose to be the result of recent and previously unthought-of discoveries. In truth, however, the history of the introduction of breech-loading fire-arms serves but to confirm the fact we have stated. More than one hundred years ago Benjamin Robins (a man whose researches into the principles of gunnery have never been surpassed in sagacious elucidation), after describing a clumsy contrivance for loading a rifle at the breech, goes on to say, "Somewhat of this kind, though not in the manner now practised, would be, of all others, the most perfect method of constructing this sort of barrels."

An awkward and unwieldy breech-loader, known as Hall's, was tried to some extent in our service some thirty years ago, and since that time many different patterns have been tested to a greater or less extent. All of these, however, till within a few years, have been adapted to the use of a paper cartridge, except Maynard's, the ammunition for which was contained in a brass cartridge having a vent in the base, through which the fire from the cap communicated with the powder. This form of ammunition, which was patented in 1856, and is in extensive use by sportsmen, is exceedingly simple and ingenious in its construction and mode of loading, the cartridges being used over and over for an indefinite length of time, and loaded by the sportsman for his own use by a contrivance which ensures a perfectly true entry and delivery of the bullet, and a degree of accuracy which no other breech-loader has so invariably attained.

The demand created by our recent war for arms of the greatest possible destructive power led to the speedy production of a great variety of breech-loaders, and the copper cartridge having the fulminate in its base, which was introduced at an early stage of the war, was found to possess such obvious advantages in its being water-proof, and in doing away with the necessity of capping, that all recent inventions of breech-loaders have been adapted to its use. The most successful arm of this description, and the one which has been most extensively used in our service, is the Spencer repeating-rifle. This weapon has a magazine in the stock capable of containing seven cartridges, which may be discharged in very rapid succession, and by a recent improvement, patented by Edward Stabler, of Maryland, the gun may be used as a single loader, and the cartridges in the magazine reserved for the critical moment when it may be most desirable to pour in a continuous fire.

The Henry repeating-rifle is another and entirely different form of the same kind of gun, the magazine being under the barrel, and capable of containing fifteen cartridges. This gun has some decided points of superiority over the Spencer, and some objectionable features, which existed in the form in which it was at first constructed, have been obviated. In its present form it is, probably, unsurpassed in simplicity and efficiency by any repeating-gun yet produced. The Henry and Spencer repeaters, and several patterns of single-loading breech-loaders, have been used to a greater or less extent during our recent war, and the testimony of officers and men has invariably been, that no opponents armed with muzzle-loaders could stand before them. The incalculable value of breech-loaders on the field of battle, and the absurdity of postponing their introduction, has been urged by able writers with all the force of argument based upon self-evident theory and backed by repeated experience. The same facts and the same experience have been brought forward and urged with equal energy, by equally able advocates in England, and yet it was not till the Prussian army, equipped throughout with breech-loaders, had swept the troops of Austria before it, as if they were a band of savages armed with bows and lances, that the world seemed to awake to the fact that the weapons we had heretofore relied upon were henceforth to be of no avail.

Prussia had shown her sagacity in being the first to adopt breech-loaders throughout all branches of her service, and she has reaped the benefit of her decision, and stands to-day among the first-class powers of Europe. Fifty years hence the needle-gun, which has secured for her this position, will be found only in museums, and the wonder will be that such results could ever have been achieved with so clumsy a weapon. We have a dozen breech-loaders as far superior to the needle-gun as the needle-gun is to the Austrian musket. It was brought here for trial years ago and was not deemed worthy even of serious criticism. It is said to be a cheap gun, and this is certainly a merit; but our people will not be likely to look with respect or apprehension upon a breech-loader which leaks so badly that it has to be cleaned after fifty or sixty rounds—which boasts of 800 yards as its greatest range—must be set at full cock in order to load it, and kept so till the time of firing, uses paper cartridges, the fragments of which are blown back into a chamber provided for their reception, and is heavier than the Springfield musket. Such a gun would be dear as a gift. Yet nothing superior to this has yet been seen here, the production of Continental Europe!

In England there seems to be some just appreciation beginning to be felt of the metallic cartridge which is used in the several modifications of the solid-hinged breech-block system of Snider, Berdan, and a host of others, all of which are covered in their vital parts by patents obtained in the United States, England, and elsewhere in 1860, by Edward Maynard. On the Continent, however, the military authorities seem to be groping in that ignorance of mechanical science which was so long the impediment here to any advance beyond the old paper-cartridge arms. Even within a few weeks we received information of the revival, as a new and great invention, of the first revolver shown at Washington, that of Cochran, which, after creating a great newspaper sensation, died ignominiously some thirty years ago.

What France is doing is of course unknown, for Napoleon keeps his own secrets in such matters; but the fact that he has recently purchased a large quantity of gun machinery in this country indicates (if any one needed such evidence) that he is not asleep. Russia, and even Turkey, have sent to us within a year for samples of our breech-loaders. The officers of the Russian frigates which visited us two years since searched our gunshops for new inventions in this line, and finding in one of them a sample of the Peabody rifle (great improvements in which have since been effected) pronounced it the best specimen of a military arm they had seen, and invited the inventor on board to exhibit it to the admiral.

The Snider alteration of the Enfield rifle seems to be the best form yet reached in England, as it is pronounced to be not only the best mode of altering the old style of guns, but superior to any new pattern of breech-loaders. It consists simply of a solid breech-block turning sideways in front of the hammer, and then sliding back on its hinge to withdraw the empty cartridge. The ammunition is contained in a metallic cartridge, resembling Maynard's, except that the cap is placed upon the cartridge itself, and fired by a sliding pin which is struck by the hammer. One hundred thousand Enfield rifles are now in process of alteration on this principle in the English armories.

In fact, however, the whole civilized world is at this moment in a state of doubt and uncertainty, convinced only of the absolute necessity of a speedy change, and not a little perplexed to decide what it shall be. A board of officers have for a year past been examining arms for the purpose of selecting the best for our own service, but as yet no decision has been arrived at conclusively. The multitude of apparently trifling details which have to be considered individually and relatively render the task exceedingly difficult, and the vast importance of the question forbids a hasty solution. New inventions also are continually appearing, and no one can say that the best weapon of to-day may not be surpassed by a better to-morrow.

From information which we have recently obtained we have reason to believe that a rifle will soon be produced in this country which will be even cheaper than the needle-gun is claimed to be, yet as a military arm will be in advance, especially in its ammunition, of anything yet known. The am-

munition we have examined and can pronounce upon with confidence. Of the gun we have only seen drawings, but these give such assurance of simplicity, strength, and economy as to warrant a prediction of its success. At all events, a comparison of American inventions in this line with the best that have appeared abroad, is sufficient to relieve us of any apprehension of being left in the background, and if, as some have confidently predicted, the tendency of improvements in the destructive power of arms is to put a stop to all wars by making manifest the absurdity of resorting to such arbitrament, it would seem as if that much-to-be-desired day could not be far distant.

EX-POST-FACTO PROPHECIES.

SEVERAL years ago we heard a sermon in the South on the exclusive topic that railways were plainly prophesied in the Old Testament; and now we have in the papers of the day an article, by another clergyman, in which the author thinks he proves that the Atlantic Cable, or all submarine telegraphs, are prophesied in the same portion of the Bible.

The supposed prophecies of modern events form a very extensive chapter of the long history of misapplications of the Bible, which have caused to our species immeasurable contest and woe; and every man earnestly devoted to religion must deplore this trifling with the sacred Book, however sincerely these discoverers of prophecies after the fact may be wedded to their extravagances. They seem to consider a prophet of the Old Testament nothing more than what the ancients believed their presaging oracles to be—mere foretellers of events. He who believes in a God, omniscient as well as almighty, need not be told that God could have given foreknowledge of historic or other events, if His wisdom had ordained it thus; but the whole course of history also tells us that Providence has abstained from giving to man information of threatening errors outside of the sphere of religion. All the great errors which have swept like plagues over the earth—the witch trials, the fearful errors in medicine, in navigation, in economy, in criminal trials, in government, in philosophy, indeed, in every sphere of action—might have been prevented, or certainly mitigated, had Providence seen fit to give man a distinct warning or distinct prohibition. And here we find men who, in the full honesty of their heart, think they can show us that thousands of years ago an event now taking place, and which appears to them exceedingly wonderful, simply because novel, was prophesied; but prophesied how?—in language which no one understood, or could understand, to mean the particular event, and which could not, therefore, have any influence, either moral or mental, upon mankind. It is a prophecy which is discovered after the event predicted has taken place. Harsh as it may sound, it is nevertheless true that these puerilities reduce the Maker, and Knower, and Guider of all things to a being who says, when something is done which appears to puny man very great, Did I not tell you so?

The object of these persons surely cannot be to prove the inspired character of the Bible from these supposed foretellings. There are more remarkable cases on record than the prayer of Habakkuk applied to the under-sea telegraph, which nevertheless have induced no one, as far as we know, to consider the author of the prophecy to have been inspired.

What prediction was there ever heralded a great event more clearly than the passages in the "Medea" of Seneca foretelling the discovery of a great western land? Columbus entered it in his manuscript, "Libro de las Profecias," in which he collected all passages which seemed to him to indicate that there was in the west an Atlantis, and that, by sailing westward, he might reach the eastern end of Asia. This remarkable book of prophecies is given in "Navarrete's Collection," Vol. II., No. 114, p. 272. Columbus, though a devout Roman Catholic, made this collection in spite of the fact that some of the fathers of the Church had declared it impious to believe in an Atlantis or western continent, because, said they, the Bible does not mention anything regarding it—a very striking illustration of that kind of Biblical argument which we might call *argumentum a non monito*—in other words, founded on the non-mention in the Bible; as indeed one of the arguments in favor of slavery by an American bishop was that the Bible denounces slavery nowhere as a sin, although it existed everywhere when Christianity was founded. So did torture exist everywhere, so did gladiatorial brutalities, so did suicide exist in the Roman empire everywhere; but there is no passage in the whole Bible, from beginning to end, directly forbidding any one of them.

Seneca makes the Chorus in Act II. of his "Medea" say the following words, which, we frankly confess, amaze us anew every time we bring them back to our mind:

> "Venient annis saecula seris
> Quibus Oceanus vincula rerum
> Laxet, et ingens pateat tellus,
> Tethysque novos detegat orbes,
> Nec sit terris ultima Thule."

This may be rendered somewhat in this way:

> "In the late years shall come at length an age
> In which Oceanus shall close us in
> No more, but a vast land shall be revealed
> And Tethys shall a continent unveil,
> Nor Thule longer be our utmost bound."

How did Seneca come to write these lines? There may be hundreds of causes, but all will agree that they do not prove any inspiration; for if, indeed, Seneca was inspired in writing this passage of his "Medea," then it would prove that books were inspired which nevertheless are of no ethical or religious value to us.

The simple truth is, that if you choose you may interpret anything whatever from an ancient and mysterious book. There would probably be little difficulty to prove the foretelling of the rebels being beaten, and rising again nigh a year after, from the "Veda" or any other Sanscrit lore.

Manly truthfulness is the first ethical requisite of all interpretation. Neither ingenuity nor worship of some favorite theory can stand in lieu of rectitude of mind, of devout reverence, of truth, or of common sense.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, August 10, 1866.

THE rain and wind of this disagreeable month are cheating us both of our fruit and our summer. The unhappy mortals condemned to remain during the season of *villeggiatura* within the noisy precincts of the "metropolis of Europe" have found what the Parisians call their "*pique-niques*" sadly interfered with by the unpropitious state of the atmosphere, while the visitors to the fashionable spas and the favorite points of the coast are loud in their lamentations over the loss of their accustomed pleasures. The rain came down so persistently at Vichy from the time the Emperor arrived there that his Majesty, tired out by the hopeless soaking, suddenly gave the order to depart; and, leaving the imperial villa by an early train, had quitted the town and returned to St. Cloud before any one out of the villa knew that he was going. Great was the consternation of that spoiled minion of imperial favor. The *maire* had been planning no end of splendors for the coming fête-day of the Napoleons; the *curé* had been negotiating with his episcopal superior for a grand *Te Deum* on that glorious 15th. The *impresario* who presides over things theatrical and operatic had engaged several of the first *artistes* of Paris, in view of the imperial presence; various balls were being got up at the Salle du Prince Imperial; Alberti, the great conjuror, was getting ready all his most notable wonders for the especial delectation of his little highness, who, fully recovered from the effects of his fall, was looking forward to this display with a full share of boyish eagerness, but who has been whisked away with his "august" papa; M. de Caston, whose feats of calculation and divination so far surpass all that the most skilful conjurors have hitherto attempted, was to have done his utmost in the Emperor's presence on the evening of the day on which he departed; and M. Lemercier de Neuville was to have given a grand show-off of his wonderful marionettes at the Villa Napoléon on the following day. Everybody is "desolated" at this downfall of the programme of amusements, based on the presence of the Emperor and his household, even to the wives and daughters of prefects, senators, etc., who had brought with them a stock of their best smiles and toilettes, whose brilliance they are now forced to expend on less illustrious optics.

Every little detail in the life and doings of the Emperor being gravely discussed by the public, a controversy has been going on between two of the most popular journals of this city, as to whether, when the Emperor takes his daily bath at Vichy, anybody is present in the imperial cabinet save the imperial personage himself and his valet? One of the journals in question affirmed that, on these occasions, a physician was always present, the other declared the presence of the doctor to be a creation of the imagination of its respectable *confrère*. Happily for the peace of mind of those who seek for the "truth of facts" in its minuter developments, the declaration of the physician whose co-operation in the imperial rejuvenation was thus alternately asserted and denied, has authoritatively settled the question in the affirmative, and the world is now informed that whenever the Emperor takes his bath, Monsieur le Docteur Alquié, inspector of the waters of Vichy, and physician to his Majesty when the latter is at Vichy, remains in the imperial bathroom from the time his imperial patient enters his bath until he quits it.

The numerous educational establishments of Paris have been busy with the annual competitions which bring so many medals, "purses," and other rewards to the lucky "firsts." The colleges, lyceums, etc., in the dependence of the university have seen the appropriate distinctions bestowed on their

various ranks of laureates. The schools of music, eloquence, declamation, painting, etc., have rejoiced with their most promising "subjects" in the various gains of the latter. The "first prize" at the Beaux Arts will go to Rome and live there for five years in clover, at the cost of the state, in the beautiful Villa Medici, bought by the French Government, with its noble halls, its delicious gardens, and its lovely views, expressly as the home of this class of laureates. There they will continue their studies with the aid of all the artistic stimulus that can be furnished by the Immortal City, whose people are just now in a frame of mind as jubilant as that of their rulers is the reverse. The prince of modern French composers, M. Auber, now near the eightieth year of his green old age, flattered by younger artists, and petted at court, where he is both Chapel-master and intendant of music in general, is at the head of the Conservatory, and is said to be radiant with the satisfaction caused him by the flourishing state of the musical department of that unrivalled school; whereas the fine gentlemen, all tragic authors of some repute, are currently reported to have been wearing crape on their hats for the last week, there not having been a single prize adjudged to any aspirant in the branch of dramatic composition over which they preside. Since the schools have got through with their examinations, the barristers have been hard at work canvassing for their favorite candidates at the annual elections of members of their council in place of those who are about to retire, and also for the annual election of the president of their order, who is called the *bâtonnier*, an honor eagerly coveted by all its members, and generally, but not always, bestowed according to seniority.

The principals in the war, of which we are still dubious as to whether we should qualify it as "late" or "future," are said to have been somewhat embarrassed, as well as aided, in their diplomatic chatterings at the court of the Sphynx, by the terms of affectionate intimacy on which their representatives have come to find themselves with the exalted personages to whom they are accredited. The Prussian envoy is greatly liked at the French court; the Austrian ambassador and his brilliant wife are prime favorites both with the Emperor and the Empress, Princess Metternich being, in fact, one of the most admired and fêted of the great ladies of the day, and doing more with her wit, liveliness, and manifold accomplishments to keep the court atmosphere from stagnating, than all the other members of that charmed circle put together. The Chevalier Nigra, handsome, accomplished, supple, clever, and charming, writing the most elegant Italian verses in honor of the Empress, or *apropos* of any incident in regard to which the couplets of a polished and courtly muse can be supposed to be acceptable, possessing, among his other agreeable social talents, a skill in the higher branches of cookery almost equal to those of "The Great Alexander," especially excelling in the preparation of the fried delicacies so much in vogue in Italy, and occasionally treating his imperial hosts to the most exquisite things in this line, cooked in their august presence, with the aid of an Italian *brasero* and a silver frying-pan, is fully as great a favorite as the Metternichs. This amicability of *rapport* between potentate and diplomats is most useful and agreeable in ordinary times; but its possible inconvenience, when a stand-up fight is to be fought with the aid of diplomatic fisticuffs, is apparent. It is rumored that the three sovereigns whose conflicting claims have been giving their imperial go-between such a world of trouble, have often been compelled to exercise rather a strong pressure on their respective representatives, whose reluctance to deliver themselves of unpalatable communications led at times to a fear lest they might even compromise their principals through their unwillingness to speak out plainly when charged to make some unwelcome declaration. The success which has crowned the Emperor's efforts to put an end to this horrible war would seem, however, to show that the personal likings in question have not, on the whole, been unfavorable; though, fair as appears to be the promise of the diplomatic heaven, the public here is not altogether reassured in regard to the speedy termination of hostilities.

Anecdotes of the actors in the stirring events of the campaign of this summer are not wanting; kings, emperors, generals, and statesmen passing rapidly through the eye of the magic-lantern of Paris gossip. King William, though he has not done any actual fighting, has exposed himself both on the field and in taking reconnoissances, with an utter indifference to danger for which few would have given him credit beforehand; while Victor Emanuel has performed deeds of daring in the thick of the combats in which he has taken part, which will entitle him to the appellation of "lion-hearted" so generally given to him by his people. Of the statesmen involved in the quarrel, Bismark is naturally the most conspicuous; of an iron resolution, and as autocratic as though all other men were shadows, yet homely, jolly, epicurean, in private life, of great simplicity of manner, and cracking his joke with high and low; an utter contrast to those two French fossils, Thiers and Guizot, who agree on nothing but in hating the Emperor, and who being both at their country seats, and near to one another, have been interchanging dinners at which they might well, like the soothsayers of old Rome, have laughed together at their own pretensions, were it not that they are both, like most Frenchmen who consider themselves "superior," far too deeply impressed with the sense of their own greatness to indulge in anything so undignified as a smile.

THE COUNTRY OF THE HOOK.

HOCHHEIM, June 12.

IN walking from Frankfort to Mayence, on the right bank of the Main, about half an hour's walk from the latter, one passes this little village, made famous by its wines. I left Frankfort yesterday at noon, and walked down the wide and pleasant valley of the Main, stopping at a little village over night, and reached here at noon. The Main valley is far wider than I thought, from ten to fourteen miles, beautifully variegated with sandy plains and wide low bottoms, all gradually sloping upward to the distant hills, that look to-day, in the smoke, like a chiselled basement of the heavens, only of a little darker blue. It is a fertile valley, with fields of generous rye and potatoes, and on every sunny side of a hillock is a vineyard giving promise of plenty of wine.

The factory has been established here several years, and has meantime made a reputation beyond its merits—great as they are—and in part by dishonorable practices. For many years it was carried on by the firm of Burgeff & Co., who did not hesitate to sell their wines under the best known French brands, as the Clicquot, etc., and there was then no redress in the hands of the Frenchmen who were injured. On the 1st of June, 1865, however, there was concluded and put into operation between France and Germany a sort of reciprocity treaty (*Handels Antrag*), by which French wines were allowed to be imported into Germany at a lower duty than formerly, while, on the other hand, the Germans were forbidden to use French brands. Not long after this there was a festival of some sort at Frankfort, to which the Hochheimer manufacturers sent as a present twenty dozen of their best, labelled Mumm, one of the best champagnes of Rheims. One of the guests, a Mumm by name and a relative of the Rheims factors, upon tasting the wine discovered that it was not French, made affidavit to that effect, and caused Messrs. Burgeff & Co. to be heavily fined. Since then there has been no German wine sent out with French or other brands.

It was not necessary. The German wines are good; they are admirable; for their own uses they are better than the French; and such false use of brands as above mentioned has only clouded their reputation and postponed their future.

There are made here three different brands—the genuine Hochheimer, the sparkling Hock, and the sparkling Moselle. Of these the Hochheimer is by far the best, and I need scarcely say that very little, if any, of it is ever seen in America. It is not properly a champagne or *Schaumwein*, that "moveth itself in the cup," but it is still, soft, smooth, and of a most charming *bouquet*. I can conceive nothing finer among wines. The most admirable champagnes, tasted after Hochheimer, seem superficial, evanescent, and poor. It has a deep and quiet richness, a mellow and soothing flow, and an absence of vapidness that are inimitable.

The proprietors were chary of their answers in everything that looked too closely into the operations of the factory, but I made myself sufficiently certain, from various indirect questions, that no Hochheimer goes to America; very little, if any at all, goes to England. The Germans themselves have a quiet way of enjoying good wines, which they well know how to select, and they take good care of most of the Hochheimer. It is only the sparkling Hock and the Moselle that find their way across the Atlantic, in any quantities at least. The average cost per flask, of a quart capacity, of the wine sent from this factory to America is one florin, or forty cents! So one of the proprietors told me, to my great astonishment. That is at the rate of $1.60 per gallon, while the Hochheimer often sells for $7 and $8 per gallon, and it was only a few days ago that 144 gallons of Steinberger (a still wine) sold at the rate of $9.75 per gallon on the spot where it is made. From these figures it may be judged what sorts of wine are kept at home by the Germans and what sorts are sent over to us Americans.

The process of wine-making is more simple than I had supposed, but requires considerable time. The factory was in full operation when I was there, employing between eighty and ninety laborers.

When the grapes are picked in the fall they must be pressed at once, else there is a slight fermentation, and they are useless for the finest wines. If red grapes are pressed the same day they are picked, a white wine can be made of them; but if they lie a week the juice ferments very slightly, and receives the color of the skin of the grape, and red wine is the result. The

Hochheim factory has presses scattered over the country, to which are sent the best workmen in the factory, and in this manner a better juice is secured than if it were purchased of the growers. The grapes are bought of the latter by the pound, thirty-five pounds making, ordinarily, fifteen quarts of wine. When the juice is pressed out it is put into large vats, and allowed to ferment till spring. In the spring a small portion (the factors only know how much) of white sugar is mixed with the juice, and it is put in bottles in the "hot-room," to wit, up-stairs. The bottles remain here on their sides eight or ten days, when they are carried below into a first, then a second cellar, where they lie at first horizontal, but finally inclined at an angle of about thirty degrees. In this last position they are turned over every day to allow the sediment to accumulate on the cork. If less than one-sixth per cent. of them are broken by fermentation the workmen are dissatisfied. In the fulness of time they are brought up-stairs to be "disgorged," the operator carefully keeping the bottle upside down, so as not to disturb and remix the deposit that has accumulated during the six, eight, or twelve months that it has lain in the cellar. The operation of "disgorging" is one of delicacy, and requires considerable skill. The operator holds the bottle still a little inclined and pointed from him, while with one hand he cuts the strings, and gradually loosens the cork, which presently flies out suddenly, and is followed by the gas and a few spoonfuls of wine, which completely carry away the sediment. All this happens before the workman can arrest it with his thumb, and he must be quick, or he loses too much wine. He then passes the bottle to the next workman, who fills the remaining space with *liqueur*, to wit: a mixture of melted white sugar, a little very old wine, and some Cognac. The proportion in which these three are mixed was withheld from me as a secret of the trade; the amount put in each bottle varies very slightly, though it is generally over a gill. The bottle is then ready to be recorked, wired, labelled, and packed. That which is to be sent to India is fastened and packed with the greatest care. Every box of bottles is weighed and numbered, so that, should a bottle be taken out between here and Calcutta, it can be discovered on investigation.

I have said nothing about the various mixings that take place in the casks before the juice is put in bottles, since that is kept secret. In the vicinity are grown many qualities of grapes, some good, some indifferent, and, for the manufacture of even champagne, some must be "mixed up," and others "mixed down." All this is done while it is in the casks by an ingenious system of pumps and hose. I will not say that nothing else is added besides what I have mentioned above; one of the proprietors gave me his assurance that the admixture, first, of white sugar before bottling, second, of white sugar, old wine, and Cognac at the end of the process, completed the whole list.

The grape from which the Hochheimer itself is made is a white grape, called the Riesling; the other varieties are made from red grapes, called the Earl of Burgundy and the Klibroth.

But the king of German wines is the Steinberger. I have above given the price at which a quantity of it was lately sold. It is grown near Biebrich, on the Rhine, in a vineyard of one hundred acres in extent, owned by the Duke of Nassau. The vineyard stands on the summit of a gentle hill, about two miles back from the Rhine, on the right bank. It is naturally a very favorable locality, and the duke has brought it to perfection by the greatest care and attention through many years. The Steinberger wine is the pure juice of the grape, unmixed with any other article whatsoever. There is, of course, but little of it in circulation, and all that is offered is eagerly bought at great prices. It would be fatal to one's reputation for sanity to offer such wines in the American market. Our people could not understand the prices that it would be necessary to demand, and any one who imported such wines they would regard with pity as a sheer lunatic.

MUSKINGUM.

Correspondence.

THE "NEW GOSPEL OF PEACE" ONCE MORE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION

I see that a correspondent of THE NATION, Mr. "N. H.," is not disposed to let the question of the authorship of the "New Gospel of Peace" rest where the author and Mr. Grant White have left it. Now I am reluctant to "put in my oar," but I must say that, in my opinion, Mr. "N. H." has shown himself a good deal stronger than a yoke of oxen at drawing an inference. He says that Mr. Grant White "tells us of the difficulty *he* encountered in finding the 'Chaldee Manuscript,'" and that he thence concludes "that it is quite impossible that the 'New Gospel of Peace' should have been written in imitation of that 'Manuscript.'" If this were a correct statement of the case, Mr. Grant White would be a much duller man than he has the credit of being if he did not see a clear conclusion against him. What he does say is, that because the "Chaldee Manuscript" was suppressed, and to obtain a sight of it even on the other side of the Atlantic has been so difficult that Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, although he searched high and low in both countries, found but one copy of the magazine containing it—because of this suppression, and the fact that the "Manuscript" was produced "fifty years ago," Mr. White concludes, and, I think, very reasonably, that the "New Gospel of Peace" was not written in imitation of the "Chaldee Manuscript." Very plainly, it was from the *general ignorance* of that "Manuscript," not from his own special ignorance (although he mentions that), that Mr. White drew his inference. This general ignorance, I am quite sure, is much greater than either you or your correspondent seems to suppose. For instance, I, though not a literary person, am very fond of books, and read more than ninety-nine in a hundred even among educated people; I see literary people, and I have access to a good library in which a copy of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" has stared me in the face for five or six years, and yet I not only never saw the Chaldee Manuscript, but I never even heard of it until this discussion arose. Since then I have read it, and I must say that I find it a somewhat stupid and altogether an incomprehensible performance. You may be sure that the "Chaldee Manuscript" will owe a great deal more in the way of readers at least to the "New Gospel of Peace" than the "New Gospel of Peace" can owe in any way to the "Chaldee Manuscript."

In addition, I will venture to ask if these attempts to worm out the authorship of this book are not something more than superfluous? The public has decided that the book is one that it likes; the author, whoever he is, chooses to withhold his name from the public. Why cannot we enjoy the book and let the matter rest? The authorship of the book does not affect its merits or our enjoyment. Is it quite the proper thing for us to be enquiring into a matter in which we have no other interest than mere curiosity, and which the person most interested plainly wishes to keep to himself? Is it not a little like trying to worm out the authorship of a letter which is submitted to one's perusal on condition that he shall not look at the signature? If any man thinks he has been slandered in this book, he can bring suit against the publishers—and a very nice time he would have of it; but, in my judgment, whoever may be the author, it is hardly decent to attempt to extort from him that which, for some reason best known to himself, and quite sufficient if it satisfies him, he prefers to withhold.

A. M. W.

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The Week.

THE leading event of the past week has been the President's tour through the North. We have commented so fully elsewhere on his sayings and doings that we have but little to add in this column. He appears to be in the hands of wretched advisers, or else to be himself very unmanageable. It was a gross political mistake, in the present condition of the public mind, for him to take the field as a stump-speaker, as it converts the campaign, so far as he is concerned, rather into a contest of persons than of principles, brings out his personal defects into unhappy prominence, and causes them to tell terribly against the cause he advocates. So far as he has gone he has hardly opened his lips without damaging his "policy." Had he confined himself in his speeches to simple, good-humored commonplaces, such as great men usually address to crowds, avoiding polemics; or had he stated his own position calmly, and either refrained from all allusion to his opponents, or spoken of them with studied courtesy, there is little doubt he would have made a favorable impression, and rallied many moderate or neutral men to his side. But he seems incapable of any such delicate stroke of discretion as this. His speeches have been vulgar, egotistical, and occasionally profane, and full of coarse abuse of his enemies and coarser glorification of himself—such speeches, in fact, as are delivered by third-rate Southern politicians to the wild crowds of the Southwest. Mr. Johnson does not know the North, or any other highly civilized community, and consequently does not know, perhaps, to this hour, what a hideous blunder he has been making; but what is wonderful is, that no attempt seems to have been made by his advisers to check him. Even Mr. Seward, who ought to be his counsellor on points of this sort, seems to have himself forgotten, or got rid of, the prejudices and usages of our society, and seems to vie with the President in rant and indecency. These are hard words; but any careful reader of the newspapers will pardon us for using them. The history of the week, in fact, seems like an evil dream.

THE reception of the Presidential party in New York was as good as could be expected. The procession was in some ways rather an odd affair, but only in minor details. For instance, the presidential carriage was drawn by express horses, driven by an expressman of comfortable proportions, and of a free and independent appearance. We feel sure there were plenty of private gentlemen in New York to have lent a carriage and horses for the occasion. If any seeker after pure truth should ask us why the President should not be conveyed through New York by an express team, we answer, for the same reason that he should not ride through it in a grocer's wagon—because it is not becoming, and there 's an end on 't. Questions of dignity and propriety will not admit of mathematical demonstration. A notable feature of the procession was a carriage-load of reporters in gorgeous brown linen "dusters," and looking their very best. There was a good deal of cheering, but as Grant and Farragut were immediately behind the presidential carriage it was at least doubtful for whom it was intended. The dinner at Delmonico's was a costly and elegant affair, but the list of guests, as published in the *Times*, was funny. In it were the names of Mr. Manton Marble, the editor of the *World*, as well as that of Mr. Horace Greeley. Mr. Marble's sketch of Mr. Johnson's manners and appearance a year ago, in the *World*, was such that the meeting between the two gentlemen at the social board must have been a singularly affecting scene. The reporters were not admitted to the banquet, but were kept waiting in an anteroom until the eating was over, when they were offered what they termed "broken victuals," which called out from them an indignant protest in the *Times*, in which they stated, or somebody for them, that they were "as good company" as any that were at the dinner, or as could be got together at Delmonico's or anywhere else in New York. These disputes about comparative gentility are, however, always unprofitable, and we recommend respectfully to both parties that the enquiry be not pursued any farther.

MR. BEECHER's letter, on which we have commented elsewhere, has called forth a reply from Horace Greeley, in which the points of difference and points of resemblance between the two men are well illustrated. During the war Mr. Greeley occupied a position very analogous to that now occupied by Mr. Beecher; that is, he made himself the exponent of very unpopular views, which, if adopted by the Government, would have worked even greater mischief than could possibly result from carrying out Mr. Beecher's. But, curiously enough, Mr. Greeley does not see the analogy; and in the very article in which he attacks Mr. Beecher, glories in having once stood in a similar relation towards the majority, and charges him with causing gratification by his letter "to every blackleg, duellist, negro-killer, and rowdy from the St. John to the Rio Grande." This is exactly what Mr. Greeley did by his advocacy of peace. When this argument was urged against himself, however, he laughed at it, and rightly, and it is a singular illustration of the extent to which politics are a matter of feeling with him that he should resort to it against Mr. Beecher. To call it an argument is, in fact, doing it too much honor. It is a miserable appeal to prejudice. When a man advocates the abolition of capital punishment, all the murderers rejoice; but what of it? If Satan himself were to rejoice over Mr. Beecher's letter, it would make his doctrines neither better nor worse, but it would probably cover them with much of the odium which hangs round all Satan's tastes and opinions. The fact seems to be that an atmosphere of conciliation and compromise produces on Mr. Beecher much the same effect that an atmosphere of war does on Mr. Greeley. Amidst the clang of arms the latter blows a little pipe of peace; but as soon as the swords are sheathed and the talking begins, he breathes out threatenings and slaughter, while Mr. Beecher roars as gently as any sucking dove.

THERE have been two meetings, each a portion of the National Union Committee, of which Mr. Raymond is chairman, one in Phila-

delphia and one in New York—the former Johnsonite, the latter Congressional. Mr. Raymond insists that he is the regular chairman, and will not resign; the others insist that he has deserted the party and is, therefore, *de jure*, out of office, and that they are the regulars, he a bolter. There is no way, we believe, of deciding the matter that will satisfy all parties, but common sense seems to prescribe that the readiest way of getting rid of Mr. Raymond would be to meet at his call, and then turn him out if he will not go. He seems disposed to abide by any technically regular action of the committee. Mr. Sperry, the secretary, the New Haven postmaster, is, however, less scrupulous and patient, and wanted to proceed to business with only eight out of thirty-nine members present, but the others had the decency to refuse. There is nothing in times like these that carries people through difficulties like the enthusiasm inspired by an office. Mr. Johnson has now, or soon will have, in every post-office in the land a heart that beats for him alone.

The President and his party have passed through Baltimore, Philadelphia, Newark, Wilmington, New York, West Point, Albany, Buffalo, on to Monroe, Michigan, Mr. Johnson making speeches, or, rather, making one speech, continually. No President ever before encountered so much disrespect and so much cold respect as President Johnson on his present tour, and the country will have reason to congratulate itself when its highest officials retire to the comparative obscurity of Washington. "The performance at the Delavan House on Thursday evening," says the Albany *Express*, "has been the subject of much public as well as private comment. . . . The feeling which must have overwhelmed every thoughtful man present was not so much one of anger as of unfeigned sorrow." To understand this language it is only necessary to read the report of the President's speech, even after it had been measurably put in order by the reporters, and of Mr Seward's remarks in reference to Admiral Farragut.

There is some talk as we write, we are sorry to hear, of a riot at Chicago when the President is there, both Radicals and Conservatives threatening very freely "to take care of themselves." We hope there is enough good sense and decency left on both sides to prevent anything so shocking, though it is right to add, at the same time, that according to the law of responsibility laid down by the New York *Times* and other Administration papers, the Radicals of Chicago, if in a majority, would be half justified in massacring the whole presidential party. According to the Administration moralists, if a man whose opinions are obnoxious attempts to set them forth on a platform, and the mob of the locality, being irritated thereby, should set upon him and kill him, their conduct is indeed criminal; but their victim shares their guilt in about an equal degree. Mayor Monroe and his police, for instance, were guilty of a great atrocity in killing Dostie; but Dostie was guilty in about the same degree for provoking Monroe and the police. Thus Dostie was half responsible, at least, for his own murder, or, as the *Times* expresses it, "paid the penalty of his violence." One of the beauties of this code of morals, if extended all over the country, would be, that in each locality we should only have one set of opinions, which would save a great deal of thinking and talking. We hope Mr. Johnson will, therefore, be true to his own principles and not irritate the Radicals of the West. They are violent and designing men, and his presence is obnoxious to them, so that his duty is clear: back he must go to Washington.

We have had another gigantic bank swindle, the paying-teller of the Nassau Bank in this city having lost about $60,000 of the funds of the institution. He has confessed his guilt in the regular way, and is, probably, filled with remorse. Should all go well, he will probably be sent to the state prison in due course. It will then be the duty of our leading merchants and doctors of divinity to get up a petition for his pardon—showing that he must have been mad when he committed the crime; that he had everything in the world to make him happy before he took to gambling; that he is very sorry and will never do it again; and that if he is let out of jail he will probably prove a useful and respectable citizen, etc., etc. This, as nearly as we can recollect, is the line of argument pursued in such cases.

The *World* and the *Herald*, actuated either by that spirit of contempt for labor which was the ruin of the old South and the cause of the war, or else willing to pretend a contempt for labor because labor is still despised by their Southern friends, give but bad accounts of the "bogus" convention of "sneaks and mean whites" now in session at Philadelphia. In fact, however, the delegates from the South and the North seem to have been received with great enthusiasm by the people of the city, and they are apparently full of courage and fully decided as to what they want. Contrary to general expectation, but in accordance with the dictates of good judgment, the Southern and Northern men met separately. Each body will probably present to the country an address and a series of resolutions, and there is little doubt that the platform of principles laid down by the Southern Unionists will be of the most radical description. The Union men of the Border States, such as Tennessee and Virginia, must have the aid of negroes as voters, or these States will be ruled by people who are still rebels in wish and will. This is of no great consequence, Mr. Beecher would say; and he may be right in thinking that it will last only a year or two. Durant, Hamilton and Brownlow, however, know that a Border State man's neighbors can do a good deal of shooting in the course of a year or two. A demand for negro suffrage made by these men would have great weight with the country, and, no doubt, the Union majority will feel considerably strengthened in its present position, or indeed may be bold to advance further, after it shall have heard what these Southerners have to say to it.

By a popular majority of about two thousand the State of North Carolina has refused to ratify the constitution framed by the Reconstruction Convention of the fall of 1865 and the spring of 1866. That convention, it was urged, was the creature of a military dictator, and was not the people of the State acting in the character of makers of fundamental law. Its acts are utterly invalid. The later arguments of President Johnson were conclusively quoted against his inconsistent action in forcing upon the State the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery and the repudiation of the rebel debt. North Carolina may be said to have declared it as her opinion that she has lost nothing by the war but her property in slaves, and that she lost that not by law but by the fortune of war. As Mr. Giles Mebane said in the convention, "One Mr. Grant and one Mr. Sherman did that." Let North Carolina's view of the situation once be adopted by the people of the United States, and North Carolina negroes would probably soon find that their white fellow-citizens had met with no more than a nominal loss. While this is the sentiment of the State at large, we hear of meetings of Union men in Guildford and Randolph Counties urging Congress, for the sake of the Unionists of the State, not to loose its military grasp upon the South, and affirming their willingness to remain out of the Union for any reasonable length of time, so that reconstruction, when it does come, shall not be such as to leave them defenceless in the hands of their oppressive enemies.

Governor Wm. G. Brownlow says that the rebel papers and orators of the country think that he displayed a great want of dignity in sending a private despatch to the Clerk of the Senate, in which he gave his respects to the "dead dog of the White House." The very same persons and papers thus horrified went almost wild with glee, however, when the President called the Secretary of the Senate a "dead duck." "And the President," the governor goes on, using the figure of speech called irony, "displayed his profound regard for the courtesies of life, not to say *dignity*, in denouncing me to members of the Tennessee Legislature and others visiting Washington, with curses and bitterness for fifteen months past. He increased his stock of dignity when he caused to be written various letters to Nashville to procure the defeat of the constitutional amendments by reducing the House below a quorum. He went for dignity on inauguration day," etc., etc. All of which, whatever it does for Governor Brownlow, seems to make a pretty good case against Mr. Johnson. It is to be hoped, however, that the few thousands of other men whose names Mr. Johnson covers with abuse may not feel moved to adopt the governor's method of retaliation.

THERE was a brutal assault made in Maryland last week by a gang of rowdies upon some colored people assembled at a camp-meeting, many of them being shot and bludgeoned when engaged in the religious exercises. Their tents and furniture were at last burnt, and the meeting broken up. Our readers will be pleased to hear that the police have gone to work, and that some of the colored men have been arrested for "riotous conduct" at the meeting. The white rioters are, in the meantime, enjoying their well-won repose. We need hardly say that the outrage is entirely due to the irritation caused by the conduct of Congress during the last session, and the attempts of the Radicals to "classify" the freedmen, as Mr. Beecher says. Had the South been admitted to its place in the Capitol immediately after Lee's surrender, not only might the negroes pray unmolested, but white rowdies would be found leading in the singing.

THERE has been of late, and is still, so much talk of hanging people, and of people as deserving to be hanged—in many cases "to be hanged as high as Haman," which appears to be a peculiarly degrading or painful form of this punishment—that when we say General Forrest, late of the Confederate army, ought to have been hanged, we shall probably seem to be guilty of violent language, and meet with no attention. And yet there is no question that, for the massacre of Fort Pillow, he really and literally deserved summary execution, both according to municipal law and the law of war. We will go further, and say that there is no other country in the world in which this man would, if he fell into the victor's hands under the same circumstances as those under which he fell into ours, have escaped condign and immediate punishment. Yet he is to-day a free man; and actually presided, two or three days ago, at a meeting at Memphis, called to ratify the Philadelphia platform, and had General Stoneman—our Stoneman—seated beside him. If, two years ago, a foreigner had asked ninety-nine out of every hundred men of the free States whether this thing could ever be, the question would have been resented as an insult.

MATTERS are apparently fast reaching a crisis in Mexico. The Empress has gone to Europe to solicit more money and a continuance of the French occupation, both of which Napoleon will doubtless refuse. At the same time Maximilian's abdication would be a formal and solemn announcement of the failure of the Mexican expedition, and of that grand plan for the "rehabilitation" of the "Latin race" which was promulgated with such a flourish of trumpets four years ago, and this coming immediately after the check in Germany would seriously shake the French faith in Bonapartism. Perhaps one of the most singular and mysterious incidents of the crisis is the Christian resignation with which the Emperor accepts his defeats and disappointments.

MR. FOX and the rest of the American embassy to Russia have reached Novgorod, and have invitations even from the cities on the Caspian Sea. They have declined, however, to go so far. At Moscow, on the 30th, a delegation of Russian peasants called on the Secretary and delivered an address of welcome, receiving in return from him an American flag. The peasant orator promised that in case of necessity the flag of Russia should float beside it. On the 31st the Emperor gave a great banquet at St. Petersburg and toasted "the prosperity and consolidation of the United States"—a sentiment which Copperheads and stiff State-rights advocates like Henry B. Dawson, who thinks even the use of the term "national" shocking, will duly deplore.

THE peace settlement in Europe has been effected with great rapidity. The final treaty was almost identical in its terms with the preliminary conditions. Austria has paid Prussia the stipulated indemnity, and has begun to reduce her army to a peace footing. The Emperor is retrenching by cutting down his court expenses one-third. He exacts no compensation from Italy for the defences in Venetia, and was to have withdrawn his troops from Venice and the Quadrilateral yesterday. Bavaria has ratified the peace, but rejected union with Prussia. From France the resignation of Drouyn de Lhuys is the only news of importance.

THE FREEDMEN.

GEN. C. B. FISK has been mustered out of service, to date August 31. The order for Gen. Davis Tillson's muster out has been suspended, and he has returned to Georgia. Gen. W. E. Strong, inspector of Freedmen's Bureau, has been mustered out of service. Gen. Gregory has been appointed assistant-commissioner for Maryland, vice Gen. Fessenden, mustered out of his volunteer rank. Gen. F. D. Sewall, inspector, has been ordered to make a thorough inspection of freedmen's affairs in Kentucky and Tennessee. Gen. C. H. Howard has returned to Washington and re-entered upon his duties as assistant-commissioner for the District of Columbia.

—The Legislature of Kentucky, at its last session, passed a law taxing every male negro or mulatto over eighteen years of age the sum of one dollar for the education of colored children, but no provision has yet been made for this purpose by the State authorities. Gen. Grant's order for the arrest of those who maltreat freedmen, or show disrespect to the Bureau officers, has had a good effect. The average pay to laborers is twelve dollars per month, with rations. The State authorities still refuse to care for colored paupers.

—The reports from Alabama show that the crops in that State are likely to be short. Drought, disease, and worms have been and are still making sad havoc with both cereals and cotton. Some planters have lost half their crop by the ravages of the boll-worm and caterpillar.

—In view of the fact that, as the crops are becoming gathered, some of the planters show a disposition to turn off their laborers without paying them, Gen. T. J. Wood, assistant-commissioner and department commander in Mississippi, has issued an order forbidding anything of the kind in his department, and stating that troops will be stationed throughout the State to prevent it.

—At the State Convention in Nashville of the colored people of Tennessee, some opposition was made to a resolution providing for the observance of the first of January as the anniversary of freedom to the race, on the ground that Mr. Lincoln had omitted Tennessee, and that the 22d of February was the real date for her emancipation. A member replied that "had it not been for the miserable trickster who held by appointment from Lincoln the office of military governor of Tennessee, this State would have been included in the proclamation."

—In spite of a peculiarly bad season for cotton-raising, General Kiddoo reports that the crop in Texas promises, if unharmed by worms, to be the largest in ten years, excepting 1860. In Fort Bend, Colorado, and Wharton Counties, the freedmen are working under favorable contracts for a part of the crops. In the State at large, "murder and outrage are largely on the increase," but the Bureau is powerless for protection. Superintendent Wheelock reports for June one hundred freedmen's schools, of which 47 are day-schools, 24 night-schools, and 29 Sunday-schools, with an enrolled attendance of 4,447. The teachers number 65, and were mostly natives of Louisiana, or regularly acclimated, and so have been peculiarly exempt from disease. "These schools have been organized and sustained without aid from Northern charity, and without cost to Government, the entire expense being defrayed by a monthly tuition fee of one dollar and a half paid to the teacher by each scholar. This is paid with general promptness, and suffices to support the teacher." The Houston *Telegraph* boasts that "the colored schools of Texas are the most prosperous of those established in the Southern States."

—General Jefferson C. Davis reports for the Bureau inspector in Kentucky that about 95 per cent. of the freedmen are industriously employed, the rest seeming to prefer a life of idleness. The resistance to efforts for their elevation and instruction comes mainly from the southern and western parts of the State. At Glasgow, Bowling Green, Paducah, and Mount Sterling, a band of "regulators" have broken up many schools and expelled the teachers. There is a feeling of intense bitterness against blacks and whites who were Unionists during the war.

—The cotton crop of Georgia is looking well, but the caterpillars have begun to hatch in large quantities, and portend disaster.

Notes.

LITERARY.

It is not often that the offer of a prize will draw out any very remarkable work. The prizes are generally small, and good writers refuse to compete unless they are paid for their trouble if unsuccessful. The disappointed writer, however, can always publish his book, and, by appealing to the judgment of the public, can in some measure make up for the want of partiality shown him by the giver of the prize. The Peruvian Government are so much in want of a history of their country that they have offered $20,000 for one. The terms of the competition have not reached us. If any young American historian desires to gain fame and money, he should apply to the Peruvian authorities and ascertain the terms, and whether there is any chance of the next revolutionary government confirming the acts of their predecessors in this matter. Peru would get a much better history if she should select some promising writer as her historian without a competition and pay him well on the completion of his work.

—The power of the critical press has lately received a signal illustration in the withdrawal from circulation of Mr. Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads." The unequivocally, and sometimes unjustly, expressed disgust with which the literary papers received it, has had its effect. We are curious to see whether the American edition, now nearly out, will be suppressed also.

—The Oxford University press is now printing a new school and class book, "English Philology," by the Rev. J. Earle, editor of the "Saxon Chronicle," and late professor of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford. "Cleasby's Icelandic Dictionary" is also soon to be issued at the same establishment. This book has been long anxiously expected, as Dr. Dasent has had it in hand for seven years, but has preferred *Times* leaders to finishing it. It has been completed by the Icelandic scholar, Mr. Guthbrandt Vigfusson, to whose hands Dr. Dasent committed it about two years ago.

—The hymnology of all churches has lost a valuable worker in the person of John Mason Neale, D.D. He was for many successive years the winner of the Seatonian prize for English poetry at Oxford, and owing to a thoroughly poetic mind and enormous capabilities of versification, he exercised a very powerful influence on the hymnology of the century. Thoroughly acquainted with the liturgies and hymns of the early churches, he enriched the store of English religious poetry by elegant and carefully executed translations of most of the hymns in the various breviaries. The difficulties he had to surmount in rendering into English the various metres were very great. How well they were overcome can be seen in the translation of that famous and difficult rhythm of the Cluniac, the "Hora Novissima," especially in the verses commencing "Brief life is here our portion" and "Jerusalem the golden."

—In a country where crosses and decorations are unknown, we can hardly realize the passion that exists in France for the possession of the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Literary men will toil and work night after night that by the research and industry displayed in their publications they may be brought to the notice of the authorities and receive the reward of merit. Soldiers are braver, teachers in schools are more vigorous, all government officials are more honest and industrious that they may gain this visible distinction, and that all who meet them may see that they have deserved well of their country. Experience has shown that this order has been of very great service in all departments of the administration. French officials, apart from their native sense of method and order, are more prompt and more untiring than those of any other country. They know that if they deserve reward they will not be overlooked. They will be promoted in office, and, if they have been signally meritorious, they will receive the cross, which is esteemed by them a more than sufficient reward for any amount of exertion. The annual distribution of honors at the Fête Napoléon has just taken place. Among literary men thus rewarded we notice several prominent names. M. Philarète-Chasles, of the Institute, was made commander; M. Gounod, the composer, and M. Amedée Achard, a novelist of genius, were made officers. The rank of chevalier was bestowed on M. Taine, the historian of English literature and the professor in the school of the fine arts (a nomination which should have come earlier); MM. Edouard Plouvier, Ferdinand Langlé, Fournier, and Raymond-Deslandes, dramatists; MM. Merle and Schlesinger, painters; MM. Flaubert, the author of "Madame Bovary" and "Salammbô," Ponson du Terrail, and Monselet, journalists; and Galignani, the director of the well-known paper bearing his name. While speaking of distinctions conferred on eminent men, we should notice that the Queen of England has conferred the dignity of knighthood on Mr. Baker, the explorer of the Albert-N'yanza, and that of Commander of the Bath on Capt. Grant, the fellow-traveller of Capt. Speke.

—One of the chief characteristics of the present age is curiosity—curiosity about the details not only of politics and history, but of private life, as well of living personages of any distinction as of those long dead. To this curiosity is doubtless due the immense number of biographies and personal histories which are continually being issued, the reprinting of old tracts which revive ancient scandals, and the publication of memoirs, diaries, and journals kept by eminent persons, or containing accounts of remarkable contemporary events. Our own press is not much behind that of other countries in such matters, and we have here numerous book-clubs whose publications do not so much serve to clear up disputed points as to bring again into dispute events and characters about which opinion seemed settled. The French press, however, fairly swarms with publications of this kind, partly because the stock of memoirs and family papers seems almost inexhaustible, and partly because such publications are in fashion. Some of these are little interesting, and of such kind are the "Mémoires de Buzot et de Barbaroux," which, though telling much that is pleasant and interesting of the early life of the leader of the Marseillois, in the shape of letters to his mother, do not contain much else before unpublished. The "Mémoires inédites de Pétion," with introduction and notes by M. A. Dauban, are somewhat better. This diary begins at that 31st of May when all legality was overthrown, all objections stifled, and which was the fall of the Gironde. Nothing more than this was needed, if even this were necessary, to show the incredible arrogance of the vain and ridiculous Pétion, the once all-powerful mayor of Paris. It is the story of the life of the fugitive Girondists, pursued into the provinces, tracked everywhere, until they died one by one. Here, mingled with the most amusing and pitiable personal details, is the history of the insurrection of Normandy, of the rapidly vanishing prestige of the proscribed deputies. If Pétion sometimes writes more enthusiastically than the facts warranted, he says enough to show the utter powerlessness of his party, and to justify the historians of the Gironde. In "Notre Dame de Thermidor," a name gratefully given to her by the many whom she saved from death, M. Arsène Houssaye has painted the portrait of Madame Tallien. This queen of the society of the Directory had more than beauty and grace. She had courage and clemency. Bordeaux blessed her in the Reign of Terror. She had the energy of chivalric devotion the day when she saved the noble families, parliamentarists and royalists, who were on the point of taking ship, but were about to fall again into the hands of the populace, in default of the 3,000 francs that the captain of the vessel exacted from the emigrants. It was a prey snatched from the *sans-culottes*. The people rushed on Madame Fontenay (as she then was), tearing her Spanish mantilla in their efforts to get the list of those whom she had just saved. "I shall not give you this list," cried the indignant young woman. "If you wish to take it from me, kill me;" and she bit and tore up with her teeth the list of fugitives. It was Madame Tallien who overthrew Robespierre and the terrorism. If she does, indeed, recall the days of the Directory, grateful voices have absolved her from blame. There should remain of her only the remembrance of the good she did. She is Madame Fontenay and the Princesse de Chimay. Thus M. Arsène Houssaye has painted her, and these are the happiest pages of his book.

The life of another woman possesses no common interest to readers of French history. In the times when the kings' mistresses sat on higher thrones than the queens of France, one, Diana de Poitiers, used her position for no ignoble ends. The cause of France and of good

government was advanced by her influence over Henry II. She kept on good terms with the queen and retired with honors, and after the king's death was even called upon by Catherine de Medicis for assistance in matters where her skill had failed. The Diana of reality is somewhat different from the legendary Diana of Victor Hugo, and from the historical Diana of Brantôme or even Michelet. Her true character can be better discovered in the edition of her correspondence just published, with copious notes, by M. Georges Guiffrey, under the title of "Lettres inédites de Diane de Poitiers."

SCIENTIFIC.

Shrinkage.—Most men are familiar with the fact that a rope, upon being wetted, will contract in length and become materially shorter, and that a rope made fast at both extremities and hauled taut when wet, will slacken and hang loose upon drying. Few women are unacquainted with the shrinkage of woollen goods in the process of washing. Every mechanic, and many a householder, is familiar with the shrinking and swelling of unpainted or unseasoned lumber.

In spite of the familiarity of these and a multitude of kindred facts, it would not be easy to find persons able to offer an explanation of the appearances in question, or conscious even of ever having thought about their rationale. Singular as it may seem, it is a fact that scarcely anything has ever been written upon the subject of shrinkage. Most of the books on similar subjects may be searched in vain for information concerning it. Here is a new subject for the makers of encyclopædias. The chief difficulty in treating the subject probably lies not in any intricacy properly inherent therein, but in its exceeding multifariousness. Upon careful scrutiny, it will appear that the members of almost every one of the various arts and trades have their own peculiar conceptions and sets of facts regarding shrinkage, and that the term has a meaning and application by no means identical in the different trades, but, on the contrary, more or less various and dissimilar.

In a general way, the term shrinkage is frequently used as synonymous with contraction, to denote any reduction of size in any substance. Thus, when a hot bar of iron or any other metal contracts as it becomes cold, it is said to shrink. So, too, when a bit of moist animal cartilage becomes dry, the diminution of size—the shrivelling caused by loss of water—is often called shrinkage. For the sake of clearness, it is much to be wished that the term shrinkage could be restricted to the peculiar contractions which are exhibited by some vegetable and animal fibres, and by various textile fibres, when these are subjected to the action of water or of other liquids and chemicals. It is desirable that the term should not be used with reference to changes of bulk caused solely by change of temperature or simply by desiccation. Expansion and contraction with heat and cold depend upon the unending contest between the force of cohesion always drawing the particles of matter together, and the force of heat as incessantly driving them apart. When a bit of dry muscle swells through absorption of water, and then shrivels again upon desiccation, the increase of bulk, which is simply due to the added water, is lost when the water is subtracted.

Shrinkage, properly so called, may depend upon several causes. It may result from the imbibition of fluid by twisted fibres, or from the twisting or "felting" together of fibres of wool or hair, as in the operation called "fulling;" or, finally, from chemical action upon the fibre, as when cotton goods are soaked in a lye of caustic soda or potash. A simple case of shrinkage falling under the first-mentioned of these headings, and a fair type of this category, is presented by the well-known shortening of dry ropes when they become wet. This contraction depends entirely upon the twisted condition of the fibres which constitute the rope, and is, in fact, a result of the swelling or expansion of these fibres. If, instead of the finished twisted rope, mere straight, unspun fibres of flax, hemp, or the like, were soaked in water, these fibres, which are in reality hollow tubes, would suck up a quantity of the water by force of capillary attraction, so that each particular fibre would be surcharged and distended with the liquid. The swollen wet fibres would now be not only much larger and thicker than before, but it is conceivable that they might even be a trifle longer than they were when dry, just as a sponge when charged with water is larger, in all senses, than when the moisture has been expressed from it. But when the vegetable fibres become wet and swell up after they have been twisted into a cord, each strand of this cord necessarily becomes larger and thicker in accordance with the swelling of the fibres of which it is composed, and the other strands in going around it are compelled to traverse a larger space than before, the core, as it were, around which each strand is twisted being larger than it was originally. The longitudinal expansion of the fibres, if any there be, is meanwhile vastly less in proportion than the lateral swelling, and is altogether insufficient to compensate for the increase in diameter. Hence it happens that each portion of the rope is pushed outwards from the centre toward the circumference, and the strain thus brought about goes to shorten the rope, which is, of course, drawn in from the two extremities towards its middle. The wet rope shortens as it becomes thicker—loses in longitudinal extension as it gains in circumference.

The swelling of wood upon being wetted has this much in common with the case just cited, in that the wood swells laterally, *i. e.*, across the grain. It is here as with the loose flax: the pores of the wood become distended and swollen with water; but as the fibres are not twisted in the wood, as in the rope, there is here no force to bring about any contraction in either direction. As the wet wood dries it simply shrivels from loss of moisture.

The operation called fulling, alluded to above, is employed for the purpose of "thickening up"—of rendering more compact loose and open cloths, or those composed of short wool. In the fulling-mill the cloth, immersed in water in a vessel of a peculiar shape, is continually turned over and compressed by the falling of large wooden beaters, in such manner that the position of the cloth is constantly undergoing change, and that the fibres of which the cloth is composed are made to "felt" together, and to enter into more intimate combination than before. In the course of this operation a very considerable amount of shrinkage occurs, the cloth being reduced as to its linear dimensions at the same time that the thickness and stability of the texture are improved. Wool and some other kinds of hair or fur may be thus thickened by fulling, but the process has no value as applied to cotton or flax. The efficacy of the process depends mainly upon the fact that the surfaces of the fibres of wool are covered with imbricated scales in such manner that the fibres are endowed with a peculiar roughness which permits or even solicits them to twine around one another. By repeatedly rolling, beating, and changing the position of the cloth, the fibres of the wool are at last rolled up or felted together in the desired way, the cloth shrinking meanwhile because of the more intimate union and coalescence of its constituent parts.

The tendency of fibres of wool to felt together is, in any event, so great that special precautions must always be taken to prevent the shrinkage of woollen cloth while in the process of manufacture. In the operations of spinning and weaving wool must be oiled, in order to prevent it from felting. For the same reason, woollen cloths are always kept tightly stretched upon rollers during the various processes of cleaning and coloring at the mill. The value of the common household formulas for washing flannels and other woollen goods will doubtless be found to be great precisely in proportion to the smallness of the opportunity afforded for the fibres of the cloth to felt together. In the washing of woollen goods, perhaps the best instructions for an intelligent operative would be given by describing accurately the system of fulling as practised in the finishing of cloth, and then enjoining the adoption of a course diametrically opposed to this. As it is, the empirical methods of washing appear to agree among themselves, and with theory, in advising celerity, the use of hot water (all changes of temperature, as from warm to cold water, being carefully avoided), and care that the goods shall be rinsed, rubbed, twisted, or stirred as little as possible.

It is noticed that different samples of woollen goods shrink to very different extents upon being washed, though to all outward appearance the goods are identical in texture. One piece of cloth will cease to shrink appreciably after having been washed a few times, while another will continue to contract through numerous washings. This probably depends upon a difference in the length of the fibres of the wool of which the two samples of cloth have been manufactured. As a rule,

cloth made of short wool will shrink much more readily than that in which the fibres are long.

Shrinkage by chemical means, in so far as animal fibres are concerned, is intimately connected with that brought about by fulling. In both cases the result depends upon the felting together of the fibres of the cloth, the chief difference between the two systems being as to the manner in which this felting is brought about. The power of felting, which is so highly developed in the fibres of wool, is far less strongly marked in many kinds of fur. But it has been found that, by appropriate chemical treatment, almost any kind of hair or fur may be made to pass into a certain harsh, roughened, crisped, curled, and twisted condition, and so rendered susceptible of being felted. A practical application of this occurs in the process known as *sécrétage* in the manufacture of hats from fur, where the fur is treated with a solution of nitrate of mercury. As a general rule, animal fibres, such as wool, silk, and hair, are liable to shrink upon being treated with weak alkalies or with solutions of the metallic salts, the natural felting power of the fibres being increased by the action of these chemicals. It is remarkable, however, that acids have less action upon wool than most other chemical substances.

Cotton and flax, when taken by themselves, are not liable to shrink, their fibres possessing none of the peculiar roughness to which wool owes its felting power. But both cotton and flax can be made to shrink by chemical treatment. When cotton or linen cloth is dipped for a moment into concentrated nitric acid, and then copiously washed with water, very decided shrinkage occurs, and the cloth becomes stronger than before. In this case, however, there is actual chemical combination. The cloth now contains one of the constituents of the nitric acid. It has, in fact, been transformed into a sort of gun-cotton. Shrinkage of the vegetable fibres occurs also under the influence of sulphuric acid which has been somewhat diluted, though in this case the ultimate chemical composition of the fibre remains unchanged. A solution of chloride of zinc will produce similar effects. But perhaps the most remarkable instance of shrinkage produced by chemicals is seen in the action of a solution of caustic soda, applied as recommended by Mercer some years since. Upon immersing cotton cloth in cold soda-lye the cotton shrinks at once to a very considerable extent, and remains shrunken after all the soda has been washed out. Cloth which originally showed sixteen threads to the quarter inch, when examined with a lens, can by this treatment readily be made to exhibit eighteen, twenty, or even twenty-two. At the same time that it shrinks, as regards length and breadth, the cloth becomes thicker, even to the extent of a fifth or a third of its original thickness. The strength of the cloth is also increased; a square yard of it weighs more than before, and its power of absorbing and retaining coloring matters is distinctly greater than before. Concerning this sort of shrinkage, however, we know only the empirical facts; no rational explanation of it has yet been offered.

New cotton and linen cloth will shrink, to a certain extent, when washed for the first time—a fact from which it would be natural to infer that these cloths shrink, like woollen goods, by felting; but, in reality, this shrinking appears to depend entirely upon the removal of matter extraneous to the cloth, added to it at the mills during the process called finishing. This foreign matter once removed, as it is by the first washing to which the cloth is subjected, neither cotton nor linen is subject to further shrinkage.

NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

NO. III.—NECESSARY LIMITATIONS OF VOCABULARY.

As I have remarked in a former number of this series, a dictionary of a living language cannot embrace all the words and meanings of words used by speakers and writers in that language. Literature is some time behind actual speech in the acceptance of new forms and vocables, and the collection of lexical material cannot keep pace even with literature. Language is so rapidly changeable that words unknown when letter A of a voluminous lexicon is put to press will come into established use long before letter Z reaches the hands of the compositor. We shall see, further, that by introducing the special nomenclatures of all knowledges which may be treated of in a given language, we should swell the bulk of our dictionary to quite inadmissible dimensions, and should make it not a word-book but an encyclopædia. The vocabulary must, therefore, be eclectic; and the manual which, without regard to mere numerical extent of word-list, contains the widest and most judicious selection of those words concerning which miscellaneous readers may be supposed to need information, is to be regarded as the most complete. The number of such English words is sufficient to fill a volume of the largest manageable size, and consequently a superfluous word or meaning can be introduced into the vocabulary only by sacrificing a necessary one. Accordingly, in comparing different dictionaries, the character of their vocabularies is as important as the absolute number of their words. What, then, are the tests by which we are to determine whether the lexicographer has judged rightly in admitting or rejecting a given candidate admitted to be, or at least to have been, an English word?

The information which miscellaneous readers seek in lexicons is of various sorts. Probably hand-dictionaries of living languages are oftenest consulted to solve doubts on these points: First, as to the meaning of words; secondly, as to their orthography; thirdly, as to their etymology; and fourthly, whether a supposed word has a lawful recognized existence, so that one may be justified in using it in writing or in speech.

I have already expressed my opinions in regard to the orthography of the dictionary I am reviewing, and I shall hereafter examine how far it satisfies the reasonable demands of criticism in the other points just enumerated. For the present, I confine myself to the principles of selection of words for the vocabulary.

Some important lexicographical works—the great Italian vocabulary Della Crusca, for instance—have excluded from their alphabet all words not sanctioned by the usage of writers admitted to be of classic authority. Others have attempted partially to accomplish the same end by marking, with an asterisk or otherwise, such words as the compiler of the dictionary holds not admissible in literary composition or in oral use. This, however, though better than the exclusion of these words, is unadvisable, because no scholar will ever regard the opinion of a lexicographer as at all conclusive on such a point, unless, indeed, the lexicographer, by successful authorship in a wide range of literary effort, has, like Johnson, entitled himself to say to an objector: "Sir, I am an authority myself." We may, therefore, assume that the author of a manual lexicon cannot reject words simply upon the principle of classical purism, and it is evident that the meaning of a term, not sanctioned by good authority, is often just as important to the reader as if it were consecrated by the general usage of the very best writers. It is impossible to lay down any precise rule on this subject. A dictionary would not be improved by the insertion of every word to be found in the ephemeral slang of the periodical press, of popular oratory, or of conversation; but, on the other hand, it would not be justified in excluding such terms if, though only for a time, they have found their way into the phraseology of important political, social, or commercial discussion. For example, in the University of Oxford, a certain preliminary examination is familiarly called the *little go;* and a student who has failed to pass his examination is said to have been *plucked.* These are certainly not elegant words, nor are they the proper technical terms used in the records of the university itself. Very likely they will become obsolete in less than a generation. Nay, Mr. Charles Reade informs us, in "Hard Cash," that they are already getting to be regarded as "vulgar," and that *smalls* is now the classical word for *little go, ploughed* for *plucked.* But, nevertheless, they have been and are employed in magazine articles, and in works designed for permanent existence, by writers like Thackeray and Miss Cobbe, and, therefore, a dictionary which should reject them might well be called defective.

The next question for the lexicographer and his critics is: Ought he to exclude words obsolete in daily speech and in recent or contemporaneous literature, or should he make his dictionary a glossary for some of our great old authors, by introducing words employed by them, but now, by common consent, dismissed from service? and if he adopts the latter course, shall he go back far enough to include the whole vocabularies of Clarendon, Milton, Fuller, Shakespeare, Spenser, Sir Thomas More, Lord Berners, Sir Thomas Mallory, Chaucer, Wycliffe? A quarter of a century ago these questions would have been generally answered, even by good English scholars, in the negative, so far, at least, as authors older than Shakespeare are concerned. But, at the present day, the great writers I have just named, as well as others of the same periods, enter into the ordinary reading of every man who can justly pretend to have a fair acquaintance with English literature. It would, indeed, be impossible to introduce into a general hand-lexicon not only all the obsolete words used by the writers in question, but all the various orthographical forms in which they occur; and it would be superfluous to do so, because variations in orthography present no real difficulty to an intelligent reader, with a few days' practice. The number of obsolete English words is smaller than is popularly supposed, and I think all such as

were ever in authorized use should form a part of the vocabulary of every dictionary which aspires to completeness as a guide to the literature of our tongue. It must be recollected, also, that recent English writers of the very highest rank have revived, or attempted to revive, many of the half-forgotten words of our older poets. You cannot read Mrs. Browning or Tennyson without meeting old words which, till waked by them, have slumbered for centuries. The rapidly increasing interest in early English literature will bring back still more of the ancient veterans that have lagged behind the swift march of modern speech, and our current vocabulary will grow almost as fast by revival as by new coinage. What I have said of words applies also to obsolete meanings of words still employed in other significations. I am no advocate for multiplying definitions, especially where a given unusual sense is readily suggested by etymology; but a lexicographer professing fulness in this respect departs from principle if he omits the meaning *insinuation* applied by Lord Clarendon to *infusion*, or if he fails to point out that the beauty of Milton's

——"yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness *visible*
Served only to discover sights of woe,"

is heightened by his rare, if not unique, employment of the adjective *visible* in an active instead of the usual passive signification.

The case of words avowedly newly coined or introduced raises a more difficult question. I do not refer to mere slang terms which carry the gallows-mark on their foreheads, and are obviously as ephemeral as they are vulgar, but to words which seem to meet a want, and therefore to have a *raison d'être*, a right to live. When the metaphysical Puritan first condemned the *selfish* man as his own tempter, and *selfishness* as the source of most of our sins, every Englishman gifted with linguistic sense and with conscience must have felt at once that an imperishable word, a new and precise formulation of what had been before but a vaguely expressed notion, was born into the family of his moral and his household speech; and, though both Trench and the editors of Webster have wrongly, or, at least, imperfectly, defined *solidarity*, by describing it as a union, a consolidation of interests, responsibilities, honors, and the like, omitting the precise legal conception involved in it which is adjectively expressed by the technical phrase, *joint and several*—yet, when Kossuth imported the word for us he was universally allowed to have supplied to our vocabulary a term which it really needed. With regard to the admission of such words into a dictionary, no formal rules can be laid down. The lexicographer must trust to his philological instincts, and when a new recruit is brought forward to fill a real vacancy, he should look to the qualifications rather than to the credentials of the candidate, and not priggishly reject him simply as an old deserter or as a raw volunteer.

The facility of swelling the word-list by borrowing whole armies of technical terms from scientific treatises and special glossaries, tempts lexicographers to introduce numbers of words which not only have not passed into the common verbal patrimony of educated persons, but which have no right to burden human tongue or pen with the utterance or recording of them. The grossest vulgarisms—for even vulgarisms exist by virtue of *some*, usually unconscious, law—are less offensive to a truly cultivated ear than the barbarisms which, with a heathenish disregard of the rules of linguistic civilization, professors of the *ologies* are disfiguring their text-books. Rogers complained, a few years ago, that so small a thing as the then recent change of accent from the second syllable to the first in *balcony* "made him sick." What would have been his sensations had he lived to witness such "flat burglaries" as *aldehyde*, criminally compounded, or rather confounded, out of the *dejecta membra* of *al*cohol *dehyd*rogenatus, or *Asagræa*, a genus of plants named in honor of the learned Professor Asa Gray? When a classical captain christened the basin of the primal spring of our Mississippi Lake *Itasca*, *veritas caput*, which appears to be camp-Latin for *true head*, he might be forgiven as having invented a name musical enough to pass very well for Indian, and *paraffine*, *parum affinis*, is soothing enough to the ear to hope for mercy on a similar plea; but no human charity is broad enough to cover the multitude of philological sins with which modern science has afflicted the world. The immense number of new objects and conceptions demanding a name and place in the nomenclature of knowledge undoubtedly renders it very difficult to find designations for them all, and naturalists have been as much embarrassed as the pioneers of our colonization are in hunting up names for our embryo cities and nascent post-offices. Van Helmont and Paracelsus courageously made words out of nothing, in which they did better than their successors, whose descriptive nomenclature is almost always founded on false theory or mistaken analogy. Van Helmont's *gas* is universally accepted, though his *blas* failed to secure recognition; while the *colcothar*, *opodeldoc*, and other verbal inventions of Paracelsus are likely to outlast the more recent barbarisms of etymological philosophers.

As for our geographical names, it must be admitted that Rome, Palmyra, Athens, and the like, are sadly out of place. We might, perhaps, have borrowed more largely from the indigenous nomenclature, though a person of delicate nerves could hardly sleep comfortably in a town called *Oshkosh*, *Oconomemuc*, or *Sheboygan*.

Above 250,000 species of animals and plants have been ascertained, classified, and, unhappily, named by the naturalists who have described them. If we add to this nomenclature the technical terms of geology, mineralogy, chemistry, physics, astronomy, mathematics, the less familiar arts, and other special knowledges, we shall have a scientific vocabulary of not less than 300,000 words, or probably three times as many as the general speech of any nation, ancient or modern, ever possessed. It is evident that this vast multitude of names cannot be admitted into the fullest lexicons, still less into hand-dictionaries of any language. The principles upon which a selection should be made out of these nomenclatures are obvious enough, though, as in many other cases, the practical application of these principles may not be free from difficulty. The most general rules of admission seem to be these:

1. When a word, originally appropriated to a scientific conception, has passed into the common speech in an untechnical or figurative sense; as, for example, the astronomical terms *apogee*, *zenith*.

2. Where it is an important word of art in the special vocabulary of those branches of knowledge which enter more or less into the education of all cultivated persons, as *ecliptic*, *cataclysm*, *catenary* curve, *homologous*.

3. Where the object named has a commercial or industrial importance, as *holothuria*, *cryolite*; or where it has excited attention from rare and curious structure or properties, as *ornithorhynchus*.

4. Where classic and popular writers have employed scientific terms in poetical or rhetorical illustration, as *cynosure* in Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Comus," or *heliacal rising* in the preface to T. Moore's "Epicurean," and elsewhere.

Other cases may, no doubt, be supposed in which words belonging to the special vocabulary of science ought to find a place in general dictionaries; but I believe these are both the most important and the most comprehensive in application.

G. P. M.

MORE POETRY OF THE WAR.*

It is only the great poet who is fitly inspired by great events. It is he alone who can express them worthily. But the same storm that piles up the waves of the sea sets all the duck-ponds in ineffectual commotion. The literary productiveness and facility of America display themselves just now in what is called poetry of the war; but most of what is thus designated is as ephemeral as the newspaper in which it usually appears. Our war has produced, at the outside, not more than half-a-dozen lyrics that deserve a place in literature, and has inspired but one truly great and lasting poem. Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" takes its place securely, not only among the finest works of our generation, but among the noblest poems of all time. It is happy for us that the spirit of the war found a poet capable alike of receiving and expressing its full inspiration. No one who has felt the power of the master in this poem but must sometimes feel a little impatience and weariness with the common handiwork of the journeymen and apprentices, however much he may approve their industry or sympathize with the emotion which, in their degree, they experienced and attempt to express.

But the grandeur of the war—alike in its principles and its events—must be the measure of the poetry of the war. It is only the highest art that can illustrate the highest deeds. The severest literary criticism on this poetry is not so hard as the criticism of the facts themselves. Unless the poet is as great as his theme, he must submit to be crushed by it, and the literary critic has little to do but to confront the verse and its subject.

If measured by this standard, Mr. Melville must take his place with the herd of recent versifiers. But his literary reputation gives his volume special claims to notice, and the abilities which he has shown in some of his other works entitle whatever he produces to respectful consideration. It is impossible, in view of what Mr. Melville has done and of his intention in his present book, not to read his "Battle Pieces" with a certain melancholy. Nature did not make him a poet. His pages contain at best little more than the rough ore of poetry. Here and there gleams of imaginative power shine out like the grains of gold in a mass of quartz. But, accustomed as we have been of late, in certain works professing to be poetry, to astonishing crudity and formlessness, we yet cannot refrain from expressing surprise that a man of

* "Battle Piece and Aspects of the War. By Herman Melville." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1866. 12mo, pp. 272.
"The Old Sergeant. By Forceythe Willson." J. Porteus, Bible House, New York

Mr. Melville's literary experience and cultivation should have mistaken some of these compositions for poetry, or even for verse. There are some of them in which it is difficult to discover rhythm, measure, or consonance of rhyme. The thought is often involved and obscure. The sentiment is weakened by incongruous imagery. We quote the first piece in the volume lest our criticism be thought too severe:

THE PORTENT.

(1859.)

Hanging from the beam,
Slowly swaying (such the law)
Gaunt the shadow on your green,
Shenandoah!
The cut is on the crown
(Lo, John Brown),
And the stabs shall heal no more.

Hidden in the cap
Is the anguish none can draw;
So your future veils its face,
Shenandoah!
But the streaming beard is shown
(Weird John Brown),
The meteor of the war.

It would seem that only a writing medium could mistake such stuff as this for poetry. And, alas! there is more of it, and our regret is the keener when we find such simple and feeling verses as the following:

BALL'S BLUFF.

A REVERIE.

(October, 1861.)

One noonday, at my window in the town,
I saw a sight—saddest that eyes can see—
Young soldiers marching lustily
Unto the wars
With fifes, and flags, and mottoed pageantry;
While all the porches, walks, and doors
Were rich with ladies cheering royally.

They moved like June morning on the wave,
Their hearts were fresh as clover in its prime
(It was the breezy summer time),
Life throbbed so strong;
How should they dream that death in a rosy clime
Would come to thin their shining throng?
Youth feels immortal, like the gods sublime.

Weeks passed; and at my window, leaving bed,
By night I mused, of easeful sleep bereft,
On those brave boys (ah! war, thy theft);
Some marching feet
Found pause at last by cliffs Potomac cleft;
Wakeful I mused, while in the street
Far footfalls died away till none were left.

There are very few pieces in the volume so direct in expression and so natural in thought as this; but there are single lines, couplets, or quatrains in which genuine power is shown as well as genuine feeling. Take, for instance, the two following lines at the end of "Misgivings," the second piece in the volume:

"And storms are formed behind the storm we feel;
The hemlock shakes in the rafter, the oak in the driving keel."

Here is another good couplet from a later poem:

"All wars are boyish, and are fought by boys,
The champions and enthusiasts of the state;"

and the following line from "A Utilitarian View of the Monitor's Fight,"

"The clangor of that blacksmith's fray,"

is not without a touch of imagination.

But these brief citations only serve to show how much better a very small part of the book is than the whole.

It is a misfortune that the special events which have moved Mr. Melville to write are the same, in several instances, which have already been put into verse by other writers, and that these earlier poems, already more or less familiar to the public, are necessarily brought into comparison with his. Thus his brief verses entitled "Shiloh: a Requiem" almost inevitably suggest, by contrast, the very striking poem of Mr. Forceythe Willson's, of which a great part of the scene is laid on the battle-field of Shiloh, called "The Old Sergeant." The author of this poem has not as yet won the position in literature which may be predicted for him if he be really master of the qualities of which this poem gives evidence. We doubt if the war has inspired a narrative poem more imaginatively conceived, or more vigorously told. It is the work of an imaginative realist, and its power and pathos lie in the straightforward truthfulness of the poet in dealing alike with the spiritual and the material elements of the story. The narrative is conducted with great simplicity; it is entirely free from "padding" or "rhetoric," and it is of so much interest that the defects which exist in it as a work of art may readily be overlooked. It first appeared, in 1863 (?), in the *Louisville Journal*, and has since been widely copied; and we are glad now to read it again in a form better suited to its merits.

RELIGION AND POLITICS.*

No thoughtful man can now read Burke's writings—the works of certainly the most brilliant and imaginative political genius of the last century—without remarking the change that has come over the treatment of political topics since his time. The change is not so much one of method as of point of view. With Burke politics is not a science with laws derived from the nature of man in society, and his constitution as an individual being, so much as a compilation of rules drawn from experience, and a study of institutions handed down from the past and invested with the authority of antiquity and long existence. His reasonings are mainly of the *à posteriori* sort. He rarely trusts himself to the guidance of original principles. He treats society and government as matters of pure convention; he has little regard for abstract rights, and no words are too bitter for him to use in regard to what he calls "the delusive plausibilities of moral politicians." He has nothing but scorn for the assertors of the doctrine of the rights of man as against established prerogatives. It is the rule of safety with him, *stare super antiquas vias*. This manner of considering political questions was due in part to his native temperament, in part to the reaction caused in his reverential, pure, and tender nature by the excesses and atrocities of the French Revolution, against those principles and dogmas which were misemployed by the revolutionists as the motive and excuse of their crimes.

But the character of his political opinions, when compared with that of the theories now held by the most thoughtful men, marks distinctly the greatness of the change which has been wrought in political speculations during the present century. This change is in part one of the results of the operation of ideas generated by the French Revolution; but is due in greater measure to the continued existence and prosperity of our American system, a system more novel and unexampled in history than is yet fully recognized, and which has given proof of the possibility of bringing into effective operation, for the advantage of a community, truths which had previously been relegated to the domain of theory and fancy, the very truths which Burke classed with the delusive plausibilities of moral politicians.

Until the establishment and development of our American system the dependence of politics upon ethics had been treated as mainly speculative. The empirical science of practical politics was divorced in fact from the moral law. The relation between one and the other was acknowledged only in vague terms, as in the assertion, to cite the words of Washington in his Farewell Address, that, "of all the dispositions and habits that lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports." But the development and progress of our commonwealth have shown that religion and morality are something more than indispensable supports, they are the only source of those principles which, applied to politics, give to our system its distinguishing features and essential character.

Our political system, being one of rights, rests necessarily on a moral foundation. All abstract political propositions in America are equally and primarily moral propositions. The theory on which our government is made is a moral theory brought into practical relation with the needs of society by a number of ingenious devices. The mere political forms—the political machinery of our system—contain little with which past ages have not been acquainted, but its novelty lies in the motive power of its machinery, in the ideas which vivify its forms. The whole authority of our political governmental institutions is derived from their being directed to a moral end; and it is to their fitness for this end that they appeal for validity. They are in this respect absolutely original. All other existing governments derive from force, prerogative, or convention. Ours alone starts with the proposition that morals and politics are inseparable, and that the principle and end of government are both alike of a purely moral nature. As morals furnish the rule for individual conduct, so, in America, where the nation is regarded as simply an aggregate of individuals, they are appealed to as the rule for national guidance.

The immediate conclusion from this fact is that unless the community in its individual members acknowledges the supremacy of the moral law, and lives in accordance with it, the political system of which the government is a part cannot be maintained. The proper discharge of political and patriotic duties in a community such as that formed by the people of the United States must then, it is evident, be regarded as a matter of religious concern. It depends on the same considerations as the discharge of duties of a strictly personal nature. The virtue of a political system may in truth be tested by this rule. A system is good absolutely only so far as it appeals to the highest sanctions and evokes the highest motives of action in the members of society. The support of a political system based upon morals depends immediately upon the religious character of the individuals for

* "The Works of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke. Revised Edition." Vols. I.-VIII. (XII.) Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

whose benefit it is framed. The same motives that induce men to the practice of virtue in domestic and social affairs apply to their conduct as members of a political organization. There is no power in abstract principles to save a nation; it must be saved by the application of principles to the life of its members. Patriotism, then, here in America, takes on a wide meaning, and embraces the whole field of action. It is not confined to great exigencies, to unexpected occasions, or to those

> "Awful moments to which heaven has join'd
> Great issues, good or bad, for human kind;"

but it is expressed in the common course and humble functions of ordinary life, and is the inspiration of daily action as well as of the rare deeds of noblest self-sacrifice. The view of the duty of a citizen which would limit it to the performance of merely civil functions—to the casting of a ballot, or the taking part in meetings for the selection of candidates, or the discussion of policy—is wholly false and dangerous. An American's duty to his country is discharged only by the full performance of all those acts which may in any degree promote the interest of the community of which he is a part; and only by him who recognizes that obedience to the law to love his neighbor as himself as the standard of patriotism and the first of political obligations. Religion and politics in a community like ours become one. It is impossible to divorce them without imperilling the efficacy of the religious spirit in all the relations of life, and destroying the essential elements of our political system. Politics cannot be kept out of the pulpit if true religion is found in it. They must be treated as of religious interest. Christianity is bound to politics not by the ties of a state church or ecclesiastical authority, but by an indissoluble union of principle and end.

"If the end and the key of history," says Goldwin Smith, "is the formation of character by effort, the end and key of history are the same with the end and key of human life." The truth of this hypothetical assertion is manifest in American society. The end and key of the life of the nation and of the individual are the same. The life of the nation is dependent on the character of the individual. The object of our political system is to form a genuine community which shall secure to its members whatever is requisite for the best development of each and for the formation of a constantly advancing type of character. It has no other legitimate end. All its machinery, all its detail, however obscurely and remotely connected with this end, are nevertheless ideally directed towards it. The complication of its working gear, the apparent absence of any moral element in many necessary political arrangements and in many necessary laws, the large part which immoral men play in civil and political affairs, the apparent confusion of interests, the possible conflict of rights, the obscuring of principles by the passions and selfishness of men—these, and many other similar things, are apt to lead the thoughts of men astray in regard to the permanent and essential elements in our system which underlie these shifting and perplexing circumstances. But it should be considered that many of these things are evils only in appearance, and that of the real evils most are the results of inherent qualities in human nature, the action of which is not to be prevented at once or otherwise than by very slow degrees. The imperfections in our system are indications of the imperfect stage of Christian civilization which mankind has reached. It may be that our system will break down, that the hopes of the lovers of mankind are destined in our fate to a new and bitterer disappointment than ever before befell them; but should this be the case, it will prove not that the principles from which our system draws its life are wrong or false, not that our faith in them was misplaced, but only that mankind has not yet reached through effort to that height of character which was required for the successful maintenance of a Christian commonwealth and the existence of a true brotherhood. The fault will have been in the men, not in the principles. *They* will stand pure, firm, unshaken, the solid basis upon which the future of mankind is to rise, in perfecter proportions, to the fulfilment of hope and of desire.

VENETIAN LIFE.*

This is a delightful and excellent book. Indeed, no better book about Venice has been written since Beckford's sketches of the city, just before the French Revolution. The contrast between the pictures drawn by the two authors is eminently interesting, not only in regard to Venice itself, but also in respect of the tone and spirit of their works. The one is of the Old World, the other of the New; the one imbued with the qualities characteristic of the aristocratic society of the past, the other with those of the democratic civilization of the present. There is a curious fortuitous point of resemblance between the two, in the fact that while Beckford describes the ancient condition of things just before the fall of the Republic, Mr. Howells, in like manner, tells us of the life of the Venetians and the aspect of their city under conditions which have suddenly been brought to a close even while his volume was passing through the press. His work has thus an historical value which he scarcely anticipated for it; but no one, not native to the place, will rejoice more heartily than he that his pages relate to the past, and not to the actual present, of the city which has long been as forlorn as she is beautiful. There is fair promise now for a happier Venetian life than any that has been known for centuries. It will be no loss to Venice to add her historical glories and pride to the common stock of Italian memories, and to merge her individual claims to distinction in the broad, national titles of a free and united Italy. The sea will once more revisit her canals with gladness, and her beauty will revive in fresh splendor as she throws off the chains and the sackcloth in which she has so long sat mourning.

Alike to him who has visited Venice, and to him who has not, this book may be recommended; for Mr. Howells has not only the best qualities of a pleasant travelling companion, but those also which are most desirable in the traveller who recounts his story. To have lived in and loved another country, while still true to one's own, is in itself a liberal education. Travels are almost like autobiographies in their revelations of the character of their authors, and this book shows that its writer possesses the sympathetic imagination and cultivated intelligence which are the first requisites in one who undertakes to describe foreign life. These make his observation fruitful, and free his perceptions and feelings from that bondage of habit, custom, and use which controls most men as with the authority of an absolute law of nature. The conceit of travellers with their own country is a trait as old as travelling itself, and we Americans have much to answer for in this respect. Travellers are still, for the most part, little better than ignorant barbarians, with little power and less disposition to comprehend sympathetically and understand intelligently the lives of a foreign race. But Mr. Howells possesses, besides the good qualities we have already mentioned, the penetrative insight of a poetic temperament, together with good common sense and sound moral feeling. His book reminds the reader of Hawthorne's "Our Old Home," for, in its degree, it does for Venice what that delightful work of the rarest genius accomplished for England—presents a picture of it as it appears to an American of the present day, whose nature is receptive of true impressions of the external and material aspects of life, and not less of their internal and spiritual significance. America is beginning, in such books as these, to judge the Old World; to measure it by her new standard, and to mark its slow progress toward that future on which she has already entered. "Thank God!" exclaims Mr. Howells, at the end of one of the sad, picturesque chapters of his book, "thank God! that the good old times are gone and going! One learns in these old lands to hate and execrate the past."

One charm of Mr. Howells's book consists in the genial humor with which it abounds. The play of his fancy is graceful and original, and he has such keen appreciation of beauty and excellence, and his descriptive powers are so good, that his pages partake of the pleasantness of his experience and reproduce the very charm of the scenes he has beheld. In his three years at Venice he learned much that most foreigners remain ignorant of, and if at the end of his stay he felt that he had still much to learn of the more intimate spirit of the people, he but shared in the feeling of every sensitive man who dwells, however long, as a stranger in a foreign land. The native instinct can never be supplied. Mr. Howells had learned enough, however, to make a good book. For, in truth, we want to have the American view of Venice and not the Venetian, and through our author's eyes we see things as we might see them through our own if we too had the good fortune to live in an apartment on the Grand Canal. The book, besides, shows that Mr. Howells has made himself familiar with the history of Venice, and though there is no display of antiquarian or historical learning in it, the reader may discover frequent evidence of the results of learning unobtrusively worked into the texture of the narrative with the conscientious honesty of a scholar and the skill of an accomplished writer. Mr. Howells's style has a pleasant flavor of individuality, and is at times remarkable for its beauty and finish. He knows how to write gaily without levity, and seriously without solemnity.

Such a book is not fairly judged by extracts from it. It must be read through; and it is a rare pleasure to be able to recommend it unreservedly to those of our readers who have any disposition to visit or revisit the unique picturesqueness, the unrivalled beauty, the strange grandeur of Venice, and to review or first acquire associations with the city that stands alone in the "lake of the heart," as she stands solitary in the waters of her own lagoons.

* "Venetian Life. By Wm. D. Howells." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1866. Sm. 8vo, pp. 359.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

OFFICIAL DECORUM.

WE should much prefer to speak in terms of entire respect of the President of the United States, and to avoid making any issue personal to him, while opposing the policy which he advocates. It has not generally been difficult for men of fair and candid minds to do this. There was nothing in the demeanor of the earlier presidents which afforded any ground for personal criticism, although such attacks were freely made upon them by reckless and overheated men. Gen. Jackson's rough military manners trenched somewhat upon the traditional dignity of civic office; but even his enemies could not fail to respect his manliness, however much they might detest his acts. Presidents Van Buren, Tyler, Polk, Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan were all gentlemanly in their manners, and the four first-named dignified in their conduct of affairs. So indeed, as a rule, were the two others, although their tortuous policy compelled them occasionally to humiliate themselves before the world, and Mr. Buchanan began the bad practice of stump-speaking. Gen. Taylor was a man of unaffected simplicity, which gave to his manners a kindly dignity more attractive even than the formal polish of cultivated men. Mr. Lincoln, also, though awkward and ungainly in appearance, had a genuine manly nature, a forgetfulness of self, and a tenderness of feeling which the country valued more than external manners, and which deserved universal respect.

But Mr. Johnson, who began no lower in the scale of life than Mr. Lincoln, and who has had far more opportunity for cultivation, seems unable to rise above his early position. Better acquainted with the forms of social life than Mr. Lincoln, Gen. Taylor, and Gen. Jackson were, he lacks the native dignity which made them superior to their manners. He has, indeed, no other dignity than such as may be learned from a dancing-master. He knows how to enter a room; and is not so troubled to dispose of his hands and feet as was his simple-hearted predecessor; but where in him shall we find the largeness of view, the patience with adversaries, the temperance of speech, the forgetfulness of self, that self-restraint which is the first and greatest quality of a gentleman, which so uniformly characterized Abraham Lincoln?

Mr. Johnson is devoured by an egotism of which he is painfully conscious, but which it is impossible for him to repress. Accordingly, he compromises the matter by doubling the number of his allusions to himself, first reminding his audience of his own heroism, his sacrifices, his sufferings, his patriotism, his fidelity to his friends, his long services, his devotion to the cause of the masses, and so forth, until, suddenly checked by a just suspicion that his auditors are getting satiated, he seeks to restore their equanimity, and to regain their respect, by recurring to his humble origin, his "plebeian birth," his general unworthiness, and by assurances that "the humble individual who now addresses you" is conscious that he is but a servant of the dear people, a representative of the "toiling masses," a mere citizen—nothing, in spite of his unparalleled sacrifices and services, but a man.

> "I am well aware that I am the 'umblest person going," said Uriah Heap, modestly, "let the other be where he may. My mother is likewise a very 'umble person. We live in an 'umble abode, Master Copperfield, but have much to be thankful for. My father's former calling was 'umble. He was a sexton."

The frequency of Mr. Johnson's references to his "'umble calling" in early life is too great for sincerity. Like a boy whistling down ghosts, the vehemence with which he boasts of his plebeian origin shows that is a sore spot with him, and the pains which he takes to remind us that he was a tailor only prove that he is constantly haunted by that unwelcome fact, and tormented by the conviction that everybody is thinking about it. His address to the tailors of Philadelphia was an almost ludicrous illustration of his discomfort. Such elaborate assurances that he felt their particular visit to be an honor, such painful efforts to show that he was proud of associations of which every word showed that he was at heart bitterly ashamed, make most ridiculous and painful passages. Nobody but Thackeray can do justice to such a magnificent contribution to his "Book of Snobs."

The delicate touches of the 22d of February speech, that "triumphant" effort, as Mr. Seward termed it (taking just then, we imagine, a prodigious pinch of snuff), will not be forgotten. The satisfied ambition which, having led up from alderman to president, had no more to ask; the presidential back and stomach, which, we were assured, were content with being respectively well clothed and bountifully filled; the sufferings of the past, the proffered martyrdom (always with a well-filled stomach, for is not the fattest ox best for the slaughter?) for the future; and, finally, the tears which the orator promised to shed "about that place (*i. e.*, in that neighborhood) provided the American people would gather around to see"—who is sufficient for these things?

The more recent speeches of the President have been mainly extracts from this great oration put into language but slightly differing from the original. Their egotism is something very interesting. Some one who took the trouble to count, states that the last speech at Washington used the pronoun in the first person singular one hundred and forty times in one column, and we have ascertained the number of allusions to the speaker himself in the half-column speech at Philadelphia to exceed forty. These speeches are also full of the same boastings over the past, and the same hollow affectation of pride in a low origin, which have already excited our comment.

This is a painful spectacle for all clear-sighted and proud-spirited Americans. *We* were not ashamed or afraid of Mr. Johnson's humble position in early life. We voted for him knowing perfectly well that he had been a village tailor. But we all supposed that he accepted his lot, both in the past and in the present, with quiet dignity. Had it been foreseen for a moment that he would humiliate himself and his constituents by thus wriggling under a matter-of-course truth, he would never have been thus honored.

It is possible that in this mortified vanity may be found the key to Mr. Johnson's extraordinary inconsistencies, and especially to his complete change of tone towards his Southern brethren within the last two years. He has always writhed under the sense of his plebeianism, and under the contempt with which he knew himself to be regarded by the Southern gentlemen whom he affected to despise, but whom he secretly envied. On his accession to power, his first impulse was to avenge himself upon this class, and with this idea he excluded them from the general amnesty, and bitterly, we had almost said brutally, insulted them when, *as a class*, they sought to obtain an extension of pardon to themselves. But to a person of this temper it was the sweetest triumph of his life when these men, as *individuals*, gathered around him crushed, humiliated, abject, waiting eagerly for his smile, echoing every sentiment that fell from his lips, pouring delicious flattery into his ear, and imploring from him personal favors. Then, for the first time in his life, Andrew Johnson felt himself recognized not merely as an equal, but as a superior, by the men who were his only ideal of chivalry and aristocracy, and a raging envy of whom had gnawed his heart for forty years. The temptation to mould his policy so as to secure the continuance of this delightful adulation was irresistible. All obligations of fidelity, consistency, and honor melted away before the sweet vision of becoming a recognized Southern gentleman.

We comment on these things with extreme reluctance. Of course, nothing can be said about them that will not seem intensely personal, and we have, therefore, refrained, up to the present, from criticizing anything in Mr. Johnson's career beyond his public acts. We condemned in strong terms the earlier imputations cast on him personally by his opponents, and said what we could to soften the effects even of the speech of the 22d of February. We have been sincerely anxious all along, not for his sake, but for the sake of the great country which he represents, to have whatever either in his character or manners seemed to render him unfit for the position he fills, passed over either unnoticed, or with as little notice as possible. He has, however, by the tour which he has undertaken, and into which he has been led against the dictates, we believe, of his own earlier judgment, so completely thrown off official restraint, and displayed so much contempt not simply for the peculiar political opinions of the great mass of the Northern people, but for the ordinary decorum of

civilized life, that it will not do to leave foreign nations or posterity in ignorance of what the Christian public of this country and this age think and feel about his sayings and doings. Some of his jokes and allusions, as well as those of Mr. Seward, have been of such a nature as to render it impossible for us any longer to be silent and let the world suppose that these two gentlemen are fair representatives either of our civilization or of our religion. We do trust that such a rebuke will be administered to them at the coming elections as will secure us a long term of official decorum. This is a most painful and nauseous subject, and we willingly take leave of it.

THE PRESIDENT'S BROOM.

The President is making a vigorous use of the opportunity afforded him by the recess of the Senate to sweep the public service clean of all persons who do not approve of "his policy," and put in their places those who do. His friends justify him on the ground that he is exercising a power conferred on him by the Constitution and sanctioned by usage; and that, even if it were admitted that holders of the minor offices of government ought to be exempt from dismissal on account of their political opinions, those who claim the benefit of this exemption must show that they have themselves been impartial and have refrained from active displays of political partisanship and of hostility to their official chief.

The strongest technical argument put forward against his present course is that based upon the clause in the Constitution which gives him power "to fill all vacancies that may *happen* during the recess of the Senate;" the inference being that he has not power to fill vacancies which he has himself created, inasmuch as the word "happen" contains the idea of chance and excludes the idea of design or premeditation. There is very little doubt that the framers of the Constitution so understood it. We know that Alexander Hamilton so understood it; and there is just as little doubt that the word has retained this sense down to our own day. The *World* endeavored a week or two ago, with the usual accompaniment of abuse, to make out that "happen" was simply a synonym for "occur," and that, as used in the Constitution, the "happening" of a vacancy meant the "occurrence" of a vacancy, however created. Philological discussions carried on half in slang and half in billingsgate by red-hot political partisans are generally amusing rather than profitable, and the discussions we have had about the meaning of this word furnish no exception to the rule. The truth, as it is understood by those to whom the great object of existence is not to prove Andrew Johnson a saint, is that the root sense of "happen" is "to come to pass by accident," or "without being foreseen or designed;" and that it is quite true that "happen" is synonymous with "occur," but only when "occur" means "to occur accidentally," which it very often does; and that "happen" is never used, and never has been used, to designate the coming to pass or taking place of things which have been deliberately planned or willed and put into execution. The hanging of a criminal does not "happen" as regards either the government or the judge. Nothing "happens" to a man which he foresees and brings about. If a general orders an attack to be made on a certain position on a certain day, he cannot say that the attack "happened." If we deliberately went to Boston last Monday, we cannot say we "happened" to go to Boston; if we there threw ourselves designedly off the State House, we cannot say that we "happened" to fall off, though we might say that our fall "occurred." We think it may be safely said that no authority can be discovered for any use of the word which will exclude the idea of accident; and this, at any rate, may be said, that if in some senses of the word the idea of accident is contained in it only by implication, the idea of design is certainly never contained in it. When the President dismisses a man from his office, it cannot be said that a vacancy has "happened," though it may be said that a vacancy has occurred. And, in fact, if the Constitution meant by vacancies "happening" during the recess of the Senate all vacancies which he might be pleased to create, the clause immediately preceding, making "the advice and consent of the Senate" necessary to all his appointments, would have been a mockery. It would, in fact, deprive the consent of the Senate of all importance whatever, unless it sat every working day in the year, and would virtually lodge the uncontrolled power of appointment in the President's hands. And this is in reality the power which his supporters now claim for him, and which he is now exercising. Every Federal office in the United States will probably, or will if the President chooses, under his own theory of his prerogative, be filled a month hence by persons about whose appointment the Senate has not even been consulted, and may be held by them, whether the Senate pleases or not, one year from this date. Can any honest man whom politics has not driven clean daft suppose for one moment that the framers of the Constitution meant to provide for such a result as this in the use of the word "happen," or that they did not mean simply to provide that such scattering vacancies as death or resignation might bring about during the recess should be filled in an exceptional way, so that the public service should not suffer?

There is another and very important consideration which has been entirely overlooked in this discussion as to the meaning of the Constitution. It is entirely forgotten, apparently, that when the Constitution was framed it probably never entered into the head of any human being that all public servants, from the highest to the lowest, would be dismissed from office whenever they happened to differ in political opinions from the President. It was, we believe, never even suggested in the debates of the period that any president would be likely to be guilty of so gross an abuse of power. Nothing like it had then been seen or heard of. In monarchical countries, it is true, open opposition to the sovereign would not be tolerated even in a tide-waiter; but then the sovereign has personal claims on his allegiance which were never claimed for the President. On the European continent the public servant is and always has been, in theory as well as in practice, the personal servant of the monarch. But in the worst days of Tory rule in England an underling was never dismissed from office openly and avowedly because he differed politically from the prime minister. When men who have votes are turned out of office there for not using them for the support of the ministry, great care is taken to conceal the act or provide another reason for it before the public; and this, be it remembered, in a country where the votes of dependents have always been regarded as more or less the perquisite of the landlord or employer. The theory of the American Constitution has always been that a man who takes office under the government is the servant of the people, and that by doing so he loses none of his political independence and incurs no responsibility to anybody for his political opinions. We have even departed so widely from the European nations as to proclaim that even on becoming a soldier a man does not cease to be a citizen, and to concede to men whom a commanding officer may at any moment, through sheer caprice, tie up by the thumbs, or buck and gag, the right of voting without fear or favor at the national elections. But to the civil servants of the Government President Johnson and his followers deny even the poor right of thinking as they please. They are not satisfied with their votes; they insist that they shall think favorably of the President and his acts, or be deprived of their livelihood. Does anybody suppose that even Louis XIV. in his worst days did what this "man of the people" of ours, this fortunate and meritorious tailor, as he is fond of boasting himself, is now doing—send round circulars to poor devils of clerks and messengers, either to extort from them hypocritical expressions of approval of his acts and of attachment to his person, or to force them to sacrifice their bread to their consciences?

We are told that the President has constitutionally the power of dismissal; and we are informed that Daniel Webster, and other great authorities, confessed that it would be absurd to make the President responsible without giving him full liberty to get rid of his subordinates whenever he saw fit. This is very true. If a man is saddled with the performance of a certain duty, he must be allowed to select and to punish those who are to act under him in the discharge of it. But this is one of the numerous cases in which fine words are made to cover up fallacies. For what is the President responsible? For the faithful execution of the laws, the proper and due administration of the public service. Is it necessary that every man he employs to assist him in this should hold his opinions on the question of reconstruction? Does it not, on the contrary, indicate the grossest indifference to the interests of the service to turn out everybody in it, and who has any experience of its duties, and fill the places with men many of

whom have distinguished themselves, during the past four years, by the assistance and countenance they have given to the enemies of the Government? The responsibility which the framers of the Constitution sought to fasten on the Executive was responsibility for the due discharge of the duties assigned him, and not for the framing of lines of policy, and for the unanimity of the civil service in support of them. The grand mistake which lies at the bottom of Mr. Johnson's unfortunate course is, that he has something to do with the legislation of the United States, and may, on great occasions like the present, even take it out of the hands of Congress. But everything that could be done was done by the framers of the Constitution to guard against this error. They strictly defined the President's duties, and made them strictly executive. A proposition was even made in the convention to deny him, in express terms, the exercise of any power "legislative or judicial in its nature," and was only abandoned on Mr. Pinckney's representation that the restriction thus sought to be placed on him was contained in the clause empowering him "to carry into effect the national laws." Forty years elapsed from the foundation of this Government before any President thought of dismissing men from office for anything but misconduct, and yet in that interval the country had passed through many exciting political contests, in which the President was the butt of much abuse and opposition. It was Andrew Jackson who first got hold of the idea that not only may a President of the United States have opinions and bring them to the attention of the legislature, but he may frame a "policy," and use all the power his office places in his hands to carry it out in spite of Congress, and to fill all public offices with his creatures; and we shall only say that Mr. Johnson follows his bad example without having the excuses that Jackson had, that the people elected him for the office he filled, and had done so with full knowledge of his temper and capacity.

We admit that it is the political parties, and not the President for the time being, who are fairly chargeable with the perpetuation of the abuse which Jackson originated, and they have all shown in their manner of executing this newly-discovered power about equal indifference to the public interests. We admit, too, that the present Congress does not by any means come into court with clean hands in this matter, and that, whenever the opportunity has offered itself, it has shown itself as ready as the President to enforce adhesion to its views by the penalty of dismissal, as in its ridiculous crusade against Mr. Harvey. But these political parties and Congress have excuses which Mr. Johnson has not. As long as the President remains the head of the party which elected him, he may be fairly called the representative of the majority—in other words, of the leading power of the country. Its will is, for the time being, the will of the country, and, although we hold the dismissal of minor officials who are not of its way of thinking to be a mischievous and corrupting practice, yet it may be said, with a good deal of plausibility, that a President so situated is, in dismissing political opponents, only providing himself with the means of more effectually carrying out the wishes of those who elected him. So, also, when Congress dismisses a clerk or stops an ambassador's salary, it may fairly say, We are the legislature; our will is the law; it is this man's business to see that our will, legally expressed, is executed. If he disagrees with us, reviles us, and has no respect for us, he is not likely to fulfil his duty; therefore he ought to make room for some one in whom we have confidence.

But Mr. Johnson has cut loose from the party which elected him; he refuses to be any longer the exponent of its will, and declares he will go a way of his own. He has been performing legislative acts of the very highest importance, and denies the right of Congress to alter his work or to add anything to it. He therefore may be said, for the present, to stand alone. It may be that the country has come to agree with him; but this can only be ascertained by the elections, and for the elections he has not waited. So that the changes he is making in the public service he is making in his own personal interest, and for the purpose of giving greater force and effect to a policy of his own devising, and which the national legislature has declared marked by illegality, by danger, and by usurpation. In short, the traffic in government offices, even when carried on by parties, we hold to be mischievous and debasing; it is doubly so when carried on by a single man; and if we did not hope that the abuse of power which Mr. Johnson is now committing would hasten the application of a remedy to this crying evil, we should look on him as one of the most dangerous persons who was ever placed at the head of a free country.

MR. BEECHER'S MAGNANIMITY.

Henry Ward Beecher has written a letter to the committee of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention, about to meet at Cleveland, giving his reasons for desiring the immediate admission of the Southern States to their place in Congress. The letter is attracting a good deal of attention, as perhaps the most taking and specious statement yet made of the Johnson position—a statement such as it would be well for Mr. Johnson if Mr. Seward could supply or he himself could utter.

Now, the fault of the letter is not that its statements are not true, or that its arguments are fallacious, but that nearly every line of it *suggests* false inferences, and this it is, added to the character of the author, which makes it likely that it will do a good deal of mischief. Mr. Beecher does not set forth the arguments which he combats, or describe the policy which he condemns. He simply states certain general truths, perfectly harmless in themselves, considered apart from all the circumstances of the case, but which, published at this particular juncture, and addressed to a political convention, are calculated to create a most erroneous impression of the aims of the Union party.

There is no dispute between President and Congress as to whether there is any place in our system of government for a State except in the Union. Nobody, except Thaddeus Stevens and one or two others, has ever proposed to exclude the Southern States *permanently* from the Union. No party has ever recommended any such course. One hundred men, we venture to assert, cannot be found in the Republican ranks who do not believe, as Mr. Beecher believes, that the early restoration of all States to their Federal relations is necessary to our political safety and prosperity. But all parties are agreed that, after all that has occurred, justice and sound policy require the imposition of certain conditions on the revolted States before they can be readmitted. Mr. Johnson admits this, Mr. Seward admits it, Mr. Beecher admits it; everybody except the extreme Copperheads admits it. Up to this point all went merry as a marriage bell in the ranks of the Union party. But here arose the two grand causes of division; both of them of tremendous moment; both of them as weighty and grave as ever nation sat down to consider. The convention of soldiers and sailors which is to meet at Cleveland, and to which Mr. Beecher addresses his letter, will meet to discuss these two points, if they meet to discuss anything at all. There is nothing else to discuss. It is about these that the country is agitated as it has hardly ever been in its history; it is on these that the coming elections are to turn; it is on these that the public needs all the light it can get from its ablest moralists, lawyers, and politicians. And yet neither of these does Mr. Beecher's letter fairly meet. Of course he is at perfect liberty to choose his own topics and his own manner of discussion; but when his letter is used, as it is, as a campaign document, and lauded in the Administration papers as a complete solution of the great problem of the day, we feel bound to call the attention of his readers to the fact that it is simply a string of half truths tricked out in that marvellous style of his which renders it almost impossible for him to touch anything without adorning it.

What are these two issues which divide the country? They are simply these:

1. It being agreed that the Southern States were not entitled on laying down their arms to immediate admission to their old powers without condition, whose duty is it, under the Constitution and according to the jurisprudence of the United States, to fix what the conditions of readmission shall be? This is a constitutional question, as important as was ever submitted to a civilized community, inasmuch as its decision will form an important precedent, and may influence the course and tendencies of our Government for ages to come. Mr. Beecher passes it over in complete silence.

2. Supposing it to be Congress, the legislature of the United States, which is rightfully charged with the duty of fixing these conditions, are the conditions which it has proposed just, reasonable, politic, and humane? This is a question partly political and partly moral. Mr. Beecher says there can be no danger of Southern predominance in our

Government hereafter owing to the purification which the war has worked in our political life, and to the great poverty, abasement, and ignorance of the South. Granted that this is true, it would still remain manifestly unjust and inexpedient for us to allow the South to gain in political power *as a result* of the rebellion. We are not in favor of punishing them for their great crime, but we are utterly opposed to rewarding them for it. They have taken, in most of the States, elaborate legislative precautions to secure the permanent ignorance and degradation of the black race. Mr. Beecher, however, urges us not only to allow them to send white men to represent in Congress this large class of the population whom they exclude from all share in their political life, but to do it as the direct consequence of their having tried to overturn the government, and having killed 200,000 of us in the attempt. This is pushing the duty of forgiveness a little too far for practical purposes. It may be incumbent on Christian men to forgive those who rob them; but it is not incumbent on a Christian state to settle annuities on its repentant thieves and rioters. There are in politics certain limits to magnanimity, and there is such a thing as sham magnanimity. The unenfranchised millions of the South are, before God and man, entitled to as much consideration in the eyes of those whose duty it is to arrange terms with its white men as the white men; not more we will concede, but at least as much; and we hold it would not only be inexpedient but immoral for us, having the power to refuse, to permit their enemies and oppressors to vote for them in our legislature as if they were citizens while treating them at home as if they were serfs.

When Mr. Beecher calls on us "to dismiss from our minds the idea that the freedmen can be classified and separated from the white population and nursed and defended by themselves," he is guilty of something very like a sophism. One great cause of the present trouble is that the South insists, in spite of the warning of history, in "classifying the freedmen," and bases its classification on the absurd distinction of color. Mr. Beecher and those who agree with him insist on our concurring in the arrangement. It is just because we are determined that the freedmen shall not be classified that Mr. Beecher has found it necessary to write his letter, and that the Civil Rights bill was passed, and the Freedmen's Bureau is in existence. We, too, are in favor of having the negro work out his own salvation. We would have him tread the thorny path to civilization as other races have trodden it: with bleeding feet, if he cannot procure himself shoes; with naked back, if he cannot buy clothes; with much stumbling, if God has not given him good eyesight. Every disability of brain or muscle which the Creator has inflicted on him, we are content that he should bear; but we insist that when he enters the lists to strive for knowledge or fortune or fame men shall not weight him in the race; that Southern constables shall not rush up and fill his pockets with lead and throw pepper in his eyes in the shape of acts of the legislature forbidding him to buy or lease land, to open schools, to prosecute or defend freely in the courts, to learn or pursue certain kinds of industry, to carry arms for his defence, to debate publicly with his fellows upon the means of bettering his condition. Congress has not asked the suffrage for him. It has refrained, many think wisely, from trying to force the South into bestowing political rights upon him, because it is still a matter of dispute, though God knows it ought not to be so in America, whether a man needs political rights to secure him in the pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness; and because it is doubted, and with better excuse, whether the negro is yet sufficiently trained to use the franchise even for his own benefit or that of his neighbor. But it is no longer a question in any civilized country whether a man is fit for civil rights—whether any human being can be too mean or too poor or too stupid to have the policeman stand guard at his door, the judge listen to his plaint, and all honest callings and honest dealings open to such energy or talent or ambition as God may have bestowed on him. Congress has, therefore, asked for him those common human rights; and since the history of the South, of Jamaica, as well as the history of all other countries, has shown the difficulty of getting masters whose slaves have been liberated by force to admit them to the full enjoyment of the rights which freedom *ought* to bring with it, it insists on preventing classification by Federal legislation until the South agree to prevent it by State legislation. And yet Mr. Beecher gravely asks *us* to give up the attempt to "classify" the freedmen. He says:

"Churches in the North crown every hill, and schools swarm in every neighborhood; while the South has but scattered lights, at long distances, like light-houses twinkling along the edge of a continent of darkness. In the presence of such a contrast, how mean and craven is the fear that the South will rule the policy of the land!"

We believe this multiplicity of churches at the North as compared with the South is no new thing. The disparity was as great fifty years ago as now, and yet we believe the "slave power" grew very steadily during the whole of that period, and would have ruled us to this hour, in spite of all the preachers and schoolmasters in the North, if it had only had a little more patience and moderation. It is not unnatural for the pastor of Plymouth Church to believe in the power of the pulpit, but we hope we may be pardoned for asking, if churches and schools are such a tremendous political force as against the benighted and ignorant, what is the use of the Constitution or the laws?

Mr. Beecher has preached much and nobly and wisely against slavery, but neither he nor all the preaching in the North could have wrought its destruction. Unfortunately for his arguments, and unfortunately for his country, the moral and religious influence of the North had to be backed up by a million of men in arms, and cemented by torrents of blood, before a single slave was really free.

NOLI ME TANGERE.

ENGLISH ANAPESTS.

Luscious and sorrowful, bird o' the roses,
To the vexed March winds prematurely singing,
Would that in warm hands I could have held thee,
Kept from a withering chill thy timid heart.

Now have I terrified, now have I pained thee,
Now with stiffening blood have I tangled
All thy bosom's tremulous plumage,
For a thorn, for a thorn was against it.

C. B. C.

PARIS GOSSIP.

Paris, August 17, 1866.

The Empress of Mexico has been staying very quietly at the Hotel du Louvre, which establishment, from the elegance of its appointments and its proximity to the Tuileries, has come to be the usual stopping-place of majesties, royal and serene highnesses, and members of other exalted classes of humanity who may chance to visit Paris *incog.* Her Mexican Majesty is believed to have come over to Europe for the purpose of managing important negotiations with "the Sphinx," the Emperor Maximilian having his hands too full to be able to come in person, and not caring to entrust to any subordinate envoy the delicate task confided to his wife. It appears that berths were taken on board the French packet that brought over the "illustrious lady" for "the Empress of Mexico and her maid, six attendants and eight servants;" that the passage-money paid for the party amounted to 37,000 francs; and that the Empress, in token of her satisfaction with the accommodations provided, left with the captain a sum of 6,000 francs for distribution among the crew. The Empress Eugénie visited the Empress Charlotte immediately on her arrival, and the latter next day drove over to St. Cloud in an open carriage, with outriders, sent in for her by the former. Her Mexican Majesty was received at the gate of the garden by the Prince Imperial, and by the Empress Eugénie at the door of the palace. The Emperor met his "august" visitor at the door of the reception room, and escorted her to his sanctum, where she had a private talk of an hour with him, only the Empress Eugénie being present at the interview. She is to remain here about ten days, and will then make a short visit to her family at Brussels, after which she will embark at St. Nazaire for Vera Cruz. It is said that the Empress, who possesses great energy of will, surprised her husband one day lately in the act of writing a formal act of abdication; that she seized the pen from his hand and tore up the paper, promising him at the same time that she would go to Paris and make a last attempt to procure from Napoleon the aid which should enable the new empire to maintain its ground against the anarchists. She is reported to demand of the Emperor to delay the departure of Marshal Bazaine and his army, and to guarantee a loan. The feeling of the French people is not favorable to the Mexican Empire, but it is thought that the fair negotiator will obtain a part of her demand.

Whatever may have been the motive of the Emperor's sudden return from Vichy, one person, at least, has cause to remember with pleasure the short stay made there by his Imperial master. The Emperor's kindness for those who have been much about his person is one of the most prominent traits of his strongly marked character; and among those of his habitual attendants for whom he has the most regard is M. Léon, a trusted servant of Queen Hortense, one of those who, having shared her prosperity, remained faithful to her in adversity, and who was by her attached to the service of the present master of France when the latter was scarcely out of his cradle. Since that moment M. Léon has scarcely been absent from the Emperor's service, but has stuck to him, in storm and in sunshine, with an affectionate fidelity that is warmly appreciated by his master. On arriving at the elegant villa which he occupies at Vichy, the Emperor, wishing to make a fixed provision for him, placed in the old valet's hands a roll of paper which proved to be the title-deeds of the villa, of which the servant thus became the owner.

"As you are now my landlord, Léon," said his Majesty, with a smile at the old man's face of surprise, "I hope you will not refuse to keep me on as your tenant at a rent of 20,000 francs a year."

Monsieur Léon is not the only person just now in the enjoyment of that pleasant state of mind created by the descent of an unexpected windfall.

That important organ of one of the great branches of French production, the *Moniteur Vinicole*, so eagerly studied by all the wine-growers of the country, has just come out with the following curious paragraph, which may possibly not be uninteresting to those who, in the New World, are trying to rival the Bordeaux, Burgundys, Champagnes, and Sauternes of the Old: "As we foretold, the cultivation of the vine—demanding, perhaps, more careful handiwork than any other—has been, for two months past, completely neglected on the other side of the Rhine. The props are not erected, the branches are allowed to drag on the ground like the stalks of the pumpkin, the buds are not pared. The flower has been drenched by the rain, the juice is thin and scanty, and, whatever may now be done, no remedy is possible. This is a great misfortune, if looked at from a humanitary point of view; but, as the mishap is irremediable, we must, as men, make up our minds on the subject, and, as Frenchmen and wine-growers, we must, if not rejoice, at least congratulate ourselves on being the heirs who will profit by this disaster. A man does not always shed tears over the will of a deceased uncle. Let us, therefore, abstain from sentimentality, and profit by the inheritance which thus accrues to us."

Speaking of champagne reminds me that Madame Clicquot, widow of the world-renowned grower of that favorite wine, has just departed this life, rich in honors as in purse, at the ripe old age of ninety-one. Madame Clicquot might, after her husband's death, have adopted the well-known mortuary announcement which, after summing up the various virtues of one who was stated to have been a model of husbands and of grocers, wound up with the intimation that "the business is continued by his disconsolate widow;" for that lady, when she had dried her tears, took in hand the vast affairs left by her husband, and has fully kept up the fame of his vineyards and vats until the present time. So partial was the late King of Prussia to the sparkling beverage over whose manufacture Madame Clicquot has presided with so much skill and success, that it is at the door of her wine-cellars that the responsibility of his habitual fuddledness must be laid, the royal tippler being so constant in his devotion to the widow's brand that he earned and kept, through the last years of his life, the *sobriquet* of "Clicquot."

Clever and keen as was the great wine-grower's widow, she was as generous as befits the mistress of a princely fortune. One day her nephew, who lived with her and aided her in the management of the business, having occasion to visit Paris, left his pocket-book, containing a sum of 40,000 francs, besides various papers of importance, in the railway carriage. On discovering his loss the young man returned in haste to the station, where he was accosted by one of the servants of the company, who asked him if he were seeking for anything.

"Yes, indeed," replied the youth, "I am in search of a pocket-book which I must have left in the carriage I have just quitted, and which contains 40,000 francs."

"Here is your pocket-book," returned the man; "I found it a moment ago in sweeping out one of the carriages." And so saying, the honest fellow placed the missing pocket-book, with the bank notes intact, in the hands of the delighted youth.

When the latter returned home he lost no time in relating the incident to his aunt.

"And what reward did you give to the *brave garçon?*" demanded the lady.

"*Ma foi*, my dear aunt," replied the nephew, "I am ashamed to say that I was so possessed with joy at finding my pocket-book that I never thought of the man, but rushed out of the station without remembering to offer him any reward!"

"My dear nephew," said Madame Clicquot, "you will go back to Paris by the next train; you will find out the honest fellow who has behaved so well, and you will give him one-half of the sum he restored to you, with 10,000 francs in addition which I will give you for him, and which you will hand to him as a present from me."

All of which was done as the lady desired; the nephew easily succeeding in tracing out the servant who had given so signal a proof of his probity, and who, thus unexpectedly enriched by the liberalities of the wealthy widow, left the service of the railway company, bought a grazing farm, and has been literally "living in clover" from that day to this.

Frenchwomen are proverbially "sharp" in matters of business, and are often the "soul" of the shop, agency, or manufacture carried on ostensibly by their husbands. No one can have lived long in this city without observing how important a part is played, in all the business avocations of Parisian existence, by the neat-fingered, neatly-dressed, keen-eyed, keener-tongued, wide-awake members of the "gentler" sex, who sit so steadily at desk or counter, figuring up their ledgers with such ready arithmetic, keeping a tight rein over the satellites who revolve within their orbits, and impressing you—you can't say how, but you are quite sure that you are not mistaken—with the firm conviction that they could never, by any possibility, be caught napping; and that, if any difference of opinion unhappily arose between them and yourself in relation to any matter of business, they would infallibly carry their point against you! The peculiar sharpening of temper incident to shop-keeping seems often to produce upon woman's more delicate organization an effect even more hardening and deteriorating than in the case of men; but no such evil effect seems to follow the participation of women in industrial operations conducted on a larger scale Madame Erard, for instance, who has carried on for so many years the vast manufacture of pianos and harps so admirably organized by her late husband, is one of the best and most generous of women, beloved and revered by all the employees in her immense establishment, the "providence" of poor artists struggling slowly into fame, and using her great fortune, so honorably acquired, in most beneficent style.

One of the most magnificent residences in the Avenue de l'Impératrice has been built by a soap-boiler's widow who, whatever may be her other moral qualifications—a point in regard to which your correspondent is profoundly ignorant—has, at least, nothing petty in her ideas of money. Being asked the other day why, since she did not reside in this beautiful and palace-like dwelling (it has been standing unoccupied ever since its completion, about five years ago), she did not let it, she replied, "There is no use in taking any trouble about so small a matter." Being pressed to say what, if she consented to let it, would be the rent of the house in question, she replied, "Really, I hardly know; a mere trifle; perhaps about forty thousand francs a year." And forty thousand francs a year being a "bagatelle" too insignificant to be worth securing, the rich widow continues to leave the beautiful residence unoccupied.

One of the most brilliant and admired of the royal visitors who last winter shared the hospitalities of the Tuileries, the young Prince Charles, of Hohenzollern, has just died of a wound in the leg received in the Prussian ranks at Koniggrätz. It had been found necessary to amputate the leg; and Charrière, of this city, made for the prince a silver leg, most ingeniously articulated. But this triumph of mechanical skill was not destined to be worn. Gangrene set in and carried off the patient, after several days of terrible agony, at the early age of 25. Heart-rending incidents are reported from the military hospitals and from the desolated homes from which the light of many hearts has been put out for ever. And yet the so-called "civilized world," after eighteen hundred years of the organized murder of war, still persists in calling itself "Christian!"

George Sand's new play, "A Village Don Juan," has proved a complete *fiasco*. It contains many beautiful passages and some striking hits; but its plan is defective, its dialogue heavy, and, though its purpose is moral, and vice and virtue are properly rewarded in the end, many of its "situations" are pronounced "improper" by the not very squeamish Areopagus of Paris.

The long and unedifying lawsuit brought by the family of the late dissipated young Duke of Grammont-Caderousse against Dr. Déclat, to whom the duke, who died recently of consumption, left the whole of his fortune, in order to revenge himself on his relations for their endeavors to arrest his prodigalities, has been terminated by the quashing of the will, on the ground that neither the legal nor the medical adviser of a testator can legally inherit from those whom they attend in their professional capacity; the law, with

a view to guarding against the exercise of any undue influence by such advisers on the minds to whom they have access in moments of difficulty and weakness, being explicit on this point.

A nice little "difficulty" has sprung up between two well-known political writers here, M. de Riancey, of the Catholico-legitimist *Union*, and M. Paulin Limayrac, of the semi-official *Constitutionnel*. The former having "chaffed" the writer of the *Constitutionnel* for its airs of authority, and declared that its statements had frequently been disavowed by the Government, the latter replied by offering to pay to M. de Riancey the sum of 100,000 francs if he could point out any case in which its utterances have been officially denied. M. de Riancey thereupon published a second article instancing two cases in which the *Constitutionnel* was undeniably "snubbed" by the powers that be, and calling upon M. de Limayrac to pay down the sum offered. M. Paulin Limayrac replied to that article by another declaring the "instances" cited by M. de Riancey to prove nothing but the fertility of that gentleman's imagination. On this, M. Louis Jourdan, of the *Siècle*, publishes an article in that paper calling on M. de Riancey to observe that the *Constitutionnel* denies the existence of the paragraphs cited by him, and urging him to return to the charge, and especially to force M. Paulin Limayrac to pay up the 100,000 francs, which may, he suggests, be then given to the poor. As M. Limayrac has no such sum at his command, and certainly would not part with it if he had, the public is delightedly waiting to see what will be M. de Riancey's next move. STELLA.

ART-STUDY ABROAD.

PARIS, August 1, 1866.

WHY do we foreigneering fellows persist in hustling each other with our eternal blouses and mahl-sticks at a moment when patronage and professors are springing up in lusty crops where we came from? It is true we have left a plaster-of-Paris antiquity behind us. The Venus of Milo and the Torso are familiar enough to those accustomed to American academies; and human models, though shy as starlings, are perhaps as accessible at home as they were in the palmy days of the Italian school to Raphael and Leonardo. But here, in Paris, art receives a thousand pressures—from the presence of the masters, from government recognition, nay, from the porters who discuss at the shop-windows the latest photographs from Merle and Bouguereau. How precious to the poor toiler in the world of ideas is the complete popular recognition of the idea he himself best knows. It will be long, I think, before the tide of study ceases to accumulate in Paris; and my notes, with no other value, will be taken while the tide is high and rising, and with some of the freshness of recent impressions.

It is not so many days—though days fly off like squibs in Paris—since I dined and wined my new friend, César Y——, in my little balcony commanding the garden of the Tuileries. We became very comfortable and harmonious by the time we reached the stage of strawberries dipped in Burgundy, after having disposed, with great urbanity, of the famous pictures and artists of France, and I observed, in precarious Parisian, that the Government Ecole was the asylum of the world. It was then that César, detecting his chance and pinning it, sallied gallantly out with a blazon of rhetoric which he has since polished and used in more than one assembly. He was in the first, best stage of French acquaintanceship; our introduction was yet warm, he pleased, was pleased, and gave, to get, esteem; he had put on his last Scotch suit for me (which still, to the American eye, seemed to hang a little bunglingly), and he sat with his compact Latin head relieved against my roses, and said:

"That Paris was the America of art. For diplomacy, for the public idea, we fly to you; but for the toleration of taste, for the painter's dream, even America emigrates. She reverses the procession of empire (said César, with quite a Berkeleyan turn), and comes to study of France the principles of liberty. You, monsieur, arrive for improvement in art. A proud chair awaits you. (There followed a superabundance of this.) *Voilà*, you choose and take. Our salon knows no prejudice. Courbet, the purist, hangs on the eye-line with Lambinet, whose pictures are simply perspirations. This, if I do not mistake, is civilization. Gérome, who is detestable because his surface imitates the bellies of frogs, is a professor in the imperial school, with the patronage of Plon-Plon and an immense party. Accordingly as you are inclined, I will find you a master who paints with currant jelly; a master who hammers, and is called the boiler-maker; a master who tickles the panel with two fibres of sable, a master who paints with his thumbs. For subject, it is in France alone that subject is illimitable. You get your backgrounds and interiors from the Hotel Cluny, from the Prince's Pompeian house, from the villages of the departments. For models, do but open your eyes—are you not in Paris? There goes an Algerian across the Champs, whose white blanket drops in one fold from his head to his feet. You paint somewhat warmly, perhaps? I will show you a precious child, not yet sixteen, who can sleep more enchantingly than Laïs in the presence of a whole atelier. Ah, no, you are religious? That is fortunate. There applied to me only yesterday a deserving Creole Christ, and my friend F—— resides with an unapproachable Virgin. I shall be charmed to assist you in finding costumes, as I am acquainted with laces, and possess the only bit of embroidered border ever found *in Herculaneum*—"

"Pardon, monsieur—*doucement*," I stammered; "I have yet to conquer the rudiments of the schools, and you would assist me in the criticism of laces!"

"Ah, you have reason. I am a cow. Very well, you should first reconnoitre your ground. May I show you the Ecole and some of the ateliers?"

That was my introduction to the schools of France. According to an appointment, I met my kind Y—— at the fountain of St. Michel the very next day. Our tryst was to have been at 7 A.M., for at that time the students are expected to assemble; but though I had done my best and dislocated myself from my bed at some absurd hour when all the birds of the Champs Elysées were blowing in full chorus, I was forty minutes late. Yet there, visible from the bridge, was my monsieur humming in the sun, panoplied in that impenetrable patience which makes a Frenchman waiting for anything one of the most elevated moral spectacles in the world. He bounded from his stone bench while I was yet a great way off, and hauled me by both hands in the direction of the National School. My guide was as fresh as the sparrows. It was simply delightful the way he tacked towards his subjects, and he looked very gay; for though his collar was a little toned since yesterday, the handkerchief had been tastefully knotted by the fingers of his own Aurore, and accented by a pin, a clever imitation in oxidized silver of the paper chickens our little ones make from their copy-books.

It is not needful to particularize the arrangements of a life-school, which must be pretty much the same thing all the world over. There was abundance of shameful drawing, and the rawest tyro from America might have plenty to keep him in countenance. I observed that the greatest attention was paid, in the outline stage, to placing the figure firm on its legs and observing how the action carried itself out harmoniously in every feature. This care was shown in the oft-repeated efforts of the best draughtsmen present, who never cared how much they blotted and muddied, if they could only make the outline look alive. But the individuality of the school, after all, consisted in the contrast between some of these attentive students, serenely pursuing their work in front of this petrified old gray-beard of a model on his rostrum, and the flights of their wilder comrades, who were doing the maddest feats upon a temporary gymnastic apparatus in the same room. The visit of the professor was not to be expected at any such hour as this, and the place was a buzzing chaos; and all the while the Abdiels kept faithful to their muse, and worked with tranquil Gallic assiduity.

"But there is a guard!" I exclaimed, in astonishment. "Why does he not protect these tormented students?"

"Ah, heaven! and what could he do against so many?" said my conductor, while the officer, sensible that he was being talked about, looked round with an air of deprecation and suffering, ameliorated by the national panacea, a shrug. "Let him once complain, and his place, and any future place, would be purgatory for him. No, he will not report; he will sleep."

A sudden, balmy silence seemed to have fallen as the door closed behind us, and César, being in the mood, sat down upon the steps and told sad stories of the deeds of students—of their painting the young Englishman Prussian-blue; of the tufts preserved in Gleyre's Academy from the arm-pits of youths who had recalcitrated when asked for drink-money beyond the limit of generosity; and one dark tale of a victim done to death, which had been the closing up of an atelier famous all over France.

"Do you know Pickerson?"

I made it a point to have heard of Pickerson.

"He worked at Delaroche's. There was an *émeute*. A little English gentleman flew to him for advice: 'They are painting me.' 'And will you let them?' 'But what am I among them all?' So Pickerson and the Anglais stood back to back, and Pickerson could box. (A Frenchman's gestures in imitation of the manly science are better than anything in Rabelais.) An attentive German working near presently rose, and decided for the Gothic races; he covered them to the door. Bloody and tattered, they rushed in a cab to Delaroche with their story. Old Vernet was there, the ancient campaigner, and laughed till he was purple. Not so Delaroche, who hurried himself back in the cab to the studio, which he found all quietness and labor. 'An apology, or I close this place to-morrow.' The Englishman received formal apologies, but he found that he could better appre-

ciate the style of Couture, and completed his education with the painter of the 'Décadence.'"

Rising, we proceeded to inspect, by courtesy, the classes of the other professors; viewed the "Hemicyle" of Delaroche, so noble in design, so disappointing in color; passed out through the court, studded with architectural bits from cathedrals and châteaux; and finally emerged by the gate, between the busts of Puget and Poussin, lights of France. As I passed near, and almost brushed with my own the flowing hair of the latter, how I wished to feel some emanation from that noble head, the head of a poet—a true Virgilian soul of these latter days!

We finished the morning at the atelier of M. Suisse, in the Cité, whither many of the more persevering students of the Ecole are in the habit of adjourning for an extra hour or two of quiet study. It is in a small, cheerless chamber, where the crowding mass of students almost pushes the model out into the hall. Some of these rooms are singularly public, and at M. Suisse's the study is often interrupted by the penetration of an estray in search of some other room, or of an old woman with brushes to sell, who will contemplate the model, and the model her, with the naïve complacency hardly to be found out of Paris.

There is no scarcity here of these public studios for painting from the human figure. Some are maintained by *ci-devant* models, who, having a business faculty, embrace an easier profession in which their acquaintance with the fraternity can be turned to account. Many others, again, belong to artists of the first reputation; as those of old M. Gleyre, M. Couture (now closed), M. Lambinet. These professors, who are expected to extend some assistance to the pupils, have generally the reputation among young men of giving the least possible exchange for the money, and of being actuated by a very virgin feeling for frugality. One honorable exception should be made in the person of M. Hébert, a painter of figures of high celebrity, whose studio on Montmartre is open to all who will share the bare expense of maintaining it. In this gentleman, as well as in the excellent M. Suisse, I recognize another class—the bookworms of art, men of the academic mind, who connect themselves with a school because to know, rather than to do, is their object. Like many an old German professor who has died unknown without having written a book, the scholarship of this class is great; and with them scholarship is not a means but an end. "Soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst," they suck at the flagon with a noble disease of learning. M. Suisse exhibits nothing. M. Hébert exhibits portraits—another name for studies. The American art-emigrant who is wise will not lose sight of this class of preceptors. The attractions of the public Ecole are two: first, the fame of its professors, though their implied attendance is a pretty broad farce; and second, the fact of its being gratuitous, a term which the freshman will best understand when receiving the demands, consecrated to use and wont, of the rapacious crowd of French students. He will not do amiss, as a primary security, to apply for admission, which is controlled by the favor of the professors, and is made difficult to foreigners; but his disappointment on rejection will be a pleasantly-mixed feeling as he settles to his delightful labor in some cheap, serviceable, and orderly private atelier.

E. S.

Correspondence.

THE DANA EDITION OF WHEATON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Dear Sir: The paragraph on my brother's edition of Wheaton, in to-day's Nation, although expressly but the indication of a first impression, is likely, from the general character of your paper, to have more effect on the minds of impartial readers than the many assertions of Mr. Lawrence himself, unsupported as they have been by a particle of proof.

As several professional gentlemen, in common with myself, have come to an entirely different result, after collating the two sets of notes as far as the 700th page, this could hardly be but from a difference of the test applied in judging of the accusation of plagiarism and wholesale appropriation of his notes brought by Mr. Lawrence. We assumed, as a matter of course, indeed of necessity, that there would be a considerable degree of similarity or even community of topics annotated and discussed in the notes; that there would be some corresponding degree of community of reference to authors who have previously discussed the same questions, and that the historical events entering into or giving rise to the legal discussions would be substantially the same in both. Professional men do not need to be told, and the general reader will recognize upon its being stated, that this must be so.

For plagiarism we looked to see whether, under an appearance of originality, the same views, the same or similar courses of reasoning in their support, were to be found in the two series of annotations; we looked to what was the work proper to the two editors themselves—that is, what of additional reasoning and argument, or what new point of view either has contributed to the already existing material, which is, of course, known to be open to the use of all experts in this somewhat limited and peculiar branch of jurisprudence.

The course pursued in publishing this edition, as I understand, was first carefully to strike out Mr. Lawrence's notes—not, as Mr. L. assumes, out of discourtesy, but because they are, in a literary sense at least, his property—and then to reprint the text and notes of Wheaton, adding Mr. Dana's MS.; and I have thus far observed but a single "appropriation" of Mr. L.'s notes. Owing, as I am told, to an "office-error," No. 63 of Lawrence's notes, consisting of a quotation of four lines from "Blackstone" (Stephens's ed.), reappears as note 52 of Dana; but this is to be rectified. It is to be remembered that there are 547 notes in the two editions.

To avoid any misunderstanding, I add that it is, of course, a part of the general duty of an editor to have by him for consultation at first hand, if requisite, those authorities whom he quotes and discusses. Mr. Dana, apart from his own knowledge of the chief foreign publicists, had especial opportunity for being informed as to Continental jurists. I *know* that the proper works were at hand and used during the preparation of his notes.

It is but just to the writer of the paragraph in your paper to recall that he characterizes his examination as "cursory," and it is precisely the necessary resemblances that I have referred to of topic and authority that lie upon the surface; but such is the difference in substance and results that I doubt if an editor of a similarly professional text-book was ever less indebted to a predecessor than are the notes of Mr. Dana to those of Mr. Lawrence.

I have thought myself entitled to publish this much in vindication of my brother's editorship during his absence, but in the brief interval before his return, knowing his indisposition to a newspaper discussion of what really belongs to a professional forum, I shall not feel at liberty to commit him at all to such a discussion. The law-journals or the courts are the proper tribunals for an adequate investigation, and I believe newspaper readers come very soon to that opinion. *I*, certainly, shall not tax their patience.

Yours, etc.,

Edm. T. Dana.

Boston, Aug. 30.

THE STATESMANSHIP OF BARON STEIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

In your recent article on the reforms of Baron vom Stein you dwelt very properly on his reorganization of the Prussian army, of which the results are just now so conspicuous. I think it is not without interest to add, with your permission, that the beginning of this reform was the abolition of corporal punishment at a time when Russia, Austria, and England considered it, as they do still, indispensable to military discipline. When the question was first agitated and the change foreshadowed in Prussia, the liveliest apprehensions were excited, and men asked, "How can you keep an unbridled soldiery in order? It will be impossible to walk the streets except at the risk of being attacked and even assassinated by soldiers." Fortunately the Government had the firmness to disregard these clamors.

It is not, I think, generally known that the idea of the Zollverein was original with Vom Stein, of whom it has been said that "he was the author and promoter of everything, in the way of new institutions, that does honor to the Prussian people and Government;" and, still more broadly:

"There have been statesmen who have accomplished some useful reforms, others who have succeeded in indicating or preparing them; but I seek in vain, in the history of modern states, a statesman who has undertaken, accomplished, or prepared for the future by rendering them almost inevitable, reforms so fundamental, so usefully fruitful in their immediate as in their remote results, as those which had for their author the most remarkable man that Germany has produced since Luther and Frederick II."

The writer whose words are here quoted, and whose name appears on your list of contributors during the past year, Monsieur N. Tourgueneff, spoke from an intimate acquaintance with the great Prussian during the final campaigns against Napoleon, to whose success "le nommé Stein," as the irate emperor contemptuously called him in proscribing him, probably contributed as much as any one man. Some very entertaining details of these last days of the First Empire, from the allied point of view, together with a monograph concerning Vom Stein, and numerous incidental allusions may be found in the three volumes of M. Tourgueneff that appeared in Paris in 1847, and were entitled "La Russie et les Russes." Of the author himself

I should like to say much more that would not be relevant to my present purpose, and I will only call attention to the singular historical "situation" in Europe at the present moment. Nobody doubts that Prussia and Italy undertook the late war with the perfect willingness, at least, of Napoleon III., who saw in it the *coup de grace* of the treaties of 1815. His disappointment at the issue is the immediate legacy of Vom Stein, the most formidable opponent of the *idées Napoléoniennes* and a central figure in the "detested treaties." R. P.

New York, Aug. 24, 1866.

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The Week.

THE President has, during the past week, continued his melancholy tour through the country, and has engaged in various bouts of recrimination with the crowd, which have furnished subject for sorrow or merriment to millions of readers. His performances at Cleveland were only equalled by his performances at St. Louis. If "the man, woman, or child who can lay a finger on anything he has done," etc., for whom he is incessantly calling, will only step forward and communicate with him, without further notice, he or she will confer a favor on an afflicted community and save Mr. Johnson much speaking. If any one knows, also, "what pledge he has violated," and will impart the desired information either to himself or Secretary Seward, he will doubtless be suitably rewarded. At all events, he will earn the gratitude of the public.

MR. BEECHER has received a grave and well-written remonstrance from his congregation upon his political course, and has replied in a long letter. The question between him and many of his critics now seems to be, not whether he is not mistaken in believing that the freedmen may be safely left to look for protection to Southern legislation, but whether his holding, or at least propounding, this opinion does not indicate gross inconsistency with his former teachings, and even a certain moral deterioration. Horace Greeley, with his usual delicacy, assumed, in his otherwise ably-written reply to him, that Mr. Beecher, in writing his letter to the Cleveland Convention, was really guilty of a base act; informed him that many clergymen who had once honored him would sooner have been murdered by a mob, like Mr. Horton, than have written such a letter as his; and that his congregation felt they had made a mistake in loving him, and much other matter of the same sort, utterly coarse and even brutal, as we hold it to be. Mr. Beecher's course is, no doubt, well calculated to give pain to all his fellow-laborers, if for no other reason, because of the encouragement it gives to the enemy. He is mistaken—and grossly mistaken, as we believe—but it is a mistake which a good and honest and pure man may make; and there is something monstrous in the readiness of many of his friends to see in it an excuse for their forgetting his thirty years of labor in the anti-slavery cause, and the vast, and as we believe unequalled, influence for good which he has exerted upon the country. There is no other man amongst us to whom all good causes owe more, and there is, therefore, no other to whom more may be forgiven; and we hope to see the day in America when men of his standing and services may be guilty of even worse aberrations than his without forfeiting the respect of their neighbors for their character and motives, whatever may be thought of their judgment, and without exposing themselves to gross personal abuse. If anybody wants to know why it is that our purest and most high-minded and most sensitive men are reluctant to take office, or take an active part in politics, they may find the reason in the language used towards Mr. Beecher and the imputations cast upon him by many of the radical newspapers. There is a vague notion prevailing amongst many good people that if you are in earnest in a good cause, you can help it without swearing at everybody whom you believe to be its enemy, and calling him foul names. If this were true, however, all the great reformers and martyrs of the world, from Socrates down, would have been masters of Billingsgate, and the New Testament in particular would be a great storehouse of vituperation.

MR. BEECHER'S letter, however, in conceding Mr. Johnson's "obstinacy," "fierceness," his disposition to "mistake the intensity of his convictions for strength of evidence," and in stigmatizing his share in the New Orleans affair as "shocking," really gives up most of the ground in the dispute between the President and Congress. Mr. Johnson, as his own supporters even now describe him, and as his speeches reveal him, is clearly a man who is not to be trusted with so difficult and delicate a task as reconstruction, and whose political opinions at such a crisis are really almost worthless. With the knowledge which Congress has possessed of his temper for the last six months, at least, it would have been almost criminal in them to accept his views of the situation at the South as a basis for their action, much more to accept from him and adopt a plan of reconstruction of his own making. And the public is not to blame, as Mr. Beecher and the *Evening Post* seem to think, if the mere fact of his opposing a measure drives the rest of the world into advocacy of it. The whole conservative plan really rests on Mr. Johnson's personal sagacity and perspicacity. The policy he recommends is emphatically "*his* policy"—as he is never tired of mentioning—and he is himself profoundly conscious that this policy really owes whatever value it has to his having concocted or brought it forth, for his speeches in its defence consist mainly in expositions of the excellence of his own character, his consistency, his fidelity, his courage, his farsightedness and honesty. He says very little of its merits.

THE Democratic Convention at Albany is in full operation as we write. It embraces the old members of the body and the deserters from the Republican organization, such as Mr. Thurlow Weed. The platform, it is said, is being prepared by Mr. Samuel J. Tilden and Mr. Marble, of the *World*, so that the nature of the document may be guessed beforehand, as the political opinions of one of these gentlemen are no secret. Mr. Tilden, we believe, has always held that slavery was a divine institution; that any State had a right to secede, and that, whether it had or not, that nobody had a right to prevent it; that Jefferson Davis was a gentleman of talent, Abraham Lincoln a poor, silly rail-splitter, and that the war was a gigantic crime and all engaged in it either knaves or fools. Of Mr. Marble's opinions we are not so certain, as he has at various periods exercised his inalienable right of changing them, and circumstances have prevented us following closely such modifications in them as he deemed necessary.

WHAT they can seriously hope to gain by it is not easy to see, but there is little doubt that the Fenian leaders are ordering their followers to vote the Union ticket in the fall elections, and that, to a certain

extent, their orders are being obeyed. News comes from Maine that, "whatever the explanation, it is certain that quite a number of Democratic Irish have voted this year with the Radicals." This may be only one of the excuses for being beaten which a badly beaten party is apt to make. The Union party in Maine has won a victory quite unexampled. Maine is a State of small cities and small towns and intelligent citizens, and the Presidential policy is repudiated by an overwhelming popular vote. Ex-Vice-President Hamlin took a course in regard to the Federal office which he was holding in Boston that, doubtless, had a favorable effect on the prospects of the Union men, and the Democrats were affected unfavorably by the inopportune occurrence of the New Orleans riots and Mr. Johnson's trip to Chicago. On the two questions before the country, Shall the return of the South to the Union be conditional or unconditional? which is a political question; and, Shall legislative functions be usurped by the President? a most important constitutional question, Maine, at any rate, and Vermont, have given in unmistakable language the right answer. And they will help Pennsylvania and New York to be as overwhelmingly right next month and the month after.

THE *Evening Post*, of New York, the Springfield *Republican*, and some other journals that are popularly supposed to be in favor of the immediate representation of the South in Congress on no other condition than that they revise their present delegations and send reasonably loyal men, are talking as seriously as if they really believed what they say on the propriety of sending prominent Northern Union men on a lecturing tour through the late Confederacy. The *World*, with ill-concealed eagerness, applauds this project. Imagine Major-General B. F. Butler, after his arrival had been promised for ten days in large placards, going to the Mechanics' Institute in New Orleans to make a speech; or suppose Mr. Beecher to be advertised to speak on the 30th inst. in Okolona, where his Cleveland letter will not be heard of or generally understood for some months to come, and where nothing is known of him except that he wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and sent negroes with Sharp's rifles to Kansas; or fancy Wendell Phillips making the tour of Anderson District, South Carolina, the home of Mr. Orr. Mr. Phillips is a propagandist, but he is not so much in love with death as to attempt public speaking in any Southern State. If any of these men, or any other Northern man, were to go through the late Confederacy speaking for Congress, the people would kill him long before he got to New Orleans. This may be no argument against the President's policy of reconstruction, but it is a view of the case that has long prevented, and will long prevent, any Radical—or Disunionist, as the *World* would say—from uttering his real opinions in the Southern country. He might count himself extremely fortunate if, instead of murdering him, a committee of the first citizens of some town or other waited upon him with an address of farewell like this to General Miles from the Richmond *Examiner*. General Miles is guilty of having been the officer commanding at Fortress Monroe, where the "stern statesman" of Mississippi, who does not like him, languishes in confinement:

> "When you die, may your carrion be thrown to the dogs, and may they, loathing your vile flesh, leave it to the unfastidious buzzard. You have polluted our air and soil too long. Go! Relieve us of your insufferable presence. Relieve us of an offensive object that provokes us to blasphemy. As we revere and love Jefferson Davis, so do we detest and contemn thee, hateful kite—obscenest of birds. Go!"

A BRIEF and very readable correspondence has recently taken place between Semmes, formerly a great part of the Confederate States navy, and now a probate judge in Mobile, and Major-General Wager Swayne, a young man, but one of the ablest of General Howard's assistant commissioners. Semmes cites the President's last proclamation, and desires to know if he is to be interfered with in case he opens his court-room and proceeds to exercise his functions. He invites Gen. Swayne to telegraph for further instructions, apparently thinking that, "in the changed circumstances of the times," his claims to the honors and emoluments of civil office would be more kindly looked upon in Washington than they were a few months ago. Gen. Swayne replies that the orders received some time since were explicit, and he sees no reason for applying for further instructions; and he takes occasion to clear the mind of Semmes of a misconception into which he seems to have fallen, by drawing his attention to the fact that "the order above cited points to the arrest not so much of the probate judge of Mobile County as of an individual who, for acts defined by the laws for the punishment of treason, and for other acts, is liable at any time to be taken into custody." The pirates we read of who used to keep chaplains aboard their *Alabamas* must have felt a little oddly at times, but not more so, we should say, than a rebel and public enemy when he discovers among his correspondents so luminous and unimpassioned a legal adviser as Gen. Swayne.

THE drawers of resolutions of mourning, rejoicing, indignation, and so forth, have been lately getting into the way of using the term "great commoner," originally applied in England to Pitt, to designate anybody of humble origin who happens to distinguish himself. For instance, the New York Democratic State Central Committee has just been "resolving" over the death of Dean Richmond, in very foggy English, and talks of his career as the career of "this great commoner." To call a man a "great commoner," or a "commoner" of any kind, in America, is, however, ridiculous. There are no "commoners" where there are no peers, just as there are no tenants where there are no landlords. "Commoner" is a relative term, and marks a class distinction. It would have been just as sensible to call Dean Richmond this "illustrious nobleman."

THE *World* quotes the act of Congress of 1862, fixing the number of the representatives in Congress, and the debates on the case of Mr. Upton, as showing that Congress has decided that the Southern States are all in the Union, and that, therefore, Mr. Johnson is only doing his duty as an executive officer in treating them as being in it. What we should like to know now is, what act of Congress it was which authorized him to displace the State governments when the war was over, and appoint provisional governors, and call conventions, and prescribe terms of admission, and in what act the terms which he prescribed are fixed for his guidance. If Congress did really arrange his plan of reconstruction, and Congress be, as the *World* acknowledges, the only legislative power of the Union, of course there is not a word more to be said, after we have seen the act, ordinance, or resolution.

THERE is not a single daily paper in the country—Mr. Parton to the contrary, notwithstanding—which makes a real business of purveying the news of the day, and reporting what occurs as it happens, not as the editor would like it to have happened. The usual course pursued with regard to public meetings during an exciting campaign is to send a reporter to attend it, with instructions, direct or implied, either to represent them as "glorious demonstrations," boiling over with enthusiasm and overwhelming in point of numbers, or else to caricature and ridicule them, crack small jokes on them, and hold them up to contempt as mere gatherings of half-witted people or hungry adventurers. The sole aim of the reporter, in fact, seems to be, in most cases, to make his reports support the opinions and prophecies uttered in the editorial columns. The result is, that if we were dependent for our knowledge of the value of the Loyalist Convention at Philadelphia upon the New York press, we should really know very little about it, although we should have no difficulty in extracting from the admissions of the *Times* reporter that it was at least largely attended and very enthusiastic. The testimony of the local press, however, and of all who attended it, is unanimous as to the extraordinary fervor which it called out, and the immense gathering of the best men from all parts of the country which it created. The failure of the Southerners to agree in demanding negro suffrage is nothing wonderful. The wonder would have been if they had agreed on it, considering the education and the prejudices of the delegates. Nor is the argument used by the New York *Times* to depreciate the convention, that "it did not represent the South," a very brilliant or telling one. If it really represented the South, the South would be loyal and peaceable, and all our present troubles would cease. It is to the fact that it did not represent the South, and did not pretend to represent it, that its importance is mainly due. What it did represent was that portion of the Southern population whose fidelity to us during the war has given them claims of the strongest kind upon our protection.

The New York *Times* was, it appears, mistaken in supposing that it was "Federal" and not "rebel" bonds which rose in the London market on the receipt of the news of the Philadelphia Convention, No. 1. The general impression in Europe undoubtedly is that a successful coalition between the Northern Democrats and the South will lead once more to Southern ascendency in the Federal Government, and thus to a repeal of all restrictions on the repayment of the rebel debt. To be sure the rise has not been very great, and the English holders of the Confederate bonds are not very wise, but then there is nothing like strict accuracy.

The recurrence of the Roman question ensures to Italy continued prominence in European politics. The September convention will begin to go into effect in a few days, and the completed withdrawal of the French troops, it is universally believed, will be the signal for revolt against the Papacy. His Holiness seems to be taking little thought of a refuge, and has even got to deploring the loss to the church of Orsini, who, he says, before turning assassin, had seriously proposed to himself to become a priest. But the hitherto devoted adherents of Francis II. and the old *régime* are inclining to unite with the rest of their countrymen. The patricians congregated at Portici have added their names to the subscription for a monument to the dead at Lissa, and those who are nearer the person of their sovereign have manifested a desire to quit the society of brigands and return to Naples as honest citizens. There will probably be few obstacles to such restoration, if their good intentions are made clear to the Government.

The Upper House of the Prussian Parliament has passed a bill of indemnity for the illegal acts of the King and Bismark during the disputes preceding the war, when they took the liberty of levying taxes without the consent of the legislature, so that there is a strong probability that complete harmony will reign for awhile. We say for awhile, because the King's ideas of constitutional government are still primitive in the extreme, and there is no knowing how long he can abide its restraints. He gave recently, in replying to an address of a deputation of Brandenburgers, a curious illustration of his state of mind, by saying that he had "forgiven the behavior of the Parliament, but he never could forget it;" evidently considering himself its victim. He has issued a proclamation annexing Hanover and the other pieces of territory which Bismark has decided on "absorbing," though not without many qualms of conscience and much opposition from "the ladies of his family." The chances are that there will be no real tranquillity in Prussia as long as he lives. His head is filled with mediæval delusions, and he is old and obstinate. Bismark says, if he had made him, he would have made him differently; but in the meantime the people have to "grin and bear" him, and wait for the accession of the Crown Prince, who has the reputation of being a modest and sensible man.

But Europe is by no means settled, for "France is not satisfied," and, in the opinion of most Frenchmen, unless she is satisfied, peace is not possible. All parties in that country unite in preaching against Prussia, and in groaning over her aggrandizement as a menace and danger to France which ought not to have been permitted. The liberals are, perhaps, more violent than anybody else. A very good exposition of their feelings and opinions will be found in another column from our correspondent, "A Frenchman," who is himself a distinguished member of the party. They say they would not object to the work of German consolidation, if it were done by a free people; but done by a military despot like Bismark, they will not submit to it. Much of the grumbling which appears in the opposition press in Paris is doubtless intended to reflect on Louis Napoleon, just as many people here pretend to sympathize with the Fenians out of hostility to President Johnson. What the Emperor's policy really is, it is impossible to say. All the speculation it has hitherto called forth seems well-nigh worthless. With his inaction ill-health has probably something to do. In England there is little of importance to record beyond the commencement of a reform agitation which, apparently, is likely to exceed in vigor and earnestness that of 1832. Mr. Bright has opened it by an oration which surpassed all his former efforts.

THE FREEDMEN.

The week has been unusually barren of reports from the freedmen. The political excitement attending the President's tour and the fall elections has, perhaps, engrossed the attention of the North, and may even have affected the behavior of the people of the South, who assuredly will not be deceived by appearances which the President has all along assumed as the national verdict upon the difference between himself and Congress. The best protection for the blacks, it cannot be doubted, lies in such overwhelming victories as those of Maine and Vermont.

—The Governor of South Carolina, in his message of the 5th inst. to the Legislature, meeting in extra session, urges the modification of the negro code so as to extend the jurisdiction of the civil courts over all classes of citizens. He also recommended the admission of negro evidence in all cases, as being both just and prudent. He declared the present stay-law to be unwise and unconstitutional, and advised the abolition of imprisonment for debt, together with an extension of the bankruptcy law. The impoverished condition of a large part of the population, owing to short crops, calls for some provision by the State, and a sale of the State bonds for that purpose was suggested.

—On the 18th of the present month is to be held at Nashville the annual meeting of the National Equal Rights League, of which John M. Langston is president. The aim of this society is sufficiently indicated by its title. It is, to use the language of the call, "to secure to every colored American complete equality before the law, and the cultivation among us of all those things which pertain to a well-ordered and dignified life." The league "makes no distinction of color or sex," and invites the co-operation of all kindred associations. The question before the convention will be: Where do the colored people stand? What is their station, legally and politically, under American law since the rebellion? Representatives will be admitted from all State and other auxiliary leagues, which meantime (to judge from the constitution of one) are sending out lecturers, calling meetings, publishing documents, and in the usual way educating the people to receive their ideas. There is no doubt, so far as Tennessee is concerned, that the prospect of perfect equality is much fairer now for the blacks than at any other time. An alliance between the loyal whites and the freedmen was first foreshadowed there by Gov. Brownlow and others—perhaps, but our recollection is not clear on this point, by Mr. Johnson himself. It is now a resort for which nearly all the loyalists of the reconstructed States are prepared.

—Large numbers of white women and children in North Carolina, says Assistant Commissioner Robinson, are without clothing and assistance, and an appeal for them is made to the benevolence of the North.

—Brig.-Gen. Chas. H. Howard is erecting a new school-house for the freedmen in Washington and another in Bladensburg, Md. Two more will be built in Alexandria by the colored people, as soon as they can purchase ground for them.

—The sanitary precautions taken by the Bureau in the District of Columbia are to be credited with the present excellent health of the freed people there, and the entire absence of cholera from the midst of them. Large numbers of men and women are continually being sent to good homes in the North.

—In York County, Virginia, there are about 6,000 freedmen located on farms originally established by Government, but to be delivered over on Jan. 1, 1867, to their former owners.

—An improved condition of affairs is reported in South Carolina. Outrages are fewer, and the crimes most prevalent are traceable to the poorest of the people. In the Darlington district large numbers of the blacks are preparing to emigrate to the public land in Florida. At Lawtonville the cotton crop is reported to be stunted, with a prospect of yielding fairly in case of speedy rain.

—The aggregate number of sick refugees and freedmen that are now inmates of hospitals and asylums in the several districts of the Bureau is as follows: Virginia, 569; District of Columbia, 226; South Carolina, 221; North Carolina, 215; Alabama, 287; Georgia, 274; Mississippi, 100; Florida, 38; Louisiana, 418; Arkansas, 128; Kentucky, 87. Total number, 2,763.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Charles Scribner & Co. announce for publication in the course of this month a volume from the pen of Judge John A. Jameson, of the Superior Court of Chicago, upon the "Nature and Powers of the Constitutional Convention." Of the proper functions and precise powers of these bodies, though they are well known to American history, and especially within the last four or five years have filled a prominent place in the public view, too little is known either by our jurists or the people at large. Indeed, Judge Jameson's book, when issued, will fill a complete vacancy in our legal literature, there being now in existence no authority whatever upon that subject. Its appearance is particularly opportune just at this juncture, when the fundamental principles of which it treats are so vaguely understood by ninety-nine in every hundred of those Americans who may possibly at any day find themselves fighting on one side or the other of a civil war resting on those very principles. It is a book that will be gladly received by every intelligent student of the law and every citizen who thinks.

—The annual fall trade-sale of books commenced last Thursday at the rooms of Messrs. Leavitt, Strebeigh & Co. There was a large attendance of members of the book-trade at the sale, and a large number of books were catalogued by one hundred and twenty-five publishers, nearly all standard works, and but little that is new. The Southern and Western houses were well represented. The prices realized were very fair, though lower than in the spring, owing chiefly to the remission of internal revenue taxes on books and book material. We do not see the exact utility of these sales, which are generally used as means of forcing unsalable stock on country houses. Communication is now so easy between the different parts of the country that booksellers are able to make their own selections from the publishing houses, and order the books that the tastes of their customers demand. Occasionally, but rarely, by these sales, books that otherwise might not be read are brought to the notice of the country public.

—We may have been slightly in error last week in speaking of the withdrawal from circulation of Mr. Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads." The act was one for which his publishers, Messrs. Moxon & Co., were alone responsible, and is probably the effect of a change of publishers. The book, it is said, will be issued again by another firm.

—An interesting report upon the documents in the public libraries of Venice has just appeared in England. It is printed in the form of a letter from Mr. T. Duffus Hardy, the deputy-keeper of the public records, to the Master of the Rolls. It contains, among other matters, a list of documents relating to the divorce of Henry VIII., a list of letters relating to Cardinal Pole, and a list of letters relating to James Stuart. "During his residence in Jersey, about the year 1646," says Mr. Hardy, "it seems that Prince Charles (afterwards Charles II.) engaged the affections of a young lady whose name does not appear. She is said to have belonged to the family of the noble house of Mar." By her he had a son, as he says, "plutost par fragilité de nostre première jeunesse que par malice." This son is the James Stuart to whom the letters refer. Mr. Hardy prints the will of this Giacomo Stuardo in an appendix. It is a curious document, endorsed, "The last will of the late impostor at Naples, who at first pretended himselfe to be a naturall sonne of the King of England, 1669."

—Among the other luxuries which *L'Evénement* offers to tickle the palate of its readers is a supplement to the *Spectator*, the spirit of Addison having been evoked from the grave to address a few letters to M. Villemessant on the social anomalies, the abuses, and the follies of the day. The modern Monsieur Addison is in some ways as genial and as pleasantly satirical as when, a hundred years ago, he wrote his papers for the London tea-tables. But, in being resuscitated, he has dropped all marks of his English nationality, and has become thoroughly Parisian. Before commencing his new work he treats M. Villemessant's readers with a sketch of his autobiography, and his surprise and gratification at finding the tone of society so changed and improved. He doubts whether he and his friends corrected public morals, but he thinks that they "suppressed many abuses, and at any rate solved the difficult problem of amusing honest folk." M. Addison then promises a new *Spectator*, to be composed, he says, "alas! without the help of that good and *spirituel* Richard Steele." He declares war against the "*grotesques* and *malfaisans* who at the present time abound in French society and French literature;" and he devotes a paper to severe but good-natured comments on periodical literature and the puffery of publishers.

—The British Association opened its annual meeting at Nottingham, on the 22d of August, with an inaugural address delivered by the president, Mr. W. R. Grove, Q. C. The address is published at length in the *Athenæum* and the *Reader*, and well deserves to be read on account of its eloquence, its thoughtfulness, and the general clearness of its reasoning. The subject is the "continuity" of nature, which view he first applied to astronomy, saying that the idea of vast empty spaces in the universe had been overthrown, and that as the zone between Mars and Jupiter was known to be filled with asteroids, and other spaces with meteorites, so it is not improbable that the "whole space of the solar system is filled up with planetary bodies, varying in size from Jupiter, 1,240 times larger than the earth, to that of a cannon ball or even a pistol bullet." He then went on to the discussion of forces—light, heat, and electricity—which he considered modifications of each other. Matter he also thought to be the same in varying forms, and geology the history of continuous slow changes, the doctrine of catastrophes being a *Deus ex machinâ* brought to help the defects of knowledge. He favored, in its fullest extent, the Darwinian theory of creation, and even applied the idea of continuity to the history of man, which he thought amenable to the same general laws of progress that govern the physical history of the globe.

—If we may judge by the numerous editions and by the eagerness with which volumes of anecdotes or reminiscences of his life are bought, Charles Lamb is more popular here than in England. His influence on his own time was very slight, but on those of the present generation has been much greater, both as to their lives and on their habits of thought. If the power which the "gentle Elia" has exerted is passing away, as some have thought, the characteristics of that wonderful humorist will be brought again to mind by Mr. Procter's "Memoir." "Barry Cornwall" was one of Charles Lamb's intimate friends, and as he tells the story of that life of sacrifice and tenderness, we lose sight altogether of the writer and find ourselves face to face with that kindly man, sad yet always happy with his friends over a comforting glass of wine. Mr. Procter's book is a view of the man and of his habits, rather than an analysis of his character or a collection of his sayings. Some few of the stories about him are either new or else forgotten, two of which we repeat: "Mrs. K., after expressing her love for young children, added tenderly, 'and how do *you* like babies, Mr. Lamb?' His answer, immediate, almost precipitate, was 'Boi-boi-boiled, ma'am!'" "Of a Scotchman: 'His understanding is always at its meridian. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no border-land with him. *You cannot hover with him on the confines of truth.*'"

—Mr. W. W. Skeat is preparing a new edition of "Piers Plowman." He has examined nearly thirty MSS., and thinks there are *three* distinct types of the poem. He proposes to publish one of each in order, with various readings and notes, beginning with the earliest and shortest. He asks all scholars who have made notes of any kind—historical, philological, or theological—on points connected with the poem to assist him by their communications.

—Mr. John Grote, the younger brother of the historian, is dead. He was the professor of moral philosophy in the University of Cambridge, and senior fellow of Trinity College, and had not long ago issued the first part of a critical work called "Exploratio Philosophica."

—Señor de la Barrera, it is said, is about to offer a sequel to his former work to the coming competition for the annual prize at the National Library of Madrid. This prize was established to encourage bibliographical studies. To the successful author a money premium is given, and the work is printed at the expense of the state. Señor de la Barrera gained this prize at the competition of 1860 with his excellent and

very thorough work, the "Catálogo Bibliográfico y Biográfico del Teatro Antiguo Español." The supplement will correct the errors which were unavoidable in the previous work, containing as it did such a mass of scattered details brought together with difficulty from various sources. Besides this, it will make many additions to the work, among which is an entirely new biography of Lope de Vega, founded on documents that have been recently discovered, and especially on a valuable series of autograph letters, extending over a period of his greatest brilliancy, which were lately found in the archives of the Conde de Altamira. The personal history of Lope, previously a mere blank, is now filled up with details from his own hand. It seems, however, that there is some difficulty about the publication of this discovery on religious grounds. Many of these letters reveal the fact that even after assuming the tonsure, Lope did not entirely abandon the follies of the world, and that his priestly life was marked by many frailties. Some of the ultra-Catholic party at court think that such a reflection on the impeccability of the priesthood is a scandal too great to be divulged. But as every one knows that Lope de Vega published over one thousand plays after he took orders, the subjects of which turn on love, it would hardly be thought that the main story of his life would do much harm among a pious people like the Spaniards.

SCIENTIFIC.

Nitro-glycerine.—M. Emile Kopp, a very good authority, reports to the French Academy the successful use of nitro-glycerine in some sandstone quarries near Saverne. The peculiarity of the case is that the nitro-glycerine is all made upon the spot just before it is wanted for use. The very dangerous transportation of this fulminating material is wholly avoided. The materials from which it is made are not dangerous, though somewhat inconvenient to transport. M. Kopp recommends the following method of preparation, which he considers simple enough to be executed by an ordinary workman under any temporary shelter in the quarry itself. In a large earthenware pot or basin, placed in cold water, the workman mixes a quantity of fuming nitric acid (50° Baumé) with twice its weight of the most concentrated sulphuric acid. In another pot he evaporates some commercial glycerine until it becomes sirupy and marks 30° to 31° Baumé. When both these liquids have become perfectly cold, the workman places 3·3 litres (5·8 pints) of the mixed acids in a glass globe or earthenware pot, which must be kept cool by immersion in cold water. He then pours into the acids 0·5 litre (0·88 pint) of the concentrated glycerine in a fine stream, with constant stirring. It is important to avoid any sensible heating of the mixture. After waiting ten minutes, the workman turns the mixture into five or six times its volume of cold water. The nitro-glycerine falls to the bottom as a heavy oil. Washed once more with a little water, it is ready for use. It is still slightly acid and watery, but these impurities do not hinder its effectual working. The oil is employed for blasting in open quarries in the following manner: Let the object be to detach a considerable mass of stone from a ledge. At 8 to 10 feet from the edge a hole 2 inches in diameter is sunk to a depth of 7 to 10 feet, and well cleaned out. Three to four pounds of nitro-glycerine are then poured in. Next the workman lowers down upon the oil a little cylinder of wood or tin, about 1¾ inches in diameter and 2 inches high, filled with gunpowder. This cylinder is let down by means of a common fuse, which is attached to the cylinder, for the purpose of carrying fire to the powder. Holding the fuse straight, the workman fills the hole with fine sand. No tamping is necessary. The shock caused by the inflammation of the powder explodes the nitro-glycerine. The explosion is so sudden that the sand has no time to be thrown from the hole, and no pieces of rock are projected into the air. Formidable masses of rock are cracked off and slightly displaced; but the rock is not broken into small pieces, and there is but little waste. Herein lies the principal advantage of nitro-glycerine over gunpowder in blasting. M. Kopp is of opinion that the transportation of nitro-glycerine, whether by land or sea, ought to be absolutely prohibited, and that its use in the covered galleries of mines would be dangerous, on account of the very poisonous properties of its vapor; but if manufactured on the spot at the time of using, he believes it may be safely and advantageously employed in all blasting operations conducted in the open air.

Poisoning Vermin.—M. Cloëz has had good success in killing the rats which infested the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, with bisulphide of carbon, a somewhat oily liquid, volatile at the ordinary temperature, and possessing a most nauseating odor. This liquid, no long time ago a chemical rarity, is now manufactured on a large scale, and, as the materials are cheap and the process simple, it can be bought in Paris, according to M. Cloëz, for less than ten cents a pound. The mode of applying this cheap poison is simple. By means of a flexible leaden tube, a little of the liquid is poured into the holes or other confined spaces in which the rats live, and all exit-holes are stopped with clay, mortar, or loam. The rats are suffocated by the vapor—unless they run away. It is obvious that the method is not universally applicable. In the first place, it kills the rats in their holes and leaves them there—a very undesirable result in many cases; secondly, it is unavailable unless the rats are living in holes in the ground, or similar tight places, from which neither they nor the vapor can escape; thirdly, no one who has ever smelt of bisulphide of carbon would recommend the diffusion of its vapor through a house. In the hold of a vessel the method might be applicable; at anything like the French price of bisulphide of carbon, the operation would not be costly, and it would certainly be effective against the rats; as to the subsequent purification of the hold, there might be a difficulty; moreover, the method now in use, of smoking the rats out by burning sulphur in the hold, is good enough. M. Cloëz found that other burrowing animals besides rats, rabbits for example, died from the effects of breathing the vapor of this liquid, and that birds were killed by it even more promptly than rats and rabbits.

The French Academy, to whom this communication concerning poisoning rats was made, enjoy frequent opportunities of listening to vivid descriptions of the most approved scientific methods of exterminating vermin. We recall a memoir, presented to the Academy some years ago, describing with great zest a wholesale poisoning of rats by sulphuretted hydrogen, in an old conventual building outside of Paris, then occupied as a boarding-school; the amusing agonies of particularly large and fat rats, which came out on the floor and died before the eyes of the delighted experimenters, were vividly pictured. Eleven years ago, Thenard, one of the most eminent of French chemists, read to the Academy a most amusing account of the important practical discovery which he made in 1811, viz.: that boiling soap-suds would exterminate "that horrible insect which not only inflicts painful stings, but, when crushed between the fingers, exhales such a disgusting odor that we are sorry to have killed him." Thenard describes his many fruitless efforts to rid himself of the plague—the last one in these words: "An idea which I thought excellent occurred to my mind; it was to put the bedstead in the middle of the chamber, and plunge the feet into vessels full of water; I thought myself delivered. Not at all; the enemy attacked me as usual—he mounted to the ceiling and dropped down when above me." The simple remedy with which every good housekeeper is now familiar was the precious fruit of Thenard's sufferings.

Irrigation in Australia.—The project of collecting and storing water upon the large scale, so that it may be had in abundance at all seasons for domestic and agricultural purposes, has long been under discussion in Australia. Latterly, it has acquired political importance, and the idea now bids fair to be put in practice. Victoria, the wealthiest and most enterprising of the Australian states, has recently determined to spend a million of pounds sterling towards carrying out the project. The rain-fall of Australia, on an average of years, is ample to supply the wants of all the inhabitants, but the conformation of the country affords little natural storage. If the experiment now in progress prove successful, it may alter the character of the cultivation throughout the entire country. In Queensland, in the districts below the Darling Downs range, it is thought that artesian wells may be found useful, and it is proposed to sink such wells at once, as an experiment. The supporters of this scheme find encouragement in the experience of the French, who have derived great advantage from wells bored in the deserts upon the outskirts of Algeria.

THE LETTERS OF EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN.*

Now that the friends and correspondents of Mademoiselle de Guérin have consented to the publication of her letters, there remains no obstacle to a thorough acquaintance not only with the facts of her external life, but with her thoughts and feelings—the life of her soul. It can have been the fortune of few persons to become so widely and intimately known as the author of these letters, and to have evoked sentiments of such unalloyed admiration and tenderness. How small is the proportion either of men or of women who could afford to have the last veil of privacy removed from their daily lives; not for an exceptional moment, a season of violent inspiration or of spasmodic effort, but constantly, uninterruptedly, for a period of seventeen years. Mlle. de Guérin's letters confirm in every particular the consummately pleasing impression left by her journal. A delicate mind, an affectionate heart, a pious soul—the gift of feeling and of expression in equal measure—and this not from the poverty of the former faculty, but from the absolute richness of the latter. The aggregation of these facts again resolves itself under the reader's eyes into a figure of a sweetness so perfect, so uniform, and so simple that it seems to belong rather to the biography of a mediæval saint than to the complex mechanism of our actual life. And, indeed, what was Mlle. de Guérin, after all, but a mediæval saint? No other definition so nearly covers the union of her abundant gentleness and her perfect simplicity. There are saints of various kinds—passionate saints and saints of pure piety. Mlle. de Guérin was one of the latter, and we cannot but think that she needed but a wider field of action to have effectually recommended herself to the formal gratitude of the Church. This collection of her letters seems to us to have every quality requisite to place it beside those *livres édifiants* of which she was so fond—unction, intensity, and orthodoxy.

We have called Mlle. de Guérin a saint perhaps as much from a sense of satisfaction in being able to apply a temporary definition to our predicate as from the desire to qualify our subject. What is a saint? the reader may ask. A saint, we hasten to reply, is—Mlle. de Guérin; read her letters and you will discover. If you are disappointed, the reason will lie not in this admirable woman, but in the saintly idea. Such as this idea is, she answers it—and we have called her, moreover, a mediæval saint. It is true that the organization of society during these latter years has not been favorable to a direct and extensive action on the part of personal sanctity, and that, as we associate the idea of a successful exercise of this distinction with social conditions which have long ceased to exist, it seems almost illogical to imply that saintship is possible among our contemporaries. Yet it is equally certain that men and women of extraordinary purity of character constantly attain to a familiarity with divine things as deep and undisturbed as Mlle. de Guérin's. Her peculiar distinction—that fact through which she evokes the image of an earlier stage of the world's history—is the singular simplicity of her genius and of her circumstances. Nowhere are exquisite moral rectitude and the spirit of devotion more frequent than in New England; but in New England, to a certain extent, virtue and piety seem to be nourished by vice and skepticism. A very good man or a very good woman in New England is an extremely complex being. They are as innocent as you please, but they are anything but ignorant. They travel; they hold political opinions; they are accomplished Abolitionists; they read magazines and newspapers, and write for them; they read novels and police reports; they subscribe to lyceum lectures and to great libraries; in a word, they are enlightened. The result of this freedom of enquiry is that they become profoundly self-conscious. They obtain a notion of the relation of their virtues to a thousand objects of which Mlle. de Guérin had no conception, and, owing to their relations with these objects, they present a myriad of reflected lights and shadows. For Mlle. de Guérin there existed but two objects—the church and the world, of neither of which did it ever occur to her to attempt an analysis. One was all good, the other all evil—although here, perhaps, her rich natural charity arrested in some degree her aversion. Such being her attitude toward external things, Mlle. de Guérin was certainly not enlightened. But she was better than this—she was light itself. Her life—or perhaps we should rather say her faith—is like a small, still taper before a shrine, flickering in no fitful air-current, and steadily burning to its socket.

To busy New Englanders the manners and household habits exhibited in these letters are stamped with all the quaintness of remote antiquity. But for a couple of short sojourns in Paris and in the Nivernais, a journey to Toulouse, and a visit to the Pyrenees shortly before her death, Mlle. de Guérin's life was passed in an isolated château in the heart of an ancient province, without visitors, without books, without diversions; with no society but that of her only sister, a brother, the senior of Maurice, and her father, whom the reader's fancy, kindled by an occasional allusion, depicts as one of the scattered outstanding gentlemen of the old *régime*—proud, incorruptible, austere, devout, and affectionate, and, with his small resources, a keen wine-grower. It is no wonder that, in the social vacuity of her life, Mlle. de Guérin turned so earnestly to letter-writing. Her only other occupations were to think about her brother Maurice, to spin by the kitchen fireside, to read the life of a saint, or at best a stray volume of Scott or Lamartine, or Bernardin de Saint-Pierre; to observe zealously the fasts and festivals and sacraments of the church, and to visit sick peasants. Her greatest social pleasure seems to have been an occasional talk with an ecclesiastic; for to her perception all priests were wise and benignant, and never commonplace. "To-morrow," she writes, "I shall talk sermon. We are to hear the Abbé Roques. He is always my favorite preacher. *It is n't that the others are not excellent.*" There is something very pathetic in the intellectual penury with which Mlle. de Guérin had to struggle, although there is no doubt that the unsuspecting simplicity of vision which charms us in her writing is largely owing to the narrow extent of her reading. The household stock of books was small; it was difficult, both on account of the exiguity of the means of the family and its remoteness from a large town, to procure new ones; and in the case of Mlle. de Guérin herself, the number of available works was further limited by her constant scruples as to their morality. It must be owned that she knew few works of the first excellence. She read St. Augustine and Fénelon and Pascal, but for the most part she got her thoughts very far from the source. Some one gives her Montaigne, but, although she is no longer a young girl, she discreetly declines to open him. "I am reading for a second time," she writes, "Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, an amiable and simple author, whom it is good to read in the country. After this I should like 'Notre Dame de Paris;' but I am afraid. These novels make such havoc that I dread their passage; it terrifies me simply to see their effect on certain hearts. Mine, now so calm, would like to remain as it is." So, instead of the great men, she contents herself with the small. "You see," she elsewhere says, "we are keeping the Month of Mary. I have bought for this purpose at Albi a little book, 'The New Month of Mary,' by the Abbé Le Gaillan; a little book of which I am very fond—soft and sweet, like May itself, and full of flowers of devotion. Whoever should take it well to heart would be agreeable to God and *en admiration aux anges.* . . . . Read it; it is something celestial."

It is difficult to give an idea of the intimacy, the immediacy, of Mlle. de Guérin's relations with the practice of piety. Not an incident but is a motive, a pretext, an occasion, for religious action or reflection of some kind. She looks at the world from over the top of her *prie-dieu*, with her finger in her prayer-book. "Mlle. d'H.," she writes, "comes to edify me every second day; she reaches church early, confesses herself, and takes the communion with an *air d'ange* that ravishes and desolates me. *How I envy her her soul!* . . . . . Her brothers, too, are little saints. The eldest, etc. . . . . Is n't it very edifying?" And again: "I am in every way surrounded with edification, fed upon sermons and discourses. Such a good Lent as I have passed!" Describing to a dear friend, a young lady of her own age, a peculiar ceremony which she had witnessed on a young girl's taking conventual vows: "They say," she concludes, "that everything the novice asks of God at this moment is granted her. One asked to die; she died. Do you know what I would ask? *That you should be a saint.*" The reader will, of course, be prepared to find Mlle. de Guérin a very consistent Catholic—a perfect, an absolute one. This fact explains her, and we may even say excuses her. So complete a spiritual submission, so complete an intellectual self-stultification, would be revolting if they were a matter of choice. It is because they are a matter of authority and necessity, things born to and implicitly accepted, that the reader is able to put away his sense of their fundamental repulsiveness sufficiently to allow him to appreciate their incidental charms. It is the utter consistency of Mlle. de Guérin's faith, the uninterruptedness of her spiritual subjection, that make them beautiful. A question, a doubt, an act of will, the least shadow of a claim to *choice*—these things would instantly break the charm, deprive the letters of their invaluable distinction, and transform them from a delightful book into a merely readable one. That distinction lies in the fact that they form a work of pure, unmitigated *feeling*. The penalty paid by Mlle. de Guérin and those persons who are educated in the same principles, for their spiritual and mental security, is that they are incapable of entertaining or producing ideas. There is not, to our belief, a single idea, a single thought, in the whole of these pages. On the other hand, one grand, supreme idea being tacitly understood and accepted throughout—the idea, namely, of the Church—and a particular direction being thus given to emotion, there

* "Lettres d'Eugénie de Guérin." Paris: Didier. 1866.
"Letters of Eugénie de Guérin." New York: Alexander Strahan & Co. 1866.

is an incalculable host of feelings. Judge how matters are simplified. Genius and pure feeling! No wonder Mlle. de Guérin writes well! There are, doubtless, persons who would be ill-natured enough to call her a bigot; but never would the term have been so ill applied. Is a pure sceptic a bigot? Mlle. de Guérin was the converse of this, a pure believer. A pure sceptic doubts all he knows; Mlle. de Guérin believes all she knows. She knows only the Catholic Church. A bigot refuses; she did nothing all her life but accept.

The two great events of Mlle. de Guérin's life were her visit to Paris on the occasion of the marriage of her brother Maurice, and his death, in Languedoc, eight months afterwards. Paris she took very quietly, as she took everything. What pleased her most was the abundance and splendor of the churches, in which she spent a large portion of her time. She had changed her sky, but she did not change her mind. The profoundest impression, however, that she was destined to receive was that caused by her brother's death. He died on the best of terms with the Church, from which he had suffered a temporary alienation. Her letters on the occasion of this event have an accent of intense emotion which nothing else could arouse. We cannot do better than translate a portion of one, which seems to us to possess a most painful beauty:

"For a week now since he has left us—since he is in heaven and I am on earth—I have n't been able to speak to you of him, to be with you, to unite with you, my tender friend, also so dearly loved. Shall we never be disabused of our affections? Neither sorrows, nor rupture, nor death—nothing changes us. We love, still love—love into the very tomb, love ashes, cling to the body which has borne a soul; but the soul, we know that is in heaven. Oh, yes! there above, where I see thee, my dear Maurice; where thou art awaiting me and saying, 'Eugénie, come hither to God, where one is happy.' My dear friend, all happiness on earth is at an end; I told you so; I have buried the life of my heart; I have lost the charm of my existence. I did not know all that I found in my brother, nor what happiness I had placed in him. Prospects, hopes, my old life beside his, and then a soul that understood me. He and I were two eyes in the same head. Now we 're apart. God has come between us. His will be done! God stood on Calvary for the love of us; let us stand at the foot of the cross for the love of him. This one seems heavy and covered with thorns, but so was that of Jesus. Let him help me to carry mine. We shall at last get to the top, and from Calvary to heaven the road is n't long. Life is short, and indeed what should we do on earth with eternity? My God! so long as we are holy, that we profit by the grace that comes from trials, from tears, from tribulations and anguish, treasures of the Christian! Oh, my friend! you have only to look at these things, this world, with the eye of faith, and all changes. Happy Father Trubert, who sees this so eminently! How I should like to have a little of his soul, so full of faith, so radiant with love! . . . How things change! Let us change, too, my friend; let us disabuse ourselves of the world, of its creatures, of everything. I only ask for complete indifference."

THE TWO WHEATONS.*

Richard H. Dana's edition of "Wheaton's International Law" "contains nothing," Mr. Dana says, "but the text of Mr. Wheaton, according to his last revision, his notes, and the original matter contributed by the editor." This statement Mr. William Beach Lawrence, editor of a previous edition of Wheaton, flatly contradicts. Omit, he says, such of Mr. Dana's notes as relate to events that have occurred since the end of 1862; omit Mr. Dana's quotations from President Woolsey's little book on international law, and there will be nothing left for which Mr. Dana is not directly indebted to his annotations. And, in Mr. Lawrence's opinion, this identity is not due to the fact that he and his rival have studied the same subject, and studied it in the same authorities. It is a case of one man's being robbed by another of the fruits of his toil, and it calls for a suit at law. Mr. Dana has used, without changing a word of the English, his translations of French, Spanish, Italian, and German authors; he has quoted, as if he had specially consulted them, foreign works of which there is in America no other copy than the single copy in Mr. Lawrence's possession; he has made use of facts as familiar illustrations which Mr. Lawrence derived from his own correspondence with the publicists of Europe. To do this is certainly to borrow without leave and without acknowledgment of obligation, even with a denial of obligation, the results of another's labor, and, as we have said, Mr. Lawrence intends to institute legal proceedings for indemnification.

Certainly, it will be a case that must necessarily be full of difficulties for the complainant, to say nothing of the judge or jury. Phillimore or Bello or Hautefeuille, studying a mass of facts, evolves by laborious thought a principle of international law. It is easy to see that no man has a right to quote a passage containing what has been thus excogitated without giving due credit to the thinker. No man at any rate may, for a certain length of time, use such knowledge as his own. Sooner or later, of course, all the literature of mere knowledge becomes common property, and some of it, as, for instance, the literature produced by these annotators, whose work for the most part is to elucidate one author by passages drawn from another, seems hardly to be literature and hardly to be anything else than common property from the beginning. Suppose that one writer to-day quotes a sentence from Hautefeuille as being applicable to a certain passage in Wheaton, and a year hence another writer, annotating the same passage, quotes the same sentence, on what principles shall a judge or jury condemn him for doing so, or how will his predecessor prove that the sentence was taken from Hautefeuille at second hand, was really stolen from himself? The defendant will at once say that the pages of Hautefeuille, Von Martens, Bello, or any other writer on international law, if he is a writer of sufficient importance to be quoted at all, are open to all the world. He may say, too, that, in all probability, if any two men not studious of mere elegance were to translate one or two, or two thousand, sentences from any foreign author, especially from an author with a style abounding in legal forms of speech, their translations would almost certainly be nearly identical in phrase. And in the case of those imported volumes of which Mr. Lawrence speaks, how is a man to prove that he alone, of thirty-odd millions of Americans, has in fact obtained a particular volume which it is possible for any one of the thirty-odd millions to obtain by sending for it?

The case will, therefore, be an interesting one both for the intricate nature of the semi-literary question that is to be decided and because the charge, a very easy one to make, must of necessity be an extremely hard one to establish. We have no right nor any wish to take sides in a controversy which is to be carried on in the courts, in which evidence is to be produced of which we can hardly know anything, and which, indeed, as we have said, relates to a question that is only semi-literary and to a branch of literature that can hardly be said to deserve the name. But some general remarks on the matter in dispute will not be out of place nor altogether without interest.

As a rule, the same passages form the subject of comment and annotation by both the editors, though Mr. Dana has notes, especially in the last chapters, on many passages upon which Mr. Lawrence has none, and upon a less number of passages there are notes by Mr. Lawrence and none by Mr. Dana. The whole body of Mr. Dana's notes, which are two hundred and sixty-eight in number, if printed in The Nation, would make something like ninety pages. The mass of Mr. Lawrence's, of which there are two hundred and forty-nine, is larger, and in his book there is an appendix, in the nature of notes and addenda to these notes, which swells the volume of his contributions considerably more.

As has been seen, Mr. Lawrence admits that a certain part of Mr. Dana's notes, those relating to events that have occurred since the last edition of Lawrence's Wheaton was published, are entirely Mr. Dana's. This at once removes quite a large portion of the matter furnished by the last editor out of the region of controversy. There is another class of the notes which would in part, but not wholly, come under the description above given—the class derived from Mr. Dana's long practice in the prize courts and his intimate familiarity with the law of prize, which also Mr. Lawrence, it is probable, would freely admit to be Mr. Dana's. And to these must be added another and a smaller class, which Mr. Lawrence, we suppose, would hardly challenge as his own, in which many of the general questions growing out of the rebellion are treated of from a very decidedly Northern point of view.

Excluding all notes that Mr. Lawrence, or Mr. Lawrence's counsel for him, would concede to have been not borrowed from his edition, we suppose, after a pretty careful collation of the two volumes, that of Mr. Dana's above-mentioned ninety pages of The Nation, about thirty pages, be the same more or less, would be left as the subject of dispute. The instances upon which he would probably rest his claim are such as these that follow. Of course it is impossible in a short article of this kind to quote the longer notes, and we confine ourselves to the shorter, without, however, as we think, detracting anything from the strength of Mr. Lawrence's case.

On page 30 of Wheaton he speaks of treaties that cease to be obligatory on the parties to them by reason of "a change in the social organization of one of the contracting parties, of such a nature and of such importance as would have prevented the other party from entering into the contract had he foreseen this change." Mr. Dana has the following note upon this passage:

"The separation of Belgium from the kingdom of the Netherlands, and the change wrought thereby in the relations of Holland with the great

* "Elements of International Law. By Henry Wheaton, LL.D. Edited, with notes, by Richard Henry Dana, LL.D." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Pp. 749.
"Elements of International Law. By Henry Wheaton, LL.D. Edited by William Beach Lawrence." Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; London: Sampson Low & Co. Pp. 1,142.

powers, were held by the United States to justify it in withdrawing from an agreement to accept the King of the Netherlands as an umpire on the north-eastern boundary question. When Texas agreed to unite itself to the Republic of the United States, France and England notified her that she did not thereby cease to be bound by her treaty obligations with those powers. —Lord Aberdeen to Mr. Eliot, Dec. 3, 1845, Sen. Doc. vii., 375." [D.]

Mr. Lawrence has no reference to the King of the Netherlands:

"On the occasion of the annexation of Texas the British Government instructed their minister to call the attention of the Texan Government to the treaties existing between Great Britain and Texas, and to remind them that the voluntary surrender of their independence by the Government and people of Texas will not annul these treaties. On the contrary, that their stipulations will remain in precisely the same situation as if the Texans had remained an independent power.—Earl of Aberdeen to Mr. Eliot, Dec. 3, 1845. Similar representations were made by France through M. Saligny, chargé d'affaires. Senate documents, 29 Cong., 1 sess., Vol. VII., No. 375." [L.]

On page 36, Wheaton is treating of "National and Sovereign States," and speaks of the Ionian Islands. Mr. Dana's note is as follows:

"During the Crimean war the British courts held that the Ionian Islands were not parties, not being so made by Great Britain; and that their vessels were not forbidden to trade in Russian ports.—The Leucade Jurist, i., 549."

"In 1864, the protectorate of Great Britain over the Ionian Islands was withdrawn, and these islands united to the kingdom of Greece. This was effected by the course described in the speech of the Queen of Great Britain to Parliament in that year:

"'Her Majesty having addressed herself to the powers who were contracting parties to the treaty by which the Ionian Republic was placed under the protectorate of Great Britain, and having obtained their consent to the annexation of that republic to the kingdom of Greece, and the states of the Ionian Republic having agreed thereto, the republic of the seven islands has been formally united to the kingdom of Greece; and her Majesty trusts that the union so made will conduce to the welfare and prosperity of all the subjects of his Majesty the King of the Hellenes.'"

Mr. Lawrence wrote before it was possible to give the history of this cession of the seven islands or the extract from the Queen's speech. The following is his note:

"At the commencement of the Russian war an opinion had been given, as announced by Lord John Russell in the House of Commons 2d of June, 1854, by the law officers of the crown, that the Ionian Republic being under the protection of her Majesty, could not be considered as a neutral state, and that the Ionian Republic must take part with Great Britain with respect to the war in which she was engaged, though not bound to carry on active measures of warfare; and that, therefore, vessels sailing under the Ionian flag were not to be considered as sailing under a neutral flag.—'Hosack on Rights of Neutrals, p. 117.'"

"It was, however, subsequently decided in the British Court of Admiralty that the right of Great Britain was drawn from treaty, not from conquest, and that by the seventh article of the convention creating the protectorate the trading flag of the Ionian Islands was acknowledged as the flag of a free and independent state. Great Britain might have included the Ionian Islands in the war, but she had not done so. The Ionian Islands were not included in the treaties made by Great Britain, unless specially named, nor were Ionian vessels within the clause of the order in council of the 15th of April, 1854, which forbade British ships from trading with enemy's ports.—'Jurist,' Vol. I., N. S., p. 549. Leucade. See also Twiss, 'Law of Nations,' Vol. I., p. 55."

On page 220 Wheaton is speaking of the "Rights of Legation," and states that a minister cannot be expected, except in certain cases, to communicate to the government to which he is accredited the instructions that he may have received from his own government. Mr. Dana says in his note:

"It is understood that a minister of foreign affairs may decline to hear a despatch, or other written communication, read to him by a diplomatic agent, unless a copy is left with him. The reason is, that it puts him to the disadvantage of being obliged to trust to his memory, while the other party to the interview has the writing. In cases of verbal communication the two parties are on an equality."

Mr. Lawrence had previously written upon this passage the following note:

"The minister of foreign affairs may refuse to allow a communication to be read to him by a foreign minister from his government, unless a copy is to be left with him. Mr. Canning, in a letter to Lord Grenville, at Paris, dated March 4, 1825, says: 'The last three mornings have been occupied partly in receiving the three successive communications of Count Lieven, Prince Esterhazy, and Baron Maltzahn of the high and weighty displeasure of their courts with respect to Spanish America. Lieven led the way on Wednesday. He began to open a long despatch, evidently with the intention of reading it to me. I stopped him, *in limine*, desiring to know if he was authorized to give a copy of it. He said, No; upon which I declined hearing it unless he would give me his word that no copy would be sent to any other court. He said he could not undertake to say that it would not be sent to other Russian missions, but that he had no notion that a copy of it would be given to the courts at which they were severally accredited. I answered that I was either to have a copy of a despatch which might be quoted to foreign courts (as former despatches had been) as having been communicated to me and remaining unanswered, or to be able to say that no despatch had been communicated to me at all. It was utterly impossible for me, I said, to charge my memory with the expressions of a long despatch once read over to me; or to be able to judge on one such hearing whether it did or did not contain expressions which I ought not to pass over without remark. Yet by the process now proposed I was responsible to the king and to my colleagues, and ultimately, perhaps, to Parliament, for the contents of a paper which might be of the most essentially important character, and of which the text might be quoted hereafter by third parties as bearing a meaning which I did not on the instant attribute to it, and yet which, upon bare recollection, I could not controvert. Lieven was confounded. He asked me what he was to do? I said, What he pleased; but I took the exception now before I heard a word of his despatch, because I would not have it thought that the contents of the despatch, whatever they might be, had anything to do with that exception."

We have not space to multiply examples of this kind, nor to cite any translations from foreign authors. And, of course, we do not profess to know whether or not Mr. Dana has had access to the books from which he makes citations. Of the translations we may safely say that we find no identity of language that can be called "miraculous," as Mr. Lawrence calls it in a published letter which bears marks of having been written hastily. As we have said, if the case goes into court at all, it will have to rest mainly upon such instances of coincidence or appropriation as those which we have given above, and the public will watch the proceedings with interest.

THE WAY OUT OF BARBARISM.*

DETESTATION of the vices and errors incident to the development of the human race has, in these latter days, softened at least into pity, if not into a sort of respect. We have begun to appreciate the furlong of our forefathers as the condition precedent of our league of progress. Hence new judgments of institutions and of men, and clearer conceptions of the times which are past; and, reasoning backwards from this philosophy, a natural belief that the grossest forms and customs now obsolete coincide with the earliest periods of human existence. While it is true, however, that the ancient Germans, for example, were not such models of manhood as some of their descendants, relying on Tacitus, have represented them, it is equally true that the four judicial practices which Mr. Lea studies in their historic sequence, grow more and more cruel and revolting as they approach our civilization, until they are finally abandoned.

The wager of law or compurgation is traced to an age in which the principle of the clan assumed a larger expansion in its peaceful than in its violent aspect. It was a step towards order and a social state. Though seemingly the most absolute recognition of individualism, it was in reality a restraint upon it. Swearing by wholesale took the place of fighting by wholesale, and this lasted till the evils of perjury became unendurable, and men sought some better way of deciding the doubtful issues which arose in the courts. The preposterous exaction of negative proofs was still persevered in, though it was the root of the whole difficulty; but the accuser was encouraged to make good his charges in the *champ clos*, in the *judicial* duel or wager of battle—which was not, apparently, as Guizot pretends, in the beginning a substitute for the right of private vengeance, and so always claimable by law, but was employed like, and as a remedy for, compurgation, when testimony was defective. The notion of God's judgment which it involved was certainly strengthened by the introduction of Christianity, but perhaps belonged to it originally. This, too, had its day in civil and in criminal cases, with extensions not calculated to further the ends of justice, and at last stultifying itself by the admission of champions. The growth of commerce, the rising might of the communes, the decay of feudalism before them both and before the centralizing tendencies of monarchs like St. Louis and Philippe-le-Bel, together especially with the revival of the civil law that followed the discovery at Amalfi of the Pandects of Justinian, in the twelfth century, effected the transition not from superstition to superstition—for that remained the same—but from ruder to more subtle kinds of force. The ordeal was indigenous with the Barbarians, but the Church judiciously fostered it for her own advantage, and to combat with it other Pagan observances which she deemed more objectionable. All the forms of the ordeal were not directed against flesh and nerves, but some, like that of bread and of blood, appealed only to the imagination, though with sufficient impressiveness. The sacredness of the human body, however, is manifestly diminished before such tests as the ordeal of boiling water, of red-hot iron, and of fire itself, when compared

* "Superstition and Force. Essays on the Wager of Law—the Wager of Battle—the Ordeal—Torture. By Henry C. Lea." Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea. 1866. Pp. 407.

with the fair play of an open encounter even with a professional and hired champion. Feudalism clung also to the ordeal in resisting its own overthrow, and protested to the last against the innovation of the torture, which neither China nor India had transmitted, but Greece and Rome, and which was familiar to the Barbarians only in the examination of slaves. Uncivilized Russia was more backward (*because* she was uncivilized) in accepting this practice than the semi-civilized peoples of the west of Europe, who, however, for a full century after the discovery of the Pandects, showed little affection for it. Here the Church, by means of its Inquisition, came in powerfully as an auxiliary, and gave to the torture a far wider application than even corrupt and imperial Rome—an example which the Calvinism of Scotland in the sixteenth century followed only too closely, indeed incredibly.

Mr. Lea, in his very scholarly and truly critical essays, has not failed to notice the duration of the several customs above enumerated. He shows that the wager of law was demanded and allowed in England in 1799 and in 1824, and was not formally abrogated till 1833; that the wager of battle was abrogated in the same country in 1819; that in 1860 the kinsmen of a murdered man in Philadelphia begged the coroner to allow them to bring the suspected assassin to the ordeal of blood, *i. e.*, by making him touch the corpse; that the torture survived in Germany till nigh the middle of the present century; and that, if Garibaldi uncovered what was asserted at Naples and Palermo, we have in Bomba the latest European protector of that atrocious system. Our author also alludes to the use of the cold-bath torture in punishing and even in detecting deserters from our armies during the late war against rebellion—an instrument for which we saw in a slave-pen at Alexandria, converted into a prison for deserters, and whose new application we remember to have thought scarcely less inhuman and indefensible than the old. And, after all, is not war itself—war, we will say, between sovereign states, which admit no arbiter—is not this a remnant both of superstition and impiety, the wager of battle on a frightful scale? Here we have precisely accuser and accused, and no possibility of a decision—because each party is judge in its own case and will allow no other. What is decided by a resort to arms—a right? But is God, then, always on the side of the heaviest battalions, and does he approve this meeting of hired champions while one monarch stays at Vienna and the other at Berlin? We seem to have passed the time when such interpositions should be seriously imputed to a merciful Providence.

"If ever there was a woman," says the mother of Felix Holt, the Radical, "could talk with the open Bible before her and not be afraid, it 's me." This illustration, which reminds us that the ordeal has not yet altogether vanished from our thoughts or lips, at least, shall also remind us of the almost universal ordeal of the witness-oath, for such it is. Leaving out of sight the question whether the oath is a safeguard of truth and the handmaid of justice in our courts, it will not be denied that its administration is in effect to invoke upon the perjurer the special punishment of the Almighty. For ourselves we may attach to it no consequence whatever—to him who is grounded in principle it can be of little worth—but we do avail ourselves of the superstition of those less enlightened and less principled than we, by affecting to believe with them that a lie is more odious to God when he has been called to witness that it is the truth than when no such attention has been requested. In other words, we countenance the idea that God is more alive to certain modes and seasons of offence than to others, as if his all-seeing eye needed the placing of a hand upon the Book to penetrate the secret intention of a deceiver in order to visit upon him the exact measure of his retribution.

TWO BOOKS OF SPANISH TRAVEL.*

Old Spain is tolerably well known to the public, both through Mr. Ford's book and several guides and handbooks which have appeared within the last few years. Mr. Blackburn has, in the handsome volume before us, added little or nothing to our knowledge; and, in fact, it does not appear, judging from what he says in his preface, that he hoped to do so. The only incident of Spanish travel with which he makes us acquainted is the badness, irregularity, and discomfort of Spanish railroads. The book is, in fact, a meagre record of a journey over old and familiar ground, written in an unpretending style; but the illustrations are excellent. The engraver and printer have lavished all the resources of their art on the whole work.

It is difficult to give the reader any account of Mrs. Byrne's book in which we shall not seem to exaggerate its defects. If the rhetoric and moral reflections were taken out of it, it might be compressed into one volume half the size of either of the two before us. We have waded through it, in the hope of finding something about Spain which is not told by Ford or Murray, but in vain. Mrs. Byrne simply relates at great length, and in the most execrable English, the story of a very commonplace journey performed by a lady with apparently ordinary powers of observation. Her style is so vicious and her diffuseness so great that we would advise nobody to follow her in her wanderings who is in search of entertainment, and as a source of information her book is rendered well-nigh worthless by the load of verbiage and "philosophical" reflection in which every fact is buried. Latin quotations are numerous, and most of her pages are studded with French phrases. The Spaniard "wears a look which seems to say, 'après moi le deluge;'" the men "ruunt per vetitum nefas" into the smoking room of the theatre between the acts; being used to tobacco smoke is to be "crassoque sub aere nati." The idlers at the Pyrenean watering-places are "fainéants;" three ladies going on an excursion on donkeys are going on an "asinine expedition;" the party consists of the two girls and their "alma mater," who is elsewhere called their "mater-familias." We are told that, owing to the stubbornness of the donkeys, "the partie was manquée," meaning that the excursion was given up; mutual explanations are "explanations de part et d'autre;" bawling loudly is "bawling à tue-tête;" getting rid of a crowd is "freeing one's self from them vi et armis;" the right of the strongest is the "droit du plus fort;" workmen employed on a railroad seen taking their dinner at noon are "patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi;" Mrs. Byrne's first glimpse of Burgos was "au clair de la lune;" her walk to the inn on foot from the station was her "trajet;" being on foot, her party were "mere piétons," and had not "the usual tests of fourgon and suite;" and the servants who came out to meet them were "valetaille." These specimens of Mrs. Byrne's style have been found in five of her pages opened at haphazard. It may, perhaps, best be characterized as the "shabby-genteel." She considers the Spaniards from a strictly respectable and English point of view.

History of the Atlantic Telegraph. Rev. H. M. Field, D.D. (New York: Scribner, Welford & Co.)—The Atlantic cable, as the cable itself informs us, is doing a business of nine hundred thousand pounds sterling a year, so that if it tells the truth the stockholders are properly jubilant and the world at large is well pleased. And the comic genius who the other day depicted all her sister planets looking with envious eyes upon our earth because we have a cable and they have none, and are not likely to have any, may grasp a firmer brush and paint certain of them wild with jealousy and rushing madly from their spheres, for the old cable, lost in 1865, has been sought for and found, and hereafter, instead of one precarious tie, two electric cords are to connect the American with the vast telegraphic systems of the eastern world. It is a success which no one will begrudge the men who, with noble credulity, sank so many thousands in the sea, and persevered so many years with the patience of heroes. As the writer says, "the story of such an enterprise deserves to be told," and it is a story that can be read with more pleasure than is always to be found in hearing of the "lone inventor by his demon haunted," of his hope deferred, and of other men's reaping his reward. Besides, not only is the termination of the struggle and the labors fortunate enough to gratify the reader, satisfying his sense of justice, but also more than any other enterprise of modern times, not even excepting the adventures of the brave men creeping along the shores of the icy sea in search of Franklin and his crew, this enterprise enlists the sympathies and captivates the imagination.

The book is well written. It begins with a brief account of Mr. F. N. Gisborne's baffled attempt to construct a telegraph across Newfoundland. Mr. Field goes on to tell how his brother, Cyrus W. Field, met Mr. Gisborne at the Astor House, in this city, in the winter of 1853–4; how, as he held the globe in his hands, and listened to Mr. Gisborne's plan of a telegraph overland from Cape Race to Cape Ray, and a service of carrier pigeons, and possibly a submarine telegraph, from Cape Ray to Cape Breton, Mr. Field was struck by the thought that the Atlantic itself might be spanned by the telegraph; how thereupon, perplexed by the problem of how to triumph over the lightning and the ocean, he began to consult with Morse and Maury; how he interested first Peter Cooper, then Moses Taylor, then Marshall O. Roberts, and then Chandler White, being all the time aided by the counsel and encouragement of his brother, David Dudley Field; how Cyrus Field soon made the first of his fifty or sixty ocean voyages, and got from the legislature of Newfoundland the charter of the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company. Then we are taken back and forth many times between England and America and into the company of statesmen, and men of science, and captains of ships, till at last disappointments are done, the cable is laid, and we read the despatch which announces peace between Austria and Prussia. It is a fascinating narrative, a record of courage, audacity, cheerful perseverance, wonderful liberality and public spirit, business sagacity, scientific learning, skill, and well-deserved success obtained at last, which should have its thousands of readers, if for no better reason, than for the same reason that the last good novel is read by thousands. Rewritten after a somewhat more popular fashion, it would be one of the best of books for boys.

* "Travelling in Spain in the Present Day. By Henry Blackburn." Scribner, Welford & Co., New York. 1866.
"Cosas de España: Illustrative of Spain and Spaniards as They Are. By Mrs. William Pitt Byrne." Two vols. Alexander Strahan, London and New York. 1866.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

ONE EXCUSE FOR CONSERVATIVES.

FEW men who pay close attention to politics and read the newspapers can fully appreciate how large the class is who never know exactly the nature of any political issue of the day, who rarely read a newspaper report, or do more than glance through the editorial articles, and whose own political opinions are the products not of knowledge or of reflection, but of prejudices, impressions of childhood, personal antipathies and associations. This class is rarely met with in public movements, is never very earnest or enthusiastic in any political agitation, but it makes itself felt at the polls on great occasions. In this dispute between President and Congress, a very large proportion of this class is opposed to Congress not from any fixed conviction about the merits of the quarrel, but from some undefined personal like or dislike or reminiscence, personal fondness for some Southerners, recollections of a pleasant visit at the South; personal dislike to Abolitionists as "long-haired" people with a twang in their speech and bad manners; personal dislike of the negro, his appearance, or way of speaking and temperament, or from a compound of all these. It would be found, we have no doubt, on examination, that half the "Conservative" party at the North are composed of men of this kind—excellent persons, no doubt, but unfitted either by temperament or habit of mind or pursuits for the examination of any political question, or, in fact, for ever on any subject extricating their understanding from the control of their taste or prepossessions. We might, if we chose, illustrate our proposition very copiously, but we refrain from doing so in order to avoid what would be sure to prove an unprofitable controversy. Every one of our readers can, doubtless, find plenty of Conservatives amongst his neighbors answering to our description.

Now the Republican party carried these people with it during the war. Whatever may be their defects as political thinkers or humanitarians, they are generally patriots, although a large proportion of the Copperhead army was drawn from their ranks. The danger to the Union roused them from their political apathy, and they forgot for the moment their repugnance to the anti-slavery party, and acted heartily with them in preserving the national existence. The issue presented by the secessionists was so distinct that they had no difficulty in apprehending it, and the train of evils that would have followed the success of the rebellion was so clearly traced on the horizon that nobody needed to be a political philosopher or an enthusiast to see and understand it.

But the war is now over, the excitement has disappeared. The national existence is no longer in danger, and this class has relapsed into something like its old apathy and its old vagueness of thinking. It has not followed the debates in Congress very closely, or read the evidence or reports of the various committees of investigation. All it knows is that the war is over, and that the South has submitted, and at first blush—the only "blush" in which political questions present themselves to it—it seems as if the rebel States ought to be brought back to their old places without more ado. It knows there is still trouble about the negro, but it thinks that a great deal has been done for the negro, and that he may now be left to take care of himself. It has probably read the President's messages. The messages were all short; presented the various points of the controversy from his point of view in a small compass, very speciously, and with studied moderation of tone—an excellence which they probably owed to some other hand than Mr. Johnson's—and they were, of course, few in number and appeared at rare intervals.

But what is it that most probably has struck their ear most loudly from the other side? The speeches of those earnest but not very acute persons who, most unfortunately, as we think, partly owing to their zeal and partly to other people's weakness, got into the position of Radical leaders when the war was over, and have flooded the country not with what was wanted—calm, earnest expositions of the Radical position—but with frantic denunciations of the Southern people, which, however well they sound at mass meetings, do not—let us be frank about it—tell at the polls, and frighten and disgust probably two men for every one they rouse into enthusiasm. For instance, orators of this class base all their plans of reconstruction upon the assumption that the Southern people have by their rebellion forfeited all claim to either their lives or property, both of which lie at the mercy of the North; and they insist that in refraining from hanging them all and despoiling them of their goods, we are displaying considerable moderation. Consequently, one of their strong arguments in favor of the reconstruction policy of Congress or in favor of holding the South as it is without reconstruction, is that it falls so far short of wholesale slaughter and confiscation. One most unfortunate result of this kind of talk, as well as of the various expressions of intense abhorrence of the Southern people which Mr. Stevens and men of his class of mind are constantly pouring forth, is that moderate people, the people who do not occupy themselves minutely with politics, have been easily led to believe that if Congress has its way something dreadful will be done to the Southern population; and the earlier favor which Mr. Johnson managed to win was due to the widespread impression that he was opposing himself to shocking violence and oppression meditated by the Radicals. Mr. Raymond is thus enabled to inform the public, in the Philadelphia address, with amusing exaggeration, that if the Southerners could accept "with uncomplaining submissiveness the humiliations thus sought to be imposed on them, they would be unworthy citizens of a free country, degenerate sons of an heroic ancestry, unfit ever to become guardians of the rights and liberties bequeathed to us by the fathers and founders of this Republic;" and Dr. Tyng and Mr. Beecher, and hosts of others, are thus enabled to read lectures to Congress on its want of "magnanimity," and to preach to the public the duty of "forbearance" towards the South with a certain show of justification.

Now, we think all persons interested in the triumph of the policy of Congress at the approaching elections will do well to try and put an end to this misunderstanding by every means in their power. We ought for this purpose to stop at once and for ever that rant about the Southerners "having forfeited their lives by their rebellion" which we are sorry to see Mr. Stevens has just been repeating at Bedford, and which a good many people with more moderation than he now and then indulge in. On no theory of our relations to the South are either the lives and property of the vanquished "at our mercy." If they are subjugated rebels, we have, undoubtedly, a moral and legal right to execute certain persons for treason; but usage, policy, humanity, and religion prescribe that the number of persons thus punished should be small, and that they should be the leaders of the movement and no others. The right of a sovereign to execute a couple of millions of people for rebellion against him has never been claimed by any Christian potentate, and has never been exercised by any heathen one; and for us, of all nations in the world, even to talk of such a thing, is worse than disgusting.

If, on the other hand, the Southerners are conquered enemies, our right to kill and despoil them after they have laid down their arms is all moonshine, and to have any man calling himself even a politician talk of deducing a policy from it, is more than silly. No such right has ever been asserted in the modern world; nobody has ever massacred even thousands of his enemies in cold blood since Christ came, except Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, two dignitaries whom the Christian public of the North are not likely to take for models. It is revolting to hear civilized Americans talk of their abstinence from such a crime as a proof of moderation, and it is time we had an end of this nonsense. It disgraces us, and damages the good cause which the majority of the people of the North have at heart.

The facts of the case are that the South has been beaten in arms when engaged in a most criminal and atrocious attempt to overthrow the Government and found a state on slavery; that justice and sound policy, and a proper regard for our own dignity and for our reputation for sincerity, require the punishment of the chief instigators and agents of this enterprise; but that the community at large are not fit objects for punishment; that no attempt can be made to take vengeance on a whole people which will not debase and degrade the ruler

far more than the ruled. The punishment of nations for national sins God has clearly reserved to himself, and anybody who reads history rightly may see clearly that this punishment is sure, sooner or later, to come. If the South as a community has not yet sufficiently atoned for its iniquities, it will assuredly do so in some form or other; but this matter we may safely leave in the hands of Providence. Our business now is not to punish, not to take vengeance, not to excite or perpetuate hatred or malevolence towards the late rebels, but to take such fair and humane precautions for the future peace and tranquillity of this nation as we may deem fit. This and no other is the power which our victory in war gives us, and we are called upon to exercise it not because the lives and property of six millions of our enemies are at our mercy, but because we are moral beings and patriots who love our country and our kind, and are bound to see justice reign and weakness protected. The terms proposed by Congress are, therefore, not terms of conquest and not signs of humiliation. There is nothing in them to degrade or humiliate any human being, or to indicate any desire for vengeance. They simply regulate representation to suit the altered circumstances of the Southern population; they ask that men who made themselves prominent in the attempt to overthrow the Government shall, in common decency, from common regard for the feelings of the rest of the population, abstain during the remainder of their career from participation in the administration of affairs; that persons who took no part in the rebellion shall not be taxed to repay the money lent to carry it on; lastly, that all persons born in the Union and owing it allegiance shall be treated by Southern law as citizens of the Union. In short, the whole amendment is simply a provision for what? Placing the Southern whites under the feet of the North? making them its vassals, tributaries, serfs, dependents? Nothing of the kind. It is really difficult to keep from laughing when saying that the terms which the vanquished foe cannot accept without "degradation," which it would show want of magnanimity on the part of the North to insist on, and which the New York *Times* tells us they cannot and will not agree to, simply place them on the same level in all respects with their conquerors, and make them freer and more independent than any other community in the world—are perhaps the mildest terms which victory, so dearly bought, ever imposed on the vanquished—furnish perhaps the only instance on record in which the victors, in fixing the terms of peace, forbore to ask for a single advantage for themselves, a foot of ground, a cent of money, or even a formal acknowledgment of defeat, or submission, or repentance.

THE MEXICAN FINANCES.

THERE are circumstances under which communities may subsist for a time without finances, but those conditions are not to be found in the case of governments originating in the schemes of alien speculators, political or pecuniary. The gentlemen who bought up the claims of Jecker at a liberal discount are not the parties to cling to the "country of their choice" at the sacrifice of their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors. The political philosopher who has undertaken a conquest to enable the Latin race to make more money than the Teutonic will hardly persevere when every soldier he sends forth is found to destroy more wealth than a whole commune can produce. On the question of the Mexican Empire, therefore, he may claim to speak by the card who speaks by the figures.

Before the expedition was undertaken the annual expenditures of the French Government were about $300,000,000. In 1862 they reached $442,500,000; in 1863, $458,400,000; and in 1864, $454,000,000. The difference for three years is $152,400,000, while another $150,000,000 has been borrowed by Maximilian in France on the guarantee of his imperial brother. American finances might bear such a strain without danger; Napoleon is compelled to look more closely to his safety-valve.

The convention with France, adopted on the eve of Maximilian's accession, exacted from the latter an indemnity of one thousand francs per annum for every French soldier in the country, the number of which Napoleon was at liberty to reduce to 25,000 at once, and then to withdraw at any time, binding himself only to leave the foreign legion of 8,000 troops in Mexico for three years to come. With these "guarantees" the archduke took charge of the independence of a country which had just extinguished the last dollar of its domestic debts by the sale of the ecclesiastical domains, and which acknowledged a debt to Spanish, English, and French subjects (including $1,984,000 to the Swiss, Jean B. Jecker) of $81,632,560, bearing an interest of $2,760,020 per annum, including which its yearly expenses amounted to $11,078,438. For this country he has "adjusted" the Jecker claim at $5,000,000, and has contracted, all in all, an additional burden of $190,103,040, bearing $10,206,182 interest. While the salary of Juarez was $30,000, the civil list of Maximilian, paid monthly, is $1,500,000 per annum, including which the total expenditures have risen to $49,929,326 a year. Of the first eighty millions of additional debt, the bonds of which were issued at 63, and have since sunk to 46, so much was absorbed in advance reservations, differences, brokers' commissions, payments to the French army and navy, and foreign interest, that but $8,000,000 ever reached the country.

The efforts which have been made to meet these demands manifest their futility in their very excess of vigor. It has become impossible, at the present day, in the wildest no less than in the most civilized countries, to draw permanent revenues from a people against their will. On the 26th of May last a decree exacted by way of taxation a sixth of the annual revenue of all town lands, and a seventh of that of country lands. On the 2d of August it was revoked as impracticable, and its place supplied by an impost of eight per mill. upon the capital value. Commercial houses in Vera Cruz are now subjected to license fees ranging from $1,000 to $3,000 per annum. The custom-houses, virtually the sole available sources of revenue, produced about $8,000,000 per annum until about the 1st of June last, when a sort of domestic revolution occurred, the result of which was to pension the Emperor upon the French army-chest in an amount of about 500,000 francs a month for his most urgent expenses, besides the payment of his Austrian and Belgian auxiliaries, in consideration of his surrendering the collection of the customs into the hands of the French subalterns. This at once doubled their productiveness, and induced Marshal Bazaine to declare himself in favor of continuing the occupation if placed permanently in control of this source of supply. The monarchy has not more signally failed in establishing that "order" in society which is its own criterion of perfection than in cultivating that fidelity in public servants with the absence of which it loves to taunt republics. The crown agents peculate as nimbly as the "demagogues."

Even these measures having failed not only to balance the public accounts, but even to satisfy the needs or the rapacity of the French, Maximilian was compelled, on the 15th of July, to consign the ministry of finance to the commissary-in-chief of the French army; and even then his reward has been the declaration of the French paper that "the empire is playing its last card;" that "the penury of the treasury is a secret to no one;" and that unless martial law is proclaimed, even with the most stringent financial measures, "the empire will die of inanition before the first million of dollars can be collected." No commentary could improve the ghastly distinctness of such a text.

But for the foregoing facts, not even the fear of Mr. Seward's despatches would have been required to carry both the Emperors and their Frenchmen across the Atlantic months ago. But the fact is that the financial situation is such as will yet generate volumes of diplomatic correspondence. The French invasion was undertaken on pretence of collecting a debt of five millions of dollars, repudiated by the Republican Government. Now there is an unpaid debt of two hundred millions, which the returning Republican Government will most certainly not acknowledge. How can France pocket the refusal? How can she enforce her claims without remaining? How can she remain without prolonging her invasion? How can she prolong her invasion without our consent? She has already "suggested" to Maximilian the propriety of a pledge of the port duties of Vera Cruz and Tampico (the latter of which towns happens to be, for the nonce, in the hands of the Republicans), to be collected by her own officers, sustained, of course, by her own soldiers. If the port duties of all Mexico produce eight millions per annum, how long will it take French *douaniers* at Vera Cruz and Tampico, protected by garrisons, to defray the expenses of their occupation and extinguish a principal of two hundred and fifty millions, together with its interest? Will it not be necessary to keep Maximilian caged and crowned during the

whole period of the exploitation, in order to keep up appearances? With or without the sequestration of Maximilian to give it color, will not the sequestration of Vera Cruz and Tampico infringe on the Monroe doctrine, and violate the pledge given by the French to the United States Government? Does not the state of things portend a chronic occupation of the coast, irksome to all parties and profitable to none, after the fashion of the interminable Franco-Roman imbroglio? In short, is it not emphatically a case for invoking the assurance of our Secretary of State that "if we keep cool we shall be in the end about right," and that "in sixty days the nation may take hope and courage?"

The French are evidently alive to the position of things. A Paris letter-writer professes to have been enlightened by a journalist who is supposed to receive his inspirations directly from the Department of Foreign Affairs. He would ask the United States, if Maximilian should abdicate, to give them one of our generals or distinguished heroes (provided we can spare one), whom they would appoint chief magistrate of Mexico; and if our heroes cannot be spared, then we shall appoint one of their generals, not by any means to govern Mexico—for which they seem to have lost the taste by experience—but only to protect their residents, and *hold security for their claims against the country.* "In fact, we would conjointly act as guardians of Mexico until that unfortunate country should have learned how to govern itself"—for the sum of two hundred millions of dollars, besides interest and costs, which the honor of France requires her to distrain, while our honor would be satisfied by acting as her co-bailiff. The inspired French journalist's solution of the difficulty is absurd enough, but that is the fault of his inspirations.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN ENGLAND.

THERE are numerous signs—and the number increases every day—that a change of some kind in English government and society is not very far distant. It has been foreseen ever since the Crimean war, by the very few Englishmen who are able to look at English society objectively, and the very few foreigners who know England well enough to criticise it intelligently. The symptoms of this change it is difficult to describe. Any one of them by itself would seem insignificant enough; but, nevertheless, in the aggregate they afford abundant food for reflection to those who are sensible of the important part which England plays in European civilization, and the important influence which she has exercised for the last hundred years on European politics. The English press is itself fully alive to the gravity of the situation. Many of the papers talk very much as a Roman philosopher of a humanitarian turn might be supposed to have talked of the fortunes of Rome and of the condition of Roman society in the days of Marcus Aurelius. There is great material prosperity; there is considerable progress in the arts, in the sciences, and in literature; the Government is well-meaning; the upper classes were never so refined, so charitable, and so pious; the condition of the lower classes has greatly improved within the last twenty years; the army is still brave, the navy still unconquered, and the empire still intact; and yet there is a *malaise* through the whole body politic which all feel, but nobody can account for—an extraordinary languor in every department of the Government, so that we are presented with the singular spectacle of a political paralysis accompanied by great commercial and literary activity.

Everybody in England, or nearly everybody, is agreed that the laboring classes ought to be educated, and yet it seems impossible to provide machinery for doing it. Everybody deplores the misery of the agricultural laborers, and yet nobody can devise a remedy. Most people would like a reform bill of some kind, but yet it seems impossible to get one passed either by Whig or Tory. The state of the army is a constant subject of anxiety to the whole nation. It is notoriously inferior in everything but the courage of the men and officers to that of all Continental powers. Recruiting is yearly more difficult, the supply of men falling below the demand as much as ten thousand at a time, but it seems impossible to invent any scheme for improving it. Seventy millions sterling have been spent in reorganizing the navy within the last twelve years. Sailing vessels have been converted into steamers, steamers into iron-clads, and yet Sir John Pakington, the new secretary, confessed the other day that, practically, England had no navy. There is hardly a dissenting voice when it is said that the condition of Ireland is a shame and a scandal, and yet it seems impossible to agree upon and carry out any plan that will improve it. Outside the country clergy, the Irish Church establishment has hardly a defender, and yet no hand is raised to abolish it; and all this, be it remarked, in a time of profound peace, with neither foreign wars nor domestic treason to divert the attention of the country from the work of internal reform.

The men of education, too, who devote themselves to the discussion of public affairs, seem stricken with the prevailing distemper. The metropolitan periodical press has, during the last twenty years, largely fallen into their hands, and all the questions of the day are now treated in their columns by the representatives of the best class of English society—men for whom the universities have supplied the culture which Englishmen believe experience to have shown to be for political life the best in the world. They have immensely improved the newspapers in many respects—in tone, in style, in temper, and in logic; but yet their articles, to one who reads them constantly, are the most melancholy reading possible. They are apparently the productions of men to whom everything in life but literary finish and material comfort is a sham; to whom all enthusiasm is a laughable humbug; to whom all hopes of raising the condition of the mass of mankind above what it is now are chimerical—the dreams of twaddlers and fanatics; and to whom the lowest stage of human existence is that of a "dissenter," or, in other words, of a member of any one of the denominations which compose at least one-half of the Protestant Church of Europe and America. Every exhibition of feeling on the part of an educated man they treat very much as the old French nobility used to treat the engagement of one of their number in trade, and visit it with forfeiture of caste. Thus John Stuart Mill's expression of sympathy with the working classes in their recent demonstrations in London and his co-operation in the movement to bring Governor Eyre to justice, are mourned over in the *Pall Mall Gazette* as signs that the great philosopher has fallen to rise no more. To get "excited" about anything is now, in the eyes of these writers, the proof of a weak mind. Mr. Gladstone became an object of scorn and derision to them from the moment that he was betrayed into that noble burst of enthusiasm in the debate on the reform bill in which he spoke of the working classes as being "of the same flesh and blood" as his hearers, and, therefore, entitled not to the contumely which Mr. Lowe and his followers were nightly heaping upon them, but to attention, consideration, and political partnership. And perhaps nothing contributed so much to drive him from office and make him so unpopular with the young men of the political world as the discovery that he still retained in his mature age a youthful faith in humanity and in progress, and some respect for theories. The intellect of the nation seems, in fact, to have betaken itself to the work of criticism, and to that peculiarly barren kind of criticism which consists in finding fault and jeering at those who seek to provide remedies.

Aristocratic government was tried up to 1830, and was at that period pronounced a failure. It converted the nation into an athlete of prodigious force, a bruiser of incomparable dexterity, who distributed black eyes and bloody noses over the whole earth, but left his wife and family in squalor and misery. Middle-class government has now been tried ever since, and the result is a full and well-to-do merchant, whose muscle has all run to blubber, whose credit on 'Change is immense, but whose movements are so slow and uncertain, and whose will is so feeble that his servants do not obey him and his neighbors laugh at him, and his miserable work-people clamor every day more and more loudly for a share in his profits.

There is, perhaps, nothing which has done so much to fix the attention of Englishmen closely on the condition of the country as the change which has come over the relations of England with the Continent. She has been obliged, evidently very reluctantly, to withdraw from all interference in Continental affairs, or, in other words, to resign her position as one of the five "great powers"—*i. e.*, managing powers of Europe—owing, confessedly, to her inability to support the charges of another great war. Everybody is conscious that she cannot enter on another great struggle without incurring burdens which would make great political changes inevitable. There is not a politician in England

who does not know that it would be impossible to call forth the full power of the country in a great war without admitting a larger proportion of the population to a share in the franchise, and, therefore, its position as a Continental power has been abandoned. Some journals, such as the *Economist* and *Spectator*, strongly doubt whether the Government even in time of peace can be carried on successfully much longer without a greater infusion into it of the democratic element in order to supply it with more nervous force. And what adds to the complication and increases the prevailing anxiety, is the condition of the army. It is barely sufficient for the various garrisons of the empire in time of peace. It is certain it cannot be increased by voluntary enlistment, and it is very much too small for a war. A foreign invasion would, doubtless, call a large body of men to arms; but the spectacle which Prussia has just afforded of the terrible strength which lies in the exact organization and discipline of a great trained force has almost extinguished the confidence which was felt a few years ago in volunteers and militia; and yet the empire must be maintained intact, and English dignity must be upheld, and to do these things as the world is now constituted a large and efficient army, either in *posse* or in *esse*, is absolutely necessary. It is plain to everybody that the only mode of producing it now left open is a conscription. It is pretended by the conservative newspapers that a conscription is not to be thought of because repugnant to English institutions; but this is not the real reason. The conscription for home service or the militia has always been legal, and even the system of "impressment" for the navy—the most brutal and outrageous work of securing recruits ever resorted to in a civilized country—was submitted to for two centuries without a murmur from anybody except its victims. The real reason why the project is not entertained by the ruling class, and why it never will be entertained except in the last extremity, is that the filling of the army by conscription would involve a complete change in its organization. The present system of officering it could not be preserved. The purchase of promotion would have to be abandoned, promotion from the ranks largely increased, and most of the commissions would have to be given to the pupils of military schools, selected both on their admission to the schools and their admission to the army by competitive examination. In other words, the control of it would pass from the hands of the aristocracy, and it would become, as the Prussian and French armies are, a democratic institution. What makes the crisis all the more alarming is, that the total and humiliating defeats which Austria has just sustained seem to give a finishing stroke to the plan of filling the ranks of armies with peasantry, and putting "gentlemen" only in command of them. This was the form which all armies in Europe took, naturally enough, as soon as standing armies were first organized. It lasted without difficulty until the French Revolution, when it disappeared in France. The success of the French led Stein to overthrow it in Prussia. It still survives in England, Austria, and Russia, but in England its days already seem numbered, and it is very doubtful whether it will last in Austria beyond the present year.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH OPINIONS ON THE EFFECTS OF THE GERMAN WAR.

THE language of the English press on the issue of the German war is not very flattering, but is very instructive to our patriotism. All agree in England that if the treaties of 1815 have been destroyed, it is not to our profit. All speak of the victories of Prussia as if those victories had been obtained over France.

The change of language about Prussia is even more astonishing than the change which was produced about America after the taking of Richmond. Do you remember the Macdonald affair? The *Times* wrote then that "the laws of Prussia seem to be made by savages and administered by ruffians." When Bismark was made first minister and bullied the Prussian Parliament, the *Daily Telegraph* compared him to St. Philip of Neri throwing his dirty shoes at the head of the nun; the *Economist* began an article with these words: "Herr von Bismark becomes a public pest;" and ended it thus: "This is why we denounce him as the public enemy of the peace of Europe." During the Danish war, the actions of M. de Bismark were qualified as *atrocious* by Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons.

When the German war began, this note was not changed; but Sadowa has made a great change. There is now not a discordant voice in the concert of praise which salutes the Prussian policy. The *Standard*, a Tory organ, and but yesterday Austrian to the backbone, speaks of Prussia no otherwise than Mr. Gladstone; English Conservatism is but the echo of English Liberalism. It is still acknowledged that the pretensions which Bismark put forward to begin the war were unjust; but does not injustice become justice when it serves the interests of Europe (Europe means England)? Are not all means good for such a result? It is impossible to describe the joy with which was received the news of the Prussian refusal to the French demand for a rectification of frontier. I will not dilate here on the conduct of the French ruler; I prefer not to speak of a sovereign who pleads to the Prussian envoy that he had only made his demand to please public opinion in France, but that he, personally, did not attach importance to it. There was some grandeur in the despotic saying of Louis XIV., "L'état, c'est moi!" but what shall we think of a French Emperor who says, "La France, ce n'est pas moi!"

Let him be satisfied with the ironical praise of the *Times*: "The Emperor Napoleon has disappointed the lovers of evil. He has shown himself faithful to his device: 'The empire is peace.'" It is all well! We also rejoice that peace is secured; but hear the rest: "Nothing can now arrest the great career of Count von Bismark. Even the opposition which it was feared would counteract his plans on the side of France has helped his designs in convincing all Germans of the necessity of union." It is evident that the *Times* would have been very sorry, now that the French demand has been unsuccessful, that it should not have been made. But one thing torments it still. Bismark has worked quickly, and he has conquered fortune, the approbation of Germany, and the *world's opinion* (sic). But the *Times* fears that the iron will of the minister may be unable to conquer *the softer nature of the sovereign*. More Gotharist than the Gothariste, the *Times* is very impatient; it begs Bismark not to let the *golden opportunity* escape; it tells him that the word *impossible* is a *craven word*. The *Times*, it is sometimes said, is not all England. Open the *Daily News*. The *Daily News* condemns, in the most solemn style, the French papers which dare to disbelieve Bismark's liberalism; who are not satisfied with the advances made by the King of Prussia to his Parliament; who do not believe in the constitutional sincerity of the most audacious contemner of constitutional institutions. It is vain to hint that perhaps the actual advances made by Bismark to his Parliament have no other object than to obtain a vote for the reconstitution of the Prussian army, which has been imposed on the nation without a regular law; it is vain to show how much regard the Hohenzollern have for the rights of the people; to point to these characteristic phrases in the message in which the King announces the annexation of Hanover, of Hesse, of Nassau, and of the republic of Frankfort: "We are not ignorant that only a part of the populations of these states partake with us the conviction of this necessity. We honor and respect the sentiments of fidelity and of devotedness which attach these populations to their dynasties and to their autonomous institutions. But we have confidence," etc. It is vain to demonstrate that Prussia, which does not regard the old principles of international right, does not respect any more the new principles, founded on the will and consent of the populations, and that she is satisfied with appealing to the barbarous right of conquest. Prussia has conquered at Sadowa, therefore Prussia is the great Protestant, liberal power which Providence brings forward in order to curb the pride of France. Goldwin Smith, Gladstone, Kinglake, Lord Stanley, Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, all together will applaud. The complaints of the French Liberals are nothing but the groans of national pride, wounded by the successes of Prussia. Let all ears be shut to the murmurs of Frankfort, of the expiring republic given up to the tender mercies of Bismark; let all eyes be shut to the fact that, three months ago, more than one-half of Germany was in arms against Bismark; that German unity was born in civil war, and not, as Italian unity, in a contest against a foreign invader; that the only bond of union which Prussia can find is the prospect of a war of conquest against France, for already we hear of the annexation of Lorraine and Alsace to Germany.

Once more let me tell you what the feelings of French Liberals are in the present instance: We do not wish for any rectification of frontiers, for any conquests. To the possession of the Rhenish provinces we should prefer the friendship of the German people. Belgium covers sufficiently our northern frontier, as long as Belgium does not become the tool of a great power. We do not believe that the nations belong to the princes, and can be bargained with. But we are sorry that the absorption of Germany by Prussia should be a violent absorption; we cannot see without concern the establishment of German unity in the form of a military despotism, because we anticipate a collision between the two great Cæsarisms of the Continent, and that this fatal struggle must involve Europe in ruin and misery, and perhaps bring on our nation the greatest misfortunes; because we already see all our enemies rejoicing at this prospect; because the triumph of force, when liberty

has nothing to gain by it, demoralizes the people; because German unity will be bred not by liberty, but by despotism; and if there is anything detestable it is a tyranny which covers itself with the mask of progress.

A FRENCHMAN.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, August 24, 1866.

IF the greater number of existing musicians—too great for the amount of learning and of listening to be met in our day—are doomed to vegetate in obscurity and penury, the "stars" contrive to make a very good thing of their profession; and those who, even with a less brilliant individuality, succeed in making some lucky musical "hit" have no cause to complain of any grudgingness in the rewards bestowed on them by Euterpe. Thus, while Thérésa is netting her tens and Patti her hundreds of thousands of pounds per annum, and the other luminaries of the celestial art are following as closely as they can in the steps of the two most popular *dive* of the moment, the organizers of the popular concerts which, both here and in London, are doing so much to bring the very finest classical compositions within the reach of the masses by a happy combination of the best possible rendering with the lowest possible prices, are at the same time building up for themselves handsome fortunes. Musard, who "created" the excellent out-of-door concerts of the Champs Elysées, the rendezvous during the summer months, despite the low price of admission, of all the elegance and fashion of the capital, has just purchased the magnificent château and estate of Villequier, one of the finest of the old "monuments" of Normandy; and his successor, who rejoices in the euphonious appellation of Becdelièvre (harelip), is flourishing so splendidly that he will soon, if his present run of luck continues, be able to rival the magnificences of his predecessor. The managers of the two principal operas also contrive to make a very good thing of the subvention of the Government; but the consummate musicians who compose the orchestra of the "Grand Opera," and who are nearly all professors of their respective instruments at the Conservatory, complain bitterly of the microscopic proportions of the salaries they receive for playing four nights per week through more than half the year, exclusive of their attendance at rehearsals and being kept out of their beds every opera-night till one, two, or—as in the case of Meyerbeer's frightfully long and fatiguing "Africaine"—till three o'clock in the morning. The orchestra of the Italian Opera is somewhat better, though still meagrely, paid; but the "traditions" of the French opera in the matter of salaries seem to imply that the honor of forming part of the orchestra of so renowned a musical temple should suffice to compensate the musicians thus favored without any vulgar admixture of money. The same system of "screwing" is applied to all who figure on the brilliant stage of this establishment except the "stars," who get, of course, pretty much what they choose to ask for. The subordinate actors, the choruses, the dancers and ballet-girls receive pittances so small as to be almost derisory; but the honor of having appeared on the stage of the Opera is eagerly coveted by all, and is useful in many ways to those who have attained to this degree of professional dignity. As for the children, so many of whom figure in the fairy ballets which bring such ample harvests to the managerial pocket, they get a few *sous* only for each night's work; the advantages they receive in the way of training and familiarity with the work of the stage ensuring an abundance of candidates for admission to the *troupe*, even at the miserable pittance which is all that they receive in the way of salary. It seems that these poor children are sometimes made, nevertheless, a little unhappy by their poverty, and a little envious of the superior appointments of the other actors. Thus, on one of the broiling evenings that preceded the sudden cold which has so thoroughly spoiled the present month, these little people were seized with a violent desire to give themselves some ice-cream. Having put their heads together during one of the interludes, they determined to make a general subscription among themselves for the purchase of the desired dainty; but, alas! the pockets of the whole twenty-two, when emptied into the hands of one of the band, only contributed the sum of one franc, the price of a single ice in the refreshment-room in the lobby. However, armed with this franc, one of the little girls went off to the refreshment-room and demanded of the "young lady" who keeps the table "one ice and twenty-two spoons." The "young lady" professed her perfect readiness to sell the ice demanded, but utterly refused to allow the other part of the demand, alleging that only one spoon could be allowed to each ice. The poor little turner of pirouettes was just going away empty-handed in the extremity of disappointment, when a gentleman who had chanced to overhear the demand and the refusal came forward, and, handing two-and-twenty francs to the dispenser of the frigid delicacy, ordered two-and-twenty ices, each with its spoon, to be placed on a tray and carried to the dressing-room of the little dancers, whose amazement and delight at seeing such a glorious and unlooked-for realization of their desire may be "more easily imagined than described." So difficult is it becoming for the mass of professional musicians to squeeze a living out of their art that one cannot but wish that the greater part of those who devote themselves to the musical career, without the exceptional talent which alone can ensure success in this field, had been apprenticed by their fates, or their parents, to some safe trade or manual occupation offering a greater certainty of a moderate pecuniary return for their labor. One of the many hungry pianists who, after devoting eight hours a day for six or eight years to the drilling of their fingers, find, to their cost, that there are too many competitors in the field, being something of a rhymer as well as a wit, has just consoled himself one evening, when he had gone supperless to bed, by composing the following epitaph, which he has ordered, by a will written on purpose, to be inscribed on his tomb, when he shall have succumbed under the attacks of the genius of starvation:

"Ci-git, sous cette planche,
Qui vécut du bémol;
Fut enfant d'une blanche,
Et mourut sur le sol."

Rossini, who, despite the persecutions he has had to endure, and which so cruelly embittered so many of what should have been the best years of his life, may be cited as one of the most fortunate votaries of the divinest of the arts, has deserted his apartment at the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue de la Chaussée d'Autin, and is spending his summer, as usual, at his beautiful villa at Passy, not far from the charming and splendid Château de la Muette, formerly a royal residence, but, for many years past, the property and favorite abode of Madame Erard. The great musician is very anxious and unhappy just now, owing to the malady of a pet dog, of which the author of so many immortal melodies is exceedingly fond. The care and kindness lavished on this quadruped could hardly be exceeded were the little beast Rossini's own child. It is doctored, fed, bathed, taken out on a cushion for an airing twice a day, and as, despite all this care and devotion, it suffers from attacks of pain that nothing seems able to calm but music, the *maestro* (whose highest ambition has always been to excel as a pianist, and who has practised diligently for some years past, without, however, the possibility of making himself more than the "third-rate player" which he modestly declares himself to be) sits down to his piano and plays by the hour together to the dog, who generally ends by falling asleep, to the intense satisfaction of its benevolent master, flattered at being able to accomplish what all the opiates of the dog-doctors have failed to accomplish. Rossini's green old age has also been troubled of late by the racket of the small but noisy sect of the Wagnerians, and so painfully was his melodious soul affected by hearing the tissue of musical inanities and insanities with which Liszt tortured and insulted the ears of his listeners last Good Friday, at St. Eustache, under pretext of giving to the Parisians a glimpse of the glories of "the music of the future," in the shape of a "grand mass in music" inspired by the Wagnerian teaching, and dedicated to Wagner, whom Liszt adores as a demigod, that he has actually written a long letter to the Pope upon the danger with which church music is threatened by the systematic cacophonism of the Wagnerian school! Whether the old melodist went so far as to beseech Pio Nono to launch the thunders of the church against Dr. Wagner, who, as a Protestant, a radical, and one of the vainest of men, would probably be rather gratified than otherwise by such a recognition of his importance, or whether he contented himself with imploring his Holiness to forbid the introduction of the horrible dissonances of "intellectual music" into the Catholic fanes, has not transpired. It is known, however, that the Pope has replied to the musician in a long letter, written with his own hand, in which, passing lightly over the subject which is lying so heavily on the heart of the *maestro*, he indulges in woful lamentations about the impiety of the age and the tempests which "threaten the bark of St. Peter." *Apropos* of which figure of speech, a favorite one with the present Pontiff, it is said that on one occasion, when he had just made use of it in a confidential conversation, his interlocutor replied that his Holiness should not be uneasy, the arm of Providence being pledged to uphold that bark "amidst the waves of evil," on which the Pope, who often commits a mild witticism, and had just then pressing anxieties in regard to pecuniary responsibilities the Papal exchequer had no means of meeting—"True of the bark, but what of the crew?"

That favorite rendezvous of the lovers of equestrian spectacles, the Cirque de l'Impératrice, having been burned a few weeks ago, Franconi has transported his *troupe* and his horses to a new circus, named in honor of the Prince Imperial, and has added to the staple attractions of his establishment a company of learned animals from Germany, said to be unrivalled in their way, and comprising twelve monkeys, who perform equestrian and gym-

nastic feats of the very highest "schools;" twenty-eight dogs, almost more clever than the monkeys; one preternaturally sharp goat, who performs on the tight-rope; eight wonderful ponies, one of whom turns the handle of a barrel-organ with his mouth.

STELLA.

THE GOOD GODDESS.

WE desire to relieve our minds by a complaint concerning the personage who is sometimes styled the "Good Goddess of Poverty," and to dispute her claims to that title "good," which does in our opinion embody a continual misstatement, as her character and conditions are only evil perpetually. She is, in the beginning, an immoderate deity. When she finds you hard pressed, then she presses you out of reason. When she wears the keys, you touch bottom in your purse and the flour-barrel together. The butcher becomes an impossibility, and you find the store-closet is bare also. There is no sugar and no coffee. All the quiet, subjective necessaries, the salt, mustard, pepper, pins, and tacks of existence, are at the same time skilfully withdrawn by the "good goddess." She sees her chance, and is determined not to leave you a leg to stand on. If a letter would help you, there is neither paper nor stamp; and if you would write an article, no foolscap. She believes in hitting you when you are down, and at this impossible time the children's toes work through their shoes, somebody breaks the last pitcher in the house, and all the bills come due; while, falling ill of anxiety and vexation, the money hoarded for the rent goes to the doctor, who, with bitter irony, advises a trip to the sea-side and "to keep your mind perfectly easy."

Of economy the "good goddess" knows nothing. She hinders you from getting in coal and flour when they gravitate towards moderation. She cuts up your wife's old-time silks, that can stand without legs, into coats for the children, and sets out the table with your rare china, having a hundred excellent reasons against providing you with stone ware. She is equally opposed to an economical stove, and you worry on with the old one and double the quantity of fuel. She will have you buy on credit, and loses you the advantage of choice in dealers and market fluctuations; and when the tide comes in your affairs which, if taken at the flood, would lead on to fortune, you may be sure of not taking it, for you will not have the money to hire a boat. She is even a greater waster of bodies than of dumb matter. She keeps your stomach so cold, your liver so dull, and your heart so low that brain and muscle are on half rations, and work like the Israelites at making bricks without straw. Though soul-wheel rust and body-strop grow thin, she will hear to no talk of rest or change, always answering that people must eat, and, barricading herself between store-room and coal-bin, she pelts you from there with wants whenever you hint at getting out of your groove.

She is the worst possible company. She has a knack of making you ashamed in society no better than yourself. She nudges your elbow reprovingly when she finds you in full and hearty enjoyment, and tinkles dolefully your carefully counted pennies, like a passing bell, at your simple feasts. She breaks in on your choicest paragraph with intolerable problems in milk tickets, and calls you off without compunction from your merriest thought to lend a helping hand at stretching the two ends of your income over the last day of the year. She counts out morsels at table lest the meat should not be fairly divided, and hints to you not to ask for a second helping. She ties up your hands on birth-days and at Christmas, and keeps you at home when the rest of the world is agog, while she herself will never be left behind, but must hang on your arm on all occasions. Notwithstanding, she has the art that no unwelcome guest ever had before of making each additional hour an excuse for a longer stay, and every year just three hundred and sixty-five reasons the more for keeping her for ever.

The "good goddess" is an intolerable braggart, and unscrupulously appropriates the fag ends of everybody's credit. When a man or woman gets well up in the arena, and stands a little above the panting crowd, she is the first to slap him on the back, as Pharaoh, if it had not been for that Red Sea affair, might have congratulated Joshua in the promised land:

"Aha! my brave boy! you would never have thought of coming here if it had not been for me!"

If a saint or hero accepts her as the means for a great end, and transfigures her with the glory of self-sacrifice, she sends in her bill thus:

To Poverty, ... Dr.
For so much glory, ... All the credit.

No game is too small for her. If the busy mosses weave their green pile on the sunken roof, or the clerk of the weather does a little painting on the dingy wall, or she finds a house-wife that is a match for her, she commends the fact to the lovers of the picturesque, and makes no mention of that other fact, that it was done in spite of her.

She is a perfect Pumblechook. She gets out touching memoirs of those whom she drove by her shrewishness to fame or holiness and long lists of those whom she has goaded on to honor, and she enjoys in consequence the good word of a number of old proverbs that ought to have known better, and has considerable credit with comfortable people who think her an excellent thing—for others, and with certain poets who either have never had her company or were too much ashamed of it to write her down faithfully. Nor is it to be denied that, as these people assert, she has an agreeable and heroic touch, considered in the abstract. We derive a flattering sense of personal intrepidity from the ease with which we get over—on paper—the early difficulties of prominent personages; and single-herring and-oat-meal, faith-and-perseverance stories are pleasant reading on the piazza after a lunch of peaches and cold chicken, with plenty of shadow tangled in among the vines.

But the piazza view and the face-to-face view of Poverty have few points of resemblance. The poverty that counts twice over the billets of wood on your hearth, and sits at your table with looks of fear, is the bitter storm through which the strong stagger to rest and safety and in which the weak perish—the spur that goads the brave to a frenzy of energetic endeavor and the weak to death, the wolf that urges on the swift and devours the infirm. Do we praise the wolf, the storm, or the spur? Are they the parents of the strength and skill put forth to escape them? Picturesque! so is murder. Heroic! so is war. We are aware that, in accordance with literary canons, we should treat our subject dispassionately; but we have the kind of feeling toward the good goddess that you entertain toward your aunt with the fine furious temper when you hear her discoursing in public on Christian meekness. She has shown a disposition not to leave us a leg to stand on, as we stated in the beginning, and we should like to return the compliment. She had the hardihood to tell dear old Herbert that "she was the mother of health," and compare her bareness to the simplicity of nature; but look at this splendid bee, that has just bounced in and out again without stinging us—for which we beg leave publicly to thank him here. Setting aside his gold and velvet, is he poor? He owns neither a hive nor a superfluous pair of legs, nor an extra pollen-basket, yet, if we know anything of bee physiognomy, the good goddess has never entered his cell; but had he waked up in this world without a honey-bag, say, or had lost it since by his awkwardness, and none of the cocoon spinners would make him one on credit, and if all the good chances in clover were going while he beat uselessly about here, his condition would be a fair case of poverty—of an enforced doing without something that is indispensable; and that is something widely different from nature's economy of abundance.

Here, against the fence, is a row of blackberry bushes. The blackberry is an everyday member of the berry commonwealth; but consider its resources: almost the entire spring was fragrant with its blossoms, and now its ripe berries contain half a dozen distinct reminders—the sweetness drawn back from the blossom, the wholesomeness of the earth mould, the freshness of the air, a taste of dew, the spiciness of the woods, and a strong essence of the sun, in which the clear juices have mellowed away their last touch of tartness. Comfortable bees and blackberries! burly and confident of honey; big and round and rich in the fulness of blackberry life; what would Triplet give to settle down on his dinner, like yellow-jacket yonder, in full assurance of more! And suppose it were possible to bask a month somewhere, watching the clouds and dipping in the sea, and eating one's dinner in utter uncertainty of its market cost! Mr. and Mrs. Triplet talk it over at times, and half cheat themselves into believing that they sniff the fresh salt air in their musty little parlor; and come back with a sigh to the question of how to pay the seven dollars due out of their last five dollar bill, and live three weeks on the balance. Her good goddess-ship has worn Mrs. Triplet's nose almost to a point, and drawn Triplet's face into fine wrinkles, over difficulties in subtraction like this of taking seven from five; and month by month Triplet's cough grows more perceptible. "Poverty the mother of health!" Nay, verily, disease kills its thousands, and Poverty her tens of thousands; and if the good goddess herself had us by the neck under the water, we should go down in the "scissors" spirit, and cry with our latest gasp, "Fellow-citizens, the brilliant effects of Poverty are due to Christianity, to heroism, to pluck, and ambition, exhibited in spite of her. Poverty, pure and simple, produces filth, thieves, and scrofula."

In talking of Triplet we have stumbled on the mathematical expression of the good goddess—the symbol that she should wear on her crest, the copy that she sets all her children, the problem that she urges on them daily: seven from five? How do you take seven from five, and how much does it leave? It is good to have an answer ready, for she calls with her little puzzle at houses where she was never expected. We have seen grey-headed children at her forms. We will not warrant that some fine morning

shall not be handed into you her goddess-ship's little account, and you will please settle and oblige—yourself. There are two ways of settling it. You can muddle over it all your days, or you can dispose of it as Boston did of the tea question. We suppose that men are not made over to ill-success or bound out for life to poverty. It is perfectly possible to show the good goddess to the door. The industrious man who is for ever out of luck, and the man of talent who is unappreciated, are not the victims of circumstances, and by them delivered, bound hand and foot, to poverty. In one sense, there are no victims of circumstance and no unappreciated people. The industrious man wants judgment and balance, or pluck, to break away to a new calling. The unappreciated man is exactly appreciated in the unerring balance of the long run, and settles to his real, not his fancied, level as surely as water. Success is impossible for many men and more women, but the conditions of their failure are in themselves. That, surely, is a more tolerable way of putting it than to suppose half the human race crushed down by an irresistible fate, just as we read that death results from a demand on some vital organ which it is unable to meet.

Correspondence.

"SMALLS" AND "LITTLE-GO."

To the Editor of The Nation:

A slight mistake into which Mr. Marsh has been led by Charles Reade is worth noticing, as it shows, first, the difficulty in accurately localizing slang terms; and, secondly, the necessity of always verifying references. The previous examination of the English universities (called *previous* in its relation to the final degree examination) has a different slang name in each university. At Oxford it is called *the Smalls*, at Cambridge *the Little-Go*; each name is peculiar to its own place.

Carl Benson.

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The Nation.

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The Week.

THE President has got back to Washington. The rejoicings with which the Parisians greeted the recovery and reappearance in the capital of "Louis the Well-beloved" are recorded in history as a very remarkable display of popular enthusiasm. But we venture to say that, loud as they were, they did not express feelings of relief and satisfaction half as intense as those excited in the breasts of the American people by the return of Andrew Johnson, safe and sound, to the White House last week. We have no poet and no organ or choir capable of doing full justice to the popular delight over this auspicious event. We trust that Mr. Johnson will now treat himself to a long period of silence and repose. He owes it both to himself and the country.

THE New York Convention threw General Dix overboard, and nominated Mr. Hoffman, a step which, in spite of the heavy majority they are sure of in the city, owing to the excise law, will probably ensure their defeat at the polls. They will, probably, generally lose the Irish vote in the State, owing to Mr. Johnson's dealings with the Fenians, which, however, reflected infinite credit on him. And we are sorry to say his opponents, so far from praising him for this vindication of the law at the expense of his popularity, are using it against him all over the country, and cajoling the Fenians with promises of impunity in their next raid, which reflect about equal discredit on the American name whether they are intended to be kept or not.

THE Johnson mass meeting in this city on Monday evening was a very large, but not a particularly enthusiastic, demonstration, the *Times* reporter to the contrary notwithstanding. The Maine election evidently sat heavy on the souls of all the speakers. And the speakers, with the exception of Mr. Raymond, were mostly the old Copperhead veterans, who repeated, with some variations, the old speeches they delivered in 1864. Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, we regret to say, was absent, but Mr. Samuel J. Tilden did the "constitutional" part of the proceedings in his stead. He said no man could understand the Constitution who was not familiar with the writings of Madison. The peculiarities of Mr. Johnson's oratory he ascribed to "an irresistible impulse to give his fellow-citizens his convictions on the great questions which he thinks involve the peace and harmony of the country." Mr. Tilden, as the priest said of Sydney Smith, "has such a way of putting things!" Governor Parsons, of Alabama, also spoke, and met the popular clamor at the North about the want of free speech at the South by a declaration which ought to satisfy all candid minds. "I hear it said," he remarked, "that there is no liberty of speech down there. I will guarantee if the President will visit us he can have a hearing."

CLEVELAND seems to have given the military Johnson convention even a colder reception than Philadelphia gave its greater prototype, the convention of the 14th of August. There is no reason why the city should be particularly enthusiastic. No distinguished names are on the roll of delegates. The prominent men are General Custer, General Steedman, and General Gordon Granger. The convention contains many men—most of them, we dare say, brave men—who look on General McClellan as the ablest and worst used commander of our day; many men who "didn't go into this war to free the nigger;" many who "always found the Southerners they met to be perfect gentlemen;" some extremely respectable men, like the aged General Wool—the oldest major-general in the world, he is said to be—whose opinions upon the issues of the day are not entitled to great weight; and very many men who, to tell the plain truth, are shameless and unprincipled office-hunters, and bad specimens of our worst class of politicians—men whom politics took into the army and kept in the army, and who now seek to trade on their uniform. The convention has given the country an address, and will now go into total eclipse behind the convention which is to meet at Pittsburg on the 25th of the month.

A CORRESPONDENT writes, in a fair and temperate spirit, to ask us why we do not, in our criticisms on Horace Greeley, Thaddeus Stevens, and others, make the same allowances for them, in consideration of their past services, as we ask the *Tribune* to make for Mr. Beecher? We answer, that we do make these very allowances. No word has ever appeared in this journal throwing doubts on the sincerity, honesty, patriotism, or sympathy with freedom of either of these gentlemen. Were we to pursue from our starting-point the same line of argument towards them which the *Tribune* and Boston *Commonwealth* pursue towards Mr. Beecher, we should arrive at the most shocking conclusions with regard to their manners and morals. Our correspondent says he found nothing "coarse or brutal" in the *Tribune's* attack on Mr. Beecher. Very likely not. People's ideas of coarseness and brutality differ. There was a time when good and wise men saw nothing brutal or barbarous in cutting up traitors into four quarters, and sticking the quarters on gate-posts and ends of poles. There are good and wise men who see nothing brutal in strangling men and women in public, before hooting mobs; but these times and notions are, thank God, past or passing away. There are plenty of men in the South who see nothing coarse or brutal in the filthy billingsgate poured out on Parson Brownlow in the Louisville *Journal* by Prentice, and who were not in the least shocked when the Mobile *Tribune* proposed to have Dostie's body boiled down for soap for Yankee "school-marms" to wash their faces with. So, also, there are plenty of very good people at the North who are not outraged by Mr. Greeley's habit of calling people who differ from him in politics "old villains," "scoundrels," "knaves," "liars," "renegades," "traitors." But we hope to see the number of these people diminish every week, and to see the day when all will wonder that the foremost journal in America should have ever used such weapons. If calling attention to his vituperation diminishes in any way the credit accruing to Mr. Greeley for his long and arduous labors in the anti-slavery cause, the fault is his, not ours. Our object really is

to increase his usefulness, by bringing the force of public opinion to bear in favor of an improvement in his manner of discussion.

THE same correspondent thinks it almost "sinful" in us to criticise men like Greeley, Stevens, Sumner, and Phillips, who are laboring in a good cause. We have, probably, as great a horror of "sin" as he has, but we shall, nevertheless, continue to criticise the public acts and public language of every man in America whenever we see fit. We shall do so not from any love of fault-finding, but because we believe it is only by the incessant criticism of the whole community that public men can be kept up to their work or the breed improved; and because we believe it is by the constant utterance and collision of the opinions of all, and not by the speeches of Mr. This or Mr. That, that just and true political ideas are formed or put into force. It is, in short, the habit of criticism, and not the habit of silence, which makes and keeps nations free and great. In despotic countries, all public men are shielded from all fault-finding; in this country, none are, nor ought to be. If it be sinning to speak our mind when we see anything to condemn in the conduct and language of "great leaders," we shall go on sinning to the end; but our correspondent will have the consolation of feeling that proper retribution will be dealt out to us hereafter.

THE President's speech at St. Louis has rarely been equalled in its way, although Mr. S. Parker Coon did say at Milwaukee that "only one person—and he God—had been tempted as Mr. Johnson was, and resisted"—a reference to the vain offer of Congress to clothe the President with more than kingly powers by means of the Freedmen's Bureau bill. At Cincinnati, General Grant refused a separate reception tendered him by former soldiers, and significantly said: "I am no politician. The President of the United States is my commander-in-chief." A perfectly correct inference drawn from this speech, and from that of Farragut in this city, would probably not be the same which Mr. Seward has laboriously drawn from the presence of those officers with the Presidential party. Inferences, however, are unnecessary, as Grant has since stated that during the excursion and previously, when he was present at the meeting between the President and the Philadelphia Convention committee, he was acting under orders from his superior. The behavior of the general has throughout been prudent and delicate, honorable to himself and respectful to the President. He went electioneering because he had to go. On the 15th Mr. Johnson reached Washington, and was received by Mayor Wallach. If any one has been disposed to commiserate him for some of the mortifying scenes through which he has been compelled to pass, they have wasted pity. The President assured the mayor "that through that tour the demonstrations and manifestations of the popular heart were unmistakable," and entirely favorable to his policy. There is nothing to be said to this. As to the journey in general, we remark with the *Herald* correspondent: "The trip was a remarkable one in its very inception, and has proved the event of the season, if not of the age."

RISTORI has arrived, and one of the reporters in chronicling her arrival gave an amusing account of her astonishment at the sight of Broadway and the Fifth Avenue Hotel, which, we are sorry to say, we believe was conceived and composed by the reporter himself. Ristori can hardly have supposed that a people civilized enough to want to hear her lived in wigwams, and unless she came over with that idea, there is nothing in the aspect of Broadway to overwhelm her with admiration. It must not be forgotten, also, that she comes straight from Paris, which is now quite thickly settled and has several streets and hotels which will compare quite favorably with our own. There are, in fact, several clearings in the neighborhood of the Tuileries which show the French to have made considerable progress in city architecture. The demand for tickets is enormous. But to most of the audience, after the first night or two, the entertainment will lie in her tones and gestures, as she knows no English, and the familiarity of the New York public with French and Italian is not great. Tones and gestures will, however, furnish a treat even to those who cannot understand what she says, but anybody who judges her by Rachel's standard will be disappointed.

THE *World* accuses us of having done Mr. Tilden injustice in ascribing certain opinions to him, in the last number of THE NATION, on the subject of the war and slavery. If so, we are sorry for it; but we are not yet satisfied that we are wrong. Mr. Tilden was, we believe, a prominent member of the "Society for the Diffusion of Political Information" which the Democratic leaders organized in this city in 1863. It published certain pamphlets for the information of the Republicans, the first of which, if we remember rightly, was Bishop Hopkins's luminous and exhaustive treatise on slavery, showing the divine origin of that institution, and justifying the practice of flogging negroes by the scourging of the money-changers by Christ in the temple. The bishop was followed by Mr. Morse in a powerful disquisition of the same nature, and we think it not unfair to conclude that Mr. Tilden concurred in the opinions set forth in these remarkable and too little known theses. We should be sorry to press him or any of his fellow-laborers now touching the estimation in which they held Mr. Lincoln in 1863–4. The slightest intimation that allusions to this subject are unpleasant, is sufficient to ensure our silence. We are thankful to say we know what delicacy means.

THE New York *Times* pronounces the State Convention which nominated Mr. Hoffman for the governorship of this State, and which was called with the view of supporting the principles enunciated by the Philadelphia Convention, to have been in reality a Democratic convention, and doubts whether many Republicans will be induced to vote its ticket. Mr. Weed was, we believe, one of its leading spirits, and his precise position under the present aspect of affairs would furnish as curious a subject of enquiry as the exact locality of the magnetic pole. He appears to have got into a region somewhat resembling the Elysium of the ancients—a kind of bare, joyless pasture, where old warriors trot up and down in battered armor, with nothing particular to do and nobody to speak to, and scantily provided with clothing.

IT has been suggested to us that we ought, in our recent notice of the "Two Wheatons," to have dwelt on the improbability thrown over Mr. Lawrence's charges against Mr. Dana, by Mr. Dana's character as a gentleman and lawyer. It was, however, quite unnecessary for us to present this consideration to the audience which THE NATION addresses. Our sole object in the article referred to was to show what amount of color, if any, for his statements Mr. Lawrence could produce in the book itself if he went before a court, because, of course, many people supposed that he must have some sort of foundation for his charges. In fact, it was the probability of its forming the subject of a lawsuit that gave the matter any literary interest whatever. As a mere attack by Mr. Lawrence on Mr. Dana's character, we should never have thought of noticing it. Whether Mr. Lawrence really means to go into court we have no means of knowing.

THE condition of Border State politics grows worse rather than better. At Platte City, Missouri, on the 15th inst., in a fight between what the telegraph styles "rebels" and some members of a "radical" convention, four or five men were killed and a dozen or more wounded, and the Union men driven from the town, which was held and regularly picketed by their assailants. The firmest, most prudent, and most harmonious management by the Federal and State authorities in Missouri will be absolutely necessary to prevent serious trouble at the November elections; but this is to be hoped for rather than confidently expected. Of firmness there will be no lack—at least on Governor Fletcher's part; but what General Hancock's orders may be—upon which side the Federal forces will be ranged in case of conflict—seems to be not certainly known. In Maryland, angry feeling runs high, but as yet blood has not been spilled. The best-informed Unionists concede that the Johnson men will probably carry the State. It will be easy for eight or nine thousand persons now legally disfranchised to technically qualify themselves for voting this fall, Governor Swann's registrars, in the exercise of their discretionary power, having the matter very much in their own hands, and Governor Swann—or he is belied—having been careful to appoint registrars who will judiciously sympathize with a sufficient number of the disfranchised to overcome the small Union majority. It is a wonder that Maryland, when everybody knew that, by means of Governor Swann's too kind registrars, she was already lost to the Union party, could succeed

in forcing her wishes in relation to negro suffrage upon the Southern Loyalists' Convention, upon the plea that proclaiming impartial suffrage would give that State to the Johnson party. In Tennessee, for the moment, affairs are quiet. In Louisiana they have peace of a certain sort between the two parties.

THE activity of the Fenians causes the continued despatch of troops from England to Canada, and continued arming and drilling in Canada, where the excitement has reached such a pitch that the Montreal *Herald*, usually a sensible paper, proposes to declare war on the United States. This would be such an odd way of securing deliverance from invasion that we are driven to the conclusion that the brains of some of the Canadians are becoming addled by the drilling and exposure. The Fenian proceedings are now all shrouded in profound secrecy—no meetings, and no oratory. The next blow is to be terrible and decisive, and we need hardly say will change the face of the world by the destruction of the British Empire. Nevertheless, a good caricaturist either with pen or pencil could, by attending the "Congress" at Troy a few weeks ago, have collected materials for an immortal work. The sight of Fenian generals and statesmen struggling between a desire to display their rank and honors and a desire to avoid publicity would be a godsend to any real humorist.

FOUR despatches by the Cable on Monday from Vienna, Berlin, Prague, and Dresden breathed instant and almost inevitable war—a renewal of hostilities between Prussia and Austria, on the pretext that the latter was playing false in the settlement with Italy. The next day a telegram from Florence simply spoke of a "difficulty" in the way of signing the Austro-Italian treaty, in consequence of the former power's interpretation of the treaty of Prague. Since then we have had nothing more on the subject, and no corroborative signs in the money market or elsewhere. The improbability of further fighting is too great for ready belief in reports to the contrary. We must be prepared to be deceived occasionally by the Cable as we are by the overland telegraph, for truth, though it lie at the bottom of a well, may not always be found at the bottom of the ocean.

EVERYBODY asks, and nobody can tell, why M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, has resigned his office for the third time—once under the Republic and twice under the Empire. The only foreign complications about which it is supposed that Napoleon and he may be at variance—not necessarily in principle, but as questions of national policy—are the crises in Germany and in Italy. Some pretend that the ex-minister is of bellicose disposition towards Prussia; others, that the imminent peril of the Papacy, owing to the execution of the September convention, to which he was himself a party, has impelled him to withdraw from political life. Between the Rhine and the Tiber there is thus ample room for inference. The latter explanation seems to us not so good as the former. The acquisitions of the late war have made scarcely any difference in the relation of the new kingdom of Italy to the temporal power of the Pope, and it is little more than an accident that the liberation of Venice precedes that of Rome; or, if the humiliation of Austria is claimed by Napoleon as a continuation of his policy in 1859, interrupted by the peace of Villafranca, his government has suffered no disgrace south of the Alps. On the other hand, he appears to have helped Prussia to a supremacy he as little anticipated as desired, and his almost childish demand for compensation Rhinewards had to be withdrawn as soon as uttered. It is this blundering for which M. Drouyn de Lhuys may assume part of the blame, or he may even be the sacrifice of a hypocritical despot to the appearance of ministerial responsibility in a free country.

THE opponents of the metric system abroad urge frequently an objection which is not so familiar on this side of the water. They quote the adverse opinion of Napoleon I. The opposition, a Bernese wit has replied, which Bonaparte set up between the subdivision by halves and by quarters and the decimal system is in contradiction of himself, for no one was less fond than he of *half-measures*, and no one *decimated* so much (*autant*).

THE FREEDMEN.

FROM the semi-annual report (July, 1866) of the schools and finances of the freedmen, by Rev. J. W. Alvord, Inspector, we extract the following table:

States.	Schools.	Teachers.	Scholars.
Virginia,	123	200	11,784
North Carolina,	119	135	9,084
South Carolina,	75	148	9,017
Georgia,	79	113	7,792
Florida,	38	51	2,663
Alabama,	8*	31	3,338
Mississippi,	50	80	5,407
Louisiana,	73	90	3,389
Texas,	90	43	4,590
Arkansas,	30	28	1,584
Kansas,	15	24	1,500
Missouri,	38	46	2,698
Kentucky,	35	58	4,122
Tennessee,	42	125	9,114
Maryland,	86	101	8,144
District of Columbia,	74	132	6,552
Total,	975	1,405	90,778

* School Districts.

In these figures are embraced only the schools regularly established and duly reported. In every State there are numbers of private schools of all descriptions, spontaneous and self-sustaining, of which it is difficult to obtain statistics. It is estimated that 150,000 freedmen and their children were scholars on the 1st of July, against 125,000 on the 1st of January. There is observable everywhere increased interest in these schools on the part of the better class of the white population; but outrages are still common among the ignorant and degraded, especially in Georgia, Mississippi, and, as is well known, in Tennessee. Religious conventions in Virginia have acknowledged the duty of educating the blacks. In North Carolina titles to real estate for schoolhouses have been obtained in several instances, and efforts are making by the colored people of South Carolina to increase the number of those already held by them, and improved chiefly at their own expense. Fifty of the regular teachers in the latter State are colored, as are most of the teachers of day schools in Florida and in Kentucky; at Wetumpka, Alabama, is a colored teacher of whom particular mention is made. The cost of tuition is paid by the freedmen to a greater or less extent—in Texas altogether. Florida is the only Southern State which has provided by law for the education of the blacks, who are taxed for the necessary funds to establish schools in every county in the State, and to pay the salaries of a superintendent and assistants. The condition of schools in Louisiana is thoroughly disorganized, owing to the suspension of the school-tax levied by Gen. Banks. Kentucky has received least assistance from benevolent associations. The instruction of colored children was not tolerated till after the formal abolition of slavery by constitutional amendment. The only statement of the cost of schools is furnished by South Carolina, being based on the expenses of seventy-five schools whose teachers were supported mainly by Northern associations. These were, in the gross, $72,000; or about $8 for each pupil, and about $40 monthly for every teacher. Mr. Alvord suggests that industrial and normal schools be established, with reform schools at a number of central points; that desks be provided to enable writing and drawing to be taught; and that there be uniformity in the blank reports for superintendents.

—Pursuant to a call of twenty-six ministers and fifty-two laymen of the M. E. Church of Maryland, a meeting was held in the Light Street M. E. Church in Baltimore, on Monday evening last, to denounce the wanton assault on the camp meeting at Shipley's Woods. Testimony was read fixing the responsibility of the outrage entirely upon the whites, and resolutions were unanimously adopted invoking the condemnation of all Christian people, declaring the recent brutal violence to have been instigated by intense hatred to the M. E. Church, and aimed alike at white and colored worshippers; condemning the burning of freedmen's school-houses and the maltreatment of teachers; and asserting the duty of the M. E. Church to aid the civil authorities in arresting, trying, and punishing the late rioters, and to secure their victims, many of whom are in jail in Anne Arundel County, a fair and impartial trial.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Students and teachers alike may be thankful that Prof. Guyot's long promised and long expected series of geographies have begun to appear. The four series of wall maps, which had been previously published, were well executed and well calculated for the purpose of teaching, and the two manuals which are now issued by Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. are equally well adapted to this end. The books just issued are a "Primary Geography" and a "Common School Geography." The first is intended to give a general idea of the nature of the earth's surface as seen in a series of journeys, the meaning of geographical terms, and the manner of representing the earth's surface by maps, and is perfectly intelligible to small children. The second is an introduction to the study of the maps, together with all the useful matter that is contained in the ordinary text-books of that grade, rejecting all the minor and unimportant details that only serve to obscure the recollection of important facts. The careful study of the maps is the basis of Prof. Guyot's system. The learner is taught how to draw the maps of the continents: first, by learning how to draw in its proper proportions the fundamental form of the continent, then to draw it with more attention to details, finally to fill up the exact outline, and mark the courses of the rivers and mountains. The shape of the continents and their physical features become in this way so impressed upon the memory as never to be forgotten. Having learned the general physical features of the country, the proportion of highland and lowland, the courses of mountain ranges, and the distribution of the internal waters, the student next studies the climates of its various regions, and the causes producing them, and then the vegetation and animals of the continent. Having learned this, he becomes acquainted with the races of man, their civilizations, and the resources for supplying their wants. He is then ready to return to the map, and is able at once to understand the condition and progress of the various countries. This method is very different from that usually employed in presenting this study to the young; but the system is so carefully elaborated in Prof. Guyot's books, and its excellences are so plain, that, if faithfully taught, it cannot help meeting with extraordinary success.

—An incorporated society in New York, the Institute of Reward for Orphans of Patriots, offers a prize of five hundred dollars for the best essay on physiology and hygiene. The award is to be made by a committee of three, to be appointed by the president of the American Medical Association, and is to be made upon the following conditions: Each essay must have been read or presented for reading before some incorporated medical society; the prize will not be awarded until essays have been received from twenty-five States, or such a number of States of the Union and foreign governments as shall be twenty-five in all, or else when not less than fifty-two essays have been presented irrespective of their authors' places of residence; and, finally, if no one essay shall be deemed worthy of the prize, the five hundred dollars shall be distributed to the writers of the best five essays in such manner as to the committee may seem equitable. With such topics as physiology and hygiene the field for selection of subjects must be an exceedingly wide one, and we suppose no one writer need hope to obtain the full sum of five hundred dollars. The rejected essays are to be printed without compensation to the authors in the journal published by the Institute. The address of the society is 49 Bible House, New York.

—On page 184 of the present volume of The Nation we spoke of the memoirs of Pétion and of Barbaroux. Perhaps the most interesting pages of these books were those containing Pétion's account of meeting Charlotte Corday at Caen, and the letters written by her to Barbaroux from prison before her execution. An excellent pendant to those pictures of actors in the French Revolution is the book of M. Adolphe Huard, "Mémoires sur Charlotte Corday," founded on authentic and unpublished documents. Marie Anne Charlotte de Corday d'Armont was not, as many fanciful artists have pictured her, a Normandy peasant girl in a *cauchoise* cap, but a daughter of one of the most ancient and noble families of Normandy. Among her ancestry were a treasurer of France and the youngest sister of Corneille. The family being very poor, the income of Charlotte's father being but 1,500 livres, or $300 a year, the whole family were inured to the greatest economy and self-denial. Charlotte was born in 1768, and was early placed in a convent. In 1790, on the suppression of the religious houses, she came back to the world. Her life was so pure and her ideas so noble that she failed to adopt her father's royalist sentiments and was unwilling to drink the health of a weak king. The political differences between her father, who believed in royalty while he supported constitutional changes, and Charlotte, who thought monarchy worn out in France, at least with Louis XVI. at its head, and her father's diminishing income, led to her leaving, in 1792, the thatched paternal château of Argentan, and going to reside with an aunt in Caen. She writes to a friend: "I do not deserve the harsh words of my father. It is not from a spirit of contradiction that I do not share the opinions of my friends and relatives. I see differently from what they see, because my conscience dictates to me the contrary of what they think." In the same letter she says of the king: "I have no feeling of hatred against him; quite the contrary, because he is full of good intentions; but, as you yourself have told me, hell is full of good intentions, and is none the less hell. His weakness is a misfortune to himself and to us." At the execution of the king she "shuddered with horror and indignation," and expressed her opinions of the Mountain with great freedom. To the warnings of one of her friends she replied: "One can die but once! but what fortifies me in our present perils is that no one will lose by losing me. Besides, I have never valued life but by the good use that can be made of it." She felt Pétion's jests, and, after the deed was done, she wrote from her prison to Barbaroux, pained at being misunderstood: "People here in Paris are unable to conceive how a useless woman, whose long life would be good for nothing, can unreluctantly sacrifice herself to save her country." This conviction of duty she never lost, and from Marat's death until her execution her quiet calmness and gentleness never left her. The Mountain party did not treat her with unnecessary severity. She was allowed to write her justification of the deed and to communicate with her friends. M. Hauer was appointed to sketch her portrait, which is now at Versailles, in consequence of her note to the Committee of Public Safety asking that it be taken as a mark of remembrance to her friends, and adding: "Moreover, as the effigies of good citizens are cherished, curiosity sometimes seeks out those of great criminals, which serve to perpetuate the horror caused by their crimes." By the ballad-singers and the mob she was insulted; but Sampson, the executioner, was softened by her gentleness. He showed her how to sustain herself in the springless cart to avoid its shocks; and when, on reaching the Place de la Révolution, she turned her head to look at the guillotine, he hurriedly placed himself between her and it; but she said in her sweet, low, steady voice, "Let me look on it; my curiosity is natural; I never saw one before." M. Huard devotes considerable space to the discussion of the alleged blush which rose to her cheek when the executioner's assistant smote it as he held up the head. He does not mention the fact, not generally known, that the executioner was punished by imprisonment for having thus exceeded his duty.

—Among books announced as in preparation by Messrs. Longmans we notice the following: A collection of the "Ballads and Legends of Cheshire;" "Some Account of the Life and Opinions of a Fifth-Monarchy Man, chiefly extracted from the writings of John Rogers, Preacher," by Rev. Edward Rogers, M.A.; "Sound," by Professor Tyndall; "The Wild Elephant, its Structure and Habits, with the method of Taking and Training it in Ceylon," by Sir J. Emerson Tennant; Vol. I. of "The Elements: An Investigation of the Forces which determine the Position and Movements of the Ocean and Atmosphere," by William Leighton Jordan; the ninth and tenth volumes of Froude's "History of England;" "The Life and Correspondence of Archbishop Whately," by Miss E. J. Whately; "Florence, the new Capital of Italy," by C. R. Weld; a new work by A. K. H. B., entitled "Sunday Afternoons at the Parish Church of a University City;" the fourth volume of Mr. Eyre Evans Crowe's "History of France from Clovis and Charlemagne

to the Accession of Napoleon III.;" and the third and last volume of Professor Owen's "The Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals."

NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

NO. IV.—ETYMOLOGY.

In the first number of this series I spoke of the new edition of Webster as the best general etymologicon we yet possess of the English language, and I propose to examine its merits in this respect more in detail hereafter. In the present article I shall confine myself to some general observations on etymology as a branch of the statistics of speech. In philological science *etymology* is used in two senses: first, as signifying the history of words, including what we know or infer respecting their origin, their primitive form and significance, their composition and coalescence, their successive changes of form and meaning, and their transfer from one to another grammatical category; secondly, as the designation of that part of grammar which concerns the use of inflections or those changes at the beginning, in the body, or in the ending of words by which number, person, gender, degree, time, or syntactical relation is indicated. Used in this latter sense, etymology scarcely belongs to lexicography at all. Hence dictionaries generally omit most of the normal inflections of words, and point out only irregularities in accidence, referring the student to grammatical treatises for regular declension, conjugation, and comparison. Our business, then, is with etymology in its first and most comprehensive meaning.

Of strictly primitive etymology we know very little, because we are acquainted with ancient languages only in that advanced stage when they already possessed a literature; and as to the modern tongues which seem to be of primitive structure and organization, we can scarcely say, from internal evidence, whether they are in process of growth or decay, composition or resolution; nor do we know historically that the tribes with the most unformed dialects have not enjoyed existence and the faculty of speech as long as the oldest of the Aryans. Some words, indeed, can be traced with certainty, very many with the greatest probability, to an imitative or an interjectional origin. With respect to the rest all is conjecture, and though there are in many cases strong arguments against the imitative and the interjectional theory as applied to them, yet no more satisfactory hypothesis has yet been propounded than that which assigns the parentage of all words alike to conscious or unconscious aping of natural sounds or to involuntary and mechanical ejaculation. This doctrine has been maintained with no little ability by Wedgwood in his "Etymological Dictionary and Origin of Language," and by Farrar in his "Origin of Language," and more especially his "Chapters on Language;" and the reasoning of these authors, though certainly not always conclusive, has, at any rate, not yet been by any means confuted.

Although there is, strictly speaking, not even *primâ facie* historical, or, at least, no documentary, proof of any etymological connection between the ancient inhabitants of Central Asia and any of the European races, or of any relation of parentage and descent between the tongues once spoken in India or other Oriental countries and those so long known as Indo-European; yet the evidence of such connection and such relation drawn from linguistic analogy is altogether irresistible, and among those who have weighed that evidence there are not and cannot be two opinions on the subject. It is now past dispute that, whatever may have been the primary aboriginal source, form, and sense of a large proportion of the words and grammatical inflections which make up the vocabularies of the family of languages to which the English and most other European tongues belong, those words and those forms, as we know them, are descended, through a long space of time and with great changes of articulation, from a very ancient speech or group of allied speeches, of which the Sanscrit itself, no longer a living language, is the oldest and purest representative. The Sanscrit, at the same time, presents us these words in forms apparently nearer than any other to their original utterance, and seems to conduct most directly to our rudimental elements of human speech. To the unstudied eye and ear the Sanscrit radical is often very diverse from its alleged derivative. But certain laws of articulation, or rather certain comprehensive and constant physiological facts rising almost to the dignity of laws, have been discovered by which we are enabled to explain very remarkable verbal revolutions, and to trace back, with almost unerring certainty, English words to Sanscrit roots not in the least resembling them. In fact, scholars familiar with these laws or great facts, though not well versed in Sanscrit lexicography, have been able, by reasoning backwards from a given modern word, to arrive at a very differently articulated supposed Sanscrit root, which, upon due search, has been found actually to exist in the vocabulary of that language. Such deductions as these render etymology constructive, and entitle it to rank as a true science; for when a particular knowledge is so far perfected that it can predict unknown results it has become a science.

The principles of investigation which have demonstrated the relationship of languages now living to one long since dead, and between which history has not preserved the faintest tradition of a connection, have also been applied to testing the affinities between still existing speeches. Thus the Celtic, which was formerly supposed not to belong to the Indo-European family, is now shown not only to be a collateral descendant from the same stock as the Gothic and Romance dialects, but to have many hitherto unperceived lexical and grammatical resemblances and analogies to them. To illustrate by a familiar word: *to buck*, to soak in lye preparatory to washing or bleaching, is erroneously referred by Webster to an old German word signifying the *beech-tree*, because beech-wood ashes were used for *bucking*. But this word, *to buck*, is of recent introduction into all the Northern languages, while it is centuries older in those of Southern Europe, and hence the former probably borrowed it from the latter. Wedgwood, following Burguy, conjectures that the word is from the Celtic root *bog*, soft, water-soaked, and the Spanish and Italian forms are *bugada* and *bucato*. Now, in Northern Italy, there is a considerable territory, formerly more extensive, where a Germanic dialect called the Cimbric is still spoken. In this dialect the German *w* is uniformly represented by *b*, the diphthong *ei* very often by *o* or *oa*, so that German *weich*, soft, soaked, *weichen*, to soak, are in Cimbric *boach* or *boc*, *boachen*. Here, then, we have the true etymon of *buck*, and at the same time an illustration of a by no means obvious point of contact between the Celtic and the Germanic tongues. (See American edition of Wedgwood's "Etymological Dictionary," s.v. *Buck*.) In fact, it is only by the application of the same or analogous principles that we can reason with confidence on recent changes of words, and very many etymologies which seemed almost self-evident to scholars of the last century, are now shown to be impossible, because they are contrary to well-established laws of phonetic revolution.

We know the primitive language to which modern linguistic science refers so large a part of the words occurring in European literature is only one ancient form or dialect, the Sanscrit, which, however, has several descendants still spoken in India. The Indo-European tongues, on the contrary, are known to us through a long range of time and in a great number of dialects. The changes which these dialects have undergone, partly, as it is said, by the operation of inherent law, and partly, certainly, by their reciprocal influence on each other, are so great that in many instances we do not recognize the older and the later forms of a given speech as one and the same language. No modern Germanic dialect is considered the same speech as the Mœso-Gothic, or even as descended from it; nor, though there are eminent philologists who identify classic and modern Greek, Anglo-Saxon and English, are Italian, Spanish, Provençal, and Portuguese regarded by grammarians as simply modified forms of Latin. The European languages have not only affected the forms, structure, and articulation of each other, but some of them have contributed very largely to the vocabularies of others not descended from them. English, for example, though grammatically belonging to the Gothic stock, owes a majority of its words to Latin, the modern Romance languages, and other foreign tongues. The same remark is more or less true of all the dialects employed in European literature, and, accordingly, besides the Oriental genealogy common to nearly all, every vocabulary has its special family record, its table of affinities with relatively modern or contemporaneous speeches, its books of verbal debit and credit, with a large circle of linguistic neighbors.

From all this it is evident that etymology, using the word in the first of the senses I have ascribed to it, may be divided into two branches, or lines of inquiry: first, the theoretical, or, so to speak, transcendental, as when from a derivative form we infer a descent from a radical either not known to exist at all, or found only in an ancient and remote language, which can be shown to be related to that we are investigating by more or less of verbal and grammatical coincidences alone, not by direct proof; and secondly, the historical, as when we are able to trace particular words by documentary evidence, through their successive changes of form and significance, if not to primitive roots, at least to comparatively ancient forms and meanings, or to show positively that they have been introduced from foreign tongues. The distinction between the two, it will be seen, lies mainly in the nature of the proof to which they appeal; the one relying on physiological laws of cause and effect, the other on the testimony of witnesses. It, however, very often happens that, in the pursuit of historical etymologies, links are wanting in the chain of evidence. Where this occurs, where the formation we are following is interrupted by a *fault* in the stratification, we must resort to theo

ry to teach us where to look for the connection and how to reunite the broken series. The latter or more practical branch of etymology is, therefore, in a considerable degree, really dependent on the former or speculative division, and cannot be pursued successfully without a knowledge of its principles.

Scholars who occupy themselves with etymological theory are inclined to exalt unduly the worth and dignity of their own studies as being more truly scientific in object and character, and to depreciate historical enquiry into the actual biography of words as little better than mere empiricism. But the so-called *laws* of Grimm are but generalizations based on observed physiological, or, to speak more specifically, phonetic facts, and they remain nothing more than material generalizations, not necessary principles, however wide their range of application. The question between the two modes of investigation is rather a matter of taste and special aptitude in the enquirer, and it may well be insisted that studies which involve a knowledge of the great concrete facts of humanity and demand wide research in the annals of industry and commerce and navigation and missionary effort and conquest and colonization and domestic life and jurisprudence, in all branches of literature and science, and, in short, in every field where the intellect of man has been brought to act either on the mind of his fellow-man or on the products and working of material nature—such studies cannot be less noble in themselves or less elevating in their tendency than investigations into the laws of vocal articulation, which carry us back, indeed, to a remote antiquity, but concern themselves little with collateral facts of great past or present interest to man. Besides, historical etymology is of great importance as serving to control, test, and often to correct the deductions of theoretical enquirers, who are constantly tempted to infer a relationship between words derived from very different roots upon the strength of accidental resemblance in form. This was the source of very many of Webster's grossest errors, though he certainly cannot be said to have been led into them by true or false doctrines as to the laws of phonetic change. The etymology upon which Webster most valued himself was that of the verb *to preach*, and the words which he held to be cognate with it because they contain the same radical consonants. An hour of enquiry into the history of this word would have saved him the extraordinary mistake into which he fell concerning it, as well as many of the other errors of that singular discussion. And yet upon theory alone many of his widest deviations from etymological truth could not have been denied to be sound. In like manner false derivations of *buoy*, *camlet*, and hundreds of other words, are almost universally adopted, because lexicographers have found it easier to imagine a connection between vocables so like each other as *boja*, a fetter or chain, and *buoy*, *camel* and *camlet*, than to search out the actual history of the derivatives in question.

Theoretical etymology belongs rather to the general history of the Indo-European languages, and throws comparatively little light on the distinctive features or the special vicissitudes of any one of them. These must be illustrated by the historical method, and consequently the etymological part of a dictionary of a given speech, English, for example, and more especially in the case of a manual not extending beyond a volume, must confine itself chiefly to that which is peculiar to the language it explains, or at least only accidentally common to other more or less remotely allied tongues, and hence it can generally embrace only the proximate etymology and the relatively recent migrations and revolutions of vocables. Further, it can ordinarily afford space only for results and conclusions, not for historical deduction, and its statements must be not reasoned but positive and authoritative, argument and evidence being reserved for special treatises, like those of Wedgwood, Schaler, Terwen, Diaz, and others. Max Müller, in the second series of his "Lectures on Language," devotes eighteen octavo pages to the historical etymology of the word *barnacle*, and yet overlooks the earliest examples of the use of the word, some of which tend to show, what may be better proved by direct evidence, that in one of its senses, though not that which Müller most carefully investigates, it is of Oriental origin. There are hundreds, not to say thousands, of English words the source and various meanings of which cannot be satisfactorily discussed in a smaller space, and in Wedgwood's "Etymological Dictionary" not above three or four etymologies upon the average are contained within the limits of a single page.

In a dictionary on the plan of that before us there must also be a limit to the amount of collateral etymological illustration, and space is occupied which might be better employed whenever facts are stated which serve to explain neither the history, the form, nor the meaning of a word. The former editions of Webster were very extravagant in this respect, and though the revisers have, in most cases, retrenched such superfluities, they have sometimes, from inadvertence, no doubt, rather than deliberate intention, suffered them to remain. Thus, the etymology of *profession* refers us to the French *profession*, the Provençal *professio*, the Spanish *profesion*, the Italian *professione*, and the Latin *professio*. Now the French word is important, because it accounts for the form of the English, the Latin because it gives us the proximate source of the French; the other three explain nothing whatever, and are of no more use or instruction to the English student than totally unrelated Russian, Hungarian, or Turkish equivalents of the same word would be.

G. P. M.

A SWISS HISTORY OF OUR WAR.*

It is said that the Swiss, beyond any other people in Europe, were unfriendly to our cause in the late war, and that, from its commencement, Colonel Lecomte did his best to correct their ideas and bring them to a better state of feeling. For this reason alone, a book from his pen is entitled to a kindly reception among us. He has written, besides his book upon the war of secession, two upon the war in Italy in 1859 and 1860, one upon the war in Denmark in 1864, one upon the life and writings of Jomini, and a report to the Swiss Department of War upon the late war in this country, and he has translated into the French the official documents submitted to Congress upon the Virginia and Maryland campaigns of 1862, with an introduction and notes of his own. He is also the editor of the "Revue Militaire Suisse."

The book before us is an octavo volume of nearly three hundred pages, in the beginning of which Colonel Lecomte presents to his readers a brief description of the geographical features of the country occupied by the United States, some account of the settlement of the country, and the course of events that led to the formation of the Federal Union, a few statistical details, a chapter on the causes of the late war, and another on the preparations that were made for it. In an appendix he has printed his translation into the French language of the Constitution of the United States, of the Ordinance of 1787, of the Declaration of Independence of South Carolina and the Ordinance of Secession of Alabama, 1860, and of Mr. Stephens's speeches against secession of the same year. The introductory chapters and the *pièces annexes* make up, together, about one-third of the book. The rest of it is devoted to a description of the course of military operations in this country from the outbreak of the war down to and including the battle of Antietam.

We are nowhere told of how many volumes this is the first; but, if we may judge from the present one, it should be followed by at least three, to make the history of the "Guerre de la Sécession" complete. We may well hope that the author's plan is no less extensive, and that he may carry it out. It is not likely that his readers in this country will be numerous. Books on the war in the English language are too plenty to leave much room for one in French, even if all foreign books were not so expensive as they are now. But it is probable that abroad Colonel Lecomte will find many readers, and we in this country may well be pleased to know that our friends upon the Continent of Europe have within their reach so sensible, so fair, and so accurate a book as this; for the work of a foreigner it is singularly free from errors. Indeed, we know of no book which would give to a reader of any nation, not excluding our own, in the same compass, a more correct idea of the course of events in the first year and a half of the war. But it is not to be read by those whose interest in war is confined to the picturesque element. It is the work of a well-informed, business-like soldier, and from its clearness, accuracy, and good sense, is satisfactory reading; but it is as colorless, from beginning to end, as the writings of Jomini. It looks at all things from the Northern point of view, as matter of actual position of the observer, but in tone it displays the impartiality of the student and not the enthusiasm of the partisan.

The military events of the first eighteen months of the war were not very numerous, and the newspapers were read so faithfully in those days that almost every American is familiar with them. Therefore it is enough to say of Colonel Lecomte's description of them that, for a very brief one, it is, with few exceptions, as good a one as could be wished. We have a few words to say, however, on some matters that have attracted our notice.

We are somewhat surprised to find that the author does not seem to have formed a very high opinion of the utility of our military academy. He speaks of it as if he regarded it as a good school of engineering, and little else, and he attributes to its influence the undue readiness to use pick and spade which he thinks he observed, and, in general, too great devotion to "traditions trop techniques." He is as much disposed to overrate the value of the foreign element in our army as to underrate the value of West Point,

* "Guerre de la Sécession. Esquisse des Événements Militaires et Politiques des Etats-Unis de 1861 à 1865. Par Ferdinand Lecomte, lieutenant-colonel à l'état-major fédéral Suisse." Tome i. Paris. 1866.

and equally wide of the truth, in our opinion, in each case. Certainly we should have been strengthened rather than weakened by the absence of such troops as the "belle brigade" of Blenker and such generals as Sigel.

There are errors in the book, but not by any means so many as might be expected. Thus, McClellan is said to have been made a major-general of the regular army in May, 1861, and lieutenant-general in November of the same year. The battle of June 1, 1862, is said to have been renewed "aux premières lueurs du jour . . . sur la rive *gauche*" of the Chickahominy, and the artillery "placée en arrière dans les clairières" to have fired "pardessus les combattants." The real fighting of that day did not begin till about nine o'clock, and this battle of Fair Oaks was distinguished by the silence of the artillery. The circumstances of the engagement were such that it had hardly a chance to fire a shot. The picture which the reader forms in his mind of the battle of Antietam is quite discolored by the author's statement that "un soleil dans tout son éclat annonça la journée du 17." The morning of that day "si grande par ses résultats," was dark and lowering, and it was not till well into the forenoon that the sun came out.

But the most serious error in the book is the statement on page 222 that General Hooker, at the time he received his wound at this same battle, "en fût d'autant plus chagriné qu'il voyait les choses se dérouler favorablement en somme, et qu'il espérait jeter toute l'armée de Lee au Potomac, s'il était bien secondé." There is no doubt, we believe, that General Hooker afterwards said that he entertained such a hope at the time he received his wound, but every one who was there that morning and still survives, knows that he could have had no such hope at the time. His command was beaten when the columns of Sumner began to arrive on the field, and it was only with the loss of thousands of the best troops in the army that the battle was restored in that quarter. It is said that General Hooker owed his promotion to the command of the Army of the Potomac to the extravagant assertions he made as to the fighting he had done and the successes he would have achieved but for his wound. General Hooker was a brave and brilliant soldier. His courtesy, *bonhomie*, and gallantry made it a pleasure to serve under him; but he never had a better piece of luck in his lucky life than the slight wound that drove him from the field he was losing at Antietam, unless we except the shot that struck the pillar against which he was leaning at Chancellorsville, and gave his adherents a chance to throw the decent mantle of physical misfortune over the most lamentable failure of the war. It ought not to pass into history that Hooker was fighting a winning battle at Antietam when he was forced to leave the field.

Colonel Lecomte has shown a great deal of judgment in the selection of his materials, but he is sometimes led astray by them. Thus, his brief description of the affair of Ball's Bluff is quite erroneous. But we should feel no surprise at that; no one who was not there, and few of those who were, seem to have anything like a correct idea of that melancholy episode, and its true history is yet to be written.

Colonel Lecomte, we believe, was in this country, and serving as a volunteer aid on the staff of General McClellan, till after the "Seven Days'" battles. This was no long service, but it ought to have taught him enough to hesitate before he pronounced that the chief of staff of the Army of the Potomac was "parfaitement digne" of the honor of his position.

The suggestions scattered through the book are usually very sensible, but we have noticed nothing striking from its originality. All good soldiers in this country lamented the mania for forming new regiments instead of filling old ones. Colonel Lecomte noticed this error and remarked upon it: "Lorsqu' un régiment de volontaires Américains part pour la guerre, il y va tout entier, et ne laisse rien après lui. Pas de dépôt, pas de renouvellement du personnel, à mesure qu'il se consomme, par des recrues exercés venants réparer les pertes et grossir l'effectif."

The most striking passage in the book is that in which the author charges the Government with carrying on a "petite guerre" against McClellan while waging a "grande guerre" against the South. He makes the point that the Government felt sure of success, and speedy success, and was fearful of letting McClellan gather all the laurels, upon the theory that his achievements would all redound to the credit of the Democratic and pro-slavery party, to which he was believed to have attached himself. (Page 119.) To this feeling he attributes the withdrawal of McDowell, and has noticed the fact that at every point of the theatre of war which was distant from Washington things went to our wish, while in Virginia, under the eyes of the Government, all went otherwise.

We are inclined to think that the author has failed to apprehend the significance of the siege of Yorktown, but that subject is too large to enter upon here. We think that he is also in error when he pronounces that McClellan ought, as soon as he heard of the destruction of the *Merrimac*, to have moved across to the James River, and established himself on that. He still had reason to count upon a junction with McDowell, and the advantages that would have followed from that can hardly be over-estimated. His criticisms upon the position of the Chickahominy seem to us altogether judicious, and we may say the same of his remark on page 182, after describing the battle of Gaines's Mill: "Il fut fâcheux qu' après avoir pris tant de peine à améliorer les positions du Chickahominy, une meilleure partié n'ait pu en être tirée par l'armée Fédérale au jour même de la bataille." Among the many errors justly chargeable upon General McClellan, his conduct on the day of the battle of Gaines's Mills seems to us among the most lamentable. The lines before Richmond had been drawn under his eyes, and the patient labor of his large army had been strengthening them for close upon four weeks. Accomplished engineer as he was, no man in the army was more capable than he of estimating their strength and the number of troops required to hold them. On the day of battle he should not have asked his corps commanders how many troops they could spare, as he did, but should have told them how many they must send. Those commanders had been assigned to their positions by the Government not only not at his request, but against his wishes, and he ought to have known what answers he might expect from them, at least from such officers as Keyes and Heintzelman; while the *vieux sabreur* Sumner, brave as he was, was hardly a fit judge of the question proposed to him. There the Federal army lay all day behind its high, revetted parapets, with strong redoubts strengthening the works at short intervals, and cannon in emplacements all along the lines, protected, moreover, by acres of slashings in front, and only two brigades could be spared from three army corps to reinforce the hardly pressed right, and not a movement was made to so much as threaten the lines of Magruder, who lay trembling in his "critical position" in our front.

The volume concludes with a statement that the author sees neither pleasure nor profit to be derived from more extended criticism upon the military events of the first two summers of the war, for the reasons that the combatants were confederations of republics, the theatre of war immense, the vast majority of the actors were serving their apprenticeship to the "grande guerre," and the minority, who were better instructed, were made distrustful by their knowledge of the defectiveness of the means at their command. He is of opinion that a general less accomplished than McClellan might have been more successful than he, and that he was unfortunate in aiming at an impossible ideal—an army of regulars. His closing paragraph expresses his belief that his succeeding volumes will show that the American nation knew how to profit by the lessons of experience, and that the operations of the following years, without showing more talent in conception on the part of generals or the Government, were infinitely better executed, because there was a better understanding among those who took part in them.

SPARE HOURS.*

We are glad to meet Dr. Brown again in literature. His former books have made a place for him in every family circle where genial and enjoyable life is appreciated; and the new series of his papers will be gladly welcomed by all who have ever read the first story, "Rab and his Friends," which gave the author a wide acquaintance with American readers. From that pathetic little sketch how the race of Rabs has multiplied! Our own Rab wags his tail in grateful response to the fact, as he lies, with one eye half closed, at our feet under the library table.

Why is it that Dr. Brown is popular? He has only written those light, sketchy papers made up from the odds and ends of everything. He is only a gossippy story-teller; his thinking is of an exceedingly light order; he never completes or finishes anything; you can read his books as well from the last page backward as from the first page forward. Why, then, is he popular? Because he is a man of genuine humor; one who is not only humorous, but who enjoys humor; one who has a large, full, sympathetic nature; one who is open to all beautiful and deep impressions; one who has the happy talent of enjoyment; one who, with his favorites, becomes even hilarious. Add to this his style, which has the singular felicity of reflecting the man as much as Charles Lamb's letters do the gentle "Elia," and a bright, quick imagination which seizes upon the salient features of his subjects with strong grasp, and you have the qualities which make Dr. Brown an acceptable author. Grant, indeed, that this is not a very substantial basis for authorship, that his papers are all brief and all in the same vein; yet they are all well and inimitably done, and there is just that grace of personality which makes them pleasant reading for old and young. They harm nobody (which can

* "Spare Hours. By John Brown, M.D." First Series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. 16mo, pp. 458. Second Series. The same. 16mo, pp. 426.

be said of few books belonging to the literature of amusement) and they fill the mind with genial, pleasant pictures, and widen one's appreciation of good books and his own kind.

We honor Dr. Brown, too, because he is something else than an author. He is a doctor in successful practice, and these papers have been written, as were those of the lamented "Delta," amid the absorbing cares of a constant daily occupation. They are, therefore, an example to literary men, and to those who would be such in a country which does not yet support literature single-handed, of the way in which literature may be successfully tacked on to another profession without in the least impairing its proper pursuit. The poet Perceval, however, said with much truth, when in South Carolina attempting to practise medicine without patients: "When a man is really ill he will not send for a *poet* to cure him." But in Perceval's case the literary man had, unfortunately, preceded the doctor in reputation. We hold that every calling has a narrowing influence in itself. It absorbs a man. This is true equally of law, medicine, theology, or mechanics. Unless one reads, writes, thinks beyond his profession, he becomes the man of one idea, who soon dries up and withers away. This is the secret of the vegetation of country parsons, country lawyers, country doctors. They drop fast asleep thinking upon nothing. In contrast with this Dr. Brown has become all the better for using his pen, and we are not sure but that he has cured as many patients with his quills as with his pills.

Dr. Brown excels in two lines of writing—story-telling and biography. We are willing to match his "Father's Memoir," the paper on Arthur Hallam, and those on Marjorie Fleming, John Leech, and Thackeray with any biographical writing in the language. They are as peculiarly done as "honest Izaak's" George Herbert or Richard Hooker. The writer appreciates his subject, and he does not let it go till he has brought you to see as he does. His "Father's Memoir" is only equalled (if equalled) by Carlyle's "Life of Sterling" and Boswell's "Johnson." We have never seen a sketch of an artist which so beautifully brings the very man in his art before you as does his paper on John Leech. It is all that reverence and love and honesty could do. But the first series is not excelled by the second in any respect. The biography of Arthur Hallam, now the father's memoir of his son has been published, and we can compare them, is not equal to Dr. Brown's paper, which was made from it. He has the indispensable quality of a biographer—an appreciative heart. He loves, admires, knows—then writes. But his stories are also interesting. There is no constructive art about them; but they always have a point. The story of "Rab" has made that honest dog famous wherever English is spoken, and the moral is delicately woven into its very marrow. The author's love of dogs makes him true brother to Christopher North and Walter Scott, both of whom he admires, and his sympathy for the race crops out in the new volume in a touching plea for a "Dog Home." His pictures of dogs must be read in their setting to be appreciated, but we have never met with their like. Such papers as "Minchmoor," "The Enterkin," "The Jacobite Family," "Her Last Half-Crown," and "Presence of Mind and Happy Guessing," show his peculiar ar t as a story-teller, and the reader will always remember them as choice bits of character and scene-painting.

The author attempts, in the second series, a more serious class of papers, entitled "Health," or lay sermons, and one on "Jeems the Doorkeeper," to which should be added, "With Brains, Sir," and "Education through the Senses," in the former book. They are full of pleasant advice, given not without a dry humor, which assists the reader to take in the sense. The thoughts are not very deep, but they are inimitably put. His sketches of character also demand a word. The papers on "Dr. Chalmers," "George Wilson," "The Duke of Athole," "Thackeray's Death," and "Struan" are among the happiest summaries of character which we have met with. The author knew and loved the men, and when he writes of them it is as if they were brothers, concerning whom every word must be true yet tender. They are worth more than all the biographies that could be written. The real truth and presence of the life are given in few words, and every word has power.

Yet, much as we like Dr. Brown, we hope, for his own reputation, that he will not write much more in the same vein in which he has indulged, lest the same disgust overtake the public which has met the recent volumes of the "Country Parson," whose "Recreations" were really good and a new thing in literature, but whose abundance has wearied us all. We say this with some hesitation, because Dr. Brown is a far abler man, but yet his literary reputation, so far, is established upon a very slender reed. He pipes one rune perpetually, and even the music of the spheres becomes tiresome without variation. We are glad to see the kindly face of the good doctor in front of the new volume, which shows the same fine traits of character that we find in his writings.

MR. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE ON ORTHODOXY.*

ADMIRABLE in intention, kind in temper, candid in spirit, earnest in purpose, this volume occupies a place in theological literature which ought to have been filled before, but which until now has remained empty. What is more remarkable than the character of the book, is the fact that it is written in the interest of a body of Christian believers as the tender of an olive-branch to the other sects. The government of the American Unitarian Association, by the hand of Dr. Clarke, makes an honest attempt to find and to state the truth contained in the doctrines of their opponents. Such an endeavor merits praise, as indicating an attitude worthy to be called Christian, if peace and conciliation are Christian, if *eirenics* are a good substitute for *polemics* in the treatment of sectarian controversies. The association could not have selected for this good work a more suitable man than Mr. Clarke—a man fitted for its performance both by gifts and acquirements. He has the requisite erudition and the necessary familiarity with all the lines of thought. His mind is comprehensive, systematic, and exact; his judgment is just. He is singularly free from personal and from theological prejudice, not because he is indifferent to modes of belief, but because he is strong in fundamental convictions. He is catholic from the depth of his spiritual fervor, not from the shallowness of his sceptical understanding; and he seems to be able to appreciate what is true in systems and good in men, however divergent the forms of truth and goodness may be. In addition to all these qualifications, he possesses a rare power of terse and vigorous statement, almost dangerous from its neatness, but balanced in his case by an intellectual fidelity which is on its guard against deception by verbal ingenuities. The volume before us, in copiousness of material, punctiliousness of arrangement, formality of definition, resembles a German treatise on systematic theology, but the freshness of its thought marks it truly American. But for an occasional positiveness, verging on dogmatism, an absence here and there of philosophical perception, and an artificial cast in its logic, we should say that the theme was handled as well as we have a right to expect from anybody. No more satisfactory book of like tendency may be looked for. The chief point of question is, whether the attempt itself can be considered legitimate. By orthodoxy, Dr. Clarke does not mean the opinions held by any particular denomination in New England or elsewhere; he means "that great system of belief which gradually took form in the Christian church in the course of centuries as its standard theology." This, he says, is substantially identical with the Protestant principle. That principle generates the heresies as necessarily as the beliefs. "Heresies are as true as orthodoxy, and make part, indeed, of a higher orthodoxy." It follows that each form of doctrine, and each doctrine singly, covers some truth of experience, some solid fact of utmost importance to Christendom. Every system has its share of essential truth; every sect is orthodox after its manner; all sects are needed to make Protestantism. "Only by contributions from all quarters can a final judgment be reached." The work in hand on this theory is to distinguish between the substance of truth and the form of truth, to detect the spirit beneath the letter, to analyze all the statements and get at the last residuum of verity.

But this will not satisfy the philosophic believer in orthodoxy. He will take issue at the very start with Dr. Clarke's theory, and charge him with begging the whole question. He will say that reasoning is impossible on Dr. Clarke's ground. It is generally understood that orthodoxy *is* a definite system, from which all heresy is a dangerous departure; that orthodoxy and heterodoxy are not different modes of statement for the same substantial truths, but modes of statement of different principles, one of which excludes the other; the difference being one that cannot be split. Nor is this all; for it is an equally stubborn opinion that the natural reason is utterly incompetent to interpret or to understand the orthodox system, it being instituted by omniscience, inspired by supernal wisdom, and apprehensible by none but supernaturally illuminated minds. Hence Dr. Clarke's endeavor is, of necessity, futile. He assumes that he can penetrate mysteries which human wit cannot reach. In saying, as he does with emphasis, as if he were laying down an indubitable verity, that "there is a power in man by which he can see spiritual facts, as with his earthly senses he can perceive sensible facts," Dr. Clarke takes ground frankly with the transcendentalists; but transcendentalism and orthodoxy are utter foes; and when either undertakes to find the substantial truth that is common to both, it is as if one should try to discover the common base of two mutually destructive salts.

The special results of Dr. Clarke's analysis are such as might be expected from his philosophical principle. The discussions are minute and elaborate.

* "Orthodoxy: its Truths and Errors. By James Freeman Clarke." Boston: Walker, Fuller & Co. 1 vol., pp. 512.

They show a complete acquaintance with all the technical points in controversy; they display great learning and acuteness. They are scrupulously fair; but, in the conclusion, the transcendental philosophy claims much the largest share of the spoils, and orthodoxy comes to its title by abandoning its rights. Positions which it would disclaim are attributed to it as its residuum of truth, and beliefs which it will never let go are kindly taken away from it as being errors. Thus, orthodoxy is right in making the free and independent sight of truth the root of all religion; it is wrong in confounding truth with doctrine. It is right in affirming that influences come into the world from above the world, *supernatural* influences supplementing nature; it is wrong in raising an opposition between the natural and the supernatural, in making nature and spirit foes. It is right in maintaining the supreme excellence and value of the Christian Scriptures; but wrong in claiming for them infallible accuracy. It is right in laying stress on natural depravity, the natural alienation of the will from God, the fact of sin; but wrong in insisting on man's total depravity, and his natural subjection to a law of evil. It is right in declaring that God was in Christ; it is wrong in declaring that Christ was God; right in teaching that Christ was divine; wrong in teaching that he was Deity. It is right in asserting that man is justified by faith; wrong in asserting that he is justified by belief—the faith that justifies does not come from the acceptance of correct opinions, but the correct opinions proceed from the faith that justifies. It is right in contending that Christ, in his death, effected something by means of which we obtain God's forgiveness for our sins; it is wrong in contending that this agency was exerted on God instead of on man, and in holding up its vicarious character as constituting its saving peculiarity. It is right in asseverating that man lives under a law of election; but wrong in pronouncing this election to be an appointment to happiness or misery hereafter, instead of being a call to opportunity and duty here. It is right in expecting the coming of Christ in this world, a *personal* coming, too, and not merely his impersonal coming in his truth; it is wrong in supposing that coming to be future instead of present, and material to the senses instead of spiritual to the soul. It is right in affirming the eternal distinction between good and evil, and in laying stress on the soul as eternally suffering for sin; it is wrong in laying down the doctrine of everlasting punishment or of hopeless doom. It is right in proclaiming a trinity of manifestations; it is wrong in maintaining a trinity of persons. In each one of these instances the special characteristic of orthodoxy seems to be abandoned, and, as a substitute for it, a belief is put in which not only is no equivalent but which is its contradiction.

While, therefore, the purpose of the book is so good and its ability so conspicuous, its success is not eminent. The questions at issue lie deeper than Mr. Clarke's scalpel goes. Orthodoxy and anti-orthodoxy rest on opposite principles. If one is true, the other is not. The kindest overtures towards them, looking to a reconciliation and a marriage kiss, will probably be thrown away.

A Woman's Thoughts about Women. Miss Mulock. (Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.)—When, some years ago, Miss Mulock's brief essays first appeared, the topics she discusses had much of freshness and interest which they have since lost. On servant-galism, for instance, we have not by any means got to our last word—witness the proposal on another page that our poor relation the monkey be utilized and made menial—but certainly within the last ten years we have heard an infinite deal on the subject, and all that Miss Mulock says in her chapters upon "Female Servants" and "The Mistress of the Family" has been repeated with rather wearisome iteration, and has ceased to be amusing. Still, if it is true that ladies never grow old, it is also true that young ladies grow older, and each year a new generation of brides, attended by raw regiments of Irish and other mercenaries, go down into the battle of life in lodgings and first-class tenements, and each year there will be new need of the old counsel and reproof and warning. And no kinder, more sympathetic, more honest adviser, and, so far as we know, none more capable than Miss Mulock will easily be found. She is equally full of housewifely sense and of womanly sweetness. And we commend her book to all young gentlemen meditating matrimony as a very good book for the general average of young ladies contemplating the same prospect. For in Miss Mulock husbands, an unfortunate class whom it is too much the fashion nowadays to abuse without stint, will find a friend. She is no innovator or woman's rights woman. More than that, she concedes that women are human beings, and not altogether free from wickedness, silliness, and meanness. She seems not willing to assert the female superiority in soul, and hardly willing to assert their equality with man in intellect, though, to be sure, she does make some rather extravagant remarks about Aurora Leigh. These may be forgiven, however, as being ten or a dozen years old, and made when more people than Miss Mulock were too enthusiastic about Mrs. Browning. But, as we say, in general she is very sensible and reasonable. Indeed, acrimonious men who should read her book without remembering that she is specifically engaged in pointing out errors in women's conduct of life, and urging them to improvement, might think the writer a believer in some of the harsher creeds of wilful misogynists. They might conclude that she supported that plausible theory which supposes our original parents, those first *hostes humani generis*, to have been unequally guilty in bringing about the fall of man; that the man, on account of mitigating circumstances, was permitted to earn his own and the woman's bread by the sweat of his brow; that the woman's exclusion from toil was penal, and that in her idleness and the consequent deterioration of her morals and her mind she reaps the reward of her greater sin in the garden. It is life in the world of business that forces men to justice—man solitary cannot be just. Justice is at the base of every other virtue. Without justice morality is impossible. Women, notoriously, are destitute of justice, and are, then, profoundly immoral, in the strict sense of that word. Such goodness as they confessedly have they have at the dictum of religious teachers. It is so in morals, and in mind it is the same, these people say, and, for the same reason, "curis acuuntur mortalia corda." If the revolving world, rightly considered, is nothing more than the grindstone on which the human faculties are sharpened and brightened, it is not to be wondered at that men are as far superior to women in intellect as in the moral nature.

It is not necessary to enquire whether this is true doctrine, or whether Miss Mulock is a disciple of this school. Practically, she urges women to enroll themselves among "that crowned band who, whether or not they are the happy ones, are elected to the heaven-given honor of being the workers of the world;" she is not afraid to recommend their following any and every honest profession or trade for which they are competent, and is severe upon the frivolous laziness and helpless dependence which is commonly thought to be the proper thing for women; she candidly confesses the tendency of women to be dreadfully stingy, tyrannical in a small way, inconstant in friendship, and sadly empty-headed; she speaks well, delicately, tenderly, and sensibly about "lost women," "unhappy women," and "women of the world," and on the whole has given to her sisters a large-hearted, pretty large-minded woman's desultory, not very deep but very useful, "Thoughts about Women."

Hillard's Primer. Edited, in pronouncing Orthography, by Edwin Leigh. (Brewer & Tileston, Boston.)—The history of this book, if it were told, would be something romantic. The editor speaks in his preface of "the labors of years" as culminating in this small volume, which it is safe to say a casual observer might never suspect of any peculiarity, though in this very fact lies the triumph of the educator. Mr. Leigh has worked long, persistently, with an enthusiasm and a degree of hopefulness which sometimes are called fanaticism, sometimes, when a new world is to be discovered or two worlds united by a cable, heroism. He has endured disappointments and privations like other discoverers—the imperfections of his own system, the indifference of educators, the doubts of publishers, the delays of his font-makers. He has lived on a crust, but he has lived, and here is his reward, or ought to be. What, in brief, is his system? Mr. Leigh went from Massachusetts and Horace Mann to Missouri, to pursue the high calling of a teacher. He had long taught the phonetic method of orthography and orthoepy, and knew by experience how much it saved the pupil in time and the teacher in patience. But the odd characters and the new-fangled spelling never commended themselves to the general public. What the child has learned here, it was said, he must unlearn when he returns to the ordinary text. The objection was not fatal to the theory, but it was to its practical success. Mr. Leigh thought it not impossible to get the Roman characters so little modified that the transition in them would be imperceptible, and in spelling, *nil*. And this he has done, in the most ingenious and thorough manner, and he has persuaded Messrs. Brewer & Tileston to adapt a popular primer to his lettering. The system commends itself on its face; it is simple, easy, interesting, *familiar*. It is compatible with any mode of teaching, though here it is combined with that which employs words before single letters. We commend it to the teachers of primary schools and to the mothers of young children everywhere. If employed at the South, it would, we are persuaded, render the greatest assistance to the teachers of the freedmen, and shorten for the latter the interval (which it is so desirable to shorten) between them and the culture of civilization.

The Red Doctor. Translated from the French of J. P. Latfitte, by Huon D. Aramis. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1866.)—This singular farrago of mystery, murder, and mesmerism belongs to the sensation school of modern French fiction. The main story is founded upon that period of Danish history in which the weak-minded and debauched Christian VII. was swayed by his clever but unprincipled favorite, Struensée, to whom the author ascribes the development of that theory of animal magnetism with which the name of Mesmer is commonly associated. The latter is the "Red Doctor" of the tale; but the central character is the royal favorite, whom M. Latitte depicts as a glorified impersonation of genius struggling against *convention* and oppression, and seeking the sources of hidden knowledge with the enthusiasm of a youthful Faust or Paracelsus, and whom he reluctantly transforms, when he comes to describe his amour with Queen Caroline Matilda, into a sort of fallen archangel. The idea of the character is historically false, but it helps the story, the effect of which is further heightened by a busy throng of intriguing courtiers, clairvoyants, assassins, spies, and other stock characters of the historical romance, who swarm through the scenes. The plot is involved and difficult to follow, and, to add to the confusion, a second plot, having no connection with the main story, is woven into it in a manner little creditable to the constructive skill of the author. The hero of the latter story is a murderer, rejoicing in the name of "Pierre the Assassin," whose end affords an apt illustration of that retributive justice which overtakes the conventional stage villain. As a historical novel the book is worthless, but it contains an abundance of highly-wrought and exciting passages, which, in spite of their violation of truth, probability, or even possibility, absorb the reader's attention until, to his surprise, he finds himself at the last page, when very likely he will throw the "Red Doctor" into a corner, in pure disgust of having wasted valuable time in its perusal. The translation is rather clumsily executed.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE WAY TO SECURE PEACE.

EVERYBODY is just now speculating with more or less earnestness upon the probable course of events when the new Congress meets next spring. Nearly two months ago we ventured to suggest in an article, which we believe many of our readers at the time considered almost extravagant, that Mr. Johnson would probably—if a majority of the whole number of members of Congress could be secured by the union of the Southerners claiming seats with the Democrats favorable to "his policy"—refuse to recognize the Radical minority representing the majority of the Northern electors, treat the others as the real Congress, and, if necessary, put them in possession of the Capitol by force. All thought of any such plan was, however, indignantly repudiated by Mr. Johnson and his friends, and the idea that he had even entertained it was treated as a wicked Radical invention, and the public was reminded that he had acknowledged the legality of the present Congress in spite of the exclusion of the Southern members by approving and vetoing its bills.

It very soon after began to appear, however, that the Presidential mind was beginning to be affected by the theories so zealously propounded by the *World* and *Daily News*, that the present Congress was a "rump Congress," whose authority it would be a meritorious act, or at most only a venial sin, to disregard. He began to talk, in each stump speech, a little more contemptuously of it, and a little more respectfully of his own high and mighty position as a "department of the Government." At last he blurted out, what had probably long been fermenting in his breast, his belief that the present Congress was not a department of the Government, but only "a body hanging on the verge of the Government;" "calling itself the Congress of the United States," but being only in reality a "Congress of part of the States." This was a considerable step in advance. There is only one other to make in order to prepare him to treat representatives of the States which have put down the rebellion and saved the Union as entitled to no share in the Government, unless they choose to admit to their body members from such States as he shall pronounce entitled to representation. How soon he will take this step we, of course, cannot say; but the precise mode in which he will make it seems to have been sketched out by the *World* and *Times* last week.

Both these journals have been a good deal puzzled about the claim of the President to exercise legislative functions in this matter of reconstruction, and have occupied themselves very busily in defending "his policy," so as to avoid having to answer the very inconvenient question of how he came to have a policy at all. The *World*, however, had the good fortune to disinter last week an act of Congress of 1862, fixing the number of representatives at 241, and then rushed triumphantly to the conclusion that any Congress from which a portion of this number was excluded was no Congress at all, and that the President, as an executive officer, was bound to execute the laws, and this law amongst others; therefore he was bound to introduce the full number of members, if need be, by force. The *Times* the next day took up the wondrous tale, and told us exactly how the thing was to be done, and actually announced that Mr. Johnson would certainly treat any Congress which did not contain the full number of members fixed by law as what he in his concise and luminous diction calls "an illegal and unlawful assembly."

We need hardly point out that for the President to undertake to put members into Congress in supposed execution of this act, or to refuse to recognize as Congress a body which failed to fill its ranks up to the legal number, would be to deny it the power both of deciding what constituencies may elect members and what members are really elected, and would put it in the power of any State to paralyze the legislature by failing to elect. In fact, the whole argument is that of men whom much trouble has bewildered, and who are at their wits' ends to avert the catastrophe which is impending over the "policy" and its supporters. If the case they suppose should arise, we have no doubt the country will deal in a very summary manner with all these fine-spun theories of the President's powers, and the authors of them, if Mr. Johnson should be fool enough to follow their advice, will be perfectly astounded by the popular contempt for their logic. The one thing on which all parties may count as certain is that the Northern people consider the Congress elected by the Northern States the only true Congress, and will see that its authority is respected.

We are now more disposed to take a hopeful view of the future than we were two months ago. The very fact that the people are becoming awakened to a sense of the danger is a healthy symptom. Such perils are averted by preparing for them, not by ignoring them; and we have reason to believe that the necessary preparations are being made; while we know that the people are being thoroughly aroused to the situation. Two months ago, moreover, we did not foresee the New Orleans massacre or Mr. Johnson's stump speeches, or, to speak correctly, his *speech*, which he repeats everywhere with as much gusto as Mr. Everett repeated his oration on Washington. The mob at Indianapolis showed an amazing ignorance of party tactics when they refused to hear the Presidential orator. If we could look at the matter in a partisan aspect only (as we trust we do not), we should rejoice to have a speech from Mr. Johnson at every railroad station, and would have every speech printed *verbatim*, in large type, in all the newspapers. General Scott was thought to have reached the climax of suicide by speech-making in 1852, but it has been reserved for Mr. Johnson to attain to a height of achievement unequalled even by Daniel Pratt, Jr., the great American traveller.

This stupendous combination of folly and outrage will save the nation while humiliating it. The result is distinctly foreshadowed by the victory in Maine. We desire to use moderate language, but no ordinary phrases will do justice to that election. It was an exciting one, in which the State was thoroughly canvassed, and in which official influence and money were freely used. All the chances of gain seemed to be on the side of the Johnsonian party. The pressure which they brought to bear may be judged from the single fact that in Kittery, where there is a large navy yard, the vote in 1864 was 465 Republican to 181 Democratic; whereas now it is 345 Republican to 304 Democratic. But such influences are of less account than many suppose. Every other town in the same county shows large Republican gains. And it should be observed that the victory is not owing to any diminution of the general vote or the absence of popular interest. The conglomerate party fully expected to gain one Congressman, and hoped for two. They struggled hard for this purpose, but signally failed. The Republican vote is larger than ever before, except possibly at the gubernatorial elections of 1856 and 1860, when the party polled almost exactly 70,000 votes. It polls now at least 69,000, and probably over 70,000. Mr. Lincoln, in 1864, received only 62,000. This large vote, in a State almost stationary in population, is of itself a triumph. But the majority is far larger than was ever given by the State before to any party or candidate whatever. The largest majority ever given to any governor at a previous election was less than 18,000, and the Republican majority in 1862 was less than 6,000. Now it is close upon 30,000.

We have dwelt upon these figures because all experience has shown the important influence of the Maine elections, especially for the past twelve years, during which they have accurately foreshadowed the state of Northern feeling. In 1854, 1856, 1860, 1863, and 1864, this was specially noticeable; while in 1862 the loss of a Congressman in Maine gave warning of the accumulation of political disasters which followed.

We regard this overwhelming victory in Maine as a precursor of similar victories throughout the North. And if we are right in believing that New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the West will take their stand beside Maine, the war-cloud will pass over, and the now rampant office-hunters will become mild as doves. Such victories will secure the all-important point, *the election of at least* 122 *Republicans to the next House of Representatives;* the only way, in our view, by which the country can be saved from the outbreak of violence. That will *certainly* avoid the peril now contemplated, and it is at least doubtful whether anything else will. We hope for this result now with more confidence than we have ever felt before.

We desire to add a word of advice to those conservatives and

cautious men who seek peace above all things, and who may be influenced by the appeals or threats of Mr. Johnson's organs to believe that peace can be most easily secured by letting him have his way; and that they can best help to that end by supporting his candidates. This is an utter delusion. The recent elections have demonstrated the absolute impossibility of carrying the North in favor of Mr. Johnson's policy. We admit that a temporary peace might be secured by the election of ninety-seven Johnson men to Congress, since they would form a majority of the members from the states legally organized; and the minority would submit at once. But no man in his senses, acquainted with politics, believes such a result to be possible. Peace cannot be secured this way. Of the 192 recognized members of the lower House, the coalition cannot, by any conceivable turn in politics, carry more than ninety, while it is wholly improbable that they will carry seventy-five. The co-operation of the class of men who are anxious for peace with the majority who adhere to principle will give the Republicans 125 or 130 members, and thus overwhelm the plot to organize a separate Congress under the sanction of the President. This is now the only practicable road to peace.

What will the South then do? it may be asked. Will it not refuse to accept the terms offered by Congress, stay "out in the cold" for an indefinite period, irritated, discontented, requiring continued military rule, murdering and battering freedmen and Northern men, and keeping open a perennial sore in the body politic, as Mr. Beecher and the New York *Times* would have us believe? Political prophecy is dangerous work; but we have no hesitation in answering to all these questions emphatically, No. The South has assumed its present attitude of resistance because it relies on Mr. Johnson and his friends to carry it through, as it relied on Mr. Pierce and his friends to create a "war of neighborhoods" in 1860, and as it relied on the Chicago Convention in 1864. It is now waiting for the result of the coming elections. Let it be once demonstrated by those elections that Mr. Johnson's promises and advice are worthless, that he and his supporters are powerless, that behind the Congressional majority there stands the Northern people firm and unshaken, and as determined to reap the fruits of the war as it was two years ago to carry the war on, and, our word for it, we shall have peace, and permanent peace, in the spring. The South will accept the Constitutional Amendment, in spite of its present threats, just as placidly and gracefully as it gave up the intention, so long entertained, of "dying in the last ditch," and waging guerrilla warfare "down the ages." There is nothing in the amendment intrinsically humiliating or unjust. Even Mr. Beecher acknowledges that, and, therefore, it will be swallowed without a qualm. The Southern representatives will take their seats next winter as good-humoredly as if nothing had happened, and Mr. Johnson be left no more exciting duty than giving a revised edition of his old speeches, with annotations by Mr. Thurlow Weed, and an appendix by Montgomery Blair, clearing up the more doubtful points in the President's metaphysics and political economy.

MR. BEECHER'S GENERAL LAWS.

There was probably nothing in Mr. Beecher's recent letter to the Cleveland Convention so grateful to its admirers as that portion of it which proposed to leave the improvement of the negro's condition at the South to the operation of general laws, such as the laws of political economy, the law of progress, the spread of feelings of humanity and justice among the whites, and so forth. This fondness for leaving things to be effected by natural agencies, or, in other words, of getting along with the least possible amount of government, is, in part, the result of a general reaction against the excess of government from which the world has always hitherto suffered, and not excess of government only, but excess of villanously bad government. But it is due in part also, and in our opinion in the case before us in still larger part, to the desire of the natural man to shirk disagreeable and troublesome duties. Clergymen are apt to have great fondness for "general laws," although they rarely call them by that name. Both they and their hearers find a certain comfort in taking as large a number as possible of the problems of human existence out of the hands of men, and committing their solution to Providence. This gets rid of a world of troublesome details, disposes of a multitude of ugly facts, and saves a great deal of repulsive labor—although we have no doubt very few pulpit orators are conscious of any such intention when preaching the helplessness of "the world." "The world" is, however, by no means sorry very often to believe in its own helplessness, and to agree to leave things to "the general course of events," and put abuses of all kinds under the protection of a divine law with which it is foolish or useless for human legislators to attempt to meddle. When slaveholders were hard pressed by public opinion to do something to prepare the negroes for freedom, they, after much tribulation, resorted to the old expedient of making slavery a part of the natural order of the world, as ordained by God. Those who did not venture to such lengths of extravagance, however, declared that, although slavery was an abuse, it was an abuse which human legislation could do nothing to remove. Its abolition had to be left to "Providence" (*i. e.*, Mr. Beecher's laws of political economy), who would bring it about "in his own good time"—a time, however, which was plainly considered so indefinitely remote that its approach never probably diminished the market value of a "likely nigger" one cent in the estimation of the devoutest believer in the progress of society.

Now what we think governments had better leave to general laws is the improvement of individual character. We are opposed to making men pious, or temperate, or generous, or forgiving by law. The moral training of the citizen is not, in our opinion, the business of government. But his protection from all violence, from all abuse, from all attempts by his fellows to injure him in mind, body, or estate, to prevent the free exercise of his faculties, or, in other words, the provision for him of perfect security, is emphatically the business of government. Government has not and ought not to have any other business; and any government which confesses its inability or unwillingness to do this thing, confesses that it is an usurpation, that there is no reason for its existence, and that in collecting taxes it commits a robbery. A government which tells a citizen or subject who complains to it that he is oppressed or maltreated by his fellow-citizens, as Mr. Beecher wants our Government to tell the Southern freedmen, that he must look for an improvement in his condition to the general progress of Southern society, absolves him from his allegiance. We all believe that robbery and murder and embezzlement will diminish as the world grows older and better and as religion and education become more widely diffused, but it has not occurred to any one yet to tell the victims of burglars and assassins that there is no use in having courts and policemen, inasmuch as crime cannot be wholly prevented, and that they must be patient under their afflictions, as the time is coming when there will be no more thieving or housebreaking, when the criminal population will come to see that honesty is the best policy, and betake themselves to industrial pursuits.

This, however, is in effect what Mr. Beecher and his friends would have the Northern public say to the freedmen. There are say 200,000 of them who have served in the Union armies. These men have gone home and find that by the legislation of our late enemies the rights of buying, selling, teaching, preaching, leasing and owning land, and entering on various callings, and even suing in court, are curtailed. They apply to us for redress, and Mr. Beecher wants us to tell them that we are sorry for them, but the world moves, and that we doubt not the South will yet see the propriety of treating them fairly; that if we interfere it would "irritate" their oppressors; and that the laws of political economy are at work.

Another of the fallacies of Mr. Beecher's letter is contained in the remark that the negroes must share in the prosperity of the South. This is by no means certain. The South has prospered greatly materially in the days of slavery, and yet the laboring population grew every day more and more miserable. The middle and upper classes in England have acquired enormous wealth within the last two hundred years; but the condition of the working classes has relatively not improved. Land, for instance, has doubled, in many counties quadrupled, in value within one hundred years; but the agricultural laborer is worse off than he has ever been at any period of English history. The condition of the French peasantry was never so horrible as when the court and the châteaux were gayest. The wealth of the Indian zemindars was proverbial for ages, when the ryots lived year after year on

the verge of starvation. In short, there is nothing better settled, both by political economy and by history, than that, if you have a privileged class, or race, or caste in any country, there is no necessary connection whatever between its prosperity and that of the classes below it. The prosperity of the laboring class in all countries depends on its numbers in proportion to the amount of capital available for the employment of labor. Its number may be increased in two ways. One is by improvident and reckless multiplication, such as is often seen amongst degraded populations, whose standard of living is low, and in whom long misery has extinguished hope and ambition. The other is multiplication created by artificial obstacles to a change of condition. What makes labor high at the North is, that the number of workmen is always kept down by the cheapness of land, which every year draws off a large number of those who labor for hire, and the facility afforded by the manners and institutions of the country for rising out of the ranks of laborers into that of employers. Thousands and thousands of Northern laborers every year become farmers of their own land, or else rise from the position of journeymen into that of "bosses," and this process, so far from being impeded by legislation, or by public opinion, is encouraged and promoted by both in every possible way. Shut the schools on the Northern working-men; shut them out from many of the most honorable callings and from all political privileges; diminish the amount of protection afforded them by the courts, and make them and their callings objects of contempt or loathing to the class exercising the power of government, and refuse them the right of owning or leasing land, and we should soon see whether they would share in the prosperity of their employers; whether the ranks of labor, and, above all, of unskilled labor, would not be crowded to excess; and whether we should not witness all over the country, in spite of our boundless resources, those shocking inequalities of condition which meet the eye in some of the most fertile and prosperous districts of the Old World, and which, in our opinion, nothing but an equality of rights, secured not by an act of Congress only, but by the fundamental law of the Union, can prevent our seeing perpetuated at the South.

PRUSSIA AND AUSTRIA AFTER WAR.

King William of Prussia and his Prime Minister came home to Berlin, a few days ago, after a political victory far more complete than that recently gained by the English Adullamites, and a campaign of arms more splendid than any since Marengo, and they, like the Adullamites, had in their hands for decision the question what citizens of their country should vote. The Tories of free England might learn at least one useful lesson in government from the example set by the King of despotic Prussia.

The King's decree provides for an election to a parliament for the new North German Confederation, and, among other regulations, makes the following:

First. Every Prussian subject not convicted of high crime, who has reached his twenty-fifth year, has the right to vote. The following classes of persons are excepted, to wit: All those who are under guardianship; all whose property is under assignment for bankruptcy (until the assignment is completed); paupers supported either by public or private charity, or who have been so supported within a year next preceding the election. Every one from whom the right of citizenship has been withdrawn (a punishment for certain crimes) is also prohibited from voting. Every Prussian permitted to vote is also eligible as a candidate for deputy, and is not excluded from the poll for any past political offences, provided these have been pardoned by the King. Every 100,000 of the population, and any additional number above 50,000, elect one deputy. In every election district lists of the voters will be made out and posted in public places four weeks before the day of election; eight days are given in which to make corrections and additions, after which the lists are closed and all unregistered persons are excluded from the polls. The election will be conducted by ballot openly; a majority of votes in each district is required to elect; in case there is no absolute majority the election will fall to the one receiving a plurality, and in case of a tie between two they will cast lots.

The only difference between this law and that of 1848, which has been the ideal of every German Liberal, is that the present one everywhere uses the word *Prussian* instead of German. Either the King intends that all the inhabitants of the North German Confederation shall be called Prussians, or that his confederates shall make their own election laws. Our latest advices, however, by Atlantic Telegraph, say that "the Prussian Chamber of Deputies has voted a parliament and electoral law for Saxony." It is a somewhat significant circumstance that in Saxony the Prussian military officers are preparing the lists and making all other preparations for the election. And yet Saxony has not entered into a "personal union" with Prussia.

It would be a labor of no little interest, as well as profit, if one had full facilities to make out the complete table of profit and loss which the needle-gun and good strategy have ciphered out for the Prussians. In Leipsic a firm of booksellers, Messrs. Biederman, Freytag & Co., have offered a prize of two hundred dollars for a pamphlet "which shall show briefly, conclusively, and in a popular style, that the only salvation for Saxony is to be found in the closest possible union with Prussia." This in the second city of a kingdom which, if it was anything before the war, was Prussian-hating! The marked falling off of Napoleonic favor from beaten Austria toward her victorious neighbor; the conclusion already of a secret treaty (so it is whispered in "high diplomatic circles") between Count Bismark and the Russian ambassador, Von Dalwigk, and the near approach of a probable alliance between Prussia and Austria herself against the territorial hungerings which the Germans will persist in attributing to Frenchmen—these are additional "golden opinions" won by the needle-gun.

The more substantial earnings of the Prussian army may be set down as follows, though there are many others of small amount that have never been published or heard of outside of the army itself:

Austria,	$70,000,000
Saxony,	12,500,000
Bavaria,	14,000,000
Frankfort,	8,500,000
Würtemberg,	8,000,000
Baden (estimated),	5,500,000
Total,	$118,500,000

No reckoning is here taken of the numerous small German states that opposed Prussia with arms, on whom, it is to be supposed, proportionate burdens were laid, nor of the vast quantities of supplies that have been furnished on requisition. For instance, $40,000 worth of cigars have been smoked by the Prussians in Frankfort, and their officers have spent $28,800 in the different hotels of that unhappy city, all at the expense of the citizens.

After reckoning up the sums extorted by Prussia from her defeated enemies, that is hardly an incredible statement which was made a few days ago in the Prussian Lower House by the Finance Minister, Von der Heydt, that he needed a grant of only 154,000,000 thalers (a thaler is 70 cents in silver) to cover the deficit from the beginning of 1862 to the end of 1866, and an extraordinary grant of 60,000,000 to cover the expenses of the war just ended. It will not be forgotten that the King and his Parliament have been at loggerheads since 1862, and that during all this time the Government has been conducted without a single vote of supplies.

But this wind of war that has blown so much good to Prussia has been a terribly ill wind to her rival. The truce of Nikolsburg, though it delivered the Kaiser from further fear of the devouring needle-gun, opened up for him a ghastly future of intestine quarrels, of wasting strife between the diverse races of which his patchwork empire is made up. While it was yet a part of the German Bund, the German element, though inferior in numbers, always had a reserve outside of the empire upon which to fall back, and with its superior culture and intellect kept the Sclave, the Tzech, the Magyar, the Croat, and the Pole always in subordination. The army, the schools, the laws were German institutions, not Sclavonian or Hungarian, and those intractable and haughty tribes have never ceased to chafe under this foreign yoke. The battle of Königgrätz cast Austria adrift for ever, dissevered the German from his kindred in Fatherland, and there begins now to come up to Vienna from all parts of the motley empire a fierce, polyglot cry: 'Down with the German!"

The Tzechs were the first to give this signal, so full of peril for Austria. When the Prussians invaded Bohemia the King caused a proclamation to be issued to them, promising them that he would "perhaps" strike off from them the hated bonds, and give them their long-sought independence. For this act the "Beseda," a fraternity of Bohemians in Berlin, gave him a cordial vote of thanks, though there is no people in Europe that hate the Prussians more intensely than the Tzechs. The promise, however, was not fulfilled, and now the doubly exasperated Bohemians are preparing to avenge themselves with their own hands. Not long ago the Cologne *Zeitung* predicted that there would soon be a terrible uprising in that wild kingdom of the mountains, and that the Germans would be massacred by thousands. But this is improbable. In Bohemia there are 3,000,000 Tzechs, 1,910,000 Germans, and 90,000 Jews—the Jews, strangely enough, always siding with the Germans. The enmity between Tzech and German is as old as the Austrian Empire, and more persistent, perhaps, than any other recorded in history. As long ago as 1630 the Bohemian parliament forbade any one's entering the kingdom who could not speak Tzech. As short a time since as 1861 the Council of Prague voted that there were no German children in that city, and that no language should be taught in the schools but the Tzech. Last January the Tzechs, with the help of Belcredi, a member of the Imperial cabinet, procured for entire Bohemia a similar law. In Pilsen they have declared that the language of business also shall be only the Tzech, and there are many instances where the Germans are compelled to pay taxes for Catholic Tzech churches. The latter, led on by the miserable, bigoted priests, justify all this for the conclusive reason that "they eat Tzech bread."

The prospect for the Germans of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia is, then, gloomy enough; for in all these provinces the Tzech element is greatly in the ascendency, and, exulting now at the prospect of reducing still lower the hated German, is preparing for new encroachments and outrages. Bohemia has always been a favorite of the empire—"the hot-bed of Austrian intelligence," it has been called; two-thirds of all the Austrian officials are Bohemians; the choicest steeds for the Imperial stables are found there; and the people, now exasperated with defeat, famine, and disease, are clamorous for Francis Joseph to come to Prague and have himself crowned King of Bohemia. This ceremony he dare not much longer neglect. On the other hand come up deep and ominous mutterings from Hungary and the Croats. The Croats are Sclavonians and are devoted to the principle of federalism or downright despotism, while the Hungarians have liberal tendencies and clamor for a free parliament and a responsible ministry. The hatred that a Croat bears towards a Magyar is a proverb that the whole world uses; and he, too, sees this as his opportunity to be separated from Magyar and German alike, and is sullenly muttering about independence.

The Hungarians, displeased with the favoritism shown to the Tzechs, and with the general tendencies of the empire to Panslavism and despotism, swore a great oath that they would not volunteer to retrieve Königgrätz unless they were put on an equality with Bohemia, and allowed to have a free parliament. They are ably and fearlessly represented in the cabinet by Count Esterhazy, a liberal and a bitter personal enemy of Majlath, an advocate of federalism, and it is said that the strife between the two has come to such extremities that Majlath will be forced to retire. Vienna and the Germans have joined with the Hungarians in a stern demand for a constitution and a responsible ministry, and the Tzech faction of the cabinet, heretofore so powerful, find themselves falling in the rear, and Vienna is filled with rumors of ministerial quarrels and approaching changes.

Meantime Francis Joseph, distracted in the presence of the gigantic and tangled questions that press upon him, one day sends Elizabeth down to Pesth to appease the Hungarians, the next he calls her back to take her advice as to cabinet changes or the new loan. The situation is one of appalling earnestness for the Germans of Austria. They are hated by Tzechs, Poles, and Croats alike, allied to the Hungarians only by the weak bond of a common political necessity, cut off from their former reliance on Germany, and about to be made a common prey of the haughty, indolent, bigoted tribes to whom they have imparted whatever of civilization they possess. This is the condition of Austria today: she is ordered out of Germany and has to obey; her army is terribly beaten and demoralized; her finances, always in a miserable condition, are worse than ever, and Prussia drains off the bullion; the Poles hold themselves proudly aloof to see what their despoiler will do in her extremity, the Tzechs are plotting vengeance on the Germans, the Ruthenians openly sympathize with Russia, the Magyars will have a constitution or rend the empire asunder, and the Croats seek nothing so much as to be permitted to unleash their hounds of war upon the Magyars.

A LEADER WITHOUT A PARTY.

It has been sufficiently humiliating to every American, having any sense and patriotism, to read the daily reiterations of Mr. Johnson's single speech, and to reflect that this coarse, egotistic, intemperate orator is the President of the United States. But there is some consolation in the thought that his elevation was in every respect accidental. He was nominated for Vice-President not on account of his personal qualifications, not because he was the kind of man that the electors wished for the place, but simply for the reason that he was the only man occupying a position of any prominence who was at once a Southerner, a Democrat up to 1861, and a loyalist in 1864; and that there was a wide-spread desire in the Union party to pay signal honor to some man who should combine these three characters. Mr. Lincoln was an old Whig and a Northern man, and it was appropriate that his associate on the ticket should be of opposite antecedents, so that together they might be fairly emblematic of their party. How unexpected was the elevation of Mr. Johnson to the Presidency, all men know.

This accidental President, moreover, was well known to be an uncouth and uneducated man. No one expected from him any graces of manner or polish of speech. But for his intolerable snobbishness, we could bear his rough speeches and undignified ways with more patience, although they go far beyond the license allowed even to a backwoodsman under the responsibility of office.

But there has been for some time past a more melancholy spectacle, and one for which indulgence can furnish no such excuses. William H. Seward is no accident, no backwoodsman, no village tailor, no uneducated man. He is a gentleman by birth and by training, and in private manners. He is a scholar of full academic qualifications. He is a man long versed in politics, with the highest presumptive claims to the name of statesman. He was for years the acknowledged and freely chosen leader of a great party, and only failed to become President because he was supposed to represent his party too faithfully to command the suffrages of certain doubtful states, holding the balance of power. The world is justified in holding such a man to be a fair example of American statesmanship, sagacity, and dignity.

Yet what has been the history of this eminent statesman for the last six years, and in what attitude does he stand to-day? After a series of speeches which, considering the state of public feeling in 1860, were violently radical, the first serious manifestation of warlike tendencies at the South cooled all Mr. Seward's zeal for liberty. Taking into view his close affiliation with Mr. Weed, and his subsequent course, there can be no reasonable doubt that Mr. Weed's endorsement of the Crittenden "Compromise," as that scheme was ludicrously misnamed, was really a feeler put forward on behalf of his chief; and that Mr. Seward would have acceded to any scheme for the joint preservation of the Union and slavery to which he could have secured the assent of a considerable portion of his party. But if there is any doubt upon this point, which there certainly is not in our mind, there can be no doubt as to the miserable small talk, the absurd predictions, the vain affectation of cheerfulness, the untimely and insincere frivolity, of Mr. Seward's public speeches during the momentous winter of 1860-61. It is painful to look back to that time, and to think of a reputed statesman descending to such pitiful expedients to tide over difficulties.

The official career of Mr. Seward was early distinguished by two ugly incidents, neither of which has been fully cleared, or, we suspect, ever can be. His temporizing policy, if not positive duplicity, in dealing with the rebel commissioners, and his co-operation with James E. Harvey in betraying to the Charlestonians the destination of the relieving fleet, are facts which indicate the great tortuousness of his mind.

On the outbreak of the war, Mr. Seward devoted himself with un-

common energy to repelling all sympathy from abroad, and to demonstrating that no sympathy was in place. This he did in a strain pompous to absurdity and illogical to a degree almost incredible. He carefully instructed our envoys to reject all manifestations of sympathy upon grounds relating to the anti-slavery conflict. He threatened some nations before they had done an unfriendly act, and cringed before despotic governments whose instincts were all unfriendly. We have said that he refused all sympathy; but we mistake. One exception he did make; he appealed to Austria for favor, on the ground that she had always opposed insurrections! His demonstrations that the greatest civil war of centuries had neither cause, pretext, nor object, are such magnificent climaxes of absurdity that they deserve to be used in every school as models of their kind. The idea that millions of men would rush to arms without a pretext, or carry on war without an object, is only equalled in its madness by the assertion that a war thus inaugurated would end without any change in the aspect of affairs, or by the supposition that such arguments would have any influence upon hard-headed European statesmen. Mr. Seward ostentatiously proclaimed that this was a war without cause, object, or effect; he distinctly asserted that every soul in the revolted States would be just as well off if the rebellion succeeded as if it failed; he stated in a cloud of words the precise proposition which Earl Russell put in a brief and offensive sentence, "The North is fighting for empire; the South for independence."

Mr. Seward carried this style of diplomacy not only into his despatches, but into his personal intercourse with foreign ambassadors, and contrived to gain for himself and his country something very like the contempt of almost the entire diplomatic body at Washington. Mr. Russell's diary contained numerous illustrations of this fact, which is indeed too notorious to need evidence. But mortifying as are many of Mr. Russell's revelations, none of them were quite so humiliating to every true American as the odious scene described by Lord Lyons, in which Mr. Seward boasted of the power of his little bell to cast citizens of a republic into dungeons without the bell-ringer being called to account. Such power might be necessary, and its exercise might have been judicious, though we gravely doubt it; but to *boast* of it! It was as though a man should boast of putting his father into a lunatic asylum, or of having gained a divorce from his wife. It was like the hateful mirth of Ham, while Shem and Japhet walked backward to avoid seeing their father's shame.

We pass over a long period, though full of material for criticism, to come to Mr. Seward's course in the present conflict between Congress and the President. Who listened without pain to the solemn trifling, the melancholy frivolity, of the Cooper Institute speech last February? Who could read without shame the unspeakably silly telegram in which the gentleman and the statesman expressed his raptures over the monstrous buffoonery of the White House on the same day?

The speeches of Mr. Seward upon his present tour are even more deplorable than any of his former escapades. We do not comment upon the questions of policy involved. It is quite possible to advocate the power of the President to override Congress without making one blush to read the argument. Mr. Beecher has strung a chain of shining fallacies in support of the Presidential policy which at least serve to demonstrate this. But Mr. Seward has given us nothing but childish nonsense, mingled with doctrines utterly subversive of free government. In his speech at Niagara Falls he frankly avowed his determination to follow the leader of his party wherever he might go, and announced the new doctrine that though heaven and earth should pass away, the word of a President of the United States must not remain unfulfilled. Perhaps the most extraordinary part of the speech, however, is that in which he taunts the Republican party with its want of a leader, and predicts that it will die next March for lack of one. Mr. Seward mistakes the nature of parties in a republic, and vastly over-estimates the importance of men like himself. He has been so accustomed to consider himself a leader of his party that he has come to think it dependent upon him, or some one like him, for existence. But we would remind him that the Republican party was formed without him, and won its first victories while he yet called himself a Whig. It had no leader when it carried Ohio by 80,000 majority, Indiana by 15,000, and all the other Western States by corresponding majorities, securing the control of the House of Representatives. It had but the shadow of a leader when it swept fourteen States in 1856. It is made up of men who know their own minds, and who can find their way without holding to the skirts of any one else. It drove its leaders before it through the war, not waiting to be led by any man. Possibly it can live without a leader now.

The real grief of Mr. Seward's heart is that his party found out his hollowness during the war, and would have no more of his leadership. His nature and habits make him aspire to the position. He has no other vocation in life than to be a party leader, and now no party will have him. Distrusted by his old friends, he will never be taken to the bosom of his old enemies. His trouble is not that the party to which he once belonged is without a leader, but that he wanders about, like a restless ghost—a leader without a party.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, August 31, 1866.

THE new circus bids fair to be a great success, the troupe of animals which Franconi has got together with so much trouble being marvellously clever and human-like. Of the twelve monkeys, two are enormous apes of rather ferocious countenance, but wearing resplendent costumes, and performing astounding feats with the eight ponies, which they manage, with the aid of long reins, as deftly as the most accomplished human jockeys. The other ten are also of large size; the gentlemen are dressed as grooms, the ladies as "amazons"—*i. e.*, they wear hats and riding-habits of the most orthodox elegance; and all of them perform the usual feats of circus-riders, besides reproducing various feats of Léotard and other leaders of the gymnastic world. The dogs play cards, answer questions, and imitate the doings of the apes. The pretty goat dances, drinks wine from a goblet, and moves with perfect self-possession on the tight-rope; all of which throws their intelligent Parisian admirers into raptures. But the benevolent mind can hardly avoid, despite the usual asseverations of the teachers of "learned animals," uncomfortable misgivings on the score of the discipline that produces results so far, it would seem, beyond the intelligence of the animal world. Mademoiselle Vaudenbeck asserts that she has never employed any other than gentle means in the training of her scores of intelligent and obedient canaries; and those who know her appear to believe her assertion. Hudson, the trainer of the wonderful dogs and small monkeys that performed together such astonishing feats a few years ago, throwing Paris into a fever-fit of admiration, also declared that he had never beaten or caused distress to the animals he trained with such admirable skill; that he employed only coaxing and rewards, and that the severest measure he ever resorted to in the course of their training was to deprive them of some little dainty which was reserved as the reward of obedience. The great affection testified by the birds to their "instructress" and by the animals to Mr. Hudson would seem to prove the truth of their assertions. But it is certain that many trainers only accomplish the results which the public so much admire by methods which cause acute suffering to their four-footed pupils. The horses which show so much intelligence and address in the evolutions of the circus, for example, are frequently tortured within an inch of very life by being kept day after day in perfect darkness, and entirely deprived of sleep—a *régime* which is said to make them so wretched that they lose their appetite, refuse to touch their food, and become reduced in a few days to skin and bone, but under the action of which their intelligence becomes developed to a marvellous degree. A writer in one of the popular journals here, *apropos* of the surprising feats of the animals now performing at Franconi's new establishment, has given the public the benefit of his researches into the matter, and tells to a listening world how the feat of playing on a barrel-organ (one of the feats of the eight ponies aforesaid) was taught to a horse belonging to a trainer with whom he happened to be acquainted.

It seems that the horse in question had already, under the lessons of his master, developed an unusual degree of intelligence, his eyes in particular becoming so full of expression that one could hardly doubt that he understood very much of what was said to him. But his leanness was such that he had become a mere skeleton. His master had great hopes of him; he had been in training only a year, and he had already learned to lie down and get up as ordered, to enact the dead horse, to fire a pistol, and to give whichever of his four hoofs was asked for. At length the professor began the task of teaching this promising pupil to turn a barrel-organ; but either

this particular species of exercise was repugnant to his tastes or the sound of the organ was disagreeable to his ears. Certain it was that the animal, usually so docile, was resolute in his refusal to touch the handle of the barrel-organ. His preceptor had labored the point for a month without being able to vanquish the repugnance of the horse for the object so constantly presented to his attention. Coaxings, caresses, and the whip were employed in turn, and equally without success. On these occasions the horse's eyes expressed as clearly as though he had spoken it in so many words the absolute determination *not* to touch the handle of the organ.

The trainer, though naturally of a violent temper, was always patient and gentle with his equine pupil. Whenever he felt that the obstinacy of the horse was on the point of getting the better of his apparent calmness, he would leave the stable to give vent to his irritation out of the sight or hearing of the animal. To those who prophesied that the horse would never turn the handle of the organ he replied, "He shall turn it or die."

At length, perceiving that he made no progress in the work of vanquishing the animal's obstinacy, he caused the windows of the stable to be stuffed with hay and then boarded over, so that not a ray of light was visible, and a couple of men, hired for the purpose, beat a drum incessantly beside the animal's stall, relieving one another at stated intervals. The struggle was continued for four days and nights, during which the professor returned to the charge once every hour, presenting the handle of the organ to his refractory pupil, renewing his command to the latter to take hold of it. The neighborhood was beginning to threaten the trainer with a summons before the police-court to answer to the charge of disturbing its slumbers with the perpetual beating of the horrible drum, when the unfortunate horse, comprehending at last that there was no other chance of deliverance left to him, suddenly seized the handle of the organ with his teeth and turned with all the little strength that was left to him. Daylight was at once restored to the stable, the drummers were dismissed, all possible caresses and the finest oats were lavished on the now docile scholar, who never forgot the terrible lessons of his four days' struggle, but, whatever may have been the sentiments with which he regarded the operation, never failed vigorously to turn the handle of the barrel-organ whenever the word of command was given.

One would be glad to know that the results of the training of animals, of which the exhibition now going on at the new circus affords so striking a sample, have not been obtained at the cost of suffering to them; but, really, on seeing the marvellous docility and the apparent intelligence of the performers, so cleverly directed by Franconi, one cannot help speculating on the much greater services which the animal creation might be made to render to man if subjected to a suitable course of education. The monkeys, especially, with their quick ness and activity, and the pleasure they seem to take in showing off and being applauded, would seem to be capable of being trained to relieve the human laborer of much of the work that now falls to his lot; and the rapid deterioration of domestic servants in our days, especially in this region, where the complaint is well-nigh universal, and housekeepers are worried out of all peace by the unfaithfulness, dishonesty, and "airs" of their domestics, would almost make one long to be able to exchange the aid of ordinary servants, unwilling, untrained, or ill-trained, for that of a merry, active, well-taught ape!

Whether such a substitution will ever be possible or not, it is certain that the unsatisfactory quality of the general run of the servants is becoming the bane of domestic life in this city. They are untidy, disorderly, deceitful, and generally corrupt to a degree that can only be fully appreciated by those who have undergone the trial of "keeping house" in this brilliant capital. They not only do as much gossipping and visiting as they can contrive to accomplish, with the aid of the servants of all the other tenants of the house, but they break, burn, tear, and destroy whatever they put their hands on. However dishonest, they seldom steal anything but money, their code on this point, as on that of lying, being strictly defined by their ideas of utility and convenience. Money can rarely be identified; consequently they take money, as a rule, whenever they can. Clothes, jewels, articles of furniture, and other objects of everyday use, are speedily missed and easily identified, consequently these are rarely taken by French servants. Such jewels as the Duke of Brunswick's diamonds, offering an amount of gain, if successfully carried off, that might have set up the thief for the rest of his days in the vague regions of "America" or "Australia," constitute a temptation apart; but even the robberies of jewels, of which the duke has been twice the victim, have been perpetrated not by regular servants, but by professional thieves, who have assumed the part of valets for the purpose of getting into the old duke's house, and about his person, with a view to entering the diamond-closet on the first opportunity. But if French servants seldom steal the household property of their employers, they rob them of large sums in the course of each year by making an overcharge on the cost of everything bought by them for their employers, or by levying black mail on all the trades-people, whose tariffs are necessarily regulated with distinct reference to this custom. No matter how ingenious the precautions adopted by the housekeeper, the least skilful servant will, as a rule, double his or her wages by these overcharges in the course of the year—the most skilful contrive to gain five or six times the amount of their wages, or even more. And while the quality of domestic "service," so-called, is constantly deteriorating, and its cost increasing, the manners of those on whom the comfort of "home" so greatly depends, but whose interests, as they understand them, are diametrically opposed to those of their employers, are deteriorating from year to year. The women-servants have long annoyed their mistresses by their close imitation in the kitchen of the fashions that prevail in the drawing-room; but the men-servants, nearly all of whom wear livery, now usually possess a suit of plain clothes, cut as nearly as possible like those of their masters, which they put on when they go out for their own pleasure. Among the other pretensions coming into vogue with the men-servants of this capital appears to be that of calling out their masters, should the latter incur their displeasure, as shown by the recent adventure of a well-known member of the "aristocratic Faubourg," the Marquis of T——. That gentleman one day ventured to remonstrate with his valet on the careless way in which he brushed, or, rather, did not brush, his clothes. The valet made an insolent reply, and the marquis, partly in anger, partly in joke, retorted by saying, "Hold your tongue, Jean; you know very well that you are about as serviceable a valet as a pig would be."

"Monsieur le Marquis," replied the man, taking off his apron, "your manners are becoming such as I cannot put up with."

"What do you mean, fellow," said the marquis, "by talking in this style?"

"*Fellow!*" cried the valet, planting himself angrily before his master; "that, again, is a word which I neither can nor ought to tolerate. From this moment I quit the service of Monsieur le Marquis. To-morrow morning Monsieur le Marquis will receive a visit from two of my friends, who will demand of Monsieur le Marquis an explanation of the words he has just pronounced."

Having thus vindicated his offended dignity, Monsieur Jean quitted the room and the house; but so fully was he bent on his idea of fighting a duel with the marquis that it was not until he had been threatened with a reference of his pretensions to the nearest police-office that Monsieur Jean was brought to renounce his determination to send a challenge to his ex-master.

Lablache, whose easy temper exposed him to much dishonesty on the part of his servants, had, on one of his last appearances in this city, an adventure with one of them which has not yet been forgotten by the *habitués* of the Italian Opera, of whom he was the idol. The great singer had a valet who robbed him constantly, but so cleverly that he could never contrive to bring the proofs of his thieving home to him. One day, however, he caught the servant in the act of purloining various articles, and dismissed him on the spot. As the artist finished counting down the amount of the man's wages, the rascal took up the last piece of five francs which his master had laid on the table, and, holding it up, said to Lablache, with an insolent smile, "This coin will serve me to hiss you with to-night, my fine sir!"

That evening, when Lablache, as *Geronimo*, in "Il Matrimonio Segreto," was holding the public entranced and breathless, a violent hissing suddenly broke the stillness of the house. Great was the emotion produced by this absurd interruption of the glorious and popular artist in that most aristocratic of Parisian theatres, where the high-bred auditors never condescend under any circumstances to express their disapprobation by any sign more "violent" than a frigid silence. Yet, on that occasion, excited by this insolent expression of malignity or ignorance, half the audience rose from their seats, and a regular search was being instituted for the guilty party, when Lablache, coming forward with the humorous twinkle of his eyes, quietly remarked: "Ladies and gentlemen! pray do not be disturbed at an incident which is of no sort of importance. The hiss came from a domestic whom I this morning dismissed from my service." The revulsion of feeling created by this explanation found vent in fits of laughter such as certainly were never witnessed among that polished auditory before or since. The malicious servant "hid his diminished head" as well as he could, and sneaked out of the house during the temporary confusion he had caused; while Lablache, greeted, as soon as the laughter had subsided, with enthusiastic applause, resumed his song to his own satisfaction and that of his admirers. The horizon of humbler life is no less subject to the domestic clouds here mentioned. A lady who, last Christmas eve, had been busily

helping to deck with evergreens the church she is in the habit of attending, picked up, when the dressing of the edifice was completed, an armful of the smaller boughs that had been thrown aside during the operation, and took them home with her to put up about the walls of her parlor. The house-maid, coming into the parlor just as her mistress had deposited the bits of evergreen on a table, proceeded forthwith to sweep them off into her apron, exclaiming angrily against "such rubbish" being allowed to litter the parlor.

"Pray do not touch these boughs, Lucille," said the lady. "I am going to ornament the parlor; and very pretty it will be," she added, being a young mother, and thinking how delighted her children would be on seeing the room so gayly ornamented.

"Little things please little minds!" returned Mademoiselle Lucille, with an accent of supreme contempt, as she reluctantly replaced the boughs on the table and swept angrily out of the room with her nose in the air.

As an appropriate winding up of a *causerie* in which animals—and human beings not always very far above them—have borne so large a place, let me mention that Madame Blanc, who has hitherto driven her goats herself, on foot, to the houses of her customers, has now added to their number, and sends them, morning and evening, in a handsome one-horse cart, ornamented with little flags, under the care of a "young man," all about the town. The goats, with pink and blue ribbons round their necks and numbering about a dozen, are tied securely in their places, standing two deep, head to tail, and sideways to the two sides of the cart, so that they can be conveniently milked by their attendant, as they stand, into the cans of the white-capped *bonnes*, who are on the watch for his equipage, and with whom he seems to be rather a favorite. From which indications it may be inferred that the demand for goat's milk is on the increase in this city.

AN IMPORTANT PROPOSAL.

As yet, Elias Howe and Grover & Baker and Wheeler & Wilson and Singer have not succeeded by their benignant inventions in making obsolete the doleful "Song of the Shirt." The seamstress may still sing that bread is too dear and flesh and blood is lamentably cheap, and may well doubt if it is by way of the Patent Office that the millennium is to come. So, without doubt, to hope that any man or many men for many a year to come can remove the traditional horrors of Washing Day is to hope too much. It will be a long time before we can expect them to reduce the sum of human misery by one whole seventh, to make home happy for husbands, to remove from the homes of Christendom the cynic tub, to bring it to pass that woman, in our hours of ease, uncertain, coy, and hard to please, shall at least cease, and cease for evermore, from being the household fiend of Monday mornings, the inaccessible, haggard genius of hot water, the sloppy purveyor of picked-up dinners and of breakfasts that anticipate the day. Yet it must be that some more or less successful attempt will, before very long, be made to ameliorate all this, if not do away with it. At present we here in America are perhaps, of all people in the world, worst off in this particular. We do not speak now of barbarian tribes who have next to nothing to wash, and never wash it. The necessary evils of the civilized state such nations escape by shirking its duties and foregoing its blessings—and, after all, it is an open question if their condition is not in many respects inferior to our own. But England, France, and Germany are equally with us civilized countries, and they have contrived this matter far better than we. Even in the South it is impossible to deny that they managed to get their washing done in a way the experience of which would have turned half our New England women into lukewarm friends of abolition. Luckily they were led out of that temptation. But, of course, under a system which gave the power of life and death to the mistress, and in a climate that made it possible to perform many household labors in the open air, washing could be done with little wear and tear of temper, and Blue Monday lost its sting. And think of a country where it is possible—not a universally prevalent custom, we admit, but possible and not unheard of—for the mistress of the house to have her year's washing done, as we do "spring cleaning," all in a few days of a single month in the year! This, however, the German housewife may do. All the dirty linen is stowed away, some of it, of course, for eleven months, together in a room set apart for that use. In Germany women still weave, and their pride is still in countless pieces of clean linen, pure and white. When summer comes, this accumulated mass is washed at once—an acute attack of cleanliness, severe, indeed, while it lasts, but infinitely better than our chronic intermittents. This system is partially adopted even in families not wealthy. The heavier articles, as table-cloths and sheets, are reserved for summer washing and bleaching, while the smaller, of which a much greater number is requisite, are washed weekly by a servant whose business is to wash and scrub. No one supposes that American heads of families would ever so far decline from the first principles of political economy as to look with any favor upon the practice of locking up capital in linen after the manner above described. It is a custom which must be left to countries where the rate of interest is not much over three per cent. per annum.

And with the high price of labor in this country, we perhaps can hardly expect that our itinerant washerwoman can be brought to the English and French standard of remuneration. It may, perhaps, be necessary for us to pay a dollar and a dollar and a quarter a dozen for the washing of all garments indiscriminately, and to descend to paper collars and cuffs. This, to be sure, we need not concede, for in New York, Brooklyn, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, and probably in Boston and other large cities, there is an estimable class of German laundresses, who have not become heady, high-minded, and forgotten their former days, and whose charges are not wholly unconscionable. Employing these people, you get your clothes washed for something like seventy-five cents a dozen, paying for garments according to their size and the labor expended on them. And in the Northern, or at any rate in the North-Eastern States, it is not difficult to hire by the day a woman who will come in on Monday morning, and, by dint of close watching on the part of her employer, and some abuse, and largesses of cold victuals and old clothes, to say nothing of occasional bailings-out of her husband from the station-house, will somehow get through a week's washing. This system is the one pursued by most families who keep no servant, or who keep but one. Where two servants are kept, the washing expenses are, perhaps, slightly diminished, for the cook is expected to perform that labor, in addition to the work peculiarly her own; but the thousand irritating inconveniences which make washing-day a day of fear remain pretty much the same. But we willingly make all sorts of concessions to the most inflamed enemy of the system now in vogue here. Grant that the washing-bills of our boarding-house population and of the majority of our householders were even more extravagantly large than they are now, and that the whole business was even more troublesome and wearisome and exasperating than it is at present, we believe that the remedy is comparatively easy, and can only wonder that somebody has not hit on it before. The germ and embryo of it has long existed. For instance, in England Mrs Mantilini had a mangle and took in washing. In every little town in England there are bake-shops where one can send his dinner to be cooked, marking the dish that contains it with his private mark, and paying a small sum to the baker. In New England, for that matter, at our own doors, on a Saturday night, you may see from all parts of every village a procession of what are called bean-pots, some in baskets, some in the arms of small boys, and all to be marked with chalk and to be called for, after a night spent in the brick oven, on Sunday morning. These beans, by the way, are the chief ingredient in the New England picked-up dinner, and being so inseparably associated with washing-day, one would suppose that generations ago they must infallibly have suggested to the shrewd man of Connecticut as he ate them on Sunday the true plan to be adopted in regard to the evils of the morrow.

We already have wringing machines, sprinkling machines, washing machines; any dye-house has drying machines, every hardware shop has patent flat-irons. We suppose there are machines for starching and ironing; and there can be no doubt that the inventive abilities of our countrymen, when once their attention is fairly turned to the subject, can produce the fit instrument for performing, with neatness, cheapness, and despatch, any conceivable process of washing, bleaching, starching, ironing, or what not. The mangle of Mantilini we can improve upon an hundred and a thousandfold, and to the whirl and clatter of our wheels and cylinders that are to be his "demnition" horrid grind will be as the first tender violet to the whole merry month of May. Also, we already have the system of private marks on each piece of our personal property entrusted to the public servant. And our fathers before us, and our grandfathers before them, and foreign nations now for many centuries, have known well enough that when the village baker can get the village baking to do, he can do it better than the village can, while as for cheapness no comparison is possible for a moment. It is simply in these three things that, not half concealed, the whole of the new scheme lies. We are to have in each town of seventeen hundred inhabitants a laundry, which shall be well appointed with labor-saving machines, which shall receive the family-washing of every mistress of a house who values peace and careless ease and the dear love of husband and children, and bosoms and wristbands really done up as they should be, and which, finally, doing a vast deal of work and being content to make but a trifling profit on each small parcel of it, shall do each man's washing exceedingly

cheap, and shall do so much of it that to the fortunate and far-sighted washer much wealth shall certainly accrue.

As we have said, we can only wonder that this plan is not now in the full tide of successful operation. Probably more than twenty-five thousand extremely sharp women in the older settled parts of the Union are attenuating their souls and bodies in the slavish work of "keeping a boarding-house." It is needless to say anything about them. Everybody knows the genus, with its several species, and everybody must, on the whole, pity while he hates. From the ranks of this class it seems charitable to hope and reasonable to suppose that there might be recruited four or five thousand new-school laundresses, possessed of the requisite capital, and fully capable of the general oversight of such machines, workmen, workwomen, and horse-power as might be necessary for doing the washing of a large town.

It may be objected that the class of people just mentioned have cunning, but no sagacity—the instinct and the habit of cheating, but no real capacity for business on any large scale. We were only willing, if possible, to throw into their hands, if they should be found capable, an easy way of securing a competence, and, indeed, of growing rich, while at the same time atoning for past misdeeds. If, however, men are better adapted for the work—if the scheme is surer of success under masculine management—let men take hold of it. As the newspapers say, "it is an eligible opening for a young man with a small capital and good business habits;" and if we should say it is an opportunity for such a young man to prove himself a benefactor to both sexes, not a man, and we think no woman, would say, No!

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The Week.

THE week has been unusually barren of exciting or even interesting events. Mr. Johnson remains quietly in Washington; Mr. Seward has been confined by a fit of illness, from which, we are glad to say, he is rapidly recovering; so that we have had no fresh exposition of "the President's policy." Moreover, the policy is not thriving. The "new party" which the Philadelphia Convention was supposed to have brought forth seems to be perishing untimely. There is a general ratting from it on the part of the members of Union antecedents. The Democrats no longer disguise their feeling that it is simply the old peace Democracy revived. Probably no orator of ancient or modern times ever accomplished as much by a fortnight's speaking as Mr. Johnson has done.

THE President, since he came back from Chicago, has been so besieged and harassed by swarms of people without constituents, influence, or any other claim to offices, even as offices are now distributed, that he has publicly informed all such persons that they must address their solicitations to heads of departments, and not to him. By the time Congress meets again we hope a majority of its members, and Mr. Johnson himself, will be ready to act favorably on a report that will then doubtless come from the Judiciary Committee. That committee, on the 28th of June last, was instructed to enquire into the expediency of providing by law for a reorganization of the civil service, and especially of the Post Office, Treasury, and Interior Departments. We ought to have appointments after examinations, and not after an office-hunter has, for instance, ridden in a railroad car during a presidential tour; we ought to have service for specific terms or for good behavior, and not for so long as an office-holder bleeds freely into the party treasury, or can keep good-will by other mean compliances; we ought to have promotions by merit or seniority, and not for stump speeches; and, in short, we ought to have experts—we ought to have character and capacity—in every branch of the service of the country, and not political trickery conjoined with incompetence for honorable business of any kind. Undoubtedly this can be done in every free and Christian country, and in some countries not particularly distinguished for liberty or Christianity. They do it in France, if they fail in Russia. In military matters we ourselves have accomplished it, and, outside of Congress, there is no reason why our civil service may not be made to compare favorably with the military and naval. This is a matter to which we have often referred, but no excuse is necessary for again referring to it.

THE Fenians are considered to be ominously quiet. At any rate, they do nothing at all, and they say next to nothing, and their reputation is consequently rising. A committee of them, however, waited on Mr. Johnson the other day, and spoke with all the accustomed Fenian judiciousness and painful modesty. They suggested to the President that it would be no more than fair to turn out a sufficiently large horde of the Saxons, and give Irishmen a reasonable number of appointments in the Postal department, the department of Internal Revenue, and all other branches of the public service. And this for the reason that the Irish here are a "nation." We, in turn, suggest that if citizens of the I. R. are to walk off with our offices, and administer in the high places, the Fenian Senate should at least enter into treaty obligations with the United States Government, in order that the two republics may hereafter have but one diplomatic and military head. Then we should no longer have to take Fenian armies into custody, or remove the Fenian president to a dungeon cell, and, in fact, for every reason it seems to be the proper thing to do. One or two other trifles the committee on behalf of their countrymen demanded: the removal of Secretary Stanton, the recall of Mr. Adams, the superseding of all United States consuls in Ireland who did not take a warm interest in Fenian victims of British tyranny, the settlement, instanter, of the *Alabama* claims, etc., etc. Next, we suppose, comes a demand that all citizens of the Irish Republic, by and in virtue of that citizenship, be deemed to be, on and after the day of their arrival in Castle Garden, eligible to the offices of President and Vice-President, or Chief and Sub-Organizer, of the United States. There seems to be a good deal of the foulest, most black-hearted tyranny in the present law on that subject. President Johnson did something to bring this visitation on himself, for he set John Mitchel free for a most appropriately absurd reason, and so encouraged O'Mahony, Killian, and the rest. Since then his conduct in the whole business has been creditable to him or to his advisers, and he did well to send away these sturdy beggars with no promises.

MR. EDWARD ATKINSON, of Boston, a business man, and therefore, as he says, given to thinking in figures, has recently written a letter to Mr. Beecher, in which he sets forth pointedly the gross injustice that would be worked, in the matter of representation in Congress, were loyal men to follow Mr. Beecher's lead, surrender their convictions because Mr. Johnson has formed different convictions, and Mr. Johnson is a very obstinate man, and readmit the South without first securing a change in the basis of representation. As Mr. Atkinson points out, to be magnanimous in Mr. Beecher's fashion involves some absurd sacrifices of political power which no sensible men will make. The white inhabitants of Maine in 1860 numbered 626,952, and they send five members to the House of Representatives. Naturally and justly, they are decidedly unwilling that even repentant and reconstructed Louisiana should send precisely as many members to represent a white population but a little more than half as large, 357,629. At the time of the last census the white people of the Carolinas numbered 922,488, the white people of Indiana 1,339,000. Yet if the Constitutional Amendment is not ratified, the Carolinas will have eleven representatives in Congress, and Indiana will have no more. Georgia will have seven representatives, Wisconsin will have six; though the white population of Georgia is 591,588, and that of Wisconsin is 774,710. In other words, on the plan which Mr. Beecher favors, the North magnanimously consents that the votes of about 84,000 Georgians are to

neutralize the votes of about 129,000 citizens of Wisconsin. Wisconsin, by the way, is a loyal State. But this is a question of figures. In general, we may say that the votes of 1,000 men, in any State of the late Confederacy, are to be as powerful as the votes of 1,700 men—"generous to a fault, nobody's enemy but their own"—living in the North. Bad as this would be, the state of things will be worse after the census of 1870. Now we count a negro as three-fifths of a person; then he is to be counted as five-fifths of a person, and the votes of 1,000 Southerners will be as good as those of more than 2,000 Northern men. Undoubtedly it is "the fell design of the Radicals," as they say in Southern editorial articles, to remove the present inequality in the distribution of power, and prevent the still greater inequality that the next census would bring upon the North. To judge from the Maine and Vermont elections, it is a design that will succeed. Oregon, too, the telegraph informs us, ratifies the amendment, and the Holden and B. F. Moore party in North Carolina has just resolved in convention that it ought to be ratified.

This convention, or public meeting, in which W. W. Holden, ex-provisional governor, was the leading spirit, was a body capable of being really influential in the contemporary politics of North Carolina, being composed of men who have behind them, as constituents, possibly a majority—certainly a very strong minority—of the voters of the State. It steered clear of one rock when it nominated Mr. Dockery for governor, and not Mr. Holden. The latter is disliked by many of the Union men, or rather miso-secessionists, for having brought upon the Reconstruction Convention of 1864 the telegram of Mr. Johnson signifying his will that the rebel debt should be repudiated. It was in reply to a previous telegram from Holden. Of Holden, his enemies can further say that he is almost a professional politician, and that he has been on more sides than one. There are, perhaps, few States in which such a character would not have a better chance for reaching power than he has in North Carolina, where the yeomanry, if unintelligent, are sturdy in adhering to their opinions, and respect consistency in others. The address of the convention reads like a satire upon Mr. Johnson, for it quotes convincingly the Mr. Johnson of the summer of 1865, and urges upon the people the support of the Congressional plan of reconstruction. It may have been meant in good faith, however, for to many men in the South it is still a recommendation of a policy that Mr. Johnson approves it, and North Carolina Unionists must use every element of strength in the coming canvass. Upon the negro question, Mr. Dockery holds the views of an aged slaveholder, and thinks, if the South is to prosper, the blacks must be deported. Andrew Jackson, he probably thinks, would have sent them all to some foreign island eighteen months ago. As we have said before, it is by no means improbable that the steadfastness of Congress may reap its first fruit in North Carolina, where the fruit of victory was first flung away by the President.

The *Tribune*, commenting on three statements, which it disputes, made in a short paragraph in the *World*, asserts that "there was a time when three such distinct, palpable, notorious lies would have been thought rather a strong dose, but the *World* makes nothing of it." Now, we doubt very much whether there ever was such a time. Certainly there is no trace or mention of it to be found in the *Tribune*, which is presumptive evidence that there has been no such state of things, at least, since that journal was started. A careful inspection of its files will show that its opponents have, from the very first, "lied" incessantly, and have by no means always restricted themselves to a "lie" per line, but have often crowded several "lies" into the same line, without finding "the dose" a whit too strong. Then we must also differ with the *Tribune* as to the necessity of calling "lies" "distinct, palpable, and notorious." We have read a great deal in its columns about "lies," but we have yet to learn that there is really any such classification of lies as the use of these epithets would indicate. As far as we have been able to make out, all the "lies" the *Tribune* has ever exposed have been "notorious and palpable lies," "lies" that everybody recognized as "lies" the minute they were uttered. There is never any faintness of outline, any *nuances*, about the falsehoods which it lays bare. It wonders in nearly every issue, and has wondered for the last fifteen years, that people should tell such "lies," and it certainly is very surprising. We recommend that a prize be offered—say a horse-rake or steam saw-mill—for the best essay on this abstruse but interesting subject.

The Constitutional Amendment which has been rejected by the Texas Legislature is not the amendment now pending. Before the pending amendment is passed upon by the Southern States the fall elections in the North take place, and we suppose none, or almost none, of the Southern States will be foolish enough to refuse to ratify it. Southerners possess, in the highest degree, that trait which our European critics charge against us as an American characteristic, of talking in the most extravagant way, and, at the same time, acting with the most practical shrewdness. Believe the Memphis *Avalanches* of 1863, and every man, woman, and child in the sunny South was to die in the last ditch before submitting to Federal authority. But nearly every man, and, we believe, all the women and children, did a much better thing, and still live to write and read more Memphis *Avalanche* editorial articles. It is the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery which the Texas Legislative Committee on Federal Relations has declined to consider, and action upon which, it says, would be "surplusage," "without authority," and "even intrusive." Texas has already, according to the committee, acknowledged "by its ordinance" the supremacy of the Federal Constitution, and it did so on its return to the Union, at which time it found the abolition amendment already incorporated into the fundamental law. The committee's line of argument leads to this result: Texas did succeed in getting out of the Union; our Hamilton Convention did not undo illegal acts—it abrogated acts perfectly legal; we admit that we are now in the Union—we have admitted it "by ordinance"—but we maintain that we were out once, and legally out. In short, the committee and the Legislature, with a certain amount of spitefulness, avow their belief in the right of a State to secede, and probably were much gratified at their opportunity to do so; but when it comes to considering the constitutional amendment which they must ratify to come back into Congress, we dare say the Texans will be sufficiently practical.

Mr. Peter Cooper has written a letter to the President, in which he remonstrates with that dignitary on his political course, by reminding him of his old speeches, in which he promised to destroy the Southern aristocracy, make treason "odious," and so forth. What effect this will have on the President, it is difficult to say; but we must hope for the best. Mr. Cooper is, however, not so fortunate in his enunciation of general truths as he is in the exposure of individual inconsistencies and shortcomings—as when he declares that, in order to "get a full understanding of the causes in which misunderstandings originate," you must "begin by admitting that all effects, physical, moral, and political, are the result of causes equal to their production." Anybody who denies this last proposition must do so from a spirit of pure mischief, and we should decline to argue with him; but then we doubt very much whether such an admission would throw much light on the causes of misunderstandings. Then, again, when he says that, had Mr. Johnson been born of Mr. Sumner's parents, "he would have used all the powers of a mighty mind to abolish slavery," and that, had Mr. Sumner been born of Mr. Johnson's parents, "he would have declared the many patriotic truths that have been proclaimed by him" (Mr. Johnson), he proves too much; for in that case Mr. Sumner would also have made the late presidential tour with Mr. Seward and talked a great deal of nonsense, and Mr. Johnson, instead of filling in early life the glorious and time-honored position of a tailor, would have frittered away his best years in law and literature. Besides which, the hypothesis will probably be offensive to both gentlemen, as Mr. Sumner certainly, and Mr. Johnson probably, is satisfied with his own parentage.

The New York *Herald* has abandoned Mr. Johnson, and is devoting itself to the support of Congress. Its inconsistency in so doing has been duly exposed by the *World*, and, of course, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the "editor and proprietor," feels ashamed and humiliated.

JEFFERSON DAVIS's trial seems to have been indefinitely postponed, and who is responsible for it, it is difficult to make out. The President refuses to liberate him on parole, but throws the blame of the delay in trying him partly on Congress and partly on Chief-Justice Chase. What Congress has to do with it, it would be hard to say, but it must be said that this long detention before conviction of a man against whom there are legal charges, is a daily increasing scandal.

THE salient item of foreign news by the Cable has been a circular of the French Government, commonly attributed to Napoleon's own hand. It reviews the results of the late war, and finds them beneficial to France. Prussia and Italy are knit together; Austria is disabled of hostile intentions. The convention relative to the evacuation of Rome is to be strictly adhered to. The freedom of the Baltic and the Mediterranean is assured by the navies of *second-class* powers—a conjunction of Prussia with Italy which is not more questionable in point of taste than in point of fact. The *first-class* power that menaces the security of the northern and the southern sea is, of course, Russia; and the peace which the Emperor predicts with so much confidence must be understood of Central Europe. Undoubtedly as against the Cossack —if it be still just to stigmatize by that name the nation of whose numerous populations the tribes of the Don have hitherto been the most democratic and the least oppressed—Western Europe, if agreed, would form a stronger unit to-day than at any time since 1815. The weakness of the German Confederation against the single and resolute invasion of Prussia, is a picture of what might have happened in case of Russian encroachment in the same direction. But it remains to be seen what are the actual designs of Russia, and whether her traditional raid upon the Danube Delta and the Golden Horn would give rise to a counter-alliance more extensive than that of 1854–5.

THAT trouble is expected in the East is evident. The French circular, as we have seen, more than hints at it. The relations between the Porte and the new Hospodar of the Principalities are still unsettled, and it may be set down as certain that Austria's first leisure must be given to these neighbors. M. de Moustier, moreover, the French Minister at Constantinople, is assigned by popular rumor to the place vacated by Drouyn de Lhuys, on the ground that no one is so conversant as he with Eastern affairs. This is additional proof that Napoleon has no intention of quarrelling with Prussia, even to save the dignity or retain the services of a favorite official, and that the wind blows straight from the Bosphorus. The case would not be altered if, as seems not unlikely, M. de Moustier cannot be induced to leave his present post, where it is evident he may yet be of the greatest usefulness. The Cable, indeed, almost positively installs Lavalette. He has been helpful hitherto chiefly in suppressing newspapers and regulating the theatres.

THE London *Times* comments at some length upon the immense addition to the wear and tear of commercial life which the Cable is likely to create. When merchants received one mail a day, they had the afternoon to themselves. When they received two, their whole day was gone, and when the telegraph came, their evenings went also. Now, it may be fairly expected, considering the vast spaces traversed by the ocean cables, with the difference of time at the points of arrival and departure, their nights will go also. In this country, however, the change will be less severely felt than in England. There are few merchants in America who are not already working to their utmost capacity, or who could, if a thousand fortunes depended on it, take one hour more from sleep, or eating, or social intercourse. Where it is all going to end, and what kind of life the "merchant of the future" will lead, nobody knows, or pretends to know. From present appearances it would seem as if the commerce of the world would pass into the hands of a few great houses; that all the small dealers would be converted into clerks on salaries, and everything be done by a few vast combinations conceived by half-a-dozen heads, the details being worked out by subordinates, possessing only a limited responsibility, and, therefore, suffering little from wear and tear.

THE FREEDMEN.

SOUTH CAROLINA is most prominent in the record of the past week. The special session of her Legislature terminated on the 21st inst. Gov. Orr's recommendations in calling it have been already stated in this column. Objecting strongly to the thirtieth section of an "Act to establish District Courts," he said that its imperfect admission of the blacks to civil equality could not be "reconciled with sound policy or just discrimination":

> "They are admitted in that class of cases where their interest, sympathy, association, and feelings would be most likely to pervert their consciences and invite to false swearing, and are excluded from testifying in all cases where no motive could exist to swear falsely, except that of a depraved heart. The distinction is illogical and indefensible, and *it cannot be denied that it has its foundation in a prejudice against the caste of the negro.* . . .
>
> "The dishonest may object to the extension of this right to all cases, because it reduces the field for his nefarious operations; but if the good and virtuous are protected, society is amply compensated for the change. Men of probity and integrity have no reason to apprehend any evil consequences from the change. The discrimination of intelligent judges and juries will be a shield against unjust charges supported by false swearing, and the same intelligence will bring the really guilty to condign punishment."

The Legislature has accordingly passed what was known at the State capital as the "Civil Rights bill," but which was first styled "An Act preliminary to the legislation induced by the Emancipation of Slaves," and afterwards more graciously, and quite significantly, entitled "An Act to declare the *Rights* of Persons lately known as Slaves and as Free Persons of Color." The act as it passed the House read as follows:

> "*Be it enacted, &c.*, That all persons hitherto known in law, in this State, as slaves, or as free persons of color, shall have the right to make and enforce contracts, to sue, be sued, to be affiants, and give evidence, to inherit, to purchase, lease, sell, hold, convey, and assign real and personal property, make wills and testaments, and to have full and equal benefit of the rights of personal security, personal liberty, and private property, and of all remedies and proceedings for the enforcement and protection of the same, as white persons now have; and shall not be subjected to any other or different punishment, pain, or penalty, for the commission of any act or offence, than such as are prescribed for white persons committing like acts or offences.
>
> "SEC. 2. That all acts and parts of acts specially relating to persons lately slaves, and free persons of color, be and the same is hereby repealed."

This appears to have been so far modified by the Senate as not to effect a repeal of the statute declaring marriage between blacks and whites illegal and void. Further legislation for the benefit of the freedmen was postponed, the telegraph informs us, till the regular session in November. Among the bills that were lost out of sight was one presented by a Mr. Butler, which, after reciting the ratification of emancipation without compensation, and of the perpetual prohibition of slavery, by the people of South Carolina, concludes:

> "*Therefore be it enacted, &c.*, That all contracts involving the payment of money for the purchase of slaves that have been made, are hereby declared to be null and void, and that all parties indebted therefor under laws existing anterior to the 27th day of September, A.D. 1865, are, and are hereby declared to be, not liable for such payment."

—The Right Rev. Augustin Verot, who is Bishop of Savannah, and no friend to the "false philosophers and hypocritical philanthropists under the name of abolitionists," has addressed a pastoral letter to the clergy and laity of the Roman Catholic Church in Georgia and Florida, informing them that one of the objects to be considered at the Catholic Plenary Council to be held next month at Baltimore will be the means of educating and converting the freedmen of the South. He attributes to the Holy See and the Catholic Church in Europe the liveliest sympathy in this new movement. This time, at least, the Pope is infallibly inspired.

—The blacks of Georgia are to meet on the 30th October at Macon in convention, in order to organize the State for the agitation of manhood suffrage. A full representation of counties is anticipated.

—The Savings and Trust Company for Freedmen has now nineteen agencies or branches in thirteen of the States and the District of Columbia.

Aggregate of deposits, July 1	$616,802 54
Payments (to depositors)	384,795 48
Amount remaining on deposit	$232,007 06

A dividend of five per cent. per annum has just been declared on sums deposited for the past six months.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Mr. George P. Philes, of this city, has just published the "Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima: A description of works relating to America published between the years 1492 and 1551." This most laborious catalogue is the work of Mr. Henry Harrisse, undertaken at the suggestion of Mr. Samuel M. Barlow, of New York, whose private library is among the half dozen specially acknowledged by the compiler as having been opened to his researches. The titles of over three hundred books are here reproduced in Roman and black-letter, sometimes *in extenso* and sometimes abridged, with an occasional wood-cut in fac-simile. Annexed to each is a full description of the size, number of pages, type, and other technical particulars, followed, in many cases, by a discussion of the history of the book, its location in time and place, and some account of its author, with a list of the direct references to it, in other catalogues mainly. The order is chronological. There is also an appendix, an index of names, and a by no means large array of emendations and corrections. In the introduction, notice is taken of former bibliographers. A work like this is, of course, neither popular nor designed to be so, nor can it properly be an object of criticism except for a few whose general knowledge of books, or whose possession of works herein mentioned, or not mentioned, will enable them to speak by the card. Completeness in such matters is out of the question, and Mr. Harrisse's pretensions are quite modest. "To do some things even badly," said Massimo d'Azeglio, in the preface to his greatest historical novel, "costs labor and trouble." No one not envious of similar pains will be surprised at the closing declaration of this compiler, that it is his "first and last attempt at American bibliography."

It is, however, as a specimen of American typography that the "Bibliotheca" is especially admirable and worthy of all praise. Seldom does it fall to our lot to see press-work of such high and uniform excellence even in the most vaunted productions of our publishers. Five hundred and nine copies only have been printed—ten, for private distribution, being in quarto on Holland paper with broad margins, and those from which our description is taken. An examination of these pages, on which one may often find a dozen different fonts of type, will excite the most pleasurable sensations in the connoisseur, and his gratification will be changed into wonder when he is informed that they were printed on a *Hoe's cylinder press* at the rate of 750 an hour!—still more, that though 520 in number, they were composed and struck off in this exquisite manner in the short space of eleven months. It is perfectly credible, as is asserted, that Mr. Hoe himself could scarcely believe in this newly developed capacity of his own invention, which we have learned to regard as a universal blessing for its gigantic services to the newspaper, but which, probably for the first time, is brought into competition with the hand-press in the production of the choicest books. A crucial comparison happens to be actually afforded by the simultaneous appearance of another work by the same author (not published) entitled "Notes on Columbus," folio, pp. 215, and which bears the imprint of one of the most celebrated presses in the country. This, although more than two years in preparation, and printed entirely on the hand-press, is inferior to the "Bibliotheca" in evenness of tone, brilliancy of color, and in general mechanical execution. We understand that a copy of the latter is to be sent to the Exposition at Paris, duly authenticated and labelled, and it can hardly fail to be honorably noticed as a marvel of the printer's art. The press which has achieved so signal a progress is that of Messrs. J. M. Bradstreet & Son, already well known for their handsome "Commercial Reports."

—There has been sent to this country a single specimen of Tennyson's "Elaine," illustrated by Gustave Doré. It will contain nine large steel engravings, and will be printed in elegant type, on large paper of a quarto size. The sample copy contained photographs from four of the drawings. One represents Lancelot riding up to the castle of Astolat, an avenue through a dense forest, which recalls an illustration in Penault's "Fairy Tales," and one in "Les Contes Drôlatiques." Two others show the voyage and the arrival of Elaine's dead body. These are exceedingly delicate and beautiful, and will bear reproduction on steel. Messrs. Moxon & Co., the publishers, advertise the volume for December 1; but its appearance will, we believe, be put off beyond that date. The publishers state that this is the first time that M. Doré has illustrated a contemporary author, as if Victor Hugo, Edmond About, X. B. Saintine, H. Taine, and numerous others, whose works his pencil has embellished, had died many years ago. It is the first time that M. Doré's works are engraved on steel.

—Nearly all young persons, whether in school and college, or attempting to cultivate themselves at home, feel the need of some system in their reading, and fatigue their instructors and educated friends to furnish them with courses of reading. Few, we suppose, carry out such a course; but all are glad to know what to read on certain general and common topics. Many a youth has bought and carefully perused "Pycroft's Course of English Reading;" but has been so frightened and disheartened by the course of abstracting and memorizing there proposed to him, that he has gone but little way in his intended system. To all such persons it is a pleasure to recommend "A Course of English Literature," lately published by James Hannay, who will be readily recollected as the author of a very pleasant essay on Thackeray, and a readable volume called "Satire and Satirists." Mr. Hannay treats the subject in an agreeable way. He divides English literature into epochs, and, giving to each a backbone of history, he allows divergence, at the will of the reader, among philosophy, poetry, fiction, letters, and light reading. He only recommends what is best to be read, as showing the style of the author and reflecting the spirit of the time. His criticisms are careful and just, and the book is worth reading merely for these, and for the general view which he gives of the whole of English literature. An American edition is soon to be issued by Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co., which will contain the excellent addition of a list of the most desirable editions of the works recommended in the book, by a well-known thorough bibliographer. This will, in fact, be a guide for buying an English library.

—At a recent banquet at Southampton in honor of Gov. Eyre, of Jamaica fame, the Rev. Charles Kingsley distinguished himself in no enviable way by his fulsome praise of Gov. Eyre and of the British Peerage. Since then John Ruskin and Thomas Carlyle have both fallen into the ranks of Mr. Eyre's defenders, the latter as chairman of the "Eyre Defence Fund Committee." The *Saturday Review* says that Kingsley "gives too literal an interpretation to the Scriptural figure of walking with God, which he identifies apparently with stiff exercise around the Gulf of Carpentaria." All of Mr. Eyre's admirers, and notably Mr. Henry Kingsley in "Macmillan," have made the most of this daring feat of pedestrianism, and have set forth the Australian explorer as a hero of no common order. The expedition across that continent was certainly a daring one, and carried out with great pluck in face of frightful danger and hardships. But we have an account of the matter very different from Mr. Kingsley's romantic version in Mr. Anthony Forster's "South Australia: its Progress and Prosperity"—a very readable book. After the party of explorers commanded by Mr. Eyre had wandered about for nine months, and were in great distress for want of water, the question was raised whether it would not be better to return. On reflection, the party were convinced that return was not possible, and their only hope of safety was in going on. After the murder of Baxter by two of the natives, Mr. Eyre, left alone with a black boy, had certainly no choice. If retreat was before impossible, it was now worse. Death stared him in the face; by going on he might, perhaps, avoid it. He took the only route and escaped. The melodramatic accounts make out that return was easy and safe, and that his advance was only owing to his feeling of being bound in honor to carry out the wishes of his employers. The "great walk" sinks from a heroic act of duty to a mere race for life. It is a curious error of Mr. Kingsley to speak of it as a walk around the Gulf of Carpentaria; in fact, it was to the west coast, and not within a thousand miles of that gulf.

—With the thirteenth *livraison*, which has just appeared, is completed the first volume of the first half of M. E. Littré's "Dictionnaire de la Langue Française"—a work called by Mr. Marsh, in a recent article on "Webster's Dictionary" published in The Nation, "the best *philological* dictionary of a living tongue which modern science has

yet given to the world." It is about three years since the publication of the first pages, and, as most of the remainder is in manuscript, we may hope to see its completion in at least three years more. Littré calls his dictionary "a very extensive register of the uses of words, which includes the past as well as the present, especially when the past throws a light on the present." The plan of the work proposes a selection of examples from the classic and the earlier writers, the derivation of the words, and the strict genealogy of their meanings. The treatment of each word is of this kind: After the word comes its pronunciation, its inflection if in any degree irregular, the determination of the idea of the word, and the succession of different shades of meaning, with examples from the writers of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, notes on the proper orthography, on the grammatical construction, the errors to be avoided, etc., the discussion of synonyms, the history of the word, including a collection of examples from the earliest form of the language to the sixteenth century, and finally the etymology or derivation of the word.

—The usages of good society in England in the Middle Ages, which are set forth to some extent in the entertaining and amusing "Boke of Curtasye," published years ago by the Percy Society, are to receive further elucidation at the hands of the Early English Text Society. The Rev. J. Rawson Lumby, M.A., has undertaken to edit for them a collection of "Poems on Manners and Morals," in the Scotch dialect of about 1500 A.D., from the same MS. from which the "Lancelot du Sac" was edited. The same society is also about to reprint Richard West's curious little "Booke of Demeanour," 1619. This book shows an advance on one difficult point of mediæval manners—how to blow the nose. The early manuscripts tell their readers to get rid of the deposit as best they can, put it away through their tippets, etc.; but in West's time the use of the handkerchief was settled and expected in polite society. A transitional stage is marked in the "Boke of Hewe Rodes of the Kinge's Chappell," 1545; for, though he advises his readers to use their kerchiefs, he allows their fingers also, but requires polite men to tread the product, like spittle, under foot.

—The publication of "L'Affaire Clemenceau" by the younger Dumas marks an epoch in the realistic romance in France. It is the culmination of what has been, for some years, the tendency of French novel writers. Octave Feuillet and Jules Sandeau are the best writers of this class of romance. They portray the "idéal bourgeois." It is said that we may expect this fall quite a flood of new and startling romances, one by Feuillet, one by Sandeau, one by About, and one by Flaubert. It is also reported in Paris that the Emperor Napoleon is collecting materials for a "Life of Charlemagne," which he will begin as soon as he has finished his "Cæsar."

SCIENTIFIC.

"Modern Chemistry."—Dr. Hofmann calls his most delightful little book, lately published, "Introduction to Modern Chemistry," and all the advocates of the new theories and the new notation are exceedingly fond of using this phrase, "modern chemistry," to describe their own views. The implication is that all other views are antiquated. It is about thirty years since the unitary notation was first suggested, and it is not yet ten years since it began to make head against the established usage. "Modern," then, is not used in opposition to ancient in the common sense, or even to mediæval, but is impertinently applied to the speculations of the last six or eight years, as if all former things were already passed away. But "modern *chemistry*" is the phrase, and the second word is quite as objectionable as the first; the new views are in no way entitled to the name of "chemistry." They relate chiefly to nomenclature and symbolic representation, and in part to classification, not to the substance of the science; they touch not the real body of the science, but its dress; not its real facts and thoughts, but the language in which these are expressed. Notation has been the strong point of several of the chemists who have largely contributed to the introduction of the new ideas. Thus, one of Dr. Odling's happiest thoughts was a method of indicating by dashes or Roman numerals, written or printed in the place of an algebraic exponent, the number of atoms of hydrogen which one atom of each of the other elements is capable of *fixing*, or combining with; thus, an atom of chlorine will only combine with one atom of hydrogen, and its symbol is, therefore, Cl^{I}, while an atom of carbon can fix four atoms of hydrogen, and therefore has the symbol C^{IV}. Mr. F. O. Ward, the gentleman who wrote Dr. Hofmann's book, sends a very long communication to the *Chemical News* of June 1, 1866, on the superiority of his newly invented term "*quantivalence*" to the older, though still very new, word "atomicity," and gives as his motive for writing the letter his desire to deprecate the course of another correspondent of the same journal, who has been so obtuse as to continue the series of expressions *uni*-valent, *tri*-valent, and *quadri*-valent, by the insufferable Greek and Latin composites *penta*-valent and *hexa*-valent, when he should have written *quinqui*-valent and *sexa*-valent. The whole discussion is mainly one of names and signs and interpretation, not of facts and things. Thus the chemistry of water was as well understood before the controversy arose as to whether its symbol should be HO or H_2O, as it is now. There is no doubt about the ultimate composition of acetic acid, and yet its formula is very variously written $C_4H_4O_4$, $C_4H_3O_3,HO$, $C_2H_4O_2$, $\left.\begin{matrix}(C_2H_3O)^{I}\\H\end{matrix}\right\}O$, and in some fifteen other ways. Berzelius, who wrote the formula of nitrous acid NO_3, had just about as much real knowledge of that substance as Mr. Ward has, who writes its formula $N_2{}^{III}O_3{}^{II}$. Dr. Hofmann more than once speaks of "building up, on a unitary basis, the magnificent edifice of modern chemistry," and he here only puts into rather lofty language the habitual thought of chemists of his school. We find in these words an inordinate pretension, quite unconscious, indeed, but not on that account more tolerable. They who build up an edifice from the basis, build the whole of it. Now the foundations of chemistry were laid in times of which there is no story, and brewers, wine-makers, dyers, smelters, necromancers, medicine-men, drug-mixers, alchemists, and artsmen of all nations and generations have labored, not in vain, upon the building—some bringing the rough materials, others sorting, fashioning, and combining the accumulated material. With a few periods of abnormal activity, the work has gone on for centuries; and vast, indeed, is the structure which is the fruit of so much enthusiasm, genius, self-devotion, and patience. But in these latter days a few earnest workers have added a new wing to the spacious edifice, small, indeed, but of fair proportions, and full of bright colors. They have further re-upholstered some of the old furniture, re-dressed the ancient shrines, written a new inscription over the entrance-door, and have proposed to replace the old paintings by some of newer fashion, and even to paint over all the old symbols and decorations with tints which shall match the brightness of their new wing. To this audacious proposition, while some of their contemporaries consent, the greater part object; but, pending the discussion, the authors of the proposition, ignoring the labors of all past generations, dub themselves the builders "of the magnificent edifice of modern chemistry." Truly, a modest thought on their part ingenuously unfolded.

At the grand entrance to a public building devoted to science and letters, in Bologna, we encountered a splendid bust of the excessively coarse-looking trooper who happens to embody the grand idea of a free national life for Italy; wandering through an upper room in the same building, we chanced to notice a very beautiful bust of the present Pope ignominiously deposited on the floor behind a door. "Ah!" said our Italian friend, "you are looking at the bust which used to stand on the grand pedestal at the entrance." Though Protestant and republican, we could not but feel that the people of Bologna had therein done a mean thing, and had insulted themselves and their own history rather than their former sovereign. Let us, by all means, crown Gerhardt; but let us not put Lavoisier behind the door. Let us cheer on Hofmann and Würtz and Kekulé, Odling, Brodie, and Williamson; but let us not burn the laurels of Stahl and Bergmann, Thénard and Berzelius, Black and Faraday, Bunsen and Wöhler. Let us, by all means, get the best attainable technical language and notation, and be grateful to the authors and contrivers of these; for precision of language classifies thought, makes plain and sure the records of past progress, and facilitates the reaching forward into the dimness which always lies beyond the actual stand-point. But let us not mistake the form for

the substance, the language for the thought, the tools and instruments of the science for the science itself; let us not call that "modern chemistry" which is only the latest fashion of its outer garment.

Besides claiming for their peculiar theories a name to which they are not entitled, the advocates of the new system betray a strong tendency to strain special facts into conformity with their views, and to announce general propositions which rest on very little experimental evidence, not as if they were hypotheses and suggestions, but as if they were recognized laws. This tendency appears strongly in the great bulk of memoirs and essays which proceed from this school of chemists, but is of no great moment in such papers, because professional chemists and persons instructed in the science, to whom such memoirs are generally addressed, are able to allow for the exaggerations into which enthusiasm betrays the writers. The case is far otherwise, however, when the same spirit is manifested in a book addressed to the general public and inexperienced students. At the conclusion of a chapter on the compounds of nitrogen and oxygen, Dr. Hofmann sums up in a tabular form what he calls "our present *experience* of the volumetric composition and condensation of bi-elementary chemical compounds," a matter, by the way, to which very great importance is attached by the new school. Two-fifths of the statements contained in this short table are purely hypothetical, as Dr. Hofmann, indeed, acknowledges in a preceding paragraph; nevertheless he interpolates these guesses among the results of actual experiment, and merely introduces the table with the saving clause, "with these reserves as to the third and fifth terms of the series, we may summarize as follows our present experience, etc." Now there should have been no series, for the hypothetical members, thus mildly alluded to as "reserves," constitute two-fifths of the whole.

Again, the relative size of the combining atoms of the various elements, and the atomic structure of the free molecule of each element, are points of essential importance in the new system, and great stress is laid upon the notion, already dignified by the name of a *law*, that the volume of the free molecule of any element is *normally* twice that of its combining atom. This double volume is almost invariably called "normal" by writers on the new system of notation. It is important for the elementary student to understand how very narrow the experimental basis is upon which this so-called *law* really rests. The relative size of the combining atom, and the atomic structure of the free molecule, have been experimentally determined for twelve only out of sixty-one recognized chemical elements; out of these twelve no less than four, or one-third, refuse to conform to the imagined law which makes the volume of the molecule twice the volume of the atom. Yet Dr. Hofmann, and all writers of his school, invariably speak of these four elements as presenting *anomalies*, as constituting *exceptions*. Now, the "generalization" to which these four elements do not conform is based upon experimental determinations embracing just eight elements out of sixty-one, and may emphatically be said to be "still awaiting final proof." While it waits, let it not be confidently taught in elementary manuals, and set forth in popular lectures and "Introductions to Modern Chemistry," as if it were one of the recognized fundamental principles of the science.

The new notation is the legitimate result of new or rather rejuvenated views concerning the constitution of matter; the talk is now of *atoms* instead of equivalents, and a new danger threatens the inexperienced student. The chemical philosophers of the new school are as fond of speculating about atoms as ever Leucippus and Democritus were. The student must nowadays read of atoms, molecules, dynaspheres, and divers other not wholly inconvenient hypothetical beings, which are too apt to be treated of as if they were not simply definitions and abstractions, but actual entities. Prof. Williamson, in a little manual of chemistry for beginners, writes as follows: "Each element consists of small indivisible particles called atoms." The sentence which immediately precedes this announcement is: "Its (methylamine) vapor burns easily, forming carbonic acid and water, and liberating nitrogen." Fancy and fact are here stated with equal conciseness, clearness, and positiveness. We *know* what happens when methylamine burns; we may *imagine* what we please concerning the ultimate constitution of an element or of any other sort of matter, but we know nothing about it, and never shall. The elementary student is not sufficiently warned of the vital distinction between a fact of observation and a pure speculation by simply placing at the head of the section, of which we have quoted the first sentence, the words "Atomic Theory."

Dogmatism on matters passing knowledge is, however, far from being peculiar to or specially characteristic of the later writings upon chemistry alone; the other physical sciences have their full share of it. Herein lies a heavy discouragement to those teachers who are seeking a substitute for classical training in education. By the labors of centuries the grammar of Greek and Latin has been reduced to a tolerably consistent and logical method, which a boy who likes it may study minutely without blunting his perceptions or impairing his reasoning faculty. The mathematics also are a safe field. But how is it with the physical sciences? Are not the text-books on these subjects full of speculations, for the most part not carefully distinguished from facts, of words which stand for reason, or explanations of long names which are merely cloaks for ignorance? Has not light its imaginary ether, and heat its fancied rush and clash of atoms, and electricity its imaginary currents and oppositions, as well as chemistry its molecules and dynaspheres? The truth is, that ninety-nine hundredths of the existing manuals on chemistry and physics must disappear, and be replaced by more methodical and logical treatises, before the educational value of the study of the physical sciences can be even tried.

COMFORT FOR SMALL INCOMES.*

Mrs. Warren's "Tale," which we use as a text for a few remarks on the general subject expressed by our title, is devoted wholly to cookery and the management of servants. It is scientific rather than literary, and as such we shall regard it. But the kindred subjects treated of in this story and others of the series are of such real importance to the most of us, that any earnest endeavor to examine them deserves respectful consideration, though as a literary effort it deserve no consideration at all.

It is not a thing unheard of by any of our readers, or doubted by many of them, that, generally speaking, cookery is very imperfectly understood in America. From this little book, albeit addressed to English readers, our people may obtain many wholesome suggestions, attention to which will lead them to many wholesome viands. But we Americans need a further admonition in relation to our eating, addressed especially to those who cannot, as Mrs. Warren says, "afford the time to be ill, and money to pay the doctor." Aside from the question of defective cooking, it may safely be said that we eat too much innutritious and indigestible food, and have too great a variety upon our tables.

It may be assumed, as the verdict of experience, that while a steady adherence to a very limited diet will not of itself produce the most perfect health, yet that, other things being equal, with a very few plainly cooked articles at each meal, and a slight change from day to day, the digestive organs, and hence the physical and mental powers generally, can be kept at their maximum of healthful activity. As a rule, we use a great deal too much animal food. Meat is not needed by most persons more than once each day. And we make too little use of cereals, with the exception of wheat. With a little attention paid to these and a few other minor points, and the introduction of *system* into the supply, the expense of the table to most of our families might be considerably reduced, with more than a proportional increase in health and comfort.

Perhaps every man living upon a small income considers his an exceptional case. And so, possibly, in some points it may be. But, in the main, it is the same as that of the vast majority of the community of which he is a part, and of every community. The number of the rich is small. The prevailing need is to obtain the greatest amount of comfort from very limited resources. The sorry fact—the interfering element—is this: that the customs of society, to depart from which is to be shut up in an imaginary Coventry, are too frequently predicated upon the means and fancies of the rich minority, and not upon the needs and possibilities of the great mass of intelligent people.

Perhaps this is very natural; philosophers may trace it readily to its efficient cause. But while natural, it is far from inevitable, or necessary, or right. Our people, as a rule, have to earn that which they consume. The rich are exceptional—let them have their exceptional habits if they so desire. They are not necessarily especially wise, refined, or happy. For us it remains to be a law unto ourselves. If we choose we may eat season-

* "Comfort for Small Incomes. By Mrs. Warren." Boston: Loring.

able and healthful food instead of that which is costly and productive of dyspepsia. If it seems to us meet, we may decline to make our appearance in clothing of a different cut upon each change of the season, and may, at the same time, be sure that we shall not therefore be excluded from any society which it will be a serious loss for us to miss. We cannot be compelled to pay for public amusements, either good or bad, if we prefer to have better amusements at home or in the immediate society of our friends. And, finally, we are not bound to have large parties, at great expense of money, time, and happiness, and call them pleasant reunions.

Of general rules for the procuring of comfort it is safe to say the first is this: without some system of accounts, however simple, economy of expenditure must be very difficult. We mean true economy—the subordination of items of expense in their relation of importance. We are writing for the many, and for the many it is not possible to supply all their wants. Mrs. Whitney, in her admirable "Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life," makes one of her characters say, "Something gets crowded out with us all." This is a fact which we can in no wise ignore, and it must be borne in mind in all our arrangements if we would attain real comfort.

In this, as in other cases, it is safest to return to first principles; to find for what purpose we were sent into the world, and, having decided this as well as in us lies, to guide ourselves somewhat accordingly. We find that we have for ourselves, and for those that depend upon us, to watch over the moral nature, the æsthetic nature, the physical nature; and for all of these we must provide proper nutriment. We have only a certain sum with which to get food for them; if, then, we know the proper relation between the items, we can readily settle the amount to be appropriated to each.

The list may be made up somewhat in this way: In the first place, we must have something to *give*. Let it be the merest trifle, if necessity so wills it, still we must not wholly surrender the habit of giving. Yet those with small incomes must be content, for the most part, to volunteer their labor, rather than their money, to the public weal. Then there are the expenses of association, whether in churches or otherwise, for moral and religious progress. Books and the news of the day cannot be neglected. If there be accessible a good library, with reading-room attached, these, with the ownership of a few good books, will suffice. Such works, with occasional visits to public exhibitions, and walks with open eyes in the country or in the town, will give more knowledge of art than is usually to be found under the finest broadcloth.

Society must be remunerated for the protection it affords, therefore taxes should be estimated liberally and cheerfully paid. Medical attendance will at some time be required, and must be provided for. The duration of life in the individual is, of all things, the most uncertain, while the average is well known; the prudent man will, therefore, provide for his family by insurance. Clothing should never be other than neat and good, and appropriate to the season. Avoiding the extremes of fashion, and buying that which accords simply with the needs of the wearer, with proper care and attention the same garment will be sound and seemly for the second and third season, which, under other circumstances, would scarce outlast the first.

Then as to mode of living. Housekeeping is human, boarding is simply animal. Yet even the lower animals know enough to avoid boarding, the only exception being the apparent exception of the Western rattlesnake, who is said to take lodging and meals with the prairie dog. Apparent exception, we say, because our friend the crotalus is not so stupid as really to sink himself into a mere boarder. Every little while he swallows his landlord or one of the family, which, in a manner, is a laudable reversal of the custom in human boarding-houses. So much better a guide after all is instinct than reason!—than our half-developed reason, at any rate. We are far from saying that when boarders shall become perfectly rational, and "all men's good be each man's law," the boarders of New York, for instance, will not follow the wise serpent's example. If a house can be obtained, or better, a suite of rooms properly, or even indifferently, fitted for housekeeping, the expense of living will be less, and its pleasures vastly greater. But note: the rent should not be more than two-ninths of the income. This being arranged, Mrs. Warren, or Mrs. Stowe, or any other writer on the subject, may be consulted with advantage. So much, however, must be appropriated for rent, so much for provisions, so much for insurance, for wages, for fuel, for light, for incidental expenses. Any one's experience will give the items that are not to be "crowded out," and a year's account carefully sifted will give the proportions.

When all these things have been classified and estimated for, nothing is left to be done but to keep as much within the estimates as may be practicable without meanness. Should there remain a surplus beyond the amount which it is considered prudent to lay by for the proverbial "rainy day," the habits induced by the system will naturally decree its destination. Something must be "crowded out," and to that purpose which is dearest to our hearts, according as our culture has been higher or lower, to our moral, æsthetic, or physical nurture, will the surplus be devoted.

AN ENGLISH RESIDENT IN RUSSIA.*

A GOOD deal of this book relates to a past which, though no further removed than 1860, can never be recalled. A great nation, in some aspects certainly the most interesting in Europe, has begun to take on a national development, after having for a century and a half unnaturally forced itself into foreign ways, manners, and even speech, and worn the garb of civilization with scarcely more decency than a naked savage with a coat of paint. History in that time has had little progress to record in Russia, and the descriptions of travellers at the beginning of the eighteenth century have been sufficiently accurate till within a very short period. Prof. Morley's friend devotes a lively page to Russian contradictions. They could not help abounding in a country where the natives were the serfs, and their masters, as a rule, either foreign or of foreign descent—which on the one hand despised foreigners with Chinese contempt, and on the other summoned them in every necessity. Czar Peter, though inspired by a truly national, or at least patriotic, spirit, and a man of unmistakably grand ideas, distinguished himself by importing "outlandish artificers," whether to make a stocking, to weave linen, to build an observatory, or to shear a sheep. Le Brun saw at Veronetz, in 1702, "five men-of-war built after the Dutch way, two after the Italian manner, a galeass after the Venetian way, and five other men-of-war after the English way." A Scotchman built the first steam vessel for Russia. And though the empire has not lacked able men of Muscovite origin, a large part of its government and industry and material improvement has been due to foreign talent. Catherine herself, who did far more for her subjects than the blundering Peter, was the daughter of a petty German commandant.

For all this, there have been traits distinctively Russian. To begin with externals. Houses of brick or two stories high are still uncommon outside the cities. "Count Pomerin's residence," says our author, "was a very long and large wooden building, but I afterwards found it to be only of wood. It seemed to be of brick, and plastered. Three parts of it were of one story, but very high, and the other part, which formed the servants' establishment, of two stories." As for the wooden huts of the serfs, they are so low "that one wonders how such well-grown men stand up in them, especially as their walls are sunk at all manner of angles off the square." "In the villages belonging to Count Pomerin the cattle of the peasants are housed in outbuildings immediately adjoining the low huts, the communication between them being always open." Dung is used, like sea-weed on Cape Cod, to keep the frost out. "What windows I noticed were mere pigeon-holes."

There are no small farmers in Russia, and cultivation has not sensibly improved in a hundred and fifty years. We read (p. 199):

"In the shed were lying two implements which attracted my attention; the first was composed of birch-trees cut down through the centre, with the branches chopped off within a foot of the trees. Half-a-dozen of these timbers, about seven feet long, were tied together with twigs of trees, the flat side up and the prongs of the branches down. Put two rough poles for shafts into this contrivance and the Russian peasant's harrow is complete; price, nothing. Timofia told me that it did very well for his light sandy land, and that, if he found it rather light sometimes, he put a heavy stone on it. The other instrument was a plough, having two turned-up prongs like Dutch skates, ten inches apart, set in a rough wooden frame; betwixt them a projecting movable scoop for turning over the ground. This scoop had to be reversed every time Timofia turned his horses. He said this was a very dear implement, for iron had to be used in its construction. It cost even as much as two roubles, or about six shillings."

Roads are better since Peter's day—let alone the military railroad that Nicholas ruled from Petersburg to Moscow—when even in Moscow they were timbered like a bridge, and were only tolerable in winter when snow-buried. The necessities of a vast territory have perfected this means of intercommunication, so that, by horse-flesh at least, it is doubtful if in any country transportation is so swift, so certain, and so cheap; and the imposition laid upon individual peasants and communes to furnish horses and vehicles is one of the most justifiable oppressions peculiar to the late régime. Our author has the usual story of wolf-hunting, subjective and objective. He also confirms the old charge that a Russian is not to be brought to use and keep his horse well; while he does full justice to the honesty and fidelity

* "Sketches of Russian Life before and during the Emancipation of the Serfs. Edited by Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature in University College, London." London: Chapman and Hall. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1866. Pp. 298.

of the poor yeamshick (land-carrier), with his touching proverb, "It is only the lazy who don't wallop us."

What was the appearance of the serfs? Cotton has wrought some changes, but it has not affected the long beard, forsworn together with their mother tongue by the Russian nobility and bourgeoisie. Czar Peter found his people wearing long clothes hanging down to the ground, "to which sort of dress," says a contemporary, "they stuck very obstinately." The autocrat tried to cut off gowns and beards together, men being set at street corners with scissors, as they have since lain in wait for Confederate buttons; but the hair resisted where the cloth gave way, or else grew out again defiantly. This is the picture drawn in 1720:

"The peasants wear a coarse coat reaching to the knee, and in the summer-time they let the shirt, which is but short, hang out over the breeches, and gird it with a girdle, into which they put a great knife with a sheath before, a whip on one side, and their fur gloves and hatchet behind. Their hair is cropt to their ears, and their heads covered winter and summer with a fur cap. Their beards remain yet untouched, their hands being too clumsy to handle a razor. Their shoes are tied together with bast, for they know no better," etc., etc.

In 1860 our author writes:

"In outward expression the Russian serf is a mere clod of the valley. His dress is seldom varied. A little round low-crowned black felt hat, with narrow turned-up rims, covers the usual profusion of brown or carroty tangled locks, which are sometimes parted in front and cut straight at the neck. Every serf I have seen, who had reached manhood, had a beard, whiskers, and moustache, untouched by razor or scissors; so that most of these natural beards were magnificently long, rolling in soft curls, or spreading and bushy. . . . Count Pomerin's serfs were profusely hairy under their hats, were dressed in loose, often ragged, coats of grey, brown, or black felt, or in cloth, coarse as 'Hieland heather,' reaching a little below the knees, and held together at the waist by a belt, like a narrow horse-girth. Under the coat would be found either a striped cotton or plaid linen shirt of the coarsest material, called 'crash,' sometimes used for kitchen towels. Trowsers of the same material were stuck into brown or grey felt boots, and the toes within the boots would be wrapped around with a coarse linen rag in lieu of stockings. On their hands the serfs wear fingerless leather mittens; and in the girth-belt, on the right hip, carry a short-handled axe."

It would be interesting, if space permitted, to compare in like manner the present with the more ancient style of Russian baths. There is an amusing chapter on Russian shopmen, who out-Hebrew the Hebrews in sharpness, as has always been the case, and has caused the severity of the restrictions on the trading of Jews to be regarded as rather a mercy to the latter. The freaks of an "old-believer" domestic—one of a sect to whom the reforms of the patriarch Nikon were not palatable—are told with great relish and a remarkable freedom from resentment. The general character of the personal services rendered by household serfs is portrayed with absolute accuracy, and will vividly remind the reader of the recent condition of the South. Since we take occasion to remark here that Peter the Great unwittingly confounded these household serfs with those of the country by an undiscriminating census, in which their different state and origin were entirely overlooked, we must observe that in matters of history the book before us is not to be trusted. Its account of the origin of serfdom is absurdly imaginary, the iniquity of that business falling on the usurper Boris Godounoff, who, in 1593, forbade the peasants of landed proprietors to quit the soil, and so made it possible for them afterwards to be sold apart from the land, and apart from their families, even down to the present reign. So our author's account of the lower orders of the priesthood, truthful as it undoubtedly is, is likely to mislead from his omission to suggest the reasons for this shocking abasement, which are to be found first in the fact that, though a part of the state religion, they are forced to look for their support to their ignorant parishioners; second, that the language of the Scriptures (the old Slavonian stretched to the exigencies of new ideas) is not intelligible to the common people; third, that there is almost no moral preaching; fourth, that the style of those who do preach—bishops and metropolitans—is a mixture of the Scriptural and the vulgar dialect, given in the vulgar pronunciation, which is not the pronunciation of the elevated classes. It does not appear, either, that our author quite understood the nature of the patriarchate abolished by Peter I., nor the fundamental difference in the hierarchy of the Greek and Roman Churches.

Something we should like to add about the great sources of corruption and degradation in Russia—corporal punishment with the knout and stick, which, we may be sure, will soon follow capital punishment into oblivion—the pestilential "fabriques," or manufacturing establishments, also destined to be purified—and the drinking habits of the people, fostered by the Government monopoly of the manufacture and sale of brandy. Here, too, we may look for speedy reform, as Russia casts aside those protective notions which have, perhaps, never been so signally refuted as in her example. The Emperor's court to-day is not the bear-garden that it was when the great Peter gave the light-headed ambassadors to his court "sleepy drinks, that their senses, unintelligent of his insufficience, might, though they could not praise him, as little accuse." But when, as has been estimated, from 30,000 to 200,000 people perish annually from (too generally adulterated) brandy, a frightful barathrum of crime and immorality is foreshadowed. Already the author had witnessed a marked revolution in the material condition of the villagers since Alexander's fiat had made them freemen. Perhaps, in the second volume which he promises us, he will have much more to report in the same connection; perhaps, also, he will modify his denial of proper gratitude in the serfs for their great deliverance, and of a just understanding of the meaning of liberty.

HERVEY'S POEMS.*

"THAT his career was to a certain extent a *vie manquée* can scarcely be denied; but those who have experienced the remorse which must sooner or later attend the issue of opportunities unimproved and talents comparatively neglected may readily understand how severely the consequences may have pressed upon him." This was said of Mr. Hervey by one of his friends in the London *Art Journal*. Certainly the suggestion is charitable, and, properly enough, it may be allowed its weight in making up a judgment upon his or any man's life and work. Nor do we doubt its truth. We do wish, however, if this offence must needs come—and it is a very old one, and will never, we suppose, be out of fashion—that the remorse for it could be a repentance without poetical works; and if secret repentance is too much to ask for, we trust it will not seem too harsh to wish that the next best thing might be done, and the resultant poems be left obscure in the tearful "Amulets" and "Poetical Sketch-Books" and "Friendship's Offerings" in which it is their custom first to see the light. Why should they be torn from their natural companions, the lackadaisical mezzotints of the "Literary Souvenirs?" There is a place for everything; let everything be in its place. Since the first half of the saying gives to these things their only color of excuse for existence, the second half of it should be scrupulously and gratefully observed.

"To Myra," one of many hundreds of "Myras," Mr. Hervey sings in the manner following:

"I leave thee now, my spirit's love!
All bright in youth's unclouded light;
With sunshine round and hope above,
Thou scarce hast learned to dream of night.

"Yet night *will* come! Thy bounding heart
Must watch its idols melt away;
And oh, thy soul must learn to part
With much that made thy childhood gay!

"But should we meet in darker years,
When clouds have gathered round thy brow,
How far more precious in thy tears,
Than in thy glow of gladness, now!

"Then come to me; thy wounded heart
Shall find it has a haven still—
One bosom—faithless as thou art—
All, all thine own, 'mid good and ill!

"Thou leavest me for the world!—then go!"

and so forth. There are three or four more stanzas of it, all like the first three or four, and there are, we suppose, three or four hundred such stanzas in the book. Now that Miss Julia Mills writes no more letters to Dora Spenlow, and Dora writes no more back to J. M., it is impossible to see who are to make any use, or fancy that they derive any pleasure, from this sort of melodious woe. The italicizing, by the way, is not ours; but is either the author's or the editor's. It is a resource too lavishly used in a part of this piece following, which is entitled "All Alone":

"I am all alone!—and the visions that play
Round life's young days have passed away;
And the songs are hushed that gladness sings;
And the hopes that I cherished have made them wings;
And the light of my heart is dimmed and gone,
And I sit in my sorrow, and all alone.

"And the forms which I fondly loved are flown,
And friends have departed, one by one;
And memory sits, whole lonely hours,
And weaves her wreath of hope's faded flowers,
And weeps o'er the chaplet, when no one is near
To gaze on her grief, or to chide her tear.

"And the home of my childhood is distant far,
And I walk in a land where strangers are;
And the looks that I meet and the sounds that I hear,
Are not light to MY spirit nor song to MY ear;
And sunshine is round me—which *I* cannot see,
And eyes that beam kindness, BUT NOT FOR ME."

In a strain somewhat different, or not different, is this sonnet, almost

* "The Poems of Thomas Kibble Hervey. Edited by Mrs. T. K. Hervey. With a Memoir." "Blue and Gold." Ticknor & Fields, Boston. 1866.

the only sonnet in the volume. The author's strength does not lie in sonnets:

SONNET.

"As one who saileth far o'er tropic seas
From his own home on some dim northern land,
Tasteth NEW odors on each winged breeze,
By which his heart is stirred and forehead fanned;
And sees his old familiar stars decline,
As brighter stars come clouding to his eye,
Changing his childhood's heaven beyond THE LINE,
For the rich pageant of a southern sky,—
So as our vessel nears THE LINE that parts
Man from the fields where boyhood's wreaths were twined,
New scents and stars come up our burning hearts—
And more and brighter than we leave behind.
But oh, the breeze that whispered, still, like truth!—
The cool, clear starlights of my vanished youth!"

This is more cheerful in its tone than nine-tenths of the book. Open it almost anywhere, and still you find a world lamentably full of emptiness, "a dreary sea, a dreary strand, the spirit's Labrador;" lacerated hearts "tutored not to weep, where grief lies hushed but not asleep;" "hopes that, like the prophet's gourd, grew up to perish in a night," and "hopes that may not bud amid my spirit's gloom," and "hope that 's been—like thee, like thee—a lost and perished thing," and "hope and the dreams of hope which lie dead," and "hopes I nursed to see them die," and blighted bosoms and withered bowers, and waste and desolate tracks, and faded wreaths, and, in short, all the immemorial and inevitable consequents—sad enough when one thinks of them as such—of the "opportunities unimproved, and talents comparatively neglected," of a certain class of people. It is a class of people of whom the world has a right to ask more virtue or less noise.

Some of the many verses of Hervey's writing which were suggested by pictures or pieces of sculpture, and written, we suppose, to make so much letterpress to accompany engravings in the magazines and annuals, show more taste and knowledge by far than is usually possessed by the practitioners of gift-book poetry. And in some of the charades, and in a production entitled "The Devil's Progress," and avowedly modelled upon the famous "Devil's Walk," he gets clear for a little while of his prevailing lugubrious flatness. But we find nothing that, as a poem, or even as poetry in the rough, deserves a moment's consideration.

Prefixed to the poems is a memoir of the author, prepared, we suppose, by the editor, and very ill done. A sentence may serve as a sample of the whole: "No man should venture to write the life of his world-fellow until he has left his own youth far behind him." We gather from the memoir that Thomas Kibble Hervey was a Scotchman, whose parents, removing from Paisley, took him to England about 1802 or 1803; that he was educated at the Manchester Free Grammar School; that on leaving school he was articled to a firm of solicitors, and went up to London, where soon he began to study conveyancing; but in accordance with the advice of Serjeant Scriven, in whose office he was, his father sent him to Cambridge to Trinity College. He resided in Cambridge only two years, and in 1820, having just published a poem called "Australia," originally begun as a prize poem, he left the university without a degree, and "led a life of pleasure, mixed with literary pursuits," in London. Thenceforward he contributed voluminously to many periodicals and annuals, for eight years was editor of the *Athenæum*, and in 1859 died at the age of sixty.

CHARLES LAMB.*

IT must be that Charles Lamb is not so well known in England as here. Or it may be that this memoir, being the work of an aged man who may be supposed somewhat unacquainted with late contemporary literature, is for that reason largely made up of matter with which we of this generation, on both sides of the water, were before quite familiar. At any rate, those of the friends of Elia who never knew him in the flesh, but have learned to love him in his books and letters, and as he is shown in Talfourd's story of his life, will find that this volume has very little that is new to tell them. They will, however, be glad of its publication, for it is that old and most pathetic story well told. It is sure of a pleased and sympathetic audience. For though there may be other modern English writers who have a far greater number of followers, a greater number of fervent admirers; though Carlyle, for instance, has more worshipping disciples, Macaulay more imitators, Dickens, or, to go a little further back, Scott, more of those readers who read only Dickens or Scott, though Thackeray has the allegiance of more men—men of the world, whose tone of thought and whose opinions of life and views of human nature are formed and colored by his—and though, perhaps, all of these were minds of greater force and weight than Lamb's, yet this, at all events, is true, that, not even excepting poor Goldsmith, there is no writer of this last hundred years to whom his readers give nearly so much of their loving friendliness and warm respect as to this most companionlike and dear and delightful of the English humorists. Doubtless it is because Lamb was a humorist that this is so; in the writings of humorists it being the man himself, his weaknesses, his faults and foibles, as well as his better part that we see, and so we get to have a strong personal feeling for him. It is as a mind, and not as a man, that one likes Emerson, for instance. But only Emerson can easily think of Montaigne as a mind, and not a man. And in the case of Lamb his readers experience, in the fullest measure of it, that fellow-feeling which makes us kind. We listen, then, to Barry Cornwall's recollections of his intimate friend with all the pleasure with which we hear kind talk about a favorite companion gone, and do not insist that it shall be wholly new. Some of it, however, is new in part. This incident could hardly have been told by any one but Mr. Procter himself. It is a passage which serves to show that feature of the book of which we have spoken as a fault; for, except the strictly personal matter related in it, there is nothing that has not been well said before:

"Lamb's charity extended to all things. I never heard him speak spitefully of any author. He thought that every one should have a clear stage, unobstructed. His heart, young at all times, never grew hard or callous during life. There was always in it a tender spot, which time was unable to touch. He gave away *greatly*, when the amount of his means is taken into consideration; he gave away money—even annuities, I believe—to old impoverished friends whose wants were known to him. I remember that once, when we were sauntering together on Pentonville Hill, and he noticed great depression in me, which he attributed to want of money, he said, suddenly, in his stammering way, 'My dear boy, I—I have a quantity of useless things. I have now—in my desk, a—a hundred pounds—that I don't—don't *know* what to do with. Take it.' I was much touched; but I assured him that my depression did not arise from want of money."

And this, we believe, contains something new. We would remark, by the way, that if Lamb's idea of the respect and admiration due the mad duchess was, perhaps, strained and a little whimsical, Mr. Procter's, apparently, is too low. It was a poet worth liking who wrote the lines beginning:

"Give me, O indulgent fate—
Give me yet, before I die,
Some sweet but absolute retreat."

Lamb, had he foreseen the despite done her name in this volume, would, some night, have read those verses to his friend and saved her the dishonor.

"He liked best those who had not thriven with posterity: his reverence for Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, can only be explained in this way. It must not be forgotten that his pity or generosity toward neglected authors extended also to all whom the goddess of Good Fortune had slighted. In this list were included all who had suffered in purse or in repute. He was ready to defend man or beast, whenever unjustly attacked. I remember that, at one of the monthly magazine dinners, when John Wilkes was too roughly handled, Lamb quoted the story (not generally known) of his replying, when the blackbirds were reported to have stolen all his cherries, 'Poor birds, they are welcome.' He said that those impulsive words showed the inner nature of the man more truly than all his political speeches."

Mr. Procter is fully at one with his readers in the deep respect which is at the bottom of his love for Lamb. He knew as they know, and as the readers of Elia did not in his lifetime know, the truly heroic beauty of Lamb's life. This knowledge gave him eyes to see rightly all Lamb's actions, and enabled him to judge, without misconception, his friend's words and ways. The idea of the memoir which is central, which gives it a rare artistic completeness, the one constantly recurring, and to which all its other facts and ideas are made subordinate and subsidiary, is well expressed at the outset in the following words:

"The fact that distinguished Charles Lamb from other men was his entire devotion to one grand and tender purpose. There is, probably, a romance involved in every life. In his life it exceeded that of others. In gravity, in acuteness, in his noble battle with a great calamity, it was beyond the rest. Neither pleasure nor toil ever distracted him from his holy purpose. Everything was made subservient to it. He had an insane sister, who in a moment of uncontrollable madness had unconsciously destroyed her own mother; and to protect and save this sister—a gentle woman, who had watched like a mother over his own infancy—the whole length of his life was devoted. What he endured, through the space of nearly forty years, from the incessant fear and frequent recurrence of his sister's insanity, can now only be conjectured. In this constant and uncomplaining endurance, and in his steady adherence to a great principle of conduct, his life was heroic."

It is a story that can hardly be too often told, and from the telling of which we may expect great good in these days when young people, not so bad as weak, write "Emily Chesters" and inculcate the meanest, most selfish succumbing to circumstances. Let them read this story of a life of continual self-sacrifice, and remember that all

"Life needs for life is possible to will."

* "Charles Lamb. A Memoir. Barry Cornwall." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1866. Pp. 304.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

WORK FOR "CONSERVATIVE" REPUBLICANS.

THE New York *Times* confessed on Monday morning that "there is no difference of opinion in the Union party, and very little anywhere else, as to the wisdom of ratifying the Constitutional Amendment." It also admits "that the objects sought to be attained by the amendment are important and desirable," and defends the various sections of the amendment *seriatim*. It closes by saying:

"The amendment now awaits the action of the Legislatures of the several States. It is just in itself, and its adoption, by remedying injustice and providing for the public safety, would do much toward tranquillizing public sentiment and preparing the way for the more speedy restoration of peace and harmony to all sections of our common Union. It is greatly to be regretted that all the States were not represented in the Congress by which it was proposed; but it is submitted to them all for their consideration and action. Nothing would conduce more to the public peace than its speedy ratification, especially by those States which are to be most directly affected by its provisions."

This is what moderate and intelligent men of the party of Congress have been saying all along, and this is what we took the liberty of saying last week. It is, no doubt, "greatly to be regretted that all the States were not represented in the Congress by which it was proposed," as it is to be regretted that they did not participate in all the legislation of the last five years; but, as nobody is to blame for their absence but themselves, we do not think this circumstance possesses any material importance. All lamentations over it are about as sensible and pertinent as those of a debtor that he is not a creditor, or a criminal that he is not a judge.

Inasmuch as the address of the Philadelphia Convention spoke of the conditions of readmission which Congress seeks to impose on the South, and which the *Times* here characterizes as just and reasonable in themselves, as "humiliations" which the Southerners could not submit to "without proving themselves unworthy citizens of a free country, degenerate sons of a heroic ancestry, unfit ever to become guardians of the rights and liberties bequeathed to us by the fathers and founders of the republic," we take it for granted that a change has come over the opinions of those who deserted the Union party for the purpose of confirming Mr. Johnson in his delusions and usurpations, and that they are all coming back again. The language and nominations of the Democratic party in the recent conventions in this State and elsewhere prove, in fact, that the idea of building up "a *new* party" really never entered into the heads of the mass of Mr. Johnson's supporters. What they have had in view has been the resuscitation of the Copperhead organization under Mr. Johnson's auspices, and, under cover of zeal for the Union, giving it a new name, and infusing into it a few "penitent" Southerners. They enjoyed a little success, as might have been expected, in Philadelphia; but when the State branches began to work all over the country, removed from Mr. Doolittle's supervision, the true nature of the organization was revealed, and it was, almost in a week, blasted by public opinion. It might have taken a little longer to destroy it but for Mr. Johnson's speeches. They furnished the needed gloss on the address and resolutions. After one or two had been delivered, everybody understood the movement just as well as if he had been present at the inmost caucuses. It may now be considered dead.

Those members of the Union party, however, who helped to set it going, owe some atonement to the public which they have treated with outrage and contempt. Anybody, for instance, who got up, or aided and abetted in the getting up of the little tableau in which "South Carolina and Massachusetts walked into the convention arm-in-arm," owes an apology, as ample as it can be made, to "every man, woman, and child," as Mr. Johnson would say, in the United States. Even the idiots and lunatics have cause to complain of him.

But apology is not sufficient. They are morally bound to devote the next three months to undoing the mischief they have done, to dissipating the delusions which they have helped to spread at the South; to diffusing in those States which were not present when this amendment was proposed just and true notions of its scope and tendency and policy; to satisfying them that it is expedient, moderate, and magnanimous—one which, considering all the circumstances of the case, the provocations we have received, the passions which have been roused, the fierceness of the struggle in which we have been engaged, the magnitude and completeness of the victory we have achieved, must for ever commend itself to the conscience of the civilized world as the most moderate, merciful, and considerate conditions that conqueror ever offered to conquered. We say deliberately that there is not on record an example of such forbearance; that it marks a great advance in public morality, a great increase in the influence of religious feeling on political action, that a victorious people should offer to a prostrate enemy, who had hissed out hate and contumely to the very hour of his overthrow, terms of peace and union which bind him to nothing but to do justice and love mercy.

The Charlottesville *Chronicle*, a Virginian paper, which is, on the whole, reasonable, accuses us, in commenting on the nature of the Constitutional Amendment in the same terms two weeks ago, of having "let loose the fires of hell." This is, of course, Southern for displaying rancor or malignity. It considers the Southern population the worst treated of all the conquered nations of history, and cites in proof the loss of its slaves, and the clause of the amendment which disqualifies for office persons who, after having sworn allegiance to our Government, took service with its enemies. It is to be observed that this disqualification is not perpetual. It may be removed at any time by a two-thirds vote of Congress, and that it would be removed after a year or two of order and quiet, we have no sort of doubt. But with anybody who sees in this a hardship, we really do not know how to argue. For two persons to discuss with profit whether a thing is just or merciful, they must have some common notions of mercy and justice; just as to discuss with profit a question of social justice or propriety, they must belong to the same civilization, and have been brought up under codes of manners having at least the same basis. If a servant insists upon it, for instance, that after having left your service suddenly to head a gang of robbers in an attack on your house, and having been arrested by the police and forgiven by you, you are bound either *immediately* to take him back again or help him to find another place, there is really no reply to be made to him or his advocates. He has got into ethical regions to which none of us are prepared to follow him. So, also, when a servant of this Government who has sworn solemnly to bear true allegiance to it deliberately seizes the first opportunity that presents itself to labor for its overthrow, and is defeated after a bloody struggle, and then accuses us of barbarity for not letting him *immediately* fill any public office to which he can secure his election, and wield authority over the citizens of the United States, argument with him is useless. The only course left us is to lay the facts before the civilized world, and ask it to judge.

The abolition of slavery was, no doubt, a severe blow to many individual Southerners, but to the community at large it was a great gain. The slave, as a mass of flesh and blood, was absolutely worthless in a commercial sense. It was his labor which made him valuable, and his labor remains to the South, and remains under conditions which make it vastly more profitable than ever it was before. Besides, the fall of slavery was a necessary result of the war, not a condition imposed on the vanquished. We are no more to blame for it than for the destruction of any other kind of property caused by the operations of the armies. It fell because our authority was substituted, as the result of our military successes, for the authority of the States; and to have asked us to maintain it would have been asking the victors to submit to terms imposed by the vanquished, to uphold at the request of defeated enemies an institution which we consider immoral and opposed to the spirit of our government and society. The Highland clans, during many centuries, drew a good annual revenue from raids on the Lowlands, and were as satisfied of the morality of cattle-lifting and levying black-mail, when done on a grand scale, as Mr. A. H. Stephens of the morality of slaveholding. But when an end was put to these forays in 1745, it was not because he gave security to Low-

land farm-yards and hen-roosts that the Duke of Cumberland was held up to execration. It was because he slew hundreds in cold blood when the fighting was over, How many rebels have perished under our axes or halters?

PERSONALITIES IN POLITICS.

We have received from friendly sources letters, couched not always in respectful language, representing the error and even the sinfulness of our occasional strictures on men who represent ideas which we ourselves earnestly advocate, and are champions of causes which we with them hold dear. Without going into a detailed defence of our own criticisms, which might be unsatisfactory to our correspondents, we will attempt to state the principle we have adopted for our guidance, and have tried, possibly without invariable or absolute success, to act on. In this country, where there is no standard of political opinion fixed by authority, supported by government, or made venerable by tradition, but where opinion, even on primary questions, is, by means of debate and discussion, continually a-making, it is of first moment that all political and social doctrines should be tried on their merits by rational criticism. The party press, especially in party times, cannot be expected to do this, for it is engaged in working up particular cases, in meeting special emergencies, and in assailing or defending immediate points. It must, therefore, sink the fundamental to some degree in the transient; must not be too nice in distinctions or over-fine in qualifications; and, having to carry an issue, must bring up at the moment all the forces within reach, though in doing so it weaken for the time the strength of important posts. Hence it becomes the more urgent duty of the independent press to look after these prime interests, to take ideas at their essential value, to try principles by their weight in the scales of judgment, to winnow the wheat from the chaff with which party discussions cover the mental surface of the time, and to contribute something, week by week, to the sum of rational belief on which the community must live and grow, if it is to live and grow according to the law of its civilization. The office of clear, candid, comprehensive, independent criticism, as judicial as it is possible to make it, cannot be held in too high esteem. If we cannot have it, we cannot have well-grounded political convictions, but shall be torn up from the roots by every convulsion of party passion.

It is admitted that such criticism of principles cannot be carried on without some criticism of the men who represent and maintain them. Personalities are necessarily involved in our politics, for it is often extremely difficult to separate ideas from the peculiarities of the men who initiate or sustain them. Those peculiarities are not seldom an element in the composition of the ideas, so that we are unable to decide what a doctrine is worth till we have rendered account of the characteristics of its exponents, in so far as they are involved in the question at issue. If Mr. Wendell Phillips assumes an air of infallibility not always justified by the facts or arguments at his command, no personal admiration for him should tempt a fair mind to put that feature out of view. If Mr. Thaddeus Stevens allows a passionate enthusiasm to mislead his judgment in a case of vital concern, justice demands that such an element should be noted and allowed for. If Mr. Charles Sumner permits his convictions to run into dogmatism, and lends the undue force of a vehement temper to the momentum of his argument, the truth is more than Mr. Sumner; and he would be the last to desire that a respect for his character, ability, or magnificent service should blind any one to the mischief that might follow an unnoticed flaw in his mental constitution. If Mr. Horace Greeley, in the heat of a momentous canvass, gives undue license to his extraordinary power as a partisan writer, and mixes too much polemical animus with his discussions, it is but fair that the public should understand that too, and should learn to discriminate between the arguments of the thinker and the "points" of the political leader.

If it be urged that in this way we injure the influence of the ablest and noblest leaders, we reply that our purpose is to estimate that influence precisely and reduce it within its just dimensions. No leader should have an undue influence through the force of his personal magnetism; no man should have an illegitimate influence through the trick of his talent; no man, on one side or the other, should enjoy an influence through his weaknesses or defects which he could not exert through his powers and virtues; and if the former conceal, displace, or counteract the latter, the public should be saved from such a misfortune by timely criticism. The men we have mentioned will always exert, through their ability, a merited and mighty influence, which the pruning-knife of criticism will, instead of impairing, help to make sound and wholesome for permanent use. Though even of such influence the educators of the people should be reasonably jealous, for just so far as it obtains sway it interferes with the independent investigation of opinions.

But this criticism of personal qualifications that we advocate as necessary to the attainment of correct judgments is a very different thing from the criticism of private character that is resorted to for the compassing of party ends. That is as unjustifiable as the other is indispensable. The moral character of a man is rarely implicated directly, or within the scope of our observation, in his political or social opinions, and we hold it to be as unwise as it is unfair, unkind, and uncharitable to confound questions of opinion with questions of purpose, intention, or motive. To say that a change of policy implies a change of heart, that the abandonment of a party on a temporary issue is equivalent to the desertion of a great moral principle; that a mistake is a fall, and a blunder an apostasy; to call a man a traitor, hypocrite, fool, knave, abandoned villain, and whelp of sin because he does not repeat the party creed word for word, or tread in file the beeline of party tactics, or consent to swallow the smallest grain of inference prescribed by the party physicians—is one of those outrageous absurdities which honest men cannot abide patiently; and the habit, so common as to be invariable among us, of ascribing baseness, meanness, avarice, cunning, ambition, and whatever other turpitude can be imagined—or, in default of turpitude, idiocy, lunacy, softening of the brain—not to political opponents merely, but to those who are but remotely suspected of being political opponents, calls for the severest condemnation of right-minded men. No cause deserves to thrive that has recourse to personal slander and random vituperation. No cause can be intelligently advocated on those terms. A man's motives are his own. Till he chooses to declare them, we are bound to give him credit for good ones. No party monopolizes character. The purest men—John Newton, for instance, or Las Casas—have committed terrible blunders and still have remained pure men. The most selfish men have been saved from blunders by their astuteness, but have been base men still. We have our own deliberate opinion of Andrew Johnson as a statesman, administrator, politician, thinker, orator, and it is not a high one, as all our readers know. Indeed, we may say, it could not well be made lower. Still, as a man, we believe him to be honest in deeming himself a true lover of the Union, a firm defender of the Constitution, a loyal friend of republican liberty, a champion of popular rights. To call him a Judas, a Mephistopheles, a "besotted sans-culotte," helps to no explanation of his position; that is sufficiently accounted for by his temperament, birth, education, experience as a Tennesseean. That he is limited, coarse, passionate, aggressive, stubborn, fanatical, all can see, and all can understand why he cannot be anything else. That is our misfortune, but it is not his sin. To say it is simply to say what his antecedents justify us in saying; but it is not to asperse his motives or to blacken his character. His character may be as good as any man's under his conditions.

If we may analyze Mr. Johnson without calumniating him, and denounce his policy without dooming him to the traitor's hell, how much more easily can we do so in the case of Mr. Beecher, whose antecedents are so different, whose temperament is so much finer, whose character is cast in so much grander mould, whose history has been written in such luminous letters, whose career has been so magnificent as preacher, thinker, reformer, man, whose sympathies have been so true, whose purposes have been so steadfast, whose words have been so outspoken, so unequivocal, so consistent, on all the great issues of the generation. We have said before, and we say again, that in our judgment he has committed a grave mistake, most unfortunate and mischievous to himself and to the country. He is virtually giving aid and comfort to his old enemies, and is lending the immense weight of his name, we will

not say of his character, to the cause which he has been fighting grandly for twenty-five years. Shall we declare, then, that he is a "false clergyman," that "he belongs to that class of ministers who suppose that in order to be a politician it is advisable to turn their backs on morals and religion," that "he is a foolish preacher who wishes to make out a case," that "he is not so shallow that he altogether forgets to be knavish," that, in discussing the condition of the freedmen, he shows "the extreme of heartlessness and baseness?" That were a poor compliment to human nature. Then history goes for nothing, and character goes for nothing; the record of a lifetime may be blotted by the misconception of an hour; a foolish word is to outweigh a whole career of deeds; and a splendid fame, built up on earnestness, devotion, and consecrated ability, is to be blackened and ruined by a hurried letter! What is the use of making a character if the venom of partisan detraction can spoil it in a day, if years of strenuous life are not good against the foolish inference of a demagogue?

It is an insult to intelligence to say that Mr. Beecher's most unfortunate position can only be explained on the theory of his personal infidelity to his convictions. No doubt, a man of his influence has been sought by men of the President's party, whose ingenious representations had a momentary effect on a mind naturally disposed to listen to all sides of an argument, jealous of narrowness, on its guard against its own bias, and prone to give generous interpretations to opposing views. Then, again, Mr. Beecher is rather a man of impulse than a man of intellect, a poet rather than a statesman or politician or a philosopher. His opinions no more contain his feelings than his feelings contain his opinions. Such men always indulge in vagaries from the excess of their enthusiasm; they are fond of straying off into side-paths, under the lead of a fancy; but the very frequency of their aberrations proves that they are sure of finding the high road at any moment. But whether this be so or not, it is not necessary, and if it is not necessary it is not wise, to implicate the character of a powerful man, or of a man not powerful in his political views, especially when political views are shifting their bearings as they do with us. Character is a permanent force, good for all emergencies, and needful at all times. We cannot afford to play fast and loose with it; if we do, we miss it in the time of greatest need. The world will not be three months older before these very calumniators will wish the calumny had never been uttered, will be glad to enthrone the man they slandered in the highest seats of popular regard, and will be as irrational in calling in his personal influence as they are now in ruling it out. Opinions pass, tactics alter, issues are dropped, views dissolve; but it is of the utmost moment that well-earned personal influence should be carefully guarded and cherished; for, whatever beside may be on the wrong side, that is ever on the right. It is the supreme of folly to kill what may help a generation in order to secure point for a paragraph.

Is our position, then, a plain one? For the sake of impartial criticism, in the interest of sober principles, that questions at issue may be kept well-defined and clear, that doctrines may be argued on their merits, that injustice may be avoided, that personal reputation may be unscathed and personal honor respected, that the right of free discussion may be maintained inviolate, and that the community may preserve reverence for its great and good men, at the same time that men learn reliance on their own judgments, we enter our protest against the prevalent introduction of personalities into politics. If our politics are ever to become noble, the practice must be abandoned. Sensitive men, and the most sensitive men are apt to be the finest, will shrink from the struggle with bullies and bruisers, and will leave the conduct of public affairs to the mob of unprincipled schemers. Already the habitual resort to personal vituperation operates as a terror to fair-mindedness, as a bounty on hypocrisy, as a bribe to apostasy; for none but the best can face it, and the best will not choose to face it. Every man has an interest in the politics of this country. Every good man has a sacred interest in their nobleness, and they who make it their profession to have politics in their especial charge should see to it that the good men who are interested in politics have weight according to their goodness, and that good men who are not interested become so.

WHY IT PAYS TO BUY GOLD.

The establishment of a new gold exchange in the lower hall of the New York Stock Exchange, under the auspices of leading members of both boards of brokers and quite a number of leading banking houses, has led to enquiry into the soundness of the rules which govern the trade in gold. Among other rules, the one which imposes a penalty of one-quarter of one per cent. for non-delivery has been anxiously discussed. For the benefit of readers out of Wall Street, we may explain that when a broker agrees to deliver to another broker one hundred shares of Erie at a given price on a given day, and fails to deliver the stock, the buyer's remedy is to buy in the stock publicly in open market, through an official of one of the boards, and to hold the seller for any difference between the price at which he so buys in the stock and the price at which he had originally purchased it of the defaulting vendor; if the buyer neglects or elects not to avail himself of this remedy, he is held to assent to the postponement of the delivery till the following day. With gold the rule is different. If a man sells $10,000 gold and neglects to deliver it on the day it is due, he must pay one-quarter of one per cent.—say, $25—to the buyer by way of penalty for non-delivery, and a like penalty for each subsequent default. The rule was established at a time when transactions in gold were loosely conducted, and it was highly desirable that speculators should be taught the necessity of a strict adherence to contracts. But in practice the rule has had an effect which was not anticipated by its framers. It established a normal—though fictitious—value for the use of gold. It started the idea that, instead of borrowing money to carry gold, holders might, by a judicious manipulation of the market, and by a combination among themselves, exact from short sellers and borrowers of gold a bonus for the use of specie from day to day. It accustomed operators to the notion that gold was so scarce that it ought to command a premium for immediate delivery. And in this way it led ultimately to the great speculative combinations for the rise in gold which very nearly ruined the Government in the last year of the war, and which now keeps the premium twenty to twenty-five per cent. higher than it was in March last.

It has been calculated that a man who bought a million of gold on the 1st of March last, and has steadily lent it out ever since, has made 37 per cent. on his investment. If he bought his gold at 127, which was the average price in March, his gold now costs him 90 per cent. As he can sell it at 144, he can realize 54 per cent., or $540,000 in currency, by selling out. What legitimate business offers such profits as this?

It may well be questioned whether any such profits would have been realized, or any such operations undertaken, but for the one-quarter per cent. rule above mentioned. The great speculators who combined last spring to buy up all the floating gold in Wall Street relied upon the prospect of lending out their gold as their main source of profit. Merchants who borrowed gold for the payment of duties, short sellers who required gold for immediate delivery, agents of California shippers who sold against remittances by steamers, were all at the mercy of the little clique of gold-jobbers who had bought up the bulk of the floating gold in Wall Street. If it had been Erie, or pork, or cotton, or wheat, there might have been some temporary inconvenience in effecting deliveries, but in the course of a day or two everything would have been smoothed over. But in the case of gold the borrowers were met at once with the rule of the Gold Room which arbitrarily declares the daily value of gold to be one-quarter per cent. With this rule to back them, the cliques refused to lend their gold under one-eighth of one per cent. The merchants and the bears had no choice but to accede to the terms proposed; and hence, for days and weeks, the cliques were enabled to lend their gold at one-eighth or one-quarter per cent. daily. Had there been no one-quarter per cent. rule, it is very doubtful whether the cliques would have ventured to purchase all the floating gold of the Street, and it is quite likely that the bears, rather than pay a bonus for the use of gold, would have elected to have their contracts closed by an officer of the Gold Room.

Opinions continue to differ with regard to the future course of gold. One set of men, in view of the heavy rains at the North-west, the unfavorable reports from the South, and the prospect of heavy importa-

tions of goods from Europe, expect gold to advance to higher points than it has touched since the fall of Richmond. Another set of men, dwelling upon the steady reduction of the national debt, and especially upon the liquidation of all those forms of indebtedness which stood in the way of contraction of the irredeemable paper money, cannot see why gold should rule higher now than it ruled in March last. So far as the crops are concerned, the public may rely upon it that the current reports are more likely to be under than over the fact. For twelve years we have heard the same story each successive year—the crop is ruined, cotton and corn. Yet each year we have seemingly had enough for ourselves and for Europe. It must always be borne in mind that the parties who circulate these stories about ruined crops have got stocks on hand for sale. On the other hand, the vast bank expansion is sure to lead to extravagant expenditures by individuals, and consequently to large importations of foreign goods. But, again, the more the European people invest in our five-twenty bonds, the better they like them, and, practically, they pay for hardware and dry goods just as effectually as cotton or corn.

It seems to be a settled fact that the Government is not going to sell any more gold. Europe is supplying all the bullion required for the payment of duties at our custom-houses. When the Treasury holds $100,000,000 of its own, it will be dangerous to buy gold for the rise. This will occur before New Year.

ROMAN PEARLS.

I.

THE first view of the ruins in the Forum brought a keen sense of disappointment. I knew that they could only be mere fragments and rubbish, but I was not prepared to find them so. I learned that I had all along secretly hoped for some dignity of neighborhood, some affectionate solicitude on the part of nature to redeem these works of art from the destruction that had befallen them. But in hollows below the level of the dirty cow-field, wandered over by evil-eyed buffaloes, and obscenely defiled by wild beasts of men, there stood here an arch, there a pillar, yonder a cluster of columns crowned by a bit of frieze; and yonder, again, a fragment of temple, half gorged by the façade of a hideous renaissance church; then a height of vaulted brick-work, and, leading on to the Coliseum, another arch, and then incoherent columns overthrown and mixed with dilapidated walls—mere phonographic consonants, dumbly representing the past, out of which all vocal glory had departed. The Coliseum itself does not so well express a certain phase of Roman life as does the Arena at Verona; it is larger only to the foot-rule, and it seemed not grander otherwise, while it is vastly more ruinous. Even the Pantheon failed to impress me at first sight, though I found myself disposed to return to it again and again, and to be more and more affected by it.

Modern Rome seemed, first and last, hideous. It is the least interesting town in Italy, and the architecture is hopelessly ugly—especially the architecture of the churches. The Papal city contrives at the beginning to hide the Imperial city from your thought, as it hides it in such a great degree from your eye, and old Rome only occurs to you in a sort of stupid wonder over the depth at which it is buried. I confess that I was glad to get altogether away from it after a first look at the ruins in the Forum, and to take refuge in the Conservatorio delle Mendicanti, where we were charged to see the little Virginia G.

The Conservatorio, though a charitable institution, is not so entirely meant for mendicants as its name would imply, but none of the many young girls there were the children of rich men. They were often enough of parentage actually hungry and ragged, but they were often also the daughters of honest poor folk, who paid a discreet sum toward their maintenance and education in the Conservatorio. Such was the case with the little Virginia, whose father was at Florence, doubly impeded from seeing her by the fact that he had fought against the Pope for the Republic of 1848, and by the other fact that he had since wrought the Pope a yet deadlier injury by turning Protestant.

Ringing a garrulous bell that continued to jingle some time after we were admitted, we found ourselves in a sort of reception-room, of the general quality of a cellar, and in the presence of a portress who was perceptibly preserved from mould only by the great pot of coals that stood in the centre of the place. Some young girls, rather pretty than not, attended the ancient woman, and kindly acted as the ear-trumpet through which our wishes were conveyed to her mind. The Conservatorio was not, so far, as conventual as we had imagined it; but as the gentleman of the party was strongly guarded by female friends, and asked at once to see the superior, there was, perhaps, something so unusually reassuring to the recluses in our appearance and manner that they had not thought it necessary to behave very rigidly. It later occurred to this gentleman that the promptness with which the pretty mendicants procured him an interview with the superior had a flavor of self-interest in it, and that he who came to the Conservatorio in the place of a father might have been for a moment ignorantly viewed as a yet dearer and tenderer possibility. From whatever danger there was in this error the superior soon appeared to rescue him, and we were invited into a more ceremonious apartment on the first floor, and the little Virginia was sent for. The visit of the strangers caused a tumult and interest in the quiet old Conservatorio of which it is hard to conceive now, and the excitement grew tremendous when it appeared that the signori were Americani and Protestanti. We imparted a savor of novelty and importance to Virginia herself, and when she appeared, the superior and her assistant looked at her with no small curiosity and awe, of which the little maiden instantly became conscious, and began to take advantage. Accompanying us over the building and through the grounds, she cut her small friends wherever she met them, and was not more than respectful to the assistant.

It was from an instinct of hospitality that we were shown the Conservatorio, and instructed in regard to all its purposes. We saw the neat dormitories with their battalions of little white beds; the kitchen with its gigantic coppers for boiling broth, and the refectory with the smell of the frugal dinners of generations of mendicants in it. The assistant was very proud of the neatness of everything, and was very glad to talk of that, or, indeed, anything else. It appears that the girls were taught reading and writing and plain sewing when they were young, and that the Conservatorio was chiefly sustained by pious contributions and bequests. Any lingering notion of the conventual character of the place was dispelled by the assistant's hurrying to say, "And when we can get the poor things well married, we are glad to do so."

"But how does any one ever see them?"

"Eh! well, that is easily managed. Once a month we dress the marriageable girls in their best, and take them for a walk in the street. If an honest young man falls in love with one of them going by, he comes to the superior, and describes her as well as he can, and demands to see her. She is called, and, if both are pleased, the marriage is arranged. You see it is a very simple affair."

And there was, to the assistant's mind, nothing odd in the whole business, insomuch that I felt almost ashamed of marvelling at it.

Issuing from the back door of the convent, we ascended by stairs and gateways into garden spaces, chiefly planted with turnips and the like poor but respectable vegtables, and curiously adorned with fragments of antique statuary, and here and there a fountain in a corner, trickling from moss-grown rocks, and falling into a trough of travertine, about the feet of some poor old goddess or virtue who had forgotten what her name was.

"Once," the assistant said, speaking as if the thing had been within her recollection, though it must have been centuries before, "the antiquities of the Conservatorio were much more numerous and striking; but they were now removed to the different museums." Nevertheless they had still a beautiful prospect left, which we were welcome to enjoy if we would follow her, and presently, to our surprise, we stepped from the garden upon the roof of the Temple of Peace. The assistant had not boasted without reason; away before us stretched the Dead Sea of the Campagna, a level waste, and empty, but for the umbrella-palms that here and there waved like black plumes upon it, and for the arched lengths of the aqueduct, that seemed to stalk down from the ages across the melancholy expanse like files of giants, with now and then a ruinous gap in the line, as if one had fallen out weary by the way. The city all round us glittered asleep in the dim December sunshine, and far below us—on the length of the Forum over which the Appian Way stretched from the Capitoline Hill under the arch of Septimius Severus and the arch of Titus to the arch of Constantine, leaving the Coliseum on the left, and losing itself in the foliage of the suburbs—the Past seemed struggling to emerge from the ruins, and to re-shape and animate itself anew. The effort was more successful than that which we had helped the Past to make when standing on the level of the Forum; but antiquity must have been painfully conscious of the incongruity of the red-legged Zouaves wandering over the grass, and of the bewildered tourists trying to make her out with their Murrays.

In a day or two after this we returned again to our Conservatorio, where we found that the excitement created by our first visit had been kept fully alive by the events attending the photographing of Virginia for her father. Not only Virginia was there to receive us, but her grandmother also—an old,

old woman, dumb through some infirmity of age, who could only weep and smile in token of her content. I think she had but a dim idea, after all, of what went on beyond the visible fact of Virginia's photograph, and that she did not quite understand how we could cause it to be taken for her son. She was deeply compassionated by the superior, who rendered her pity with a great deal of gesticulation, casting up her eyes, shrugging her shoulders, and sighing grievously. But the assistant's cheerfulness could not be abated even by the spectacle of extreme age; and she made the most of the whole occasion, recounting with great minuteness all the incidents of the visit to the photographer's, and running to get the dress Virginia sat in, that we might see how exactly it was given in the picture. Then she gave us much discourse concerning the Conservatorio and its usages, and seemed not to wish us to think that life there was altogether eventless. "Here we have also a little amusement," she said. "The girls have their relatives to visit them sometimes, and then in the evening they dance. Oh, they enjoy themselves! I am half old (mezzo-vecchia). I am done with these things. But for youth, always kept down, something lively is wanted."

When we took leave of these simple folks, we took leave of almost the only natural and unprepared aspect of Italian life which we were to see in Rome; but we did not know this at the time.

II.

Indeed, it seems to me that all moisture of romance and adventure has been well-nigh sucked out of travel in Italy, and that compared with the old time, when the happy wayfarer journeyed by vettura through the innumerable little states of the peninsula, halted every other mile to show his passport, and was robbed by customs officers in every color of shabby uniform and every variety of cocked hat, the present railroad period is one of but stale and insipid flavor. Something of life and nature remains, of course; but the hurried traveller sees little of it, and, passed from one grand hotel to another without material change in the cooking or the methods of extortion, he might nearly as well remain at Paris. The Italians, who live to so great an extent by the travel through their country, learn our abominable languages, and minister to our detestable comfort and propriety, till we have slight chance to know them as we once could—musical, picturesque, and full of sweet, natural knaveries, graceful falsehood, and all uncleanness. Rome really belongs to the Anglo-Saxon nations, and the Pope and the Past seem to be carried on entirely for our diversion. Everything is systematized as thoroughly as in a museum where the objects are all ticketed; and our prejudices are consulted even down to alms-giving. Honest Beppo is gone from the steps in the Piazza di Spagna, and now the beggars are labelled like policemen, with an immense plate bearing the image of Saint Peter, so that you may know you give to a worthy person when you bestow on one of them, and not, alas! to some abandoned impostor, as in former days. One of these highly-recommended mendicants gave the last finish to the system, and begged of us in English! No custodian will answer you, if he can help it, in the Italian which he speaks so exquisitely, preferring to speak bad French instead; and in all the shops on the Corso the English tongue is *de rigueur*.

After our dear friends at the Conservatorio, I think we found one of the most simple and interesting of Romans in the monk who showed us the catacombs of Saint Sebastian. These catacombs, he assured us, were not restored like those of Saint Calixtus, but were just as the martyrs left them; and, as I do not remember to have read any traveller candid enough to say that they are formed merely of long, low, narrow, wandering underground passages, lined on either side with tombs in tiers like the berths on a steamer, and expanding here and there into small square chambers, bearing the traces of ancient frescoes, and evidently used as chapels, I venture to offer the information here. The reader is to keep in his mind darkness broken by wax-tapers, a close smell, and crookedness and narrowness, or he cannot realize the catacombs as they are in fact. Our monkish guide, before entering the passage leading from the floor of the church to the tombs, in which there was still some "fine small dust" of the martyrs, warned us that to touch it was to incur the penalty of excommunication, and then quietly craved pardon for having mentioned the fact. But, indeed, it was only to persons who showed a certain degree of reverence that these places were now exhibited; for some Protestants who had been permitted there had stolen handfuls of the precious ashes, merely to throw away. I assured him that I thought them beasts to do it; and I was afterwards puzzled to know what should attract their wantonness in the remnants of mortality, hardly to be distinguished from the common earth out of which the catacombs were dug.

III.

Returning to the church above we found, kneeling before one of the altars, two pilgrims—a man and a woman. The latter was habited in a nunlike dress of black, and the former in a long pilgrim's coat of coarse blue stuff. He bore a pilgrim's staff in his hand, and showed under his close hood a fine, handsome, reverent face, full of a sort of tender awe, and touched with the pathos of penitence. In attendance upon the two was a dapper little silk-hatted man, with rogue so plainly written in his devotional countenance that I was not surprised to be told that he was a species of spiritual *valet de place*, whose occupation it was to attend pilgrims on their tour of the seven churches at which these devotees pray in Rome, and there to direct their orisons and unite in them. It was not to the pilgrims, but to us heretics that the monk uncovered the precious marble slab on which Christ stood when he met Peter flying from Rome and turned him back. You are shown the prints of the divine feet which the conscious stone received and keeps for ever; and near at hand is one of the arrows with which St. Sebastian was shot. We looked at these things critically, having to pay for the spectacle; but the pilgrims and their guide were all faith and wonder.

I remember seeing nothing else so finely superstitious at Rome. In a sort of chapel near the church of St. John Lateran are, as is well known, the marble steps which once belonged to Pilate's house, and which the Saviour is said to have ascended when he went to trial before Pilate. The steps are protected against the wear and tear of devotion by a stout casing of wood, and they are constantly covered by penitents, who ascend and descend them upon their knees. Most of the pious people whom I saw in this act were children, and the boys enjoyed it, with a good deal of giggling, as a very amusing feat. Some old and haggard women gave the scene all the dignity it possessed, but certain well-dressed ladies and gentlemen were undeniably awkward and absurd, and I was led to doubt if there were not an incompatibility between the abandon of simple faith and the respectability of good clothes.

Fine Arts.

RISTORI.

DEFERRING till another time any detailed criticism of Madame Ristori's acting, we content ourselves, for the present, with setting down our first impressions. Criticism, as yet, would be premature; for it is evident she does not feel altogether at home among us, and has not put forth her full power. Perhaps we in New York shall never see that in perfection. The privilege of seeing all that she is capable of may possibly be reserved for her admirers in New Orleans and Havana. We must be satisfied with a near approach to her glory. Her first appearance was made under very great disadvantages. She was in a foreign city, and among strangers whose temperament was different from her own, who did not understand her language, who had been used to another kind of representation, and who were too full of wondering expectation to comprehend what was before them, or to do it justice. The theatre was small, the stage narrow, the stage arrangements poor, the scenery scanty and cheap. Her company, too, was ordinary, so far as we could judge, perhaps because the terms of her engagement did not allow her to secure a better—perhaps because they, like herself, could not do themselves justice the first time. An enthusiastic audience would have made amends for these drawbacks in part; but the audience was not enthusiastic—the foreign portion remembering what she was abroad, the native portion waiting for her to astonish them into praise.

From these causes the actress labored under a restraint which she did not seem able to throw off. She could not forget herself, and was driven back too absolutely upon her art, instead of throwing soul into her art. The play selected—Legouvé's "Medea"—made all this more conspicuous than it would have been in another piece. In one respect it was admirably calculated for an opening representation, for it calls out precisely the qualities that she is reputed to possess in extraordinary measure. It demands vehement expression of passion, in every extreme, of hate and love, wrath and tenderness, scorn and pity, yearning and vengeance; touching all the chords of emotion from lowest to highest. But, on the other hand, it is a play that suffers from the slightest suspicion of constraint. It requires abandonment; and that was just what Ristori lacked. The want of it was not felt equally throughout; but in parts it was painfully felt, and they were the intensest parts—the scorning and denunciation of *Creusa*, the first interview with *Jason*, and the scene in which she tries to win her children. This is one of the finest points of the play—perhaps it is the finest point—and is capable of being rendered with immense effect, without overstepping the limits of the most conservative taste. The husband, making terms with the wife in order to be rid of her, proposes that she take one of their children, and leave the other with him and *Creusa*. She cannot choose, and in

her perplexity throws the choice on the children themselves. They, having learned to love the comfort and tenderness of their new mother, stand motionless by her side. The real mother then begins to plead, and to plead ineffectually. She sinks from her pride, forgets the presence she is in, implores, coaxes, puts forth all the fondness of a passionate heart, loses herself in the effort to recover the boys, whom her terrible emotions had frightened away. The hearts of the audience are ready to melt in their bosoms at that scene. They are full of tears. They would have pardoned any exaggeration. They expected exaggeration in a play where people and situations were all exaggerated. Indeed, nature demanded more than they could have imagined. Ristori was, through it all, stately, proper, and cold. We saw the same scene better done years ago by an actress whose name is not to be written on the same sheet of paper with Ristori's—we mean Matilda Heron. There was no mother, and no great actress. On the second representation of "Medea" this was vastly improved; but still it was not all that it should have been. There was the actress, the artist, but not the genius.

In "Mary Stuart" the art rose to a higher level; it was all but consummate, it came near being bewitching. Now and then a flash of genius broke through it and startled the audience out of the quietly charming mood in which the actress placed and kept them. But the prevailing impression was not that of genius. Singularly fine gifts under singularly perfect training explained all the effects that were produced without calling the divine spirit into requisition. Madame Ristori is a gifted woman. Her person is fine, her carriage noble, her head well planted on her shoulders, her arms and hands handsome, her face mobile and expressive. She has a voice of wonderful compass and power, of rich melodious quality, of the utmost flexibility. These gifts she has cultivated to the last point of culture. She has studied hard, with the aid of the best models. Nothing could be more delicious than her articulation; no elocution could be more exquisite in tone and balance. Her declamation is superb—never, under any circumstances, verging on rant or fustian. Her bearing is bold enough for exigencies, but it never suggests a shuffle, a hitch, or a strut. Her gesture is profuse, incessant, affluent in variety of motion, but it is always graceful and it always has a meaning. Her form is supple, her muscles are perfectly under control. In a word, she is completely furnished for her profession. Nature and art could do little more, except make her beautiful; but they have bestowed the inimitable command of expression which more than makes amends for beauty of feature. Is she, then, all that her worshippers think she is? No one can be. Is she peerless, as Rachel was, in her way? We are not ready to grant it yet. Is she a woman of genius as well as a most elaborate artist? We hope she is; we have a suspicion that she may be, but we shall wait before deciding that she is.

THE CENTRAL PARK GATES.

In the Academy of Design Exhibition of 1865 were exhibited five drawings illustrating Mr. Richard M. Hunt's designs for the Central Park gates. The first volume of The Nation contained a review of those designs, and a second notice of them, in connection with a letter to the editor objecting to the first (see Vol. I., pages 186 and 410). The designs have not yet been embodied in stone, but have taken several less substantial forms, and have gained much notice. They have appeared in shop-windows and show-cases in New York and elsewhere, and have been reviewed in many journals. Now published in book form,* with the most laudatory of the many "critiques" they have received, they appeal once more to the public. Besides the five pictures, which are poorly reproduced in coarse lithography, this book gives the four ground-plans of the proposed gateways and their surroundings—the text of three letters formerly published in the *Evening Post*, and some extracts from the minutes of the Commission of the Central Park. Of these matters the ground-plans are, perhaps, the most useful. Without them the whole of the proposed arrangement was visible at the Fifth Avenue and Eighth Avenue entrances; but they really help us to understand what is intended at Sixth and Seventh Avenues. They also show how far, and in what way, Mr. Hunt's ideal differs from the existing plans. The changes are chiefly in the form of widening and multiplication of walks, and general greater amplitude of space. It seems to us that many of these are changes for the better. There is nobody more considerate and ingenious than the former "landscape architects" whose business it was to make these gateways large enough, and who, of course, thought them large enough; and yet the Sixth Avenue entrance is already open to the suspicion of being too contracted for the outpouring crowd on some few summer and some few icy afternoons. It is a question whether each gateway ought not to be large enough for everybody. May not everybody take the whim or have especial occasion some day to go up Sixth Avenue or go down Seventh? Mr. Hunt's designs have this good feature, that they leave room enough for comers and goers. We have noticed before that the gates themselves open liberally. And now another merit makes itself manifest; in the light of these ground-plans some before inexplicable appearances at Sixth and Seventh Avenues resolve themselves into seats—semi-circular stone seats with backs, here called *exedræ*. Seats are good near entrances; not peculiarly so, it must be confessed, at entrances where the cars are so near, offering economy of time in their facilities for travel and rest combined, and affording more comfortable seats, at five miles an hour, than do the *exedræ* at a stand-still. The peculiar advantages these stone benches will have will be the accommodation they will afford—like those of the fountain under the dome of the vanished Crystal Palace—those who are waiting for friends who have promised to meet them.

These designs do not give what the entrances most lack—shelter. There is great need of some waiting seats that shall be under cover. Seats in a decent room will be always very much needed as long as meteorological science stops short of prophecy, and prophecy at least half an hour before the fact.

If these designs have other merits, they are only comparative. It is conceivable that architectural detail even more feeble, and arrangement and grouping even more tasteless, may be found than is here shown. But that is because some very bad things have been done since architectural detail became matter of fashion and theory, and no longer of unconscious beautifying of walls. The designs before us are really noticeable for their indifference. Is it Mr. Nickleby that has been called the ideal of nonentity, and "individual from very absence of individuality?" These designs are not so bad as that, but they look that way. As we said before, with the larger and tolerably well executed original drawings to refer to, the detail is often extraordinarily bad; but the general character of the designs is (as the school history books say) "rather weak than vicious." There is almost nothing but stone posts and statuary, and those most awkwardly and forlornly combined. "But the statuary will redeem it!" as we have several times heard suggested. Of course, if, at the Fifth Avenue gate, we set up two larger and four smaller marble groups of statuary above life-size and all of the highest obtainable merit; and if, besides these (which cap only the gate-post), we set up monuments, as per design, to Columbus and to Henry Hudson, and if the group facetiously called the "Arms of New York" is cast in bronze from the best procurable model, by artists of the first excellence—if, we say, all this statuary shall be of excellent design and full of truth and of genius, the Fifth Avenue entrance to the Park will be a great thing. But how great likelihood is there of that? Ward's "Indian Hunter" is suggested for one of the gate-post groups. Well, when five other groups as good as that are found, and when all six are cut in marble or cast in bronze, and paid for and put up, then, indeed, however much sculptors might grumble at seeing their statues put up in a place where few would look at them, the gateway would be the best visible result of human work in the country.

But that is not likely to happen. As surely as any such *expectant* gate-posts are created as these, so surely will the fulfilment be either marble-yard statuary from New York shops, or imported vapidities from Italy, or emptiness. When will the two hundred thousand dollars or more be found to pay for all these statues, if by Ward and Thompson and their compeers, if they have any compeers? And when the money is found, when will the statues be ready? Do not the public know how few works of sculpture have yet been made in America, or by Americans, which are worth the cost of putting up if they were freely given? Or how many statues and groups were there in the Great Exposition of 1862 which would not be dear at the cost of transportation across the Atlantic? And the requirement here is not for one gate only, but for four gates now and a score hereafter; requirement, according to these designs, for thirty-one statues and groups, besides eagles, rostral columns, bronze lamps, fountains, etc., for the four gates alone. Now, let anybody ask Mr. Ward what his "Indian Hunter" would cost, cast in bronze (to last for ever), or cut in marble (to last a while), and remember always that most of these statues and groups are larger than the "Indian Hunter."

The writer of the letters to the *Evening Post* says that Mr. Hunt is an architect and not a sculptor, and has put the statuary into his sketches to show only where statuary should be put. True, and our business is not now whether Mr. Hunt can make a good design or not, but only to enquire whether these designs ought to be adopted and carried out. If it were in contemplation, or even possible, to build gateways with this plethora of statuary—all noble statuary, and worthy of a public place while the nation

* "Designs for the Gateways of the Southern Entrance of the Central Park. By Richard M. Hunt, with a description of the designs, etc." New York: Van Nostrand. 1866.

endures—then we should ask whether this were the best or even a tolerably good public place to put them. As it is, with not even a remote chance of such an event, it is enough for us to show that in any other event these designs are impossible. Their sole merit would be found in the statuary that might or should, if it only could, be incorporated with them architecturally; as we have shown in former articles, they themselves are of but little value or importance.

Correspondence.

WHEATON AGAIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

The newspaper war which has arisen between Mr. Lawrence and those who, in the absence of Mr. Dana, have taken up the controversy in his behalf, has been watched with much interest by a large number of persons. The writer, having had some personal connection with the preparation of parts of the Dana edition, has had occasion to familiarize himself in a peculiar degree with the points in dispute, and has finally been led to make a careful collation of the two works. A few words, then, from him, and the statement of a few positive facts, may not come amiss to the readers of a paper which has already admitted divers articles on the same subject. The last of these articles was evidently intended as an impartial summary of the positions and proofs previously advanced by each side. We have only one fault to find with it—it wholly ignored *presumptions*. We regard these as of special importance. Mr. Dana is well known as having been for five years past the United States District Attorney for Massachusetts; in that period he has added much to his previous high reputation as a jurist, and has won the proud distinction of governing his most minute official transactions by a standard of honor so sensitive as sometimes to appear almost finical. He is the successor, and the only successor, of Mr. Wheaton himself, and of Mr. Everett, in the chair of international law at Harvard College. Now, in our mind, there is a very strong conviction, and certainly a very fair conviction, in the outset, that it is highly improbable that this gentleman, who has so long demeaned himself as a man of probity and ability, would stoop to so mean and so unnecessary a plagiarism. Even a vulgar thief will not commit the egregious folly of stealing when there is clearly no possible chance of escaping the officers of justice and of punishment. Yet, if the charges of Mr. Lawrence are even substantially true, Mr. Dana has added an ignominious stupidity to his dishonor. Accusations so severe and fraught with such intrinsic improbability should not be made unless accompanied by specific proofs, and, if made without this support, they must, in their naked condition, appear indecent and libellous, even if at length they may become established.

Certain passages were adduced by the writer in the last number of this paper which were, perhaps, intended as "specific proofs." They did not strike us in that light. The only resemblance which we could trace was in the *substance, i. e.*, in the facts narrated. This, it needs no argument to show, was inevitable. A work on international law is in part historical; it deals with certain events, negotiations, treaties, wars. These are the common property of all publicists, and their narration or discussion by one does not, by the code either of technical law or abstract honor, preclude their narration or discussion by another. As well might Mr. Bancroft claim a monopoly of narrating the history of the United States, or Grote an exclusive property in all matters relating to ancient Greece.

But we have promised a few *facts*, the certain results of our own experience, and these we will give without more ado. First, then, in the whole of Mr. Dana's annotation we have found, upon examination, barely *fifty lines* of *literally quoted translated matter*, and these generally in small quantities of one, two, and rarely three lines together; making a liberal allowance for possible oversights, we may fairly allege that such quotations in his volume do not exceed seventy-five lines, at the utmost. This leaves a very narrow opportunity for the wholesale appropriations of translations which Mr. Lawrence claims. We have been able to find translations of the same passage by the two annotators in only two cases; in each we found an entire difference of language.

An important part of the work consists in the citation of causes from the English and American law reports. There are in Mr. Dana's notes *one hundred and seventy-five* cases cited which are not referred to by Mr. Lawrence.

One little matter deserves notice and is not without interest. Mr. Lawrence alleges that even "misprints" have been copied. To save the labor of transcribing the whole of Mr. Wheaton's own work, a copy of Mr. Lawrence's edition was given to the printer, and he was directed to strike out everything enclosed in brackets and signed L.; for by this mark Mr. Lawrence had sought to distinguish those additions which he claimed to have made. By an oversight of the printer, a note four lines in length, and consisting entirely of a quotation from "Blackstone's Commentaries," for which the citation was duly made, was left, and credit for it was given to Mr. Dana by affixing to it a capital D. A misprint occurring in the original was reproduced in this copy. This note, being so short and a simple quotation, was very naturally not detected by Mr. Dana as a plagiarism in reading the proof-sheets, and it accordingly remains in his volume, and promises, like the little cloud no bigger than a man's hand, by the aid of sufficient hostile manipulation, to swell in time to portentous size. Ample reparation will, however, be readily made, and meantime it is to be hoped that a generous public will be more amused than prejudiced by the open avowal of this disagreeable little blunder.

With the statement of these few facts we have done. When the threatened law-suit shall be fairly instituted and counsel shall have the matter fairly in hand, this guerrilla warfare of the partisans of either side will probably cease; but in the meanwhile a simple statement of tangible facts, such as we have sought to make, cannot be without its just interest and proper value.

M.

[There appears to be some misunderstanding about the aim of the article we have published on this subject. We have not called attention to the improbability of Mr. Dana's being guilty of stealing Mr. Lawrence's notes because we have not considered Mr. Dana's character to be under discussion at all, and it seems to us very unnecessary to offer any testimony about it. Mr. Lawrence's making the charge, however, and threatening to take legal proceedings, raised public curiosity not as to whether Mr. Dana was really guilty, but as to what put it into Mr. Lawrence's head to accuse him. We know nothing of Mr. Lawrence personally, but we believe his sanity is not doubted, and he is the editor of a work which enjoys considerable repute and a wide circulation. When, therefore, he says some one has stolen his wares, people naturally suppose he can produce something which, if not proof, will give him a decent excuse for raising the hue and cry and disturbing the neighborhood. It was with the view of discovering what this was that we collated the two books, and we candidly confess we found nothing. We quoted certain passages as specimens of those notes in which it would be possible for Mr. Lawrence to discover some resemblance between Mr. Dana's and his own. "M." is greatly mistaken in supposing we brought them forward as "specific proofs." We spoke of them as those passages on which Mr. Lawrence "*would probably rest his claim.*" Their value as proof we left, without comment, to the judgment of the reader. If anybody has detected evidences of plagiarism in them we make him our compliments on his perspicacity; but we really must be excused if we do not reason with him, and point out the improbability of Mr. Dana's being guilty of appropriating other people's property in a published work.—Ed. Nation.]

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The Week.

THE report of the military board ordered to enquire into the New Orleans massacre was brought to light yesterday morning by the *Tribune*, after it had lain for some days at least in the President's hands. Anybody who wants what may be called emphatically stirring reading will find it here. General Sheridan's judgment of the affair and of the actors in it proves to have been, on the whole, rather lenient. It was a massacre deliberately planned by Mayor Monroe and his friends, executed by a police recruited from the dregs of the worst populace in the civilized world, and officered by blackguards and bullies, many of them former holders of commissions in the Confederate army. The killing was done with a coolness and deliberation which have never in our history had a parallel. There was more blood shed by the murderers of St. Bartholomew's Day and by the Parisian Septembrists, but they were infuriated zealots, and they belonged to another age. The treatment of the wounded after their fall appears to have been such as is only witnessed on a Red Indian battle-field; and, to crown all, pains seem to have been taken by the "constituted authorities" to give the criminal population clearly to understand that the city was at their mercy. New Orleans was only saved from a night of rapine and arson by the presence of the Federal troops. This is all frightful; but there are things harder to bear than even this, and one of them is the spectacle which we have just been witnessing of the President of the United States travelling about and addressing crowds in justification, or at least in excuse, of the massacre and its authors. In cases of this kind—luckily they do not occur often, either in the lives of men or nations—anything that can be said by way of comment is apt to seem feeble and commonplace. In fact, it is almost an insult to the community to say one word with the view of either rousing or stimulating its indignation on such a subject. The crisis is too grave for either lamentations or abuse. Expression must now be found in action.

MR. JOHNSON has made only two speeches within the week, and there was not much that calls for comment in either. The first showed that the New York *Herald* had exclusive information when it informed us that Mr. Johnson had succumbed to Congress upon hearing of the Maine election, and the complete demoralization of the editor and proprietor of the *Herald*, for he told the committee of the Cleveland Convention that the character and genius of the nation should not be subverted, and that, God being willing, with the help of the convention and the men it represented, he should pursue still his past course in the effort to save the Government. The President's egotism and obstinacy are discoverable in this speech—he never in his life, so far as we know, made a speech in which those traits of his character were not plain to be seen; but this time they were not rampant and raging, and we think his experience at Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and other points in his late progress has really done him good. Of the address to the Alexandria Johnson men, the same remarks may be made. It was quite subdued in tone, though he expressed his "renewed determination to pursue the course he had been pursuing until the struggle of piloting the country was ended." If reports from Washington may be relied upon, the next Presidential Message will be in accord with these and all the speeches since the 22d of February, for it is said that the President will argue in that document that though legislation had in the absence of Southern representatives may be valid, yet, by express provision of the Constitution, no amendment to that instrument can or should be made unless all the States take counsel together in its preparation.

PROBABLY the most doubtful of the Northern States, politically speaking, was Connecticut. Was, we say, and not is, for the result of the municipal elections held on Monday last, though not an absolute criterion, makes it pretty certain that the general drift of affairs there is decidedly hostile to the Democratic or anti-Congressional party. Large Union gains are reported. Hawley's majority over English in New London was 84; on Monday the Union majority was 178. In New Milford, the gains do not double the majority, but they make it half as large again. In Danbury, English beat Hawley by a majority of ten; Monday's majority is on the other side, and is 130. Meantime everybody waits with interest—nobody, perhaps, in the North with doubt or anxiety—for next Tuesday in Pennsylvania and the West. In the South, we dare say, the interest is more intense and painful, especially on the part of Union men, and in the States of Texas, Arkansas, and Mississippi, where a defeat of Congress means social tyranny, or expatriation, or even death, unless we suppose that Union men living there can neither write nor speak the truth.

GENERAL BUTLER has made a powerful speech at Cleveland, Ohio—perhaps the most powerful, because *densest*, attack that has yet been made on the President, running up a list of charges which bore a dim resemblance to an impeachment, although the word was not mentioned. He took the ground which we took in THE NATION of Sept. 6th, that the President's assumption of power to *create* vacancies in the public service at his discretion, and then fill them without waiting for the concurrence of the Senate, practically involves the exclusion of the Senate from all share in making appointments; for all those who are appointed during the recess hold office till the close of the following session. Their names need not be presented for confirmation until the last day, and, if rejected, they may be reappointed, and hold over another year, and so on through the whole Presidential term. General Butler affirms that thirty persons thus appointed and thus rejected are actually now in enjoyment of their offices; so that the Senate may be said to be already actually deprived of one of its most important functions. General Butler also drew attention to the President's having made peace without the consent of the Senate, when he declared the war over by proclamation, although both Congress and the Supreme Court had

pronounced the rebellion a regular territorial war. This, whatever mischief comes of it, will be a just judgment on the men who invented the "war power," though, of course, this does not make the President's position any stronger. Thirdly, General Butler, treating the confiscated property at the South as legal booty, declares the President, in restoring it to its former owners, to have been guilty of another usurpation, for which he will, sooner or later, be called to account.

We have strenuously objected in The Nation to the practice in which the *Tribune* and some other journals indulge of inferring a man's moral depravity or moral decline from his political heresy. In commenting on this practice last week, we quoted in illustration a few flowers of vituperation from the Boston *Commonwealth* applied to Mr. Beecher. The *Commonwealth* replies by accusing us of inconsistency in calling Mr. Johnson "a coarse, egotistic, intemperate orator," "uncouth and uneducated," and so on. It is true we have called him all this and more, but what of it? We have not, as the *Commonwealth* in Mr. Beecher's case, argued that because Mr. Johnson is "intemperate" and "egotistical," or "snobbish," or "uneducated," he has *therefore* "turned his back on morals and religion, that he has not altogether forgotten to be knavish," etc. The *Commonwealth* goes on to say:

> "We hold that no man who has voluntarily united himself with a moral cause, and been accepted as a leader, has a right to trifle with that cause, endangering its power, jeopardizing its influence, by any personal idiosyncrasies, whether born of egotism, love of approbation, desire of singularity, or any other weakness. While they remain in the cause, they are to strive for its success, in their own way, it is true, but for the common object, as do the great mass of their co-laborers. They have no right to run into extravagances of theory or speech, hazarding the cause they have espoused. Such men cannot be ignorant that they will endanger the common purpose in the course they are pursuing."

Now, this is what logicians call "begging the question," and that a writer who takes upon himself to damn everybody to infamy who does not share his opinions on the questions of the day should seek to justify himself by a fallacy of this kind, shows what mental confusion some of the people are in who have arrogated to themselves the delicate task of revealing and judging their neighbors' motives. "Holy indignation" is a very fine thing; but so is the reasoning faculty. Longshoremen and "jolly flat-boatmen" are apt, like the writer in the *Commonwealth*, to get "intensely indignant" and abusive, without being called upon for any better reason than that given in the hymn for the fighting of dogs and bears and lions, because "'t is their nature to." But when men of education, and, above all, moral and political philosophers, get angry and throw mud, they are expected to show good cause. We do not ask for "drawing-room propriety" in political discussion; but we do ask for common sense and logic, and a decent respect for character. Calling a man a "knave" or "villain" because he happens to blunder on a question of policy, in spite of a life of honor and usefulness, is a little more civilized, but hardly more sensible, than the Oriental practice of assailing the virtue of an opponent's mother and other female relations; and, to make use of one of the pretty little illustrations employed by the *Commonwealth*, let us advise the writer never to get indignant over "a clergyman's being caught in a brothel" till he *is* caught. Don't assume that he goes there because you do not like his manner with ladies or disapprove of his marriage. In other words, don't take your absurd and uncharitable inferences for facts. Of the innocent and childlike faith which the *Commonwealth* has in the *force* of vituperation, we say nothing. Nothing we could say would shake it. It belongs rather to that early morning of civilization when warriors used to "call names" for half an hour before throwing big stones at each other's heads, or sticking spears into each other's stomachs, than to our dull, prosaic age.

Thaddeus Stevens has been making one of his grimly humorous speeches in Lancaster County, in which he likened the Presidential party on their late tour to a travelling circus. It was all droll, except the allusion to Mr. Seward, which had a horrible sound. But there are so many people who think this sort of thing fair, and justifiable, that it is no wonder orators provide them with it. We, for our part, deplore it; and we do so for the same reason that Mr. Stevens indulges in it—for the sake of the cause. The cause is worthy of the tongues of angels; but if angels can do anything but weep over some of the speeches made in its defence, they are not the angels of our imagination.

Hundreds of thousands of conventions have been held in this country since the first parish meeting in Plymouth, and probably there never was a more enthusiastic and successful convention than that of the soldiers and sailors at Pittsburgh. There was a small army of them, full of the confident courage and jollity with which, two years ago, they were swinging down through Georgia or pounding at Petersburg. The whole city draped itself in flags and flung its doors wide open in hospitality; music, cheering, speech-making, and old campaign songs were all that could be heard for three days; the city council attended the convention in a body; the ladies of the city wreathed evergreens and set tables; in short, delegates, citizens, and visitors were amazed at the enthusiasm of the reception. A former private soldier, L. E. Dudley, of Massachusetts, was made temporary chairman on the strength of a general belief that his firmness in Unionism and his expressed intention of attending the convention had cost him his place in the Treasury Department. However that may be, the honor was conferred upon him, and of course, when a permanent president was chosen, it was proper that he should be a Western man, and Major-General Cox was elected. General Butler, of Massachusetts, though outgeneralled in this matter, was put upon the committee on resolutions. The resolutions praise the Congressional plan of reconstruction; declare that the President has no right to a policy as against the legislative department of the Government; that his saying that by aid of the army and navy he might have made himself dictator is an insult to every soldier and sailor in the country; that the Union men of the South, black and white, were our friends in dark days, and shall be protected; that the right of the conqueror to legislate for the conquered has been recognized by the public law of all nations; and that the neutrality laws ought to be amended. This last declaration was made in the interest of our Fenian fellow-citizens. We suppose the descendants of Strongbow and Cromwell might quote the fourth resolution against the sixth, and show that "the right of the conquerors to legislate for the conquered," etc., etc. Perhaps, however, the Fenian resolution should not be examined too closely.

Wall Street and Lombard Street had better look to their laurels. The art of "failing" seems to be going eastward, and to be reaching a pitch of perfection there of which western "operators" have never dreamed. Many of our smart men may well hang their heads when they hear that a gentleman named Premchund Voyachund, a poor heathen Parsee, who has never enjoyed the privileges of either church or school, has just failed at Bombay for fifteen millions of dollars!

Turkey is again in a bad way. The insurrection in Candia is serious. No progress has been made in its suppression, and the movement appears likely to spread to the other Turkish islands as well as to the mainland. This time the "sick man" seems really sick beyond recovery. The only possible chance for him seems to be in the probability of Russia not being as yet quite ready to administer his estate; but if Russia chooses now to take upon herself that duty, there is nothing within the limits of probability to prevent the extinction of the Ottoman Empire in Europe. The combination of 1854 cannot be repeated, and the progress of Turkey since then has been simply progress in rottenness. If the Greeks were what they ought to be, their sun would now be rising; or were Austria not so unlucky, she might find in Bulgaria and Roumelia compensation for her losses in Germany; but the fates seem to have decreed that Constantinople shall fall to the latest born of European civilization, and St. Sophia be restored once more to the Greek Church. A sorry result this of the Crimean war—most sorry for the families of the 100,000 dead who died in it to "save Turkey."

THE French Liberals, if we are to judge from Eugène Forçade's utterances, are getting into a little more philosophical temper about the Prussian aggrandizement. They acknowledge now that it would have been a great piece of folly to rush to arms to secure the Rhine provinces in compensation for the extension of the Prussian territory on the other side; and for two very good reasons. One is, that the results, owing to the needle-gun, would have been very doubtful; the other, that, whether France won or lost, the struggle would convert Prussia into the champion of German unity against foreign aggression in the eyes of the German people, and drive the few remaining states of the Confederation into her arms, and form of the whole a compact mass on which French bayonets would be sure to be blunted. The true way to redress the balance, M. Forçade thinks, is to increase the armed force on which France can rely in time of war. This done, she may look calmly on the work of German unification. But this is not so easy to do. Prussia, with her present system of recruiting and her late accession of territory, can put a million of well-trained and intelligent men in the field on the outbreak of hostilities. France must be able to do as much. But out of the 300,000 young men of her population who reach the age of twenty every year, she already takes 100,000. In fact, allowing for the deformed, sickly, only sons of widows, and so forth, she may be said to take 150,000. The remaining 150,000 cannot be touched upon without injuring the material interests of the country; and it remains to be seen whether the Napoleonic dynasty might venture to exact such sacrifices from the French for the maintenance of the army as the Prussian system involves. Moreover, the German population increases at the rate of half a million a year; the French population does not increase half a million in five years. Bismark is very ill, but, if spared, he is destined to prove the hardest nut that imperial teeth have ever had to crack. As we believe in nations, however, and not very much in men, and are satisfied that Prussia produced Bismark at the right time, as Italy produced Cavour, just as naturally as potatoes blossom, we do not think his living or dying will materially affect the general result.

THERE is a rising in England at present against the "intellectual aristocracy." The "territorial aristocracy" has been tolerably well cowed, and keeps silent at most stirring crises; but the intellectual aristocracy—such as Kingsley, Arnold, Carlyle, Lowe, and Ruskin—and the Saturday Reviewers are breathing out a scorn for the "lower classes," both black and white, such as the great lords hardly ever ventured to display even in their palmiest days. The result is a sort of reaction against high cultivation, and Professor Newman writes to the papers expressing the growing popular dislike to the idea of according more political weight by representation to the "educated," as educated. The immediate cause of this uproar is the speeches and letters of Carlyle, Kingsley & Co. upon the Eyre question. There is nothing sillier than Mr. Kingsley's speech at the Eyre banquet at Southampton; Ruskin's utterances on the Eyre case are so characteristically absurd that nobody can feel angry with him; and Carlyle was, as usual now, gloriously and mystically brutal. But people say, and with good reason, if this is the kind of politician that much cultivation makes, let us pray Heaven against it spreading. The invocation seems hardly necessary.

THE political news is unimportant, and the papers are occupied in discussing why it is that the Continental opinion of England is at this moment so low. Disraeli and the *Saturday Review* think it is because the vastness of her colonial empire is absorbing all her attention—which is plausible, but not very conclusive. The *Spectator's* suggestion is the best yet offered, viz., that she is passing through a transition period, after which she will shine out once more. The aristocracy had the lead from 1688 down to 1815, and made her the first military and naval power on the globe; then the middle class took the lead, and made her the first commercial and financial power; now the government is passing, with many throes, into the hands of the working classes, who, when the revolution is over, will make her a model of democratic vigor and energy.

THE FREEDMEN.

THE Assistant-Commissioner for Florida reports that the crops are in a promising condition, and the freed people well paid and kindly treated. The caterpillar has appeared in some parts of the State, but the cotton bolls are so nearly ripe that no considerable damage can result. In the northern region the corn crop is exceedingly poor, but in the southern there will be a larger yield than for several years. Considerable malarial sickness prevails. The cholera has appeared at Jacksonville, Apalachicola, and Cedar Reefs, principally among the negroes.

—From South Carolina come reports of small crops, attributed partly to the drought and partly to a lack of means and implements to carry on the plantations. The agent in St. Thomas Parish states, as a result of his observation, that in his opinion the coming winter will be one of insupportable hardship to thousands of freedmen in his section of the State, and that, without Government assistance, famine will prevail. There is now, even, great suffering among them from want of food, and they have very little clothing, scarcely one in ten having a pair of shoes. There is said to be a general movement towards Florida on the part of those blacks who despair of obtaining land of the too tenacious planters.

—The reports from Mississippi represent the cotton crop as only fair, the early and the late rains and the summer drought having done much damage. The corn crop is a failure. The freed people are making constant enquiries concerning the Homestead Law, and a general desire prevails to avail themselves of its benefits. The feeling of hostility towards the friends of the freedmen is very general throughout the State. In the counties of Choctaw, Carroll, and Calhoun it is impossible for a Bureau officer to travel without an armed escort. In Choctaw County a Mr. S. M. Hawkins shot an old crazy colored woman whom he found in his peach orchard. The woman died from the effects of the shot a few days after, and Mr. Hawkins was dismissed by the magistrate on his own statement. On the other hand, in the district of Meridian, as well as some other localities, the civil authorities have exhibited a commend able desire to cc-operate with the agents of the Freedmen's Bureau in their work, and Judge Bullock, of the County Court of Natchez, has decided the State law that deprives colored people of the right to bear arms to be in opposition to the State Constitution, which obliges the Legislature to protect the persons and property of the freedmen. Cholera has appeared in the district of Jackson, and threatens to increase. It is not virulent, and yields readily to treatment.

—Superintendent E. M. Wheelock, in his July report, explains why, in Texas, the example of the Cotton States in giving their schools and teachers a vacation from July to October has not been followed. Over 85 per cent. of the teachers are of Southern birth, and therefore quite acclimated; many, besides, had travelled long distances, at their own charges, "in a State where the cost of transportation and living is higher than in any other," and the closing of the schools would have deprived them of a considerable part of their support. Leave of absence, however, has been granted where needed. Hitherto the school system in Texas has been self-supporting, and would have extended itself much more widely than it has if military protection had been as obtainable as teachers and books. For the sake of the utterly poor, who cannot afford to pay for tuition, it is now proposed to invite the help of the charitable societies of the North. Three hundred schools are needed for the 300,000 colored children in the rich bottom lands between the Trinity and the Colorado; sixty more for the north-eastern part of the State, among the wheat and cotton lands, which General J. B. Kiddoo has assigned to the American Freedmen's Union Commission. This charge demands increased donations from the benevolent.

—Application has been made in the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia for admission to practise by Jonathan J. Wright, a colored lawyer of Pennsylvania, late of the Freedmen's Courts in South Carolina.

—The number of rations issued in Kentucky during August was 3,180, including both whites and blacks. The number of contracts made during the month was 102; average wages, $11 per month.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Mr. Charles Lanman, of Georgetown, D. C., has brought to the light, from their concealment in a number of old trunks in New London, Conn., a mass of correspondence which he calls "The Shaw Papers." Nathaniel G. Shaw, Jr., was an active and wealthy merchant of Connecticut before and during the war of the Revolution, and was for a long time the general agent in that State of the Continental Congress for all sorts of military and naval business. The letters extend over a period of seventeen years—1765–1782—and are, in part, those written by Shaw himself, and in part those addressed to him by a great variety of men—Washington, Horatio Gates, Benedict Arnold, Robert Morris, John Hancock, and many others. Though most of them, probably, relate to details of business, they can hardly fail to be of some historical value, and doubtless will be printed.

—The appearance of the ninth volume of Bancroft's "History of the United States" gives character to the fall issues of our publishing houses. The period treated extends from the Declaration of Independence to the winter camp at Valley Forge. The difficulties experienced by Washington from a halting Congress and intriguing and disobedient subordinates are a principal subject.

—An interesting account, by M. J. Amigues, of the explorations of the Palace of the Cæsars has appeared in some late numbers of *Le Moniteur*. The site of this palace had been buried in the Middle Ages under a part of the Farnese Gardens, themselves lately a heap of ruins. The Farnese property came by descent into the possession of the ex-King of Naples, by whom these gardens were sold some years ago to the Emperor Napoleon. The Emperor entrusted the work of exploration to the Chevalier Pietro Rosa, and excavations were commenced toward the end of 1861, with these objects: to ascertain the primitive configuration of the soil of the Palatine, the public or private buildings relating to the period of the Cæsars, and the more ancient monuments that formed their substructure, or that had been restored by the Cæsars. Sig. Rosa first discovered many indications that proved the top of the Palatine to have been double, like that of the Capitoline, though he has not yet laid bare the whole of the *intermontium*. This discovery explained many hitherto obscure passages of ancient writers, and was a valuable guide to further progress. The constructions on the Palatine are divided into two groups—the *ædes publicæ* or *imperatoriæ* (the public official residence of the emperors), and the various private residences built to connect with it by Tiberius, Caligula, and other emperors. Nearly the whole of the palace proper has been excavated, so much, at least, as is not covered by the buildings of the Villa Mills. The foundations and, in some cases, the floors of the rooms are perfectly preserved, with remnants of the columns and wall decorations. The *Domus Caligulæ* is now being investigated. The other buildings remain for future work. Sig. Rosa has also fixed the site of the *Porta Vetus Palatii*, of the temple of Jupiter Victor, and of the *Auguratorium*. He has strong hopes of soon uncovering the *Tugurium Faustuli*, or at least some part of it. In the course of the diggings many valuable works of art have been found, especially a beautiful statue of Eros, which is being restored by the German sculptor, Karl Steinhauser. But such discoveries are much less important than the archæological details brought to light by the Emperor's munificence.

—Pseudonymous printers afford the matter for another bibliographical work by Gustave Brunet, which he entitles "Imprimeurs Imaginaires et Libraires Supposés, Etude Bibliographique." The same subject was treated to some extent by Emil Weller, the last supplement of whose work appeared in 1862. The object of this kind of fraud is obvious. Many of the early printers were authors also, and religious zeal punished the hand as well as the head. Even now publishers are liable for libels of which they may know nothing, while the author's name may be concealed from the world. Concealment of the printer was doubly necessary in the fifteenth century. During the Reformation the books aimed at the Papacy were those published from fictitious places, and sometimes were satirically dated from Rome. When Protestantism became established, the warfare was carried on in a more dignified way, in ponderous volumes, with the authors' names attached. In a succeeding age the politics and the amours of Louis XIV. were the objects of attack. The penalties of being discovered in printing such satires were frightful. Some printers were burned and some were hung. For more than a century "Peter Hammer," of Cologne, was the typographer of this class of pasquinades, under whose shadow it is said that even Frederick II. of Prussia did not disdain to shelter himself. Peter's press is not yet quite worn out. His last effort was a "Don Juan," in 1834. Another pseudonymous printer, "Jean Nourse," became quite celebrated. He published La Mettrie's works, the "Devil on Two Sticks" of Le Sage, and the first French translation of "Tom Jones." Daniel Elzevir issued one of his very best specimens of typography under a false name, "Waudret (Veuve)," for not even his skill and taste would have propitiated the Society in favor of one who printed "The Morality of the Jesuits, faithfully extracted from their Books." These pleasantries died out in great measure with the French Revolution, though even as late as 1864 a French scurrilous pamphlet bore in Greek on the last page, "From the press of Julian the Apostate, the first year of the 658th Olympiad, on the anniversary of the birth of Lucian of Samosata." The first edition of this *brochure*, "H. B., by one of the Forty," consisted of only fifteen copies, and was dated from Eleutheropolis. M. Brunet gives an amusing account of one very successful literary hoax. There was a book by Jerome Gigli, published in 1719, bearing the title, "Del Collegio Petroniano delle balie latine . . . Siena, 1719." The author begins by stating that Cardinal Petroni had founded a college in the thirteenth century for the purpose of restoring the old Latin language as that of Italy. Many obstacles had prevented, up to that time, the accomplishment of this project, but they had all now been removed. The government had given the use of a large mansion; young wet-nurses, who spoke nothing but Latin, had been selected from Poland and Hungary. They had been engaged for babies of both sexes and of the first families of Siena. The installation of the college and the opening of the course had been celebrated with solemnity. Latin speeches of the managers were given at full length. The literary world and the public were completely deceived, and great things were for a long time expected of the Latin College of Siena.

—The Geographical Society of St. Petersburg is preparing several scientific expeditions. It is equipping one to go to the region of Turukhansk, to explore the lower course of the Yenisei, and its banks to its mouth in the Northern Ocean. M. Lopatin, a mining engineer, already known by his previous labors, has charge of the enterprise, and will make geological and palæontological researches. There will be associated with him a naturalist, an ethnologist, and a topographer. It is hoped that they may discover new specimens of the Siberian mammoth. Another expedition is preparing to seek a way of communication between the districts of Olekminsk and Lertchinsk.

SCIENTIFIC.

Cholera.—On the afternoon of Friday, Sept. 14, Dr. A. A. Gould, of Boston, an excellent physician and an eminent naturalist, was attacked by cholera; at 5 o'clock on Saturday morning he was dead. In the afternoon the autopsy was made by two physicians, and on Saturday evening, Sept. 15, a special meeting of the Suffolk District Medical Society was held to take appropriate notice of the death of one who had long been one of its most prominent members. After listening to addresses commemorative of the deceased, and to an account of the manner of his death, the society voted that if a public funeral be permitted by the family, the members of the society should be notified to attend. In due season a public funeral took place; the church was crowded with the friends of the deceased, and the body was brought into the midst of the assembly in the usual manner. The disease was not communicated to any other person; there was no second case.

On the following Friday, Sept. 21, cholera broke out in a single house in Cambridge, a suburban city adjoining Boston. Four persons died in this house before Saturday night. The city authorities had made no preparations for the treatment of cholera patients. It was impossible to get any one to attend those stricken with the dreaded

disease. A gentleman, riding by the house in a horse-car on Saturday morning, heard the people in the car saying that in the house they were passing four persons were dying of cholera without any one to care for them. He jumped out of the car, ran into the house, and worked there all day with little or no assistance. Two police officers were the only people to be found who would venture to go into the house to get out a sick child whose life might be saved by prompt removal. Three Cambridge physicians, on their own responsibility, hired an unoccupied house, and removed thither the child stricken with the disease. So violent were the threats of the frightened people in the neighborhood that it was necessary to guard the house at night lest it should be set on fire.

At a special meeting of the mayor and aldermen on Sunday morning, one of the aldermen, an intelligent American, maintained that cholera patients ought to be shut up in the house where they were attacked and there suffered to die rather than that the community should be endangered by their being carried to a hospital through the streets. Humanity, however, prevailed; the doings of the three physicians were confirmed, and suitable preparations were made for the possible spread of the disease. With difficulty an undertaker was found who dared to throw the bodies of the dead into boxes and hurry them under ground. Police officers destroyed all the clothing, bedding, furniture, and so forth, which had been used by the unfortunate deceased. The disease did not spread.

These details concerning two outbreaks of cholera are taken from the "Boston Medical and Surgical Journal," and the local papers. The contrast they afford is sufficiently striking. While the doctors discuss the vexed question concerning the contagiousness of cholera, common people need not be in doubt as to which of the above methods of dealing with cholera is the most civilized, reasonable, and wise.

The Telegraph and the Fisheries.—On the north and west coasts of Norway the telegraph lines have of late been greatly extended through very thinly settled regions, and one of the inducements for this extension was the great service which a coast telegraph can render to the fisheries. As the employment of the telegraph for this purpose seems to be peculiar to Norway, Director Nielson's account of this branch of the Norwegian telegraphic service is not without general interest. The Norwegian fisheries are carried on along 1,200 geographical miles of coast-line, and it is estimated that 40,000 men are employed in the herring fishery and as many in the cod fishery. The herring come upon the coast at regularly recurring seasons; they are taken in large quantities from the middle of January or first of February till the middle of March. The signs of the coming of the herring, the so-called "herring-shine" or "herring-glimmer," are visible a short time before the actual arrival of the fish. Vast shoals of herring approach the coast, followed by cetaceans and accompanied by clouds of sea-birds. Travelling inspectors of the fisheries send to all fishing ports and stations daily telegraphic reports of the arrival of the fish, their numbers, and of the exact localities where they most abound. Telegraphic stations are temporarily established at any points of the lines at which the desired information is to be had directly and promptly. Thus advised, the fishermen are enabled to hasten from all sides without loss of time straight to the most teeming waters. With the fishermen come also the dealers who buy of them. During the whole herring season the official inspectors announce by daily bulletins at the telegraph stations the amount of the catch, the price of the fish, the changes in the positions of the shoals, and even the color of the water. A milky color of the water is said to indicate that the spawning is ended; it forbodes the departure of the shoals of herring.

It is very obvious that an intelligent use of the telegraph can greatly increase the productiveness of the fisheries on sparsely populated coasts, whither fish resort at somewhat irregular intervals, or at scattered points of which they touch, now at one locality, now at another. The greater part of the Norwegian coast is thinly settled, and when great multitudes of fish invade some particular bay or harbor, the inhabitants of the region are utterly unable to secure the riches which the sea brings to their doors. The telegraph brings vessels and men and casks and salt from far and wide in season to secure the booty.

There are several valuable kinds of fish which, like the herring on the Norwegian coasts, appear with a good degree of regularity on the coasts of the United States. The alewives and the shad, as formerly the salmon, have regular seasons for coming into our rivers from the sea. Would it not be a benefit to the fishing communities as a whole if all the particulars about the arrival of these fish in their favorite waters, about their quantity, size, and condition, and the prices they command, were daily announced by telegraph, just as all the particulars of the cattle markets are given? Would it not be for the advantage of every fishing village in New England if, during the mackerel season, the whereabouts of the mackerel fleet, the success of the fishing, the size and temper of the fish and their changes of place, should be daily announced by telegraph from stations which could follow the fish and keep constant watch upon their movements? The productiveness of the fisheries could undoubtedly be much increased by a well-organized system which should give fishermen accurate daily reports from all the principal fishing grounds near the coast.

IRVING'S NEW VOLUMES.*

Gradually Washington Irving is slipping into the class of authors who are much praised and not much read. They are building a church in honor of him out at Sleepy Hollow, among the scenes he loved, and which his pen made known; but it will be the tribute not of the rising generation, but of the generation that is passing away, and though it is hardly possible that our sweet-natured humorist should not always be liked, he will never again, we suppose, be popular. Since his day other American gentlemen have travelled in Europe, and sat at meat with men of great name; our national vanity has no need to content itself now with such small sops as praise for having produced, among our red men and buffaloes, a person who was not only a gentleman, but also could actually write the English language correctly; other American authors have obtained the plaudits of transatlantic critics, and transatlantic applause has been declining in estimation since the days when our fathers bowed down to Jeffrey, and raved over "Martin Chuzzlewit," and gave bad "Change for the American Notes." Therefore Irving gets more strict justice, now that he is no longer our international champion. Probably it will be in the war of rebellion that the future historian of American literature will find the line which divides Irving's existence as an American author of the highest repute and most in favor from his existence as a writer whose name is better known than his works.

For when the war ended, Irving, although he lived far into the age of fast presses, railroads, and submarine telegraphs, had ceased to be a contemporary of ours. It may be that our tremendous contest was not of a kind to be followed by a period of great literary activity and successes, as some have expected, but there is no question, whatever may be its effect upon writers, that already it has had a great effect upon readers. The immense shock and struggle has undoubtedly elevated the national character, apparently sobering, widening, and dignifying the mind as well as lifting up the soul of the people. We hate now what once we tolerated; we reach after things which in the days of Lewis Cass and Preston Blair were out of sight, above our heads; we no longer care for what we once liked. And this great change, which everybody sees and feels, has been made so suddenly, we have learned these things and had to learn them in so short a time, that our former days seem far off. Things that had hardly got into history are antiquated; 1859 seems fifty years away; and Pierce's presidency, while the ex-president is still a man not old, is a half-forgotten time. With the rest Washington Irving has rapidly receded, and there is no reason why he should not. His style is not a model; his learning is not great; no one goes to him to be enriched in thought or spiritually strengthened, or for anything more than to be entertained by his pleasant, imitative Addisonian humor and unfailing kindliness of nature and refinement of manner. These are qualities in an author which rather keep friends once made than make new ones, the world being always so busy getting what it must have, and not seeking far for amusement merely.

The two volumes just published by Mr. Irving's nephew consist in part of new matter and in greater part of matter already published. The second volume begins with four of the letters of Jonathan Old-style, Gent., which were written at the age of nineteen, and printed in his brother's paper. Then follow memoirs of Captain James Lawrence, of Commodore Perry, of Captain David Porter, of Lieutenant Burrows, commander of the *Enterprise*, and, among these heroes of the sea, the poet who has so well sung the

* "Spanish Papers and Other Miscellanies, hitherto unpublished and uncollected. By Washington Irving." Arranged and edited by Pierre M. Irving. 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putman; Hurd & Houghton.

greatest of sea-fighters, Campbell, whom Irving knew, and of another friend, Washington Allston. Except the last, these all appeared originally in the "Analectic Magazine." The memoir of Allston and a paper entitled "Conversations with Talma" were first published, the one in "Duyckinck's Cyclopædia" and the other in the "Knickerbocker Gallery." None of them is of any importance or interest, except, perhaps, the letters of Jonathan Old-style, which are interesting as being the first, weak attempts of the author, and as showing how early he took Addison for a model. After the notice of Talma we have a biographical sketch of the once well-known Margaret Davidson, whose very name, and that of her sister, Lucretia Davidson, is suggestive of all that is tiresome. The remainder of the second volume is composed of reviews and short magazine articles. Wheaton's "History of the Northmen" he reviewed for the "North American;" "The Conquest of Granada," a book of his own, he reviewed, at his publisher's request, for the "London Quarterly." To the "Analectic Magazine," which seems to have been a favorite of his, he contributed an article on Robert Treat Paine's works and one on the poetical works of an Edwin C. Holland, of South Carolina. For the "Knickerbocker Magazine" he wrote "Desultory Thoughts on Criticism," "Communipaw," and half a dozen other articles, none of which will help to support his reputation—a remark that applies to all the contents of the second volume. Indeed, it would have been better if there had been but one volume. We see no good reason why the many people who own all of Irving's works hitherto published, and who for that reason feel bound to buy all that may be published, and who might well enough, for that and other reasons, buy the "Spanish Miscellanies," should be forced to buy also a companion volume of comparatively worthless writings which the world had forgotten once and will at once forget again. Of the first volume a good half is entirely new and all of it is well worthy of Irving in his best days. It is true, what he says in one of his letters, that those old Morisco-Spanish subjects had a charm for him that made him "content to write about them at half price." There is much in them to captivate a mind like his—poetic and naturally turning to the past. The history is all dimlegend. And the fablings are those of two noble races; they relate to the exploits and adventures in war and love of the gallant, passionate, imaginative Saracen, and the romantic, valiant, superstitious, lofty-souled Spaniard. They contain nothing that is repulsive for its meanness or grossness, but breathe the very spirit of honor, faith, courage, and courtesy. And, as Irving points out, many parts of the old chronicles from which he borrowed, especially such parts as treat of the miracles and portents in which they abound, are rich in veins of quiet humor and drollery that were delightful to him. Of this there are many examples. The following passage is of a kind that, for other reasons also, would please him:

"As the galiot grounded upon the sand, the impatient rabble rushed into the surf to capture and make spoil; but were awed into admiration and respect by the appearance of the illustrious company on board. There were Moors of both sexes, sumptuously arrayed, and adorned with precious jewels, bearing the demeanor of persons of lofty rank. Among them shone conspicuous a youthful beauty, magnificently attired, to whom all seemed to pay reverence.

"Several of the Moors surrounded her with drawn swords, threatening death to any that approached; others sprang from the bark, and throwing themselves on their knees before the Alcayde, implored him, by his honor and courtesy as a knight, to protect a royal virgin from injury and insult.

"'You behold before you,' said they, 'the only daughter of the King of Algiers, the betrothed bride of the son of the King of Tunis. We were conducting her to the court of her expecting bridegroom, when a tempest drove us from our course, and compelled us to take refuge on your coast. Be not more cruel than the tempest, but deal nobly with that which even sea and storm have spared.'

"The Alcayde listened to their prayers. He conducted the princess and her train to the castle, where every honor due to her rank was paid her. Some of her ancient attendants interceded for her liberation, promising countless sums to be paid by her father for her ransom; but the Alcayde turned a deaf ear to all their golden offers. 'She is a royal captive,' said he; 'it belongs to my sovereign alone to dispose of her.' After she had reposed, therefore, for some days at the castle, and recovered from the fatigue and terror of the seas, he caused her to be conducted, with all her train, in magnificent state to the court of Don Roderick."

The shipwrecked Princess of Algiers enraptures Don Roderick, who sets apart a royal palace for the fair waif and treats her in all respects with the utmost consideration, so that when, by and by, he offers to share with her his heart and his throne, it seems that he has beguiled her into forgetting her paternal home, and she consents to give her hand to the Christian king:

"One obstacle remained to the complete fruition of the monarch's wishes, and this was the religion of the princess. Roderick forthwith employed the Archbishop of Toledo to instruct the beautiful Elyata in the mysteries of the Christian faith. The female intellect is quick in perceiving the merits of new doctrines; the archbishop, therefore, soon succeeded in converting not merely the princess, but most of her attendants, and a day was appointed for their public baptism. The ceremony was performed with great pomp and solemnity in the presence of all the nobility and chivalry of the court. . . . The princess abandoned her Moorish appellation of Elyata, and was baptized by the name of Exilona, by which she was thenceforth called and has generally been known in history."

The sly remark about the readiness of the female mind to make any such little preparation for marriage as a change of faith is so much in the manner of Irving and of the chroniclers as well that it is not certain to which it belongs.

And here is another example:

"Time and space permit not to recount the many other valorous deeds of Don Pelayo Correa, the good Master of Santiago, and his band of cavaliers and monks. His little camp became a terror to the neighborhood, and checked the sallies of the Moorish mountaineers from the Sierra Morena. In one of his enterprises he gained a signal advantage over the foe, but the approach of night threatened to defraud him of his victory. Then the pious warrior lifted up his voice and supplicated the Virgin Mary in those celebrated words: 'Santa Maria, deten tu dia' (Holy Mary, detain thy day), for it was one of the days consecrated to the Virgin. The blessed Virgin listened to the prayer of her valiant votary; the daylight continued in a supernatural manner until the victory of the good Master of Santiago was completed. In honor of this signal favor he afterwards erected a temple to the Virgin by the name of Nuestra Señora de Tentudia.

"If any one should doubt this miracle, wrought in favor of this pious warrior and his soldiers of the cowl, it may be sufficient to relate another, which immediately succeeded, and which shows how peculiarly he was under the favor of heaven. After the battle was over, his followers were ready to faint with thirst, and could find no stream or fountain; and when the good master saw the distress of his soldiers his heart was touched with compassion, and bethinking himself of the miracle performed by Moses, in an impulse of holy zeal and confidence, and in the name of the blessed Virgin, he struck a dry and barren rock with his lance, and instantly there gushed forth a fountain of water, at which all his Christian soldiery drank and were refreshed. So much at present for the good Master of Santiago, Don Pelayo Correa."

The humorous method of proving the occurrence of one miracle by telling an equally unsupported story of another—removing a difficulty by doubling it—may be either Irving's or the chronicler's, though we suspect if it is to be attributed to the latter the humor may have been of the unconscious kind.

The legends contained in the book are: "The Legend of Don Roderick," "The Legend of the Subjugation of Spain," "The Legend of Count Julian and his Family," "The Legend of Pelayo," "The Chronicle of Fernan Gonzalez, Count of Castile," and "The Chronicle of Fernando the Saint." Of these the first three were long ago published in the "Crayon Miscellany," and for years have been out of print. The rest, comprising just half the work, are now printed for the first time. The plan of the author may best be given in his own words:

"In the following pages, therefore, the author has ventured to dip more deeply into the enchanted fountains of old Spanish chronicle than has usually been done by those who, in modern times, have treated of the eventful period of the Conquest; but, in so doing, he trusts he will illustrate more fully the character of the people and the times. He has thought proper to throw these records into the form of legends, not claiming for them the authenticity of sober history, yet giving nothing that has not historical foundation. All the facts herein contained, however extravagant some of them may be deemed, will be found in the works of sage and reverend chroniclers of yore, growing side by side with long-acknowledged truths, and might be supported by learned and imposing references in the margin."

That characteristic of the chroniclers of which we have spoken as common to them and to Irving, he has perfectly reproduced in these legends. Other characteristics of theirs he has unfortunately chosen not to reproduce, and we have a mingling of things old and new that certainly is not strikingly unpleasant in itself, but which, nevertheless, is not pleasant, and which is in the place of something much better. The quaintness and simplicity of the old writers Irving might have imitated. It was one great advantage of the plan he followed that it left him at liberty for such imitations.

Compare with this passage following that one already quoted which relates to Don Pelayo Correa, and it will be easy to see what we mean:

"Ibrahim Albuxarra remained in command of the territory, and the whole sierra, or chain of mountains, took his name, which has since been slightly corrupted into that of the Alpuxarras. The subjugation of this rugged region, however, was for a long time incomplete; many of the Christians maintained a wild and hostile independence, living in green glens and scanty valleys among the heights; and the sierra of the Alpuxarras has in all ages been one of the most difficult parts of Andalusia to be subdued."

In that there is nothing of the legend, and yet it would not have been difficult to make the tone of the book congruous throughout. It is to be remembered that these papers, had Irving lived, would have had his revision before going to the press, and this fault might then have been corrected. As it is, it is the chief blemish of a pleasant book.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.*

THERE is a little book, deservedly popular in England, and growing popular here, with something of a descriptive title-page, "The Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language, selected and arranged, with Notes, by Francis Turner Palgrave," etc. It is a very beautiful and satisfying book in outside appearance, in its English form; and, except for the ugly head and tail pieces of over-luxuriant typography, very pretty in the American edition. This book is a most excellent and creditable work, the best selection of poems in the language, enriched and not burdened by the brief, pithy, sensible notes at the end.

So great success in an undertaking of much delicacy and difficulty shows that the writer possesses much of the true critical power; and, as far as English poetry is concerned, he is certainly well informed. He has written much on painting and the kindred arts, and now collects into a volume twenty-three papers on art that have appeared in the *Saturday Review* and other English weeklies. A former publication of his on these subjects was not to be praised without serious reservations. His hand-book to the fine art department of the International Exhibition of 1862, excellent as it was in many respects, was yet, in its first edition, often hasty, bitter, and violent, and its criticisms wore an air almost of attack and defence. The second edition was a vast improvement upon the first, being completely rewritten and almost a new book; but the memory of its predecessor remains. Mr. Palgrave, in 1862, was, we may say, not a wholly adequate critic of art, but he had at least these qualifications for such criticism—that he was a student of art in a good school, aware of the difficulty and importance of his task, familiar with much good art ancient and modern, something of a critic by nature, and personally intimate with, and under the influence of, the best minds of the most intellectual and thoughtful of modern schools of art, the English realistic school.

The latter fact gives the book before us great value besides and beyond what it has in itself. It is good for us, it is even of great importance to us, to get the opinions of art and artists which are advocated by the men who have studied under Ruskin and his allies—by those young artists and writers of whom D. G. Rossetti is the chief. These opinions, and the result, more or less matured, of the influence of these opinions, we find in this book of Mr. Palgrave's. The "standpoint" Mr. Palgrave takes is, in the first place, a well-known standpoint; and, secondly, a very elevated and commanding one. Except that of scattered individuals, there is no contemporary study of art at all equal at once in candor, in profundity, in minuteness, to the most recent and enlarged English realism. Narrow a while ago, too exclusively devoted to mediævalism and Christian art, it has been developed by loving and reverent study of the art of all past ages, from the unknown antiquity of Egypt to the *cinque cento*. Too limited a while ago, and vain of painstaking study of external nature, it has been chastened and enlarged by recognition of the supreme value of the imagination. Mr. Palgrave's positively expressed opinions have, then, much of the weight of the opinions of a school—of an era. When, for instance, in the essay on Japanese art, after showing the injury that has already been done to Chinese art by the introduction to the Chinese workmen of European models which they are hired to imitate, he adds, "In the region of art there could hardly be a greater evil than an importation not from Japan to South Kensington, but of South Kensington into Japan," he speaks for intelligent English artists and art-lovers of the radical type, who have already got much good from Japanese art, and hope to get more, and who heartily dread the influence over any art of the "government schools of design." So in the high praise he awards and the high rank among artists that he claims for George Cruikshank, it is not Mr. Palgrave only who speaks, but, through him, the best informed and best qualified judges of art in England.

In matters of his own judgment, where, inside of the general truth which he never forgets, there is chance enough to go wrong in the application of general truths, Mr. Palgrave is thoughtful and generally wise. Not well informed enough, not exclusively enough an art student to be a thoroughly competent judge in all cases, he is yet full of suggestiveness and instruction. Thus, the essay on "The Position of Sculpture in England" is excellent, and just the paper needed, full of shrewd perception and lucid statement of the much that is wrong and the little right in the dealings of English society with sculpture and sculptors; dealings very much like our own with the same art, except that, having less to do with it, we do less mischief. The article on Baron Triqueti's "Marmor Homericum" contains very just application of sound principles. The paper above alluded to on Japanese art is very just as far as it goes, and enshrines a gem of a proposition worth quoting:

"They [the Japanese] draw no sharp line between art pictorial and art decorative. And we cannot too highly commend or too carefully study this idea. No sounder canon was ever laid down by the best writers or worked out by the best artists. It is, in fact, the course followed by all the European schools that have been great in ornament."

The examination of the question whether Mr. Herbert's important and celebrated fresco in the Westminster Palace, "The Delivery of the Law," be really an immortal work, is conducted as such an enquiry should be, with very judicious consideration of the principal questions that bear upon it. The notices of three great painters recently dead, William Dyce, William Hunt, and Mulready, are not only just but very complete and sufficient. The elaborate new work of the Messrs. Redgrave, "A Century of Painters," devotes a chapter each to Dyce and Mulready, chapters full of instructive collocation of facts, but giving less of the character of the men and their works than Mr. Palgrave's sketches. Indeed, Mr. Palgrave's *summed-up* judgment of celebrated artists, as of Michel Angelo and Thorwaldsen, Tintoretto and Mulready, is nearly as sure to be right as his judgment of an English poet. But his criticisms on single works of art, especially of works by painters comparatively unknown, are less trustworthy; and there are a few artists in whose work he can see nothing good, but of whose power we think a more favorable opinion might more truly be formed.

But, in spite of shortcomings, what Mr. Palgrave has tried to do he has done well. "The main object of this book," says his preface, "is, by examples taken chiefly from the works of contemporaries, to illustrate the truths that art has fixed principles, of which any one may attain the knowledge who is not wanting in natural taste, and that this knowledge adds greatly to our pleasure by giving it depth, permanence, and intelligibility." Mr. Palgrave, then, may be said to have admirably succeeded in what he attempted. "Precept taught by example" would be a good name for his book, which is, indeed, a single lecture on the laws of art. Some of his remarks, in the preface, on the power of criticising art will be our theme of discussion at another time.

* "Essays on Art. By Francis Turner Palgrave." London: Macmillan. 1866.

MAGAZINES FOR OCTOBER.

IN "Hours at Home" for October, Dr. Bushnell in the leading article gives to young preachers a great deal of advice in regard to preaching, by which it is to be hoped they may profit. Pulpit oratory seems to need for its successful prosecution all that the ancients used to demand for oratory, and some things besides. It is Dr. Bushnell and not we who sums up all in these words: "But the grand first thing, or chief concern, for us, is to be simply Christed all through, filled in every faculty and member with his Christly manifestation," etc., etc., which seems to have an irreverent sound, not to mention something of indefiniteness that is discoverable in it. If there were any students of divinity among Dr. Bushnell's hearers who are not his equals in energy of thought, we trust they will not cultivate an energy of expression which in them will certainly go near to be disgusting. Mr. Tuckerman, in the third article of his series upon American artists, praises W. Bradford, the Quaker painter, and William Morris Hunt, a favorite of the Bostonians, with just appreciation. There is a brief historical article on "The Council of Nice," by Dr. Philip Schaff, and besides these there are twelve articles of various degrees of merit, from poor to fair middling, as they say of cotton, by Dr. Harbaugh, George Cooper, Mrs. H. R. Potwin, Isabella Macfarlane, and others.

The "Catholic World" completes with this number its first year and a half of existence, and the editor announces that it does not as yet pay the cost of its publication, although there are five millions of Catholics in the country, and, we believe, no other Catholic monthly. In the October number a new serial story is begun, "The Godfrey Family," which promises to be rather poor. A Catholic family has fled from France to escape death by the guillotine, and taken refuge with the Protestant, unrighteous Godfreys in England. The elements of conflict are already visible. Science, falsely so called, animal magnetism, speculative philosophy, the doctrines of equality and communism in the persons of various members of the Godfrey family and their friends, are opposed by Catholic faith in the person of Euphrasie, a young French girl, who so far appears to be inexpugnable in argument, and to whom science seems "so very little higher than a game of ball with a little child," though she dutifully pursues the study of chemistry at her aunt's desire. In "The Independence of the Church" it is admitted that "there is not, at this moment, a single great power in the world that officially recognizes the Catholic Church as the Church of God. . . . It is not assumed that the changes recent events have produced are not evil;" but the Church can survive them, though these changes have been brought about by evil passions, although her enemies seem to be now triumphant over the Church. The

other important original articles are "Problems of the Age—The Dogma of Creation," and a criticism of Aubrey De Vere, written with spirit and knowledge by an enthusiastic but not undiscriminating admirer.

It is a long time since a better number of "Harper's" was issued than the October number. It contains only a little in the way of poetry—but four short pieces—and even of the poetry a part is creditable, the illustrated piece being quite touching and pretty. It is not, however, much to the credit of the conductors of the magazine that these verses should have been taken without acknowledgment from an English periodical. The opening article is another instalment of General Strother's "Personal Recollections of the War," and is, perhaps, even better than its predecessors. We have before remarked that the author detracts from the interest and the apparent value of his sketches by interspersing his daily record of what he saw, heard, and thought with occasional reflections made some time afterwards. When he does that he does what thousands of men can do as well or better than he; but very few men could, and still fewer did, keep so copious a diary of so important and interesting events as he kept. As a rule, however, he is content to photograph. The winter of 1861–62, in camp in Maryland and in Washington, is presented to us in this number, and among other things he gives us the opinions of the capacity of leading rebel generals which the West Point men then held and used to express round their camp-fires: "Jackson was a hard and earnest worker at West Point, but dull in some important branches. He was secluded and peculiar in his social habits, and so much of a hypochondriac that it seemed to indicate occasional aberration of mind. He had been brevetted for gallantry in Mexico, but, owing to his peculiarities of character, will probably not be trusted in any important command by the Confederate chiefs." There was a good deal of truth in this; it turned out to be not the whole truth, however. Braxton Bragg seems to them "a bright, clever man in his profession, but limited in his capacity, and not likely to achieve high distinction in the present struggle. In social life he is sour and cynical; in command an overbearing martinet." And Davis they seem to have judged pretty accurately: "The best Secretary of War we ever had at Washington; the only one who entirely ignored politics in the administration of his department; for the rest, a narrow-minded martinet, full of prejudice, obstinacy, and vindictiveness; which latter qualities may be serviceable to our Government before the war is over;" as indeed they were. "Robert Lee is supposed to be much overrated. . . . Failed as a colonel of cavalry." "Joe Johnston they looked upon as the foremost man among the Southern leaders in point of general ability and military genius." And Beauregard they esteemed highly as a good engineer and indomitable fighter. Even in 1861 the rebels had begun to destroy private property as if they had been taught by "the fiend, Sherman." Says General Strother: "During the rebel occupation of Berkeley my father's property was wasted and destroyed with many circumstances of obscene and wanton outrage," and the barns and houses of neighbors guilty of the same crime, peaceable Unionism, were also destroyed.

The second illustrated paper is "The Cruise of the Rob Roy," a synopsis of the very entertaining little book published some months since in England by J. Macgregor, M.A., who paddled himself in his wherry, as we should call it, from the Thames to the Danube, ignorant of French and German, using his mother tongue and mother wit, and distributing Protestant tracts along half the Roman Catholic water-courses in Europe. Next comes "The Wilds of Arkansas," another screed of John S. C. Abbott's "Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men." These latter, all over the former, have any quantity of fighting, which also is heroic of course. We could almost believe it possible that this historian was indebted for most of his thrilling narrative to the newspaper correspondents of four or five years ago, before those gentlemen had quite learned that a fire is not murderous and withering and deadly and terrific if it kills only four patriots in four hours. Where Mr. Abbott learned to call 82,073 square miles "countless leagues" we do not know. It is a way of his, nevertheless. "Shelby Cabell" is an improbable story, written, we guess, by the author of an international horse-race story published in "Harper" some months since. It is not, however, so good as the latter, which was very good indeed—acute, vigorous, and fresh. The author might, we should say, enter in and possess a field not yet occupied by our American novelists—that of Western life and manners. New England has been done over and over until "Dr. Johns," the last of these Eastern novels, is, perhaps, somewhat dullish. But the West, since it ceased to be a frontier country, our story-tellers have hardly touched. The writer of "Shelby Cabell" hardly touches it in this story, but he does for a moment get into the blue-grass country, and shows that he knows the region and the people well.

A readable article containing some curious and laboriously collected information, and written by M. D. Conway, is "Lady Godiva at Home." The author is somewhat severe upon the past and present indecency of the Coventry show, dwelling on the subject with unblushing virtuousness at what seems rather unnecessary length. The author of "Robbed of Half a Million" evidently has better matter than method, but in the character of a United States paymaster tells a tolerably good story. One of the very best articles in the magazine, indeed we may say the very best, is "The Freedman's Story." It is an unpromising title, it is a hackneyed subject, one would say. Yet we do not at this moment recall a single short tale or narrative, true or fictitious, based on events that occurred during the war, so well done as this. Some woman in Virginia sets on paper what a young negro tells her about his sufferings, enjoyments, follies, mistakes, labors, and adventures in passing from slavery to freedom when the Yankees passed through Charlottesville, and he followed them away. The personages of the simple story are types of black and white humanity in the South, and are perfectly individualized, and with an apparently effortless, unconscious skill that enhances the reader's pleasure. We suppose that many a happy married couple settled in a house of their own and with their lives duly ensured, will, in years to come, rise up and bless the very encouraging statistics of the writer of the article called "Cost of a Home." The "Editor's Easy Chair" is comfortable, as usual, and the editor talks wisely and wittily in his usual vein.

In the "Atlantic Monthly" we have the regular eight or ten pages of selections from Hawthorne's note books and almost the last of "Griffith Gaunt." Both articles, in their different kinds, are up to their usual standard of excellence. The other most noticeable article is Mr. Boutwell's upon "The Usurpation." The usurpation which is to take place after the fourth of March next is the subject which engages Mr. Boutwell's attention, and it seems to be his belief that it certainly is to take place. The scheme, he says, is to elect seventy-one or more Johnson men from the loyal States, to form these and the fifty men from the excluded States into a body claiming to be the House of Representatives, and then resort to revolutionary measures for the consummation of the plot. The President "would summon the members of the Fortieth Congress to assemble in extra session immediately after the fourth of March." Then the Clerk of the House would be removed by aid of Mr. Johnson's police or soldiers, and the assembly organized by force. This would lead to civil war, which would be prosecuted "until the entire rebel element of the country should be exterminated."

In "The Novels of George Eliot" Henry James, Jr., sets upon that writer a lower estimate than will content most of her critics. She is rather an observer than a decidedly imaginative writer; in morals and æsthetics she is optimist and conservative. She succeeds better in drawing attitudes of feeling than movements of feeling, so that her books are a series of pictures. As a satirist she is inferior to Thackeray, and to Dickens as a humorist, though superior to either of them as a thinker. Mr. C. J. Sprague gives a very lucid exposition of the Darwinian doctrine of the origin of species. Mr. F. Sheldon talks amusingly of the "Woman Question," to which he does not profess to find an answer; and Mr. C. C. Hazewell has a historical article on "The Norman Conquest." On the whole the "Atlantic" this month is marked rather by equality of merit in the articles than by the brilliancy or value of any of them in particular.

NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

NUMBER V.—ETYMOLOGY.

I HAVE pointed out some of the difficulties in the way of ascertaining the number of English words in any given dictionary. The complete etymological census of the vocabulary presents other numerical problems of equal difficulty and even greater philological interest. Some of these are common to all the languages of the Aryan family, others more or less peculiar to our own. Those languages agree, not exactly indeed, but pretty nearly, in the number of grammatical classes or parts of speech; but they differ very widely in the extent to which they employ inflection as a mode of indicating the syntactical relations of those parts of speech to each other, and of expressing certain logical conceptions, and even volitions and other mental conditions of the speaker or subject of the proposition. Now, the number of the words of a certain class which occur in a language is found to be somewhat dependent on the character of the inflectional system. The syntactical relations and other conditions which in fully inflected languages are indicated by the forms of the words, are, in those poor in inflection, expressed by determinative particles and auxiliaries, with the aid of position, and accordingly, as a general rule, the number of determinatives is inversely as that of inflections. To other classes of words this rule has no application. The relative proportion of the words which have an independent significance of their own is not determined by the amount of inflection, and there are languages

which, with a very meagre vocabulary, possess a prodigious variety of inflectional forms; others which, with very few inflections, have a vast stock of significant words.

It is not a difficult task to divide most of the words of an Indo-European language into grammatical classes, though there are some parts of speech which are not, in all cases, readily distinguishable from each other. For instance, the participles, active and passive, or, as many grammarians style them, the past and the present—absurd designations, because these participles are aoristic, and do not of themselves at all indicate temporal relation—are often used as adjectives, and there is a growing tendency in English to this construction. In such case we sometimes distinguish the one from the other by some difference in spelling or pronunciation; but in general the two are identical in orthography and in sound, and it would often be difficult to say whether a given participial form had become entitled to the freedom of the corporation of adjectives or not. In English, it is true, the question would not often have any practical importance, because the grammatical construction of the two parts of speech is usually much the same. In French this question is not only difficult, but in reference to the active participle important, because when this part of speech is used as a technical participle, it is invariable in form, when as an adjective it is varied for gender and number.

The parts of speech upon which force and clearness of expression chiefly depend are the verb, the noun, and the adjective, and hence the proportion which these bear to each other and to the less significant parts of speech is an element of much importance in the character of a vocabulary. In our numerical distribution of English words we must enquire what are its means of predicating of a subject absolute being, conditions or affections of being, action, or suffering of action. In other words, does it abound in *verbs?* Has it many names for creatures or things, existing in fact or in thought; that is, is it rich in *nouns?* Is it copious in words used with nouns, as expressive of quality or attribute, or as defining, limiting, discriminating or describing the object named by the noun; in short, has it a large number of *adjectives?* To go still further, we ought to determine in what proportion these varied means of expression are applicable to material or to immaterial states, acts, qualities, and subjects—how far they are adapted to the uses of physical and metaphysical science, to the communication of moral and religious truth, to the purposes of the rhetorician, the epic or the lyric poet, the dramatic representation of man's inner and outer life. There are languages—the Icelandic, for instance—which have numerous epithets descriptive of personal peculiarities of shape, complexion, habit of body, moral and mental traits, many nouns expressive of the geographical features of a country, so that word-painting of a scene and the actors upon it can be carried to a great length, and, of course, the *saga*, or narrative, becomes extremely picturesque and animated. How far does our English vocabulary admit of such description?

I cite this instance by way of example only, and a little reflection will show that we may apply a great number of more or less analogous tests to our stock of words. A searching analysis of this sort, especially if a language were subjected to it at different periods of its growth and progress would furnish no mean standard of the culture of those who used it at those periods, because all literary history shows that words come just when they are wanted, and that every people supplies itself with a vocabulary suited to its physical, moral, and intellectual needs, tastes, and capacities.

Words have seemingly contrary and inconsistent tendencies. Now they incline to specificate that which was generic; now to generalize that which was specific. Now they tend to the multiplication of nouns, of names of all things which may be sensuously perceived or mentally cogitated; now to increase the number of adjectives or words descriptive of qualities. Nouns are coined in philosophical, adjectives in imaginative, stages of literature. The metaphysician uses the former, the orator and the poet, by preference, the latter. Our great lawyer and rhetorician, Choate, employed many nouns when he was arguing a legal question before the judges; but, in addressing a jury, it was said of him that he "drove a substantive with six epithets."

The relative number of the different parts of speech being ascertained, the next question would be: How far have these different grammatical forms been developed independently, and how far have they been derived from each other? Are there regular processes by which a word can be transferred from one of these classes to another? Can every noun become a verb or adjective, every verb a noun, and so on through the whole list, and by what changes of form is the transfer effected? Other questions would be: Have the verbs a tone passive as well as an active voice; have they frequentative, optative, or other peculiar stem-forms? Have the nouns and the adjectives diminutive, augmentative, complimentary, or depreciatory forms? A more important question still, in the point of view we are now taking, is: Has the language a large number of radicals, or words incapable of being traced back to a more simple or an earlier stem, and to what extent are the remaining words derived from these radicals by mere change of form, and to what by composition with other words?

This brings us to a distinction between what, as a matter of convenience, though by no means with strict accuracy, we may call primitive and derivative languages. Greek, for instance, theoretically, and no doubt truly, in point of fact, belongs to the latter class; but as we know it historically, and as it was known to the Greeks themselves, it is a good example of the former. When we examine the Greek vocabulary we find three or four thousand words, of simple form and meaning, from which nearly all the rest appear to have been derived either directly or by the aid of composition. The Greeks themselves, indeed, referred their longer words to these short primitives much more unhesitatingly than we do; for they seldom looked abroad for the source of a vocable, and they very commonly accommodated the orthography of words certainly foreign to a supposed Greek etymology. Derivative languages are those which have inherited or borrowed their stock of words from dead or foreign tongues, and often with such changes of form and signification that their identity with the vocables from which they are descended is not readily recognizable. All the modern literary tongues partake of this character, but none in so high a degree as the English. But, notwithstanding the very mixed character of our vocabulary, English is, to one knowing nothing of the other languages from which it is derived, as primitive a tongue as Greek was to an Athenian, or Hebrew to a Jew. Such persons are apt to fancy that they detect, or rather feel, an inherent significance in the words of their native speech. In their view a house is called *house* because it *is* a house; a horse is called *horse* because it *is* a horse. To them the name is as truly and as obviously a quality or property of the animal as his color or the number of his legs, and they often manifest a virtuous indignation against the unhappy foreigner who knows no better than to call a horse a *cheval*.

When we become acquainted with Latin and French we soon perceive that a very large proportion of our words are radically the same as the corresponding terms in those languages. Form alone would not teach us, at first, which was the older and which the younger vocabulary. History informs us on that point, and, even without knowledge of etymological laws of deduction, we readily frame for ourselves many rules of derivation. When we acquire a knowledge of Anglo-Saxon or any other Gothic dialect, we are introduced to other sources of supply, and are now able to trace almost our whole mother-tongue to languages apparently not much resembling it. In passing from Latin or French into English, many words have lost the derivative character which was obvious to every one speaking those languages, and, considered as English only, have become primitives, and have given birth to numerous secondary derivatives. Every Roman knew that the nouns *sensus* and *sententia* were derived from the Latin verb *sentio*, and he was able to see how their several meanings were deduced from the primary signification of that verb. Thus *sentio* originally meant, I discern by some physical sense, feeling, sight, hearing, taste, or smell; then, I discern mentally; then, I judge or think; then, I express my judgment, give my opinion or my vote. There are many other shades of meaning, but these suffice for my present purpose. To a Roman or a Frenchman, knowing all this, it would be obvious that *sensus, sens,* came from the verb in its earlier meanings; *sententia,* sentence, from the same root used in the last signification. Now the writers who introduced *sense* and *sentence* into English did not import the *verbal* form also. I say the *writers* who introduced these words, for it is a very important observation, though I make it here only *en passant*, that the Anglo-Saxon part of our vocabulary came into our modern dialect almost wholly in a vernacular way, the Latin and French almost wholly through literature. There exist literary compositions showing most of the stages of transition from Anglo-Saxon to English, yet these were probably neither numerous enough nor important enough to form what could fairly be called a body of transitional literature, and for literary purposes Anglo-Saxon was, for a time, superseded not by the modern English dialect, but by Latin and French. The latter of these two languages, it is true, was much spoken by the higher classes and the learned for some centuries after the Conquest, but the alloy of Anglo-Saxon and French was effected not in the mouths of the English people, but in the crucible of the poetic alchemist, who had borrowed both the processes and the material of his art in a great measure from French sources. The unlearned Englishman, knowing nothing of the common verbal root of *sense* and *sentence*, would not perceive any relation between them, and in his philology they would each be as primitive and as elementary as *house, horse,* or *hand*.

G. P. M.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE TERMS OF RECONSTRUCTION.

QUITE an animated controversy has sprung up on the question whether the faith of the Republican party is pledged to restore the Southern States to their former privileges, in case they adopt the constitutional amendment. The question was hardly thought worth arguing by the so-called Conservative press until very recently; but it now bids fair to become the most important question of the day. There is no longer any doubt that the terms of reconstruction will be dictated by the Republican party, and that Mr. Johnson is henceforth a mere cipher, if, indeed, his value to his allies is not better represented by a negative quantity—not merely adding nothing, but actually diminishing their strength. The rats who were tempted by the prospect of office to desert what they supposed to be a sinking ship are rushing back in droves with ludicrous panic. No politician doubts the result outside of the State of New York, and scarcely any sensible Johnson man pretends to believe that this State will resist the general current.

Under these circumstances it is a matter of the highest importance to know what is the policy of the triumphant party; for if it is pledged to admit the Southern States upon their adoption of the new amendment, it is quite possible, not to say probable, that those States will yield. Indeed, if Mr. Johnson should advise them to do so, there can be little doubt that they would promptly comply; and thus reconstruction would be close at hand. Mr. Johnson's notorious obstinacy may prevent this result from taking place; but he will have had a terrible lesson before Congress meets again, and may be wiser than he is now.

On the one hand, the New York State Convention and the National Committee have pledged the party to receive any State adopting the amendment. On the other hand, several distinguished Congressmen have declared their intention to insist upon more stringent terms. The Reconstruction Committee reported a bill guaranteeing admission to the rebel States upon the final adoption of the amendment; but this bill was lost in the House, every Democratic member voting against it, together with all the very conservative and very radical Republicans.

It thus appears that there is no authoritative pledge for the admission of any State upon its adoption of the constitutional amendment; yet it is not difficult to see that the Republican party is substantially committed to a certain policy in respect to this matter, and that the South has now, as it has often had before, an opportunity to choose its own destiny. If enough Southern States ratify the amendment before next January to make its final passage secure, and do this in a spirit manifesting good faith, we believe that they will certainly be restored to their places in Congress. We believe that the same result would probably attend such a ratification at any time before next February; but if the South should remain obstinate up to that time, we judge that its subsequent submission would not avail it. Certainly we should hold Congress to be abundantly justified in refusing to wait after the month of January for the action of the South.

Our reasons for this belief are easily stated. The Republican party is generally fighting its battles upon the basis of the amendment, and on the assumption that it contains the terms of reconstruction. Certainly no State convention and no national committee have authority to bind the whole party to any particular course of action; but as a matter of fact a sufficient number of candidates for Congress are committing themselves to this policy to make it certain that it will be carried out, if the South is shrewd enough to present the question in a practical form. We do not see how the majority of Congress can well refuse to admit any of Mr. Johnson's States upon the adoption of the amendment by the requisite number of States, including, of course, the particular State asking for admission.

But when it is broadly asserted, as it is by some journals which affect a peculiar knowledge of the popular will (though they have shown in the past an ignorance of it almost ludicrous, considering their pretensions), that the party is pledged unconditionally to the admission of every State ratifying the amendment, we deny it. Congress is under no obligation whatever to admit any rebel State until the ratification of the amendment is secure. It may waive this condition, as it did in favor of Tennessee, but it is in no way bound to do so in favor of South Carolina. This, however, is unlikely to be a practical question. The amendment will probably be ratified either by all the revolted States or by none, except possibly North Carolina.

The more important question is, How long is Congress bound to keep the offer of admission open upon these terms? In order to determine this, it is necessary to consider all the circumstances. Clearly there is no sort of obligation resting upon Congress to keep its offer open for an indefinite period. It has the same right to retract its propositions before their acceptance upon the other side which any private person has in an ordinary business transaction. We suppose that the offer of Congress ought to be left open until the Southern legislatures (as those "illegal and unlawful assemblies" are by courtesy termed) have had an opportunity to accept it. South Carolina and Texas have had this opportunity, but have thrown it away. Most of the other Southern legislatures will not meet until January. It seems, therefore, fair that Congress should allow them until the middle of that month to decide upon their course. It cannot well allow a longer time without consenting to a full year's delay, since the term of Congress itself expires on the 4th of March next, and it will have only six weeks from the middle of January in which to frame and carry out a new policy. The South will have had six months in which to make up its mind, and may justly be held to its decision.

We have thus gone through with all the details of the policy to which we believe Congress to be committed. It remains to be asked what Congress ought to do in certain contingencies as to which it is *not* committed. It has contracted no undertaking, express or implied, with any State which refuses to accept the amendment. And we think that it will be the imperative duty of Congress to reorganize every revolted State which thus holds out after the 15th or 20th of January, by means of a State Convention to be elected by all the loyal people of each State, without the slightest regard to the unconstitutional usurpations set up by Mr. Johnson. It is at best a highly dangerous precedent to recognize governments set up and maintained by military power and executive dictation. That which Mr. Johnson has done to please the white people of the South, may at some future day be imitated by another President to please black people, or without regard to the wishes of any part of the people. But if from considerations of temporary expediency it is thought necessary to sanction the usurpations of the President, it is certain that such a sanction should not be given in so vague a form as to imply that his action was inherently right and lawful. And such an inference might fairly be drawn from any action of Congress which should leave the Southern States free to come in at any time with the form of government adopted by them under Mr. Johnson's dictation, and by voters of his selection.

Moreover, it is perfectly true, as Mr. Beecher urges, that the work of reconstruction ought to be completed at an early day, and that the nation as a whole suffers by delay. This does not prove, as he imagines, that the work had better be completed anyhow than that any delay should be suffered. A certain measure of time is indispensable in every great achievement; and excessive haste would be ruinous in so great a task as this. But an indefinite postponement of reconstruction is full of danger. Congress has given the rebels of the South an option to assume the responsibility of government if they will; but it has no right to keep the whole nation waiting for them. If the rebels will not act with Congress, the latter is not merely at liberty, but is morally bound, to appeal to the loyalists of the South, and to give them the power to institute and carry on republican forms of government in harmony with the Federal authority.

THE FENIAN SOP.

As the Fenians seem to be making some progress in their preparations for another raid, and as there seems to be a general disposition on the part of all political parties to inspire them with the belief that next time they will, as far as the United States Government is concerned, be secure from interference, we propose, from purely philanthropic motives

to tell them a little plain truth. We observe that most of the newspapers which, six months ago, had the manliness to say what most intelligent men think about the Fenian business, have been awed either into silence or a change of tune by the near approach of a most important and exciting election, in which the Fenian vote will, no doubt, count heavily; for if the story of the deputation which waited on the President the other day be true, the "Brotherhood" numbers 750,000 electors. When Mr. Johnson laid his heavy hand on "the army of invasion" in the early part of summer, he was very much surer of his position than he is to-day, and supposed he was to have everything his own way. He has since been cruelly undeceived, and now, in pugilistic parlance, "shows evident signs of distress," and is looking round for help, and is quite ready to accept that of the Fenians if nothing better offers. The story that he knowingly sold them United States muskets early in the year, thus leading them to suppose that he secretly sympathized with them, although often repeated by his enemies, has as yet not been supported by a particle of proof; and we may state frankly that we do not believe one word of it. United States muskets have, no doubt, been bought by Fenian agents, as they may have been bought by the agents of the Grand Lama; but that they were sold to them by Mr. Johnson's directions or with his cognizance, for the purpose of inspiring them with hopes of impunity from him whenever they took the field, is so grossly improbable as to be incredible. Were Mr. Johnson twice as bad a man as his worst enemies believe him to be, we should require the production of an adequate motive, as in all criminal cases, to sustain a charge against him; and no motive for deceiving the Fenians has as yet been ascribed to him. In fact, every reason, both of a high and low order, concurred to prevent his doing what the Fenians say he did to them. He certainly acted in a very silly manner in liberating John Mitchel on their request, but Mitchel was really not worth keeping, and it was the most natural thing in the world for a politician of the Johnson school to use the grateful task of letting him loose as a means of ingratiating himself with the noisy "Brotherhood" who compose the Irish Republic. In arresting Sweeney's grand army on the Canadian frontier he did simply a duty which he had sworn to do—a duty so obvious and so peculiarly his that there was no evading it—a duty which Mr. Banks or Mr. Greeley, or any other Fenian sympathizer who has American blood in his veins and on whom American traditions and ideas have any influence, would have done in his place. But he has since then fallen on evil days, and although we do not mean to say he would not enforce the law under similar circumstances again, he or his supporters are, at least, not unwilling to have the Fenians believe, until the election is over, that he would not.

The *Tribune* has recently done good service, and, we hope, helped in some degree to counteract the effect of its teachings last summer, by pointing out, *àpropos* of Mr. Bright's visit to Dublin to fraternize with the Irish Liberals, that the true road to the redress of Irish grievances lies through a cordial union with the English Radicals. It is not possible, as everybody knows who knows anything of the relations of English and Irish politics, for the two great Irish abuses—the Church establishment and the land tenure—to survive many months the overthrow of the landlord interest in the House of Commons, and this overthrow can only come through the triumph of such a measure of electoral reform as the English liberals now seek; but this the Fenian performances here, and the influence the body seems to exercise in American politics, help to postpone indefinitely. There never was a wilder scheme hatched in the brain of man than the forcible separation of Ireland from the British Empire. It could not be carried out by any force short of one that would be sufficient to subjugate England, and where is this force to come from in the present state of the world? Such soldiers and statesmen as James Stephens and "President" Roberts and B. Doran Killian will tell you they are going to get it up with money supplied by a few thousand day-laborers and servant girls, separated from the scene of action by three thousand miles of ocean; but no intelligent American believes what these men say on this subject, or would give five cents for their opinion on any other subject under heaven. There is not a decent American farmer or mechanic in the free States who would not think even half an hour spent in listening to the "views" of those worthies on either strategy or politics totally wasted. There is not one American in a thousand who does not laugh in his sleeve over the whole Fenian programme, or even a politician who does not, in trusted circles where nobody is likely to "peach" upon him, talk of it as a good joke—a kind of "little game" carried on by those queer, incomprehensible Irishmen, but which, by shrewd management, may be turned to account in "our ward" or "our district."

This being the case, there is something which would be amusing, if it were not humiliating, in watching the solemnity and regularity with which the Republican party set about cajoling the Fenians when it became evident that there was to be a conflict between Congress and the President. First of all came Mr. Banks, who fraternized with President Roberts, and, seizing upon the neutrality laws, produced a "luminous and exhaustive report" showing that they ought to be altered. The subject was a momentous one, involving little less than a reversal of the policy pursued by the republic for eighty years, and framed or approved by its wisest statesmen. But a bill was brought in and rushed through the House in the last week of the session, almost without discussion, and with little or no light thrown on the subject, except what could be furnished by Mr. Banks's declamation. The whole proceeding, in fact, was marked by an amount of indecent contempt for the national dignity which few people would have supposed possible. Thaddeus Stevens, in his recent speech at Bedford, acknowledges that at this period the House wholly abandoned itself to "demagoguery." Mr. Stevens, whatever his faults may be, is not a demagogue. A man so earnest and honest and enthusiastic as he never is a demagogue; but we think he would have done much honor both to himself and the cause he has so long and so faithfully served if he had refused to advance it by acts of this kind.

As soon as the members went home, many of the most prominent continued the good work, making speeches all through the country expressive of sympathy with Fenian projects, thus helping to the energetic revival of the organization which we now witness. Finally, the conventions have taken to inserting in their resolutions little sops for Fenianism which are oddities in their way. The Convention of Soldiers and Sailors at Pittsburgh did some excellent work, but it also tried to bamboozle the poor Fenians in manner and form following: Major Joseph P. Longhead first of all offered resolutions thanking Mr. Banks for his "able and exhaustive report," and expressive of strong sympathy with Ireland and Mexico; but, as they were too clumsy and too strongly worded, they were "referred," and the following substituted in the regular series:

> "*Resolved*, That the neutrality laws should be so amended as to give the fullest liberty to the citizen consistent with the national faith; that the great Union-Republican party is pledged to sustain liberty and equality of rights everywhere; and, therefore, we tender to all people struggling for freedom our sympathy and cordial co-operation."

Now we deem it our duty to state, for the information of the "Brotherhood," that the above is, to speak plainly, gammon. It is quite true that the neutrality laws should be amended; but it is not true that "the great Union-Republican party is pledged to sustain liberty and equality of rights" in the sense in which the Fenians understand support—that is, by helping bands of foreigners to organize piratical expeditions, on American soil, for the devastation of friendly territory and the robbery and murder of people who have never injured them. Its sympathy the Fenians may or may not have, but for sympathy the Fenians do not care; and as to "co-operation," that cannot be legally given without a declaration of war against Great Britain. The Republican party contemplates no such step, whatever politicians may say or do, and is not pledged to render any other aid to struggling nationalities abroad than affording a spectacle of good government, based on liberty and law, at home. We trust, therefore, the Fenians will not be deluded by these sounding words. They are simply part of that kind of juggling from which practised politicians—let them be engaged in ever so great or good a cause—seem unable to refrain, but which a party whose aims are so noble as those of the Republican party ought to refrain from, and can with perfect safety refrain from if it pleases. If Americans cannot save their government, and establish liberty and justice on sure and lasting foundations, without bamboozling a few thousand ignorant foreigners, they cannot do it at all.

WENDELL PHILLIPS IN CONGRESS.

If the whirligig of time often bring about our revenges, it generally does it so late that they can hardly be reckoned as compensations. What profits it a man to have his powers acknowledged, if the youth and health and hope be gone that would have enabled him to exercise them on the only stage ample enough, whether for their display or their usefulness? Some such thoughts as these passed through our minds when we heard that Mr. Wendell Phillips had been nominated for Congress by the "working-men" of Boston. We are not going to examine into the causes which led to this, into the merits of the eight-hour question, or into the claim of those who labor with their hands to usurp for themselves an exclusive title to the name of workers. We will only say that an admission of the rightfulness of this claim would make such a material and unideal world as we should not care to live in. What interests us in the matter is that something like an opening is offered to Mr. Phillips for entering upon a career to which he is peculiarly called by nature and training, while hitherto he has been hopelessly shut out from it by choice or circumstances. In his case the chance does not come too late. He is at an age when the faculties are in full maturity, and, if wanting some of the mellowness which the autumn of life brings with it, are also untouched by any of its premonitions of decay.

In Mr. Phillips's case we have had the singular spectacle of a man who seemed expressly made for public life, and who would have found in it alone the freedom of full development, excluded from it by his conscience, the very quality of all others most needful to give dignity and consistency to our politics. Young, handsome, eloquent, popular, and full of that ambition without which great gifts become petty encumbrances, there could have been no suspicion of selfishness in his joining the forlorn-hope of the Abolitionists as a volunteer. It was much rather a proof of that innate gallantry of soul so far above all physical courage, and yet all that can ever illuminate it and lift it from a mere animal level. Who that saw or heard will ever forget the apparition in Faneuil Hall, more than thirty years ago, of that graceful figure and that inspired face, which seemed to descend from some superior world to confront the assembled selfishness of Boston, or the sound of that voice which bewitched an audience it could not hope to convert? It was something to recall and to make real the legends of the Dioscuri, and one might almost have fancied Vane come back, more beautiful with martyrdom, to arouse the earlier spirit of the Puritan capital. When we add to his other qualities that he was a gentleman by position and culture, it would seem that everything was united in this young man that could make public life desirable, or him desirable in public life. And yet the very triumph that revealed him to his townsmen, perhaps also to himself, doomed him to thirty years of obscure struggle and of the obloquy that becomes glory only when both are alike indifferent.

We have no means of judging the chances of Mr. Phillips being elected under the nomination he has just received, nor is this consideration a material one, for we learn that he has declined it. But the nomination itself suggests not a few reflections. There are many reasons why we should be glad to see a man like him in Congress, many which make us doubt whether it would be precisely the place for Mr. Phillips himself. It would, no doubt, be an excellent thing if we could have a few members at Washington who represented something more than their mere constituency or the often ephemeral creed of their party—men who might consent to enter Congress, but could not in any sense be supposed to aspire to it. Our legislation is too much in the hands of men unknown beyond the districts that send them, unrestrained by any responsibility either to their own fame or to a public opinion which is not likely to feel any long resentment against persons whose names it cannot remember. If now and then a member might be chosen who should sit for the thinking part of the country, who should have a constituency of mind and principle more truly than of numbers, we could hardly otherwise than gain by it. Our present system, which restricts the choice of the electors to a certain geographical space, narrowed still further by the moral and intellectual limits of caucus availability, is a kind of mutual insurance on mediocrity. It is a hundred chances to one that we get a man who wants the place that it may make him a somebody, rather than one whom the place wants that it may be made into something. The consequence is that we have a Congress of men unknown to the country at large, whose votes are controlled by local considerations, and who are individually of consequence only if they form a part of that most characterless thing, a working majority. How many of us ever heard before of most of the representatives of our own States, nay, of our own districts, or are likely to hear of them again after the principle of rotation—invented, it would seem, to make sure of inexperience—shall have replaced one set of names with others as insignificant? How long shall we be in learning that men are most surely made responsible either by established reputations or by the consciousness of being able to achieve them? It is a fact as significant as it is ominous that the tremendous crisis of the past five years neither howed in one chamber of Congress nor the other a single controlling mind, nor brought one into either. Plenty of speeches we had, no doubt, but not one that deeply moved or united in one focus the vague wishes of the country; and, after all, speeches are more the unhappy necessity than the substance of representative government. The fact remains that a nation will never stand in the front rank, no matter how great its physical strength or material resources, which is content to be represented by its second-rate men, and has forgotten how to draw upon its reserves of spiritual power.

We were accordingly glad to hear of the nomination of Mr. Phillips, both because it broke through the established precedent of seeking for a candidate who had never offended anybody nor committed himself to anything, and because it gave us the chance that one seat should be filled by the incarnation of an idea among so many occupied by the unsubstantial precipitates of chance. Whether Mr. Phillips would have made a fortunate member, we more than doubt. In his social relations he would have taught a lesson in itself worth the sacrifice of a few winters passed in the dullest capital of the world. He would have convinced his fellow-members, at least, that a man might be a polished gentleman and the most agreeable of companions, even at dining-tables where he drank no wine, while he was the crazy fanatic of the newspapers and the raw-head-and-bloody-bones of Mr. Johnson. He would have supplied Congress with a debater of the most complete outfit, familiar with politics, history, and social science; who could make a classical allusion without reading up in Goldsmith's histories of Greece or Rome; and who would more than match the better class of Southerners in their single advantage of high breeding. He would have denounced all manner of corrupt jobs and timorous compromises, equally fearless of men and of consequences.

But perhaps he is better where he is (since he could not be taken young), as a public censor. His pulpit is now so high that the whole country hears him, and the training he has been forced to go through is, perhaps, not that which best fits a man for a deliberative assembly. He has dwelt too long, we may suspect, in the region of abstract principles, and has been too long accustomed to lead the attack on desperate positions to draw out his forces wisely on the lower ground of practical politics. He has been too much in the habit of darkening men to the hue which the principles they often unconsciously stand for present to his imagination, to be able to meet them on equal terms in the cooler tactics of debate. He has given himself up, of late, so entirely to the seductions of a dangerous talent for epigram (let those cast the first stone who are liable to the same temptation) that he seems to forget sometimes the recluse sobriety of truth, and that she does not habitually dwell either in pointed antitheses or felicity of epithet. His more recent speeches not seldom recall the saying of the cynical Frenchman, that "tout homme qui est arrivé à quarante et qui n'est pas misanthrope, n'a jamais aimé les hommes." Mr. Phillips is not so truly a Puritan of the earlier emigration (for they had a rare quality of business prudence, which combined other-worldliness and this-worldliness with a curious appreciation of the diverse properties of spirits and water); he is not so truly that, we say, as a belated Hebrew prophet who has not yet learned the art of stretching his Judean conscience to the broader requirements of our continental spaces and more gregarious civilization. It is better for all parties, we are inclined to think, that he should continue to be the unpledged member for the Phillips district, with the function of drawing up his minority report on all possible questions, and bringing his really splendid oratory to bear on

crowds whom it touches and inspires, than that he should be sentenced to the solitary imprisonment of Congress, where he would be in danger of narrowing more than ever into a pungent critic of persons rather than of things, and would be more dreaded for his sarcasms than influential by the clear-sighted and stainless nature which stands in reserve behind them. It is at times necessary to reach a principle through a man; but it oftener happens, and we wish Mr. Phillips would more steadily bear it in mind, that, during the personal scuffle, the real object of attack slips out of sight, and escapes unwounded for a new career of mischief.

Mr. Phillips had a right to say, with some pride, in his letter declining to stand, that, "having worked thirty years in behalf of the *labor* of one-half the nation, nothing would give me prouder satisfaction than to stand in Congress the representative, in a special sense, of the cause of labor throughout the nation." There is a moral here worth pondering. He has lived to see himself the chosen candidate of the very class of men who used to lead Mr. Garrison through the streets with a halter about his body in the days when he became his disciple. The space of an entire generation may seem to some men a long time to wait for a nomination, and the reward not so very great after all. But the true reward is in beholding with his own eyes a proof of the fact that popularity will at last seek him who has never stooped to seek for it, and that an ounce of principle is more worth to a man in the long run than any quantity of praise. Whatever may be Mr. Phillips's faults, and they spring rather from the ardor of his temperament than from any graver defect of character, he has always been recklessly faithful to what he believed to be true, and we are glad he has had the occasion offered him to refuse what so many are eager to gain, even at the cost of what is infinitely better. If not always a man of sound judgment, he has what is sometimes of greater value—a genius for improvising conclusions which the general mind is groping for, and his impatient intellect often flashes a keen gleam of light on the path that leads to truth, even if he run beyond it himself. In a country where mutual concessions in the interest of a common want of independence of thought are so usual that they almost escape notice, there is manifestly need of men who, like Mr. Phillips, insist on thinking aloud, and that in so pointed a way as to stimulate attention, even though they may at the same time excite ill temper. It is better, perhaps, to make men angry than to leave them indifferent, for the one mood may subside into reflection, while the other is too indolent to be capable of it.

SLAUGHTER-HOUSES AND HEALTH.

The Metropolitan Board of Health, in the exercise of the power vested in it by law, decided several months since that slaughter-houses should no longer be permitted within the limits of the district subject to its control. After a strenuous but futile contest on the part of the butchers, the validity of the order has been sustained by the Supreme Court, and an early day has been fixed upon for the transference of all slaughtering operations to well-arranged *abattoirs*, situated at a distance from the confines of the Metropolitan district of health. In this course the authorities have followed the example set many years since by the city of Paris, and subsequently adopted by other large Continental cities.

That intra-mural slaughter-houses are a nuisance is a question which does not admit of much discussion. The disagreeable odors arising from them cannot always be prevented, even by the adoption of the most thorough means for purification; the danger of animals breaking loose and rushing wildly through the streets is great; and, in addition, there are scenes within and in the vicinity of such establishments which ought not to be witnessed by the youth of either sex. Theoretically, all those evils might be avoided, but we all know that in practice they are insuperable. We therefore regard the action of the Health Commission in the premises as eminently wise and proper, and we believe that it will be sustained by the great mass of the public.

But none of the facts above referred to would appear to have exercised any great weight with the Commissioners. They alleged as the prime reason for their action that slaughter-houses were injurious to the health of the people, that the emanations from decomposing animal matters were the cause of a long train of diseases of a peculiarly dangerous character, and that, even when well managed, they were more or less productive of a bad sanitary condition. It was all in vain that the butchers held a public meeting and protested against banishment on such grounds, that they adduced instances of persons having been cured of consumption by adopting their occupation, and that they offered themselves as types of a ruddy state of health not possessed by one in a thousand of theoretical sanitarians. Had they known their full strength on the points in question, and exercised it, they could have thoroughly vanquished their antagonists, who really stood upon very slippery ground. Fortunately, however, for those of us who object to having our noses regaled with offensive smells, and who do not care to run the risks of being knocked down by a mad ox in our peaceful perambulations, or of having the rising generation demoralized by witnessing scenes of suffering and bloodshed, they did not make their fight to any extent on the sanitary questions involved. Like big, burly, rosy-cheeked, lumbering fellows, they took to questioning the authority and powers of their persecutors, to discussing constitutional instead of hygienic questions, to employing lawyers in their cause instead of scientific physicians, and, as a consequence, they lost the battle. We are glad of it. There was no lack of valid reasons for altogether doing away with slaughter-houses, although the principal motive for such action alleged by the Commissioners was, as we have already intimated, by no means one accepted by the great mass of those conversant with sanitary science. We propose to show this in a very few words.

Patissier, in his "Traité des Maladies des Artisans," calls attention to the fact that of all workmen butchers are, without doubt, those whose general condition gives evidence of the most vigorous and constant health. With correctness he attributes this excellent sanitary condition not only to the free use of animal food, but to the absorption into their systems of the nutritive molecules which are being constantly disengaged from the blood and meat contained in their shops. He shows, too, that the common opinion which attributes a cruel and sanguinary character to butchers is not correct, for, by consulting the records of the police, it was found that bakers—who are not generally supposed to be vicious in their inclinations, and who do not eat largely of animal food—were much more frequently arrested for acts of violence.

Mr. Thackrah, who wrote an excellent work upon the effects of trades, professions, etc., on health, places butchering at the very head of healthy occupations. Those who follow it are much in the open air and take a great deal of active physical exercise. He contends, too, with much force, that the atmosphere of slaughter-houses, though sufficiently disgusting, is not at all prejudicial to a high state of health. The mere odors of animal substances, whether fresh or putrid, are not, apparently, hurtful; indeed, they often seem to be decidedly useful. Consumption is remarkably rare among men employed in the slaughter-houses. The atmosphere of the slaughter-houses is, moreover, less susceptible of those natural changes which produce epidemics. From this circumstance, conjoined with their diet and habits of life, butchers are less subject than those of other trades to diseases of the bowels. They are also much less liable to contract infectious or contagious diseases. Of five hundred and twenty patients taken in one year to the hospital in Leeds only one was a butcher, and his was a simple case of fever.

Dr. Tweedie says, in his excellent work on fever, that though almost every description of mechanics has been, at some period or other during the year preceding his writing, admitted into the fever hospital in London under his charge, he does not recall a single instance of a butcher being sent to that establishment.

Parent-Duchâtelet, so well known for his thorough and extensive investigation of questions relating to public health, brings forward a great mass of facts tending to show that the emanations from either sound or putrid animal matters are in no respect injurious. He gives a full description of the great knacker establishment at Montfaucon, where over twelve thousand dead or dying horses are taken annually, to be manufactured into glue, buttons, and various other articles, the filth and stench arising from which operations are horribly offensive.

Yet the men engaged are represented as enjoying the most flourishing health, the women as being most fruitful, and the children as being pictures of healthful energy. He also decidedly expresses his conviction that there is no ground for the belief that the dissecting-rooms of medical schools are *foyers* of morbid emanations. In support of this opinion he quotes the assertions of such men as Lallemand, Desault, Dubois, Dupuytren, Boyer, and many others as celebrated in medical science. Desault went so far as to say that he was satisfied the air of dissecting-rooms had saved him from attacks of epidemic and other diseases, from which other hospital physicians and surgeons who did not frequent such places repeatedly suffered.

Dr. Bancroft collected many facts which are strongly confirmatory of the views advanced by Parent-Duchâtelet. He adduces a communication from Mr. Lawrence, the celebrated English surgeon, in which that gentleman says that his experience as demonstrator of anatomy at St. Bartholomew's Hospital was strongly corroborative of the opinion that putrid animal effluvia are not usually detrimental to health.

In his article on the "Diseases of Artisans," in the "Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine," Dr. Darwall, quoting several of the above authorities, adds his own testimony to prove the non-prejudicial influence of slaughter-houses to the health of towns. He states that the part of Birmingham where most slaughter-houses were congregated was that region in which the fewest cases of fever occurred.

Becquerel, in his recently published treatise on hygiene, says that butchers enjoy, in general, a higher degree of health than individuals of other professions; they are fresher and more robust. He quotes the facts that in the epidemics of yellow fever at Boston in 1798, and at Philadelphia in 1795, the butchers, although living in the centres of the infected districts, furnished but one case of the disease in the former city and three in the latter. He also states that, notwithstanding the very advanced state of putrefaction in which the matters used by soap boilers and tallow-chandlers are often found, these artisans generally enjoy perfect health, and are not subject to fevers or epidemic diseases.

Tardieu's observations, contained in his "Dictionnaire d'Hygiène," are strongly confirmatory of the views expressed by Parent-Duchâtelet relative to innocuity of the odors from putrescent animal substances.

It would be very easy to go on and quote much more testimony to the same effect. We have, however, adduced sufficient to show that the question of the unhealthiness of slaughter-houses is by no means determined adversely. As is usual in such matters, there are two sides to the subject, and we regret that it has been practically settled in this city without that full and free discussion which could not but have resulted in benefit to the various departments of sanitary science. That slaughter-houses are a nuisance, every one knows; that they are prejudicial to health, a great many believe without ever having taken the time to enquire fully into the matter. It is bad policy, if nothing worse, to be guided by reasons which are not correct, and we are satisfied that the Health Commissioners have weakened their position by assuming as proven the view they have adopted of a very important question.

FRANCE AND PRUSSIA.

There are fatal events in history which a far-seeing eye can easily perceive in the future. Great changes, like an eclipse of the sun, cast their shadows before. Is there anybody, for instance, even among the official journalists of Paris, who can doubt that the empire of Mexico, founded by Napoleon III. across the Atlantic, cannot live long, and that its last days are counted? It is difficult to say how long the fragile edifice will continue to be kept up; it is easy to prophesy that it must fall.

I take another example. Ever since the foundation of the new kingdom of Italy, it was easy to predict that Austria would lose Venetia, and that this beautiful province would be reabsorbed by Italy. It would have been difficult to say when this would take place, under what circumstances, by what combination of political alliances and events; it would, probably, have been impossible for the shrewdest statesman to anticipate that Italy would conquer that coveted province after two crushing and almost humiliating defeats, one on land, the other on sea. Nobody could find the date or the means; but it could safely be affirmed that Italy would some day complete itself. These superior necessities, these inflexible aspirations which rise, as it were, out of the muddy current of daily politics, are ordinarily felt by the people; their instinct even more than their intelligence gets permeated with them. Well, I believe that a similar instinct, a powerful, fatal, and irresistible instinct, is now warning France that the day is approaching when she will be condemned to try her strength with that of the new military empire which is fast organizing on the other side of the Rhine, round the nucleus of Prussia. It may be very agreeable to England to see this new star rising over the horizon, to salute this new actor who arrives on the political stage, full of pride, of strength, and, even more, of ambition. But if England, if all foreigners, feel that France has at last found a dangerous enemy, is it astonishing that France itself should experience a similar feeling? It is very well to speak of national pride and jealousy, to abuse our national vanity, which cannot bear to see the world occupied with other triumphs but its own. The great victories of Grant and Sherman never disturbed the quietude of French vanity. The fortresses on the Rhine, which now are all, without exception, to be occupied by Prussian soldiers, are not fancies of our imagination; the battle of Sadowa was not fought in the clouds. The conquests of Bismark are not *moral conquests;* and since the policy of "blood and fire" has obtained such triumphs in Germany, it is quite natural that Prussia should think of trying it over other enemies than Germans. What is to guide the policy of the conqueror of Sadowa? Providence, the God of the armies, the interest of Prussia. The old King, who believes in his divine right, and considers that a parliament has no other function than to ratify the will of royalty, explains in all his speeches, with the greatest candor, that the Prussian army is the instrument of God, and the conquest is the natural consequence of war. His feudal notions do not much interfere with the views of the Prussian democrats: while the King is fighting for Prussia, they are fighting for German unity; intoxicated by victory, they are now allies after having so long been enemies.

In face of such facts, how can France be otherwise than uneasy? Certainly, if German unity was one of those necessities which spring out of the slow developments of history, it would be idle to regret what has taken place. France has no more right to oppose German unity than Italian unity. But what she cannot understand is that a French sovereign should have taken a part in the events which prepared and now have nearly accomplished this unity—that he should have done so at a moment when that unity should be most formidable to France, placed as it is under the absolute control of a military king and an unscrupulous minister; what she cannot understand is that the French Government should have paved the way to the ambition of Prussia. M. Thiers said the other day to a friend of mine: "The Napoleons have proved fatal twice to France: the first one by his genius, the second by his *mediocrity*." A harsh judgment, but which begins to be shared by many who remember the part taken by the Emperor during the American struggle, the unhappy invasion of Mexico, and who see now the control of Europe fallen into the hands of Bismark.

M. Drouyn de Lhuys himself could no longer remain in the ministry; his departure means that Napoleon III. is resigned, that he will cease to speak for the present of rectifying the French frontiers, and that he gives Bismark *carte blanche* in Germany. Rouher, Fould, and Prince Napoleon's policy are in the ascendant. The economists, whose chief is Rouher, will speak of nothing but peace, free trade, universal expositions, and the like. The followers of Cæsarism will applaud the triumphs of a German Cæsar.

But their optimism will deceive nobody. Everybody feels that peace is now no better than a truce; great preparations for war are secretly made, new guns tried, the *fusil chassepot* is set against the *Zundnadelgewehr*. The triumph of Cæsarism will condemn Europe to perpetual wars. The splendors of the Exposition of 1867 will only cover the uneasiness of all nations and the preparations for a terrible struggle.

After many years of despotism France finds herself deprived of liberty and also deprived of security. She now begins to feel more keenly all she has lost by giving up constitutional government.

A Frenchman.

Sept. 15.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, Sept. 14, 1866.

THE people of the wine-growing districts are anxiously speculating on the probable effects upon the forthcoming wine-crop of the persistent cloud and rain of this disagreeable summer, the wettest that has been known in Europe since 1766, which year, according to Chesterfield and other writers of that period, was just such a one as the present. The rain of this cold and stormy month, though it keeps our grapes sour, has no effect, happily, on the supply of oysters, which favorite bivalve, faithful to the "natural law" that consecrates to its honor all months with the letter "r" in their names, has again appeared in this city. Seeing the enormous scale upon which fish-culture has been carried on here for the last fifteen years, it seems rather odd that all kinds of fish are growing dearer every year, instead of cheaper. The vast "fish-grounds" of Arcachon, Comacchio, Toulon, and the Ile de Ré, where single "fish-farmers" have often as many as 300 acres of coast under "cultivation," sending off immense quantities of fish, and clearing net returns of ten per cent. and over, are only the more prominent centres of this important branch of industry—new to our day, but practised by the old Romans—which has sprung into activity upon all the shores and large rivers of France. To show how largely the production of fish has increased under the new arrangements, it is sufficient to cite the returns in a single branch of the trade, that of oysters, at a single point of production, Courseulles, where the beds, which yielded 70,000,000 oysters in 1854, yielded last year 110,000,000. The yield at the other beds has increased in the same proportion, and yet oysters are now just twice as dear as they were twelve years ago, a fact at which all Paris is incessantly grumbling; for the gastronomic tendencies of the metropolis of this water-contemning country run very strongly towards all kinds of fish in general and oysters in particular. Equally general with the desire of the good people of Paris for a good supply of cheap fish, is their ambition to see this city become "a sea-port." The masts of London prevent its French rival from sleeping; and every year or two somebody publishes a book setting forth the "manifest destiny" of the French metropolis as a "sea-port," and demonstrating the feasibility and desirability of enabling the city to fulfil that "destiny" by widening and deepening the bed of the Seine from Paris to Rouen. Just now the public is busy with a new project for realizing this "immemorial aspiration of the City of Lutetia;" the Emperor is supposed to favor the attempt, and the Government is said to have determined on carrying it into execution, devoting to that purpose a sum of 6,500,000 francs.

But the favorite aim of European inventors, during the present summer, seems to be the contrivance of some shooting weapon that shall surpass the Prussian needle-gun; the last invention in that line being the three new engines of war devised by a M. Perrot. The first of these is a three-barrelled musket, which projects from 15 to 20 bullets per second, or from 900 to 1,200 per minute. The motive power of this gun is compressed air, and the bullets drop without intermission into the barrels from a hopper containing several thousand. The second engine is nearly the same as the first, but is mounted on wheels; whereas the first is fixed, being intended for use on fortifications or on board ship. In the third weapon compressed steam or gas is employed to project stones, or combustible matter, in sufficient quantities to crush, bury, or burn the besieger in his trenches or batteries. M. Perrot calculates that 20 lbs. weight of projectiles may be discharged per second; and supposing the weight of each projectile to be half a pound, and but one man to be killed for every shot discharged, the number of men destroyed in twenty-four hours by a single locomotive would be 172,800. The Russian Government is said to have wished to purchase the secret of these arms, but to have been refused by the inventor, who patriotically desires to reserve it for the service of his own country. The modest "improvement" of the Prussian who is constructing, for next year's exhibition, a modified guillotine which cuts off six heads at a time, is thrown into the shade by such a trio of novelties. Indeed, supposing M. Perrot's weapons to be capable of producing the effects he talks of, is it easy to imagine any product of human ingenuity more likely to be regarded with interest and favor by the denizens of a certain region, rather warmer than agreeable, and not usually to be mentioned within the hearing of "ears polite?"

The approach of the grand show of next year has inspired M. Strauss, chief of the world-renowned brass band, with the brilliant idea of renting the old Palace of Industry, in the Champs Elysées, for the term of the coming exhibition, at a rent of $300,000. M. Strauss proposes to give in that building—by no means suitable for such a purpose—a series of monster concerts, by the first instrumentalists of the capital, and conducted alternately by Berlioz, Gounod, Félicien David, Pasdeloup, etc. He offered Verdi $20,000 to lead this enormous orchestra *once*, but the composer refused. He then offered Rossini $40,000 for the same service, but was again refused; he endeavored to obtain from the old *maestro* the privilege of the first performance of the much-talked-of unpublished mass of the author of the "Barber of Seville," but all his offers were pitilessly rejected.

The chiefs of the operatic and theatrical worlds are busy completing their programmes for the coming winter. M. Bagier, manager of the Italian opera, has been the first to accomplish this task, and has just published a triumphant enumeration of "stars" already secured by him, the "bewitching little Patti" standing at the head of the list. Offenbach has revived his favorite buffa extravaganza, "Orphée aux Enfers," at the merry little theatre that bears his name; the Vaudeville is rehearsing a new five-act comedy, by Reymond Deslandes, entitled "The Stepmother of the Marchioness," which is expected to take Paris by storm; MM. Oscar de la Coutrye and Alfred de Simonise are preparing a translation of Calderon, beginning with the famous "Alcade de Zalamea;" and the Porte St. Martin, each of whose fairy dramas is pronounced by an enraptured public to be the *ne plus ultra* of the genus until the next one is produced, has closed its doors for the rehearsals of a wonderful affair, entitled "The Parisians in London," which is to eclipse all its predecessors. Nearly a couple of score of actors and actresses will appear in this mammoth spectacle, besides an army of subordinates. It will contain two ballets, the first called "The English Quadrille;" the second, called "The Fête of the Universe, a grand choregraphic composition interspersed with songs," is to consist of the following "parts": "1st, The defile of peoples; 2d, hymn to peace; 3d, Isthmus of Suez and Transatlantic Cable; 4th, Bayadères of Benares; 5th, mines of the Ural; 6th, gauchos and rancheros; 7th, women of Memphis; 8th, union of peoples." The principal *rôles* are those of *steam*, electricity, Eurydice, Atalanta, and the four gauchos; and the principal scenes include the Northern Railway station, the iron way, a train in motion, a steamer under way, the Haymarket at night, Cremorne Gardens, illuminated fountain, the Crystal Palace, the magic lake, apotheosis. All Paris will go to see this spectacle, from which it will come away with a profound conviction that it knows London as well as the Londoners themselves.

The doings of the fashionable world are sadly interfered with by the detestable weather. There have been a "lottery" or two, got up, with the Empress's aid, for local charities; elegant fancy balls at one or two aristocratic chateaux, the costumes at which are said to have been of extravagant splendor; and a couple of very grand weddings among the "exclusive" nobility of Brittany, that seem to have turned that stronghold of *Henriquinquisme* upside down. The Court is bathing diligently at Biarritz, and the little Prince, under the training of an expert swimming-master, is becoming as clever a performer in the water as he already is in the art of riding and driving.

STELLA.

WAR IN CANDIA.

IT seems much like coming to the end of time, or, at least, like bringing its ends together, to have the New York semi-weekly *Times*, with the latest from Atlantis, come in to breakfast as one sips his tea, looking out on a city for whose founding the Pelasgi, Æneas, and Agamemnon have rival claims; mixing Grant's tour to the Canadian boundary with the weary wanderings of the King of Men; to have the telegraphic news (by slip from Athens' printing-press) that the cable is at length laid from the seat of oldest empires out into that misty and fabulous West, whose blessed isles haunted the ancients, from Ulysses down to Columbus, so that Pharaoh may ask Jonathan the price of cotton and get the answer before sleeping. Then to watch the steamer going off across the track of Ulysses' galley, and hear the drum of the Turkish soldiers going out in readiness to give the last blow to the indomitable love of liberty of the Cretan mountaineers, to rout them finally out of those strongholds, never yet conquered by arms, where Quintus Metellus stormed in vain the forts that nature built with upheaval of earthquake and chiselling of glacier; to sit and think, with one's head full of the studies of the week, on ancient sites and ancient Greek roots, as preserved in the Cretan tongue of to-day, of the news just come by to-day's steamer—all this so mixes one's ideas of times and epochs that one hardly knows whether one is in the world or out of it.

Not even Nile or Euphrates can be more shut out from the modern world, motive and influence, than our island of Crete. Conquest succeeding conquest for ages have wrought no more change on the Cretan character than on the Cretan landscape; its conquerors always few, and their conquests always partial, the old race is little mixed and old habits of soul little broken, and I doubt even if anywhere else in the classical world can be found so living an image of the classical times, such purely kept tradition of the old Greek life. Mars has taken the mantle of St. George, the lance of Pallas has blossomed with the lily of the annunciation; but the worshipper is un-

changed. In Greece northern hordes have mixed mythologies, and much intercourse with civilization has corrupted the simplicity of ancient manners; but in Crete they still believe in Nereid and Siren, the cypresses of Samari still shelter Dryads, and no one could so rebel against the divinity embarked there as to raise an axe against them. Only last week an augur, examining a slaughtered sheep, found a prediction of a bloody war between the Greek and Turk, and set the whole of Canéa in a tremor by his prophetic frenzy. The Cretan has not forgotten to be brave or learned, to be avaricious and dishonest—remains quarrelsome, vindictive, superstitious; like all the Greeks, incapable of political unison, and if not fickle, like all the others, it is because the heavy hand of the Mohammedan gives him little chance to change the bed he lies on.

To the Greek classical scholar, I doubt if there exists a piece of earth so full of interest for the light to be got on antique history or character as Crete, and yet the people can tell you the names of almost all the modern travellers through it, so few are they—two or three Americans, three or four, or, at most, half-a-dozen Englishmen, and a couple of Frenchmen, are about all who have explored the island during this generation, and of these probably only two or three have done anything thoroughly. There are districts as untouched by travel as any section of our backwoods, some of the most magnificent scenery in Europe utterly unknown, and some of the most picturesque motives in art unseen by painter's eye.

But, not to bury one's self in antiquity, the modern town is not without interest to the traveller. The population of the city is worthy of a city held by so many races—Greek, Turk, Arab, Abyssinian, and negro of other varieties, Italian, French, Albanian—faces black, white, brown, and colors without names; faces tattooed, slashed, and plain—Jews, Gentiles, Parsees, and Mohammedans, speaking all the tongues of that Orient which is occident to the Indus. On the sea-side, without the walls, is an Arab village, with a mosque, and on a sandy plain between Canéa and the hills, known as the desert, is a village of Bedouins, said to have fled here from a famine in Africa, a village of tents, or rather rush and cloth cabins, around which one sees flitting the bright-eyed daughters of the desert, not so chary as their orthodox sisters in faith of showing their faces, some of which are strikingly pretty, with a wild-gazelle-like manner, teeth like white sea-shells, and perpetual good humor on their lips and perfect health in their movements.

The Marina of Canéa is itself a study of weeks. Lying in a half-circle round the little port, it contains most of the coffee-shops and the custom-house, and is overlooked by the old citadel, on top of which is built the palace of the governor. A few pointed arches and vaults in ruins, with a massive side wall pierced with dungeon windows, still remain of Venetian work, with a fountain on the quay. Here you may see in the afternoon the Arab and negro porters on the eastern side in the sun, and on the western, before the cafés, contemplative Turks and speculative Greeks, drawing away at their hubble-bubbles or imbibing coffee in silence. The oddly-dressed crews and captains of all the quaint and antiquely-rigged craft huddled together in this insufficient port all gather here as the evening draws near to smoke and drink coffee, and bargain and talk over the news. Samriotes, Syriotes, Smyrniotes, Alexandriotes, men from Benghazi, Arab sailors, sailors from Trieste, Naples, Sicily, Malta Hydra, Salonica, and some that one can't tell the whereof, with Sphakiots and Candiots of our own isle—such a medley in dialects and costume as you find nowhere save in the Levant.

And such summer evenings as we have here! The north wind blowing across the Euganean comes to us full of sea odors, and the surf faintly breaking against the mole outside murmurs incessantly the same old story it told to Achilles wending on that not far-off shore, by "the deep, far-sounding sea;" to Ariadne watching disconsolately by this; to Ulysses coasting along them all, watching to see what sign might tell him to land with a friend or fly from a foe, looking up to the stars (not much changed now), shunning the very rocks on which ships are still wrecked by the north wind.

From the middle of June to the middle of August we have much hot weather, the thermometer ranging from 82° to 86° Fah. From the middle of August to the end of October we have such a climate as I used to dream that of Italy to be—days almost cloudless, sea-breeze every day, and an atmosphere of sapphire, in which the gray old mountains, still showing patches of snow in their ravines, show every crag and gully to their very summits. We see Mount Ida any day almost, though distant more than sixty miles; and the ranges which lie across the plain of Canéa seem only a rifle-shot away. The glens and gorges one sees even from here are tempting in the extreme to the lovers of the picturesque. In the days when we were at peace I used to take such charming rides up amongst the hills and passes; but now we are at war here, and when you have run the gauntlet of ruffianly and fanatical Turkish troops and got into the mountains, you run—not the danger of being taken by the insurgents—but of being taken for their friend when you come back.

A month now Crete has been in armed insurrection and not a shot fired, the Greeks having retired to their mountain fastnesses. The troops dare not or cannot follow, for through those defiles no organized body can march and no mass of men penetrate against the resistance of men armed with stones alone. It is a most curious spectacle to see the whole power of an empire directed in vain against these 20,000 badly armed and utterly unorganized Cretans. It recalls the days of Thermopylæ. And the more I see of the Cretans, the more I regard them as true representatives of the ancient Greeks. They have up in their mountains a "central committee" of the chief men of the island, countrymen, peasants, like all the rest, many of whom cannot even sign their names to their manifestoes, and yet they govern with an absolute and severe justice the whole insurgent population, control them completely, resist all the intrigues of the Government and all efforts to produce discord amongst themselves, and with a calm and wisdom of antique excellence receive and reply to the envoys of the Government, which has, so far, not gained a point on them.

In all the territory which they control not an egg has been stolen, not a wrong committed to any one. Twice, when detachments of soldiers have been carelessly led completely into their power, a single deputy has been able to restrain the people, burning to strike; and all this while the Turkish troops have ravaged and laid waste their vineyards, killed their flocks, violated their sanctuaries, and destroyed all that was destructible in them. An insurrection here is a matter of religion; it is Christian against Turk; and yet, while the troops have driven the entire population from many villages and destroyed hundreds, perhaps, of vineyards and gardens, not a Turk has been harmed from one end of the island to the other. In the town of Candia the Turks from the country have driven the Greeks from their own houses and entered into occupation, and the whole population has fled; while in the country even the abandoned estates of the Turks are protected. Once, before the hostile movement of troops, as the committee was in unarmed session, there came to the place of assembly a Turk with a barrel of wine, as peddlers of small beer to a New England general training, doubtless with hope of many piastres from the several thousand Cretans there assembled; but the committee put a bar on his selling wine. The poor man pleaded expenses and loss, etc., etc., and finally was allowed to sell on condition that he made himself responsible, by written agreement, for all the injury which might result from his wine-selling. On deliberation he declined and retired, his cask unbroached. About the same time the governor sent a message to the committee by a Cretan captain, a partisan of his, who, being received, heard, and dismissed with their reply, a Cretan of the common mass accosted him as he went away with reproaches of his disloyalty and spat in his face. He was instantly arrested and imprisoned by the committee. And the sequel of this affair, by the way, bears another moral. Some days after the aggressive Cretan was stabbed dead by the son of the insulted captain; and when, after considerable delay, the people saw that the governor had no intention of doing justice on the murderer, and some of the dead man's kinsmen (he was of the Sphakiot race, with whom the vendetta still obtains) repaired to the village of the murderer to put him to punishment according to their usage, the pasha sent troops to protect him and his house. The calves of a Turkish bey, resident not far from the place of meeting, having gone astray, the whole police force of the committee was employed in hunting them out and returning them, lest it should be said that some of the Cretans attendant on the committee had stolen them.

There is a characteristic of the Cretans which I have never met elsewhere—their system of chieftainship. Each village elects a captain, and if, as sometimes happens, the pasha interferes to control the election in favor of a man who is not liked by the people, they elect another, whom they obey, and to whom they look for guidance in any unusual political exigency. He is known as the people's captain, and the other as the pasha's captain. But these captains, though, while holding office, possessed of all the influence of the chiefs of Homer's day, are ruthlessly deposed on the next election if they are found unworthy. When, two years ago, they attempted a movement to obtain justice, the pasha succeeded in corrupting a number of the captains (chosen for peaceable times), and the movement failed by the counter influence of the corrupted chiefs. This year they are all true and tried men, and the pasha has not succeeded (so far as is known) in gaining any of them. They elected as president a certain Kostaros, one of the wealthiest and most influential men in the island, and a deputy. He declined, saying, "We are all equal, and we will remain so, working together."

Some of the circulars of the committee to the consuls have been dignified and noble political papers, and many have appeared, through the travesty of

French translations, in our papers; and a late letter to our President will be found a touching and effective exposé of the griefs of a nation.

Now, at length, the delaying diplomacy of Europe—bound in honor to see justice done to Crete—begins to act, and *we* begin to hope that right may come in the white robe of peace, and the loveliest island of the Old World be spared the ruin and carnage which, only a generation ago, cut off half its population and sent a tenth into exile. Never was a crueller crime than that by which diplomacy—at the end of that cruel war in which, after sufferings and endurance inconceivable to us, the Cretans had conquered their country and held all but three strong fortresses—passed them, tied hand and foot, back to their humiliated and conquered former masters. Injustice such as that breeds ever tragedies such as this which now shakes Crete.

Besides my republican sympathies for the Cretans, I have other motives to desire the restoration of peace, as permitting a nearer approach to those cool gorges whose yawning we see from the plains, and the forests of huge cypresses whose sacred groves darken the slopes of the Leucae Orae.

W. J. S.

CANEA, CRETE, August 20, 1866.

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The Week.

THE people uphold Congress. On Tuesday sixty members were to be elected in the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Iowa. In the XXXIX. Congress, 47 of this 60 were Union and 13 Democrats. At this present writing it is impossible to give results exactly; but it seems certain that in the XL. Congress there will be at least 48 Union men among the 60 elected yesterday, and but 12 Democrats. Iowa keeps her delegation unanimously Union. Ohio is as before, 17 to 2, and perhaps it is 18 to 1. Pendleton, ablest of the Democrats, is certainly beaten. Indiana is said to have given her Lincoln majority—20,000—for the Union ticket. This is doubtful, and her delegation will probably stand as before—8 to 3. The news is fullest from Pennsylvania. No political contest in that State was ever fiercer, and the total vote is unexampled. The utmost efforts were made to carry the State for the Johnson party. How hard Cowan and the other managers worked is shown by the Philadelphia vote; the old Union majority was cut down by one-half; but the gates of the navy-yard could not prevail, and Geary went out of the city about 5,000 ahead of Clymer. Edgar Cowan is to be replaced by a "Radical" senator. The delegation in Congress, instead of being 16 to 8, as now, is at least 17 to 7, and probably 18 to 6. The issue was great, the verdict is decisive, and the country may well be thankful.

THE President has issued a proclamation fixing the 29th of November as a day of national thanksgiving. Documents of this sort are not, as a general rule, proper subjects of criticism or even comment; but we cannot help observing with pleasure that Mr. Johnson announces, with earnestness which bespeaks conviction, "that those that are meek shall the Lord guide in judgment, and such as are gentle shall He teach His way," thus formally dissolving his own connection with the church militant, of which he has been for so long a shining light.

IT is solemnly revealed that the President did not receive unfavorably, as was falsely reported by evil-minded persons, the delegation of New York Fenians, headed by Messrs. Kelly and McCafferty, which waited on him last week, but, on the contrary, "promised to give their petition his careful attention at the earliest possible moment." Among the little requests made in the petition were the dismissal of Charles Francis Adams and all American consuls in Ireland. We respectfully suggest, however, that Mr. Adams, who has for five years been an admirable public servant, be not recalled without being heard in his own defence; and if his fate be in the hands of the New York Fenians, why, it stands to reason that before them should he appear. The occasion would be a very "august" one, as the court papers say, for the Fenian Senate is a very dignified and reverend body.

GENERAL BUTLER, as he goes farther west, gets more savage in his tone towards the President, probably adapting his language to what he finds to be the feelings of his auditors. He only shadowed forth an impeachment at Cleveland; but at Cincinnati he described the whole process for the benefit of laymen, and then "served notice on Andy Johnson," as he is pleased to call him, that if he did not obey the behests of the Senate, the "boys in blue" would make him. Waxing more terrible as he proceeded, he informed the regular army, without, as far as we know, the smallest provocation, that if they attempted to help the said "Andy," they would be "swept away like cobwebs before the morning sun."

MR. SUMNER delivered an excellent address last week in the Music Hall in Boston on the events of the past session. Its only fault was that, like most of his speeches, it was almost overwhelmingly full of matter. His account of his interviews with the President was curious and interesting, as showing the suddenness of that functionary's recent perversion. He asked Mr. Sumner, when the latter called attention to the disorders prevalent in the South as a reason for not restoring civil government at once, "whether there were no murders and assaults in Massachusetts?" an argument which belongs to the same category as that old pro-slavery one—"Would you like your daughter to marry a nigger?"

MR. RICHARD H. DANA, JR., has resigned his office of District-Attorney, giving as his reason, as we understand it, the fact that the President expects of those who hold civil office "sympathy with the opinions and sentiments he has of late expressed, and co-operation in the measures he has suggested." Now, as an expression of Mr. Dana's dissent from the President's opinions and disapproval of his policy, his resignation is no doubt very honorable to him, and will doubtless produce a very good effect on the public. But then we cannot help considering it an illogical step for a gentleman to take who denies, as he does in his letter to Mr. Seward, the President's right to exact of civil servants conformity with his opinions. Is it not a duty which every man owes to the country to contest this claim by every means in his power, and can there be any means so effectual as the refusal of office-holders whose standing and character raise them, as in Mr. Dana's case, above the suspicion of caring for office for office's sake, to admit its validity? We hold it to be the duty of every servant of the Government to refuse to deliver up his place because he disagrees with the President, no matter what the President may "expect." As long as officials of Mr. Dana's standing calmly perform *hari-kari* on themselves the minute they find that his High Mightiness at Washington has been pleased to provide himself with a policy, and to expect general approval of it, while protesting with their dying breath against the legality of their punishment, we shall have plenty of martyrs, but no reform.

THURLOW WEED writes to the New York *Times* that, in spite of all that has happened, he is going to vote the Democratic ticket, as he believes the country would be safer in Democratic than in Radical hands. Mr. Weed is not the first man who has for long years labored under the hallucination that he believed in the good sense and virtue of democracy, to find himself later in life frightened out of his senses by the mass of his countrymen having the audacity to differ from him. We sincerely trust his end is far distant; but we have very little doubt he

will, in his last hours, see in the triumph of principles over tactics, and of the public conscience over partisan shrewdness, the ruin of his country, and be glad to be removed from witnessing so painful a spectacle. He clearly has faith in the people so long as the people is of the same way of thinking as a certain gentleman whom we shall not name; but not one minute longer.

By a proclamation of General Sickles civil law is substituted for military in the State of South Carolina. Numerous signs indicate that it is granted as a favor, and indicate its source. Prosecutions of Federal officers and soldiers for acts heretofore done in a military capacity will not be permitted; it is not forbidden to execute the vagrant law, but corporeal punishment must be inflicted upon minors only; military protection is to be extended to all officers and agents of the Freedmen's Bureau; whenever district commanders learn of a failure on the part of the civil tribunals to protect all persons, irrespective of color, in all their rights, they shall arrest and hold the offending parties. The people are admonished to execute the laws justly in the case of persons recently clothed with civil rights, lest they draw upon themselves military interference. From all which it appears that the peace which has been proclaimed does not so exist that the law of the courts must not be supervised and supplemented by the will of the commanding general.

Secretary of the Treasury McCulloch, whom Mr. Lincoln is said to have praised as a man who knew finance if he knew nothing else, has written a letter to some gentlemen in Indiana, in which he says that he still continues to side with Mr. Johnson as against Congress. The President's plan of reconstruction is the only one, Mr. McCulloch thinks, which can be accepted by the South "without sacrifice of honor and manhood;" it is the plan which Mr. Lincoln originated, and to which the Republican party long ago committed itself. As to the first of Mr. McCulloch's statements, the South itself, which may be admitted the judge of what consists with its honor, will soon enough give it a contradiction. Of the truth of the second and third, Mr. McCulloch will be able to convince people who did not much lament the "lamented Lincoln," and he will convince almost nobody else. Is any man in doubt as to the position which Mr. Lincoln would be occupying if he could be alive to-day? The secretary's letter goes on to say that though finical and very fastidious people may have been displeased with the plainness and directness of Mr. Johnson's late speeches, yet everybody admits that his messages and other official communications are models of ability and good taste. It is possible to go farther than this; Mr. Johnson's worst enemies were delighted with his Cleveland, St. Louis, and Philadelphia speeches. But perhaps Mr. McCulloch is hardly to be trusted as a politician, when we find him quoting from the address of the forlorn Philadelphia Convention; nor as a critic, when we remember his own famous serenade speech.

Semmes, of the *Alabama*, is judge of the Probate Court in Mobile, but, for reasons best known to himself, Mr. Johnson does not allow him to exercise the functions of that office, and large numbers of heirs, afflicted administrators, widows, orphans, and other suitors in his court have for many months been suffering most vexatious and harassing delay. But a shore life seems to have corrupted and hardened the admiral. One would suppose that so soft-hearted a person—one who, even as a pirate, is clear of the charge of blood-guiltiness, and preferred merchant vessels to other antagonists—would be moved by the sight of so much anxiety and misery. It is not so, however. And therefore, seeing the admiral barnacled, as you may say, to the useless court, impeding as he sticks and sticking though he impedes, it is no wonder if certain of the Mobilians should whisper something about resignation. The admiral refers such persons to the marines. He is out in a card upon the subject. To resign, he says, would be to affect injuriously "the honor not only of himself, but of all his fellow-citizens, and of his proud if suffering State." In other words, he is going to draw his salary, do no work, and apply to the Vandal Government the coercion of the groans of the poor suitors. It is possible that this policy may be as well adapted to the proposed end as the burning of whalers was to securing Southern independence.

If there is no such word as bathetic, then the Rev. Mr. John D. Keiley has not been writing a most bathetic letter to the Petersburg *Index* about his visit to Jefferson Davis. The "stern statesman of Mississippi" appears in a light entirely new. As Mr. Keiley portrays him, he is an edifying mixture of the cleanly saint, the high-toned Southron, the well-dressed angel, and the shrinking *mimosa pudica*. "His linen was white as the driven snow—his neckcloth neatly adjusted—his hands faultlessly neat," etc., etc. "But with all this neatness there was an air of subdued dignity ("overpowered but not subdued," we suggest), of saintly serene humility that affected you too deep [ly] for tears." When he denies complicity with Booth he does it with such a "holy, child-like simplicity that it is impossible for any words, however weird, to convey a half idea—not an adequate idea—of that touching scene." Let us make haste to confess that, though we hate Jefferson Davis for Andersonville and have no respect for his abilities as a statesman, we are yet unconvinced that he was privy to the murder of Mr. Lincoln, and we readily believe that he keeps himself clean in person and apparel. We accept the sensitive plant also. "His whole being," says Mr. Keiley, "body, soul, and spirit [sic] seemed to me to be like an ideal sensitive plant." But this following statement is too much: "Not only outward things affect him deeply, but the very aroma of thought as yet unspoken, perhaps scarcely well-formed, is felt by him in some apparently mysterious manner." This we really do not believe. Clairvoyance, mesmerism, animal magnetism, might explain this detection of "aromas of thoughts half-formed," but these are Northern *isms* that a well-shorn, close-shaven, high-toned Southerner would never practise or believe; and we incline to the opinion that Mr. Keiley pushes hero-worship to soft-headedness, and that Mr. Davis never has perceived, and on a fair, above-board trial never can perceive, "the aroma" of any given half-formed or whole-formed thought. It is only to his own valet, we suppose, that a man is not a hero. Take a person with an inborn inclination to flunkeyism, and even a very ordinary personage, a pro-slavery politician in the nineteenth century, may seem a really great man.

The Lamirande case, which has made so much noise in Canada, is now beginning to make still more in England, and proves the Canadian police and bar, as well as many of the inferior judicial officers, to be shamelessly and apparently hopelessly corrupt. We got an inkling of this in the St. Albans affair, but the Lamirande case is something worse. This man is a French bank clerk, who made false entries and escaped to Canada, where his extradition was demanded by the French consul-general, and ordered by a local magistrate. An application was made to the Queen's Bench for a *habeas corpus*, and at the hearing the court decided at once against the claim, false entries being held, under the English ruling in the Windsor case, not to be forgery, and therefore not within the purview of the treaty. The counsel for the French Government, however, asked for an adjournment until the following day (it was then late in the evening), in order that he might be heard. The court granted it as a matter of courtesy. During the night Lamirande was spirited away under the original warrant of the inferior court, with the connivance and assistance of the sheriff and of the railroad officials, and apparently of the telegraph operators, who, on one excuse or another, refused to send despatches for the man's counsel, who was made aware of what was going on, and witnessed the kidnapping, but was powerless to prevent it. The prisoner was at once put on board the steamer which was on the point of sailing, and is now in France. It is, in fact, the St. Albans affair over again, only worse; and yet Mr. D'Arcy Magee and his confrères have the assurance to get up and homilize on the evils of the elective judiciary of the United States. An elective judiciary is a bad thing, but there is a worse, and that is a magistracy appointed by the executive, and which has lost not only its sense of honor but its sense of shame, and which public opinion is too debased to stigmatize.

Belgium, France, Italy, and Switzerland, by a convention signed at Paris last December, have constituted themselves "a union as re-

spects the weight, measures, values, form, and currency of their respective coinages in gold and silver." To this convention other states that shall hereafter accept its obligations may at any time accede. The contracting parties bind themselves to allow no coins to be manufactured within their dominions otherwise than as the convention specifies, and (except certain Swiss coins) the silver moneys now in circulation are to be withdrawn before the 1st of January, 1869. Swiss pieces of 2f. and of 1f. may circulate till Jan. 1, 1878. Nothing is said of the withdrawal of gold coins. The new coinage is to consist of gold pieces of the value of 100f., 50f., 20f., 10f., and 5f., and of silver pieces worth 5f., 2f., 1f., 50c., and 20c. Copper money is not meddled with. The treaty contains numerous provisions in regard to the amount of coin to be issued by each of the four countries, the weight and diameter of the pieces, etc., and stipulates that it shall remain in force till January, 1880, and unless, in 1879, notice is given to determine it, it shall remain in force till 1895, and then, in the absence of notice, shall continue another fifteen years, and so on, indefinitely. All travellers and all mercantile houses will heartily thank these high contracting powers for thus removing a great cause of vexation and expense to every merchant in foreign trade and every traveller from Calais to the Alps and Naples. And they will also have the thanks of all friends of progress for breaking down one of the most unnecessary of the barriers that divide without protecting the various members of the human family.

An international congress of working-men assembled at Berne, in Switzerland, last month, and resolved, among other things, that corporations are despotism; that the present state of things is "insolidarity," or war; and that the regulation of labor in the future is to be by association. "Every man will be producer and consumer, workman and capitalist, at the same time—that is to say, free." They also resolved, with some discussion, that the "rational" working-day was eight hours long, and that they would follow the example of the working-men of America in demanding this limitation of their toil, and erect it into a common standard. They further voted that the employment of women in manufactures was productive of degeneracy and demoralization in the human race. But they did nothing half so valuable to the true interests of labor as will be certain industrial partnerships in England, which are engaging the attention of the Social Science Congress in Manchester about this time. When we hear of employees receiving dividends and bonuses of from five to fifteen per cent. out of the profits of their establishments, it is clear that the era of good workmanship, active industry, and a cordial understanding of capital and labor is near to dawning, and that the period of visions and dreams is passing away.

Death has done for the Marquis de Boissy what the President of the Senate, Walewski, with hammer and gag, seldom could do effectually, when this jocose defender of the Second Empire had once opened his lips on any subject. There was always a spice of malice in his smiling professions of loyalty, an undertone of irony that was hardly more tolerable to the Government than the open challenge of Thiers or the resolute resistance of Berryer and Simon. He was also a patrician who laughed at his order, and seemed almost privileged to make sport for them—the buffoon of the Senate. When he talked he wandered at pleasure; nobody knew where he would end, or what he would discuss, this veritable *bête noire* of a business-like, orderly, despatch-loving body. When his portrait had been refused admission to a certain exhibition of paintings—it is from personal hostility to myself, he said, for it is a speaking likeness; and one speaking Marquis de Boissy was enough. But the last speech of this old man was honorable, and, so far as is now possible in France, even glorious. In the debate on the *sénatus-consulte*, by which any amendment and practically all discussion of the constitution were to be and have been taken away from the French Chambers—he was the only opponent of this despotic measure, and his was the last voice that has been heard in behalf of free speech and a progressive constitution. A very proper epitaph would be the retort he made on this occasion, when snubbed with cries of question by a military colleague: "This is not a review, Mr. Marshal."

THE FREEDMEN.

Auditor French, of the Treasury Department, has decided that in cases where a colored soldier was not marked as a slave on the rolls at the time of his enlistment, freedom shall be presumed, and no evidence to that effect shall be required. This decision is in direct contradiction of a recent order regulating the application for bounties.

—General Kiddoo has issued a circular to the sub-assistant commissioners in Texas, in which he directs them to harmonize the freedmen and their employers by appeals to the good sense and equity of both parties. At Brenham, Captain Smith, since the burning of the town, has virtually proclaimed martial law. He states that outrages on the freedmen are increasing, and that he is resolved to render every assistance to the officers of the Bureau in bringing the guilty to justice.

—A favorable report of the temper and intentions of the people of Northern Alabama is attributed to Major Jones, the Bureau superintendent for that district. "They entertain," says the despatch, "no malice toward Northern men who are not offensive." There is general prosperity on the plantations and in business.

—Of nine recent cases of whipping reported in the parish of Bienville, La., one was that of an old woman aged seventy, who received, it is said, 400 lashes.

—A State Convention of the colored men of North Carolina, to be held in Raleigh on the 2d inst., was duly called by the State League, but we have seen no report of its meeting. The League is a year old, and some of its doings were thus stated in the call:

"The State Legislature has been memorialized in behalf of the colored people, and our petition was treated with respectful consideration. We have, as far as practicable, established auxiliary leagues to promote the cause of educadon and to look after the suffering poor. While we feel a deep sense of gratitude to those benevolent societies which have done so much for the freedman, still we are conscious of the fact that we must learn to rely upon ourselves, and the world is looking to us for a demonstration of our capacity to perform the part of useful, intelligent citizens."

—A convention for the 16th has been called in this State by William Rich, of Troy, and others, to meet at Albany. It will appoint a new State central committee for the ensuing year, and "will urge the right of colored men to vote, sit on juries, and send their children to the public schools."

—A convention of colored soldiers and sailors "who have served in the Union army or navy during the rebellion, and who believe that they have not received from the Government a due recognition for their services rendered to her in the hour of need, and who believe that in sustaining the Union with the musket they have won their right to the ballot," is to meet in Philadelphia on the 8th of January, 1867.

—There are three methods of working on shares in North Carolina, at least around Salisbury. First, the freedman furnishes to the landowner only the labor, his share of the crops then being one-fourth; second, he furnishes everything but horse-power, his share being then one-half; third, he furnishes everything, and his share is then two-thirds.

—It is pretty well understood that the officers of the Bureau put on trial in North Carolina, in consequence of the charges of Generals Steedman and Fullerton, have been almost unexceptionally acquitted; but nothing has yet been published officially, and the objects of this inquisition are kept in a most unnecessary suspense, to which is added in some instances a good deal of pecuniary embarrassment. The only conjecturable reason for the silence of the Administration is the influence which an unjust stigma may have with the enemies of the Bureau at the fall elections, or a vindication with its friends.

—Actual cases of death by starvation have occurred in Alabama, and at Governor Patton's urgent request the supply of rations has been resumed. When they were stopped, two whites were supplied for every black.

—Some of the worst enemies of the freedmen are those unscrupulous persons of their own color who go abroad in the name of suppositious or worthless societies to collect funds from English philanthropists. An instance of this kind has recently come to our notice. It ought only to promote caution in giving, not a distrust of the race, which is worthy of all charity.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. Strahan & Co. have introduced to the English and American public a Norwegian writer, Björnstjerne Björnson, in a translation of "Arne: a sketch of Norwegian country life." Björnson is a poet and dramatist as well as a story-writer, and his works are full of the most delicate feeling for nature. He is a true poet, and shows that the old Scandinavian vigor has not entirely died out. Two other men in our day have manifested it, Ohlenschläger the Dane and Swedish Tegner. Holberg and Wergeland, both given by Norway to Denmark, also were brilliant men, about whom a crowd of lesser lights shone. Björnson has failed only in his plays, though they, like his stories, abound in beautiful pictures and delicate suggestions. "Sigurd, the Base-Born," is the best, though "King Svelle" and "Mary Stuart" contain many brilliant and beautiful passages. His lyrics are very sweet and sensitive, though not always profound. "Arne" is a very fair specimen of his powers. It is written in his finest mood, and is short, delicate, and simple. "A Happy Lad" is a prose idyl of similar character, that will equally repay translation.

—Among recent announcements of books by Charles Scribner & Co., we notice "The Hand-Book of English Literature," "The Hand-Book of Specimens of English Literature," and "The Hand-Book of the English Tongue," by Joseph Angus, M.A., D.D., of the University of London, a republication; the 7th and 8th volumes of "Froude's History of England;" a new volume of "Lange's Commentary," comprising the Commentary on the Acts; two new volumes of Dr. Schaff's "History of the Christian Church," bringing to a close the history of the ancient Church; and "Studies in English; or, Glimpses of the Inner Life of our Language," by M. Schele De Vere, LL.D., professor in the University of Virginia. Mr. Carleton advertises "Laus Veneris, and other Poems and Ballads," by Algernon Charles Swinburne, the book which the English papers have criticised so severely, and which brought the author the name of "the last pagan." Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. have just issued "The Science of Wealth," a manual of political economy, by Amasa Walker. "A Dictionary of the Hawaiian Language, to which is appended an English Hawaiian vocabulary and a Chronological Table of Remarkable Events," by Lawin Andrews, is published by H. M. Whitney, of Honolulu, and A. S. Barnes & Co., of New York. Mr. A. D. F. Randolph announces an edition of "Scott's Half-Hour Lectures on Art," with notes and additions, by Mr. Clarence Cook.

—A series of Spanish readers have been published by Messrs Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co. which are calculated to be of much service in the South American States. They are on the plan of Sanders's series of English Readers, and have been prepared by Mr. Luis Felipe Mantilla, a Cuban gentleman of great acquirements now residing in New York. The first book is an elementary primer intended to teach reading and spelling. The second book is a collection of pieces in an easy style, nearly all of which are selected from Hispano-American authors. The third contains extracts and short pieces from the whole range of Spanish and Hispano-American literature, and is accompanied by a vocabulary and an explanation of phrases, so as to be a chrestomathy suited to Americans studying Spanish. Apart from the educational merits of the series, which are very great, the two higher volumes give a collection of specimens of Mexican, West Indian, and South American authors that can be found nowhere else, and have been got together with great difficulty and care.

—The limits which separate criticism from libel are hard to settle and so different is opinion on that subject here from what it was in England fifty years ago, that the celebrated decisions of Lord Ellenborough are now of slight application. Mr. Charles Reade, however, proposes to test the question of what is fair criticism *apropos* of a condemnatory article on "Griffith Gaunt" that appeared some weeks ago in the *Round Table*. In a letter to the *Tribune* on the subject he is so grossly abusive as to deprive himself of what little advantage he had in the sympathy of the American public. If a writer is abused, he does not help himself by throwing back epithets of a still more abusive character, such as are only suited to the lowest city or Southern press; and the attack on "Griffith Gaunt" in the *Round Table* is not the slightest excuse for violent and direct accusations of immorality and impurity against its editors, or for calling them "beasts," "scribblers," "impostors," or "literary vermin." The conceit which appears too plainly in Mr. Reade's letter is both amusing and painful. He speaks of "Griffith Gaunt" as his "masterpiece;" says that it "has ever since December, 1865, *floated* the 'Argosy,'" and is very contemptuous in his allusions to his "inferiors" in writing. His boastful allusions to the price paid for his works, not "boatfuls of pap," are in the same strain. "Nothing is ever discussed between a trader and me except the bulk and the price. The price is sometimes a high one, but always a fair one, founded on my sales. If he has not the courage to pay it, *all the worse for him.*" The letter is thoroughly disgraceful to the writer, and almost an insult to the public to whom it is addressed. The trial promises nothing but a painful exposure of Mr. Reade's folly and of his ignorance of America and of American criticism.

—The shrewdness for which the Zulus gained credit by their sharp criticism of the Pentateuch, as reported by Bishop Colenso, is manifested in some nursery tales just translated by the Rev. Henry Callaway, M.D., with the euphonious title of "Izinganekwane, Nensumansumane, Nezindaba Zabantu." These tales show the delight taken by the Zulus in low cunning and trickiness, and are, therefore, not so entertaining as those of the European and Asiatic peoples. There is little of real humor or of "the innocent wonder, the adventurous faith, the large-hearted credulity, the indomitable hope, the golden visions of our Western fairy tales." The stories are childish and not childlike. One of them is about a malicious changeling, Uthlakanyana, who falls into the power of various ogres and ogresses, and details his shifts and tricks to escape. The poor ogres are so silly and so easily imposed on that, contrary to custom, our sympathies are all with the cannibals. In one of the stories, which is strikingly like that of "Jack and the Bean Stalk," there is a touch which is much nearer real cannibalism than anything found in English stories. The ogress being in want of food, had tried a bit of one of her own daughters, and taken a bite from her cheek; but finding it "bitter" had not gone further. The story of Uthlakanyana falls at the end into one of those chains of connected incidents, such as make up the stories of "The house that Jack built" and "Fire, fire, burn the stick; stick, stick, beat the dog." In one of these stories the connection is historic, in the other it is causal; in the Zulu tale it is compounded of both, and corresponds to what the French call "the logic of events." It is in this story an endless chain of self-interest, in making each event turn out more advantageously than the first, so that the boy of whom it is told, having found an edible root which his mother eats, gains, at the end of a series of recompenses, an article far more valuable than that with which he started.

—A late mail brings us intelligence of the deaths of several men noted or known in literature and science. Mr. Septimus Tennyson, the brother of the poet-laureate, died on the 7th of September, himself a poet who had written much but published very little, and that only in periodicals. Mr. Charles Maclaren, formerly editor and proprietor of the *Scotsman*, and better known for his geological labors and his description of the plain of Troy, died on the 10th of September, at the advanced age of 84. Herr Hermann Goldschmidt, the celebrated painter and astronomer died at Fontainebleau at the age of 64. He was a pupil of Cornelius, and contributed several noteworthy paintings to the Paris salons. He discovered fourteen asteroids in nine years, was eight times in ten years crowned by the Académie des Sciences, and received the large gold medal from the Royal Astronomical Society of London.

SCIENTIFIC.

Ordnance and Armor.—Capt. W. H. Noble, Royal Artillery, Associate Member of the Ordnance Select Committee, read before the British Association for the Advancement of Science a report on the penetration of steel and other projectiles into iron, which is printed in "The Engineer" for August and September. This report, which is

based on Government experiments, and has whatever official weight may be derived from the sanction of the Ordnance Select Committee, is full of matter to which American ordnance officers and the Congressional committees on naval and military affairs would do well to give seasonable heed. In 1864, the Ordnance Select Committee instituted a series of experiments for the purpose of determining the following points:

First, What will be the relative penetrating effects of two shot which strike an iron plate with the same "work," one shot being heavy with a low velocity, and the other light with a high velocity.

Secondly, What will be the relative resistances of a plate to penetration by two shot having the same form of head and striking with "work" proportional to their respective diameters. "Work" in this technical sense means the fraction $\frac{Wv_2}{2g}$ where W = the weight of the shot, v = the velocity on impact, g = the accelerating force of gravity.

In determining the first point, the gun used was a 6·3-inch muzzle-loading rifled gun of 140 cwt., with a bore 126 inches long; the projectiles used were solid steel shot 6·22 inches in diameter, with hemispherical heads, and of the following different weights: 35 lbs., 70 lbs., 106 lbs., and 63 lbs.; the shot of the first weight was spherical, the others were elongated; the charges were to be so arranged that each projectile should strike with the same "work" stored up in it; the iron plate which constituted the target was of the best rolled iron, 5½ inches thick, placed vertically at a distance of 100 yards, and unbacked. The required charge was previously ascertained for each projectile by the aid of Narvaez's electro-ballistic apparatus, which enabled the experimenters to determine the velocity of each projectile at the distance of 100 yards from the muzzle. The result of the firing was that all the projectiles of all four weights penetrated the plate and a considerable depth of earth, if the charges of powder were so proportioned as to give a "work" on impact of about 900 foot-tons. At one of the rounds the 35 lb. shot pierced the plate with a velocity on impact of 1,829 feet per second, which corresponds to a "work" of only 824·9 foot-tons; but a 70 lb. shot and a 102 lb. shot, having velocities so low that the "work" was less than 800 foot-tons, failed to penetrate the plate. The experiments furnish a complete answer to the first of the two problems above stated. It is immaterial whether the "work" stored up in a steel shot which penetrates a wrought-iron plate 5·5 inches thick be the result of a heavy shot and a low velocity, or of a light shot and a high velocity. Penetration can be effected by using powder enough to impart a velocity which will bring the "work" on impact up to at least 800 foot-tons. The lighter the shot, the heavier must be the charge of powder. In this connection penetration invariably signifies passing *through* a plate, not simply indenting it.

In the investigation of the second point three guns were used, a 6·3-inch muzzle-loading rifled gun of 140 cwt., a 7-inch muzzle-loading rifled gun of 134 cwt., and a 9-inch smooth-bore gun of 130 cwt. The projectiles were—for the 6·3-inch gun the same as those used in the first series of experiments; for the 7-inch gun, an elongated solid steel shot of 100 lbs. weight and 6·92 inches diameter, with a hemispherical head; for the 9 inch gun, a spherical solid steel shot of 104 lbs. weight and 8·87 inches diameter. The charges were so arranged that each projectile should strike with a "work" proportional to its diameter, taking the diameter of 6·3 inches as the standard of comparison. The required charge for each projectile was ascertained by preliminary trials, with the aid of the Narvaez apparatus, just as in the first series of experiments. The target was, as before, a plate of the best rolled iron, 5·5 inches thick, placed vertically at a distance of 100 yards, and unbacked. The unmistakable result of the firing executed in accordance with this programme was, that the penetrating power varies nearly in the inverse ratio of the diameter—that is, two shot of different diameters will penetrate equally well if the "work" with which they strike is in direct proportion to their respective diameters; or, to state it in other words, with the same striking "work" the smaller the diameter of the shot, the greater the penetrating power. An elongated projectile is, therefore, more efficient than a spherical one of the same weight.

The committee next attempted to determine whether the common assumption, that the resistance of wrought-iron plates varies as the square of their thickness, was correct. In one of the rounds of the first series of experiments a 6·22-inch projectile was just able to penetrate the 5·5-inch plate, with a "work" on impact of 825 foot-tons. The committee decided to fire the same sized shot against a plate 4·5 inches thick with a charge of powder adequate to produce the striking "work" given by the following proportion, viz., $5{\cdot}5^2 : 825 = 4{\cdot}5^2 : x$; whence x = 552 foot-tons. The weight of the steel shot was 64 lbs., its diameter 6·22 inches, and the required velocity 1,117 feet. The proper charge of powder to give this velocity at 100 yards was found by experiment to be 6 lbs. 11 oz. When fired with this charge, the shot just penetrated the 4·5-inch plate. The assumption that the resistance varies as the square of the thickness is, therefore, practically correct, and it is proved incidentally that a 6·22-inch shot will just penetrate a 4·5-inch plate with a "work" of 552 foot-tons. The four steel projectiles used in the 6·3-inch gun in the first series of experiments varied in weight from 35 to 106 lbs., but had, of course, the same diameter; in order that they should all strike with the same "work" of 552 foot-tons, they must be fired with different velocities, and therefore with different charges of powder, whose quantity can be experimentally determined. The four different charges required vary from 8 lbs. for the lightest shot to 6 lbs. 1¼ oz. for the heaviest. If the principles heretofore laid down be correct, the four shot fired from the 6·3-inch gun with these four different charges of powder should have very nearly the same penetrating power. Actual experiment proved this to be the case. A reduction of only two ounces in the calculated charge for the 35-lb. shot was sufficient to make all the difference between going through and not going through the target.

The principles thus established can all be stated in algebraic form; by means of the resulting equations it is possible to calculate the effects of shot against unbacked plates—to determine beforehand the thickness of plate necessary to resist certain ordnance, or to specify the most suitable ordnance for overcoming a certain defence. Captain Noble gives several examples of the use of these formulæ, and confirms the theoretical results to which they lead by actual experiments selected from the records of the Ordnance Select Committee; but in view of the varying quality of the materials employed, the rough nature of the experiments, and the many uncontrollable causes of error, he makes no pretension to anything more than an approximate solution of the problems under discussion. The experiments of the committee have an important bearing on the discussion concerning the comparative merits of rifled and smooth-bore guns. The same penetrating effect may be obtained by using a heavy elongated steel shot in a rifled gun with a moderate charge as by firing a lighter shot from a smooth-bore gun with a heavier charge, provided that the "work" be the same in the two cases. This result is much in favor of heavy rifled guns, since it proves that they may be made effective with comparatively moderate charges.

On the subject of oblique defences, such as turrets, cupolas, and iron shields placed at a slope, Captain Noble's report simply reasserts what has been abundantly proved—that the power of resistance is very greatly increased if the armored surface is placed at such an angle that it can only be struck obliquely. We reserve for a second note Captain Noble's discussion of the best form and best material for projectiles intended for use against iron defences, and we shall endeavor to illustrate the principles laid down by some examples drawn from the experience of our navy in the late war.

Poisoning by Admixture of Harmless Medicaments.—Professor Melsens, of Brussels, reports some curious cases of poisoning effected by mixing within the animal body certain chemicals which are wholly innocuous when taken singly and separately, and which have little or no tendency to act upon or decompose each other when brought together outside of the body. The two salts known as chlorate of potash and iodide of potassium, for example, when dissolved together in water crystallize out separately and without acting upon each other, as soon as the solution is evaporated. If the two salts be mixed in equivalent proportions and then dissolved in water, no decomposition occurs between them either at the ordinary temperature of the air or when the solution is boiled, or when it is heated to 365° under a pressure of ten atmospheres. Absolute fusion of the dry salts is necessary before double

decomposition with formation of iodate of potash will occur. Nevertheless, in experiments in which daily doses of seven grammes of a mixture of chlorate of potash and iodide of potassium in equivalent proportions were administered to dogs of thirty or forty pounds weight, the animals languished rapidly and soon died, some of them in the course of a week. The symptoms and effects of the poisoning produced by the mixed salts were similar to those produced by iodate of potash, a substance well known to be poisonous. It is therefore probable that, when a mixture of chlorate of potash and iodide of potassium is placed within the animal body, the two salts react upon one another, and there is formed the poisonous compound iodate of potash. The experiment furnishes another illustration of the indubitable truth that many chemical changes take place in the animal system which cannot be brought about under ordinary circumstances in the laboratory. It further suggests to physicians great caution in making new mixtures even of harmless and apparently compatible medicaments.

MUSICAL.

THE heat of the summer and the reports of cholera did not drive all the musicians from New York; on the contrary many of them have done their best to entertain the forced dwellers of the hot city. In addition to various musical festivals of German societies, and Sunday evening concerts of various degrees of excellence, Mr. Theodore Thomas, with an efficient orchestra of about thirty good performers, has given one hundred open-air concerts at Terrace Garden. The programmes included music of all kinds, from waltzes and galops, which suit well the tinkling of beer-glasses and the smoke of cigars, to operatic airs and overtures, and even symphonies. Twice each week was a whole division of the concert given up to music of the highest order, and, as an index of the growing love for good music in New York, it is to be noted that on those evenings the attendance was always large, and the most complete attention given. The audience was not wholly or even principally German, but these concerts were the resort of all young men of musical feeling, and often of families who were kept in town. Several symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven, and Haydn were played, as well as movements and overtures by Wagner, Liszt, Cherubini, and Mendelssohn. Besides these, there were evenings set apart for special composers, and we had Mendelssohn and Mozart nights. Mr. Thomas, we hope, made much pecuniary profit from these concerts; he at least has the satisfaction of feeling that he has done much for the improvement of musical taste. The Central Park concerts on Saturday afternoons have usually been good, and have often given music of much excellence. They were, of course, always thronged.

—The slowness with which the Academy of Music is being rebuilt will probably disarrange and retard the Italian Opera this winter. The chances of the opera-house being ready for January are very small. Mr. Maretzek has retained most of his last winter's company, and added Baragli, a new tenor from Paris; Ronconi, the great *buffo* and tragic singer of long European reputation, and for whom more operas have been written than for any other living singer; Ronconi's daughter, as yet untried; Mme. Natali-Testa, and Miss Hauck, of Calvary Church. A short Brooklyn season was to begin last evening with "Crispino." Several representations will be had at Winter Garden in December of light operas, including Herold's "Zampa," Rossini's "Barbiere," "Crispino," "Fra Diavolo," and "Don Bucefalo," a comic opera of considerable merit, by Cagnoni, a little known Italian composer. Later in the winter Mr. Maretzek promises "Rip Van Winkle," by George F. Bristow. At the Théâtre Français, French *opéras comiques* are to alternate with the regular plays and vaudevilles. The season opened on Tuesday evening with Halévy's opera, "Les Mousquetaires de la Reine," Mlle. Naddie and MM. Anthelme, de Surmont, and Vert taking the chief parts. To-night can be heard Paër's lovely little opera, "Le Maître de Chapelle," three airs of which are classic. The directors hope to give during the winter "Zampa" and "Le Pré aux Cleres" of Herold, "Galathée" and "La Reine Topaze" of Massé, "Les Diamants de la Couronne" of Auber, and works of Halévy, Offenbach, and other French writers. This will be an excellent opportunity to learn something of the French school of music, which New York has only known in an Italian disguise.

—Concerts will be numerous. There is a series of Sunday-evening concerts at Irving Hall, led by Mr. Thomas; a series at the Olympic Theatre; and another series projected, under Mr. Anschütz's direction. Mr. Goldbeck, Mr. Wehli, Mr. Wolfssohn, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Kunkel will give piano-forte soirées. The Mason & Thomas soirées of classical music will be kept up; and, as soon as the new Steinway Hall is finished, Mlle. Parepa, with MM. Rosa, Levy, and Brignoli, will occupy it for a while. Mr. Thomas will give a popular concert there every Thursday night. In oratorio we are promised Haydn's "Seasons," Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" and "Elijah," "Daniel," a new oratorio by Geo. F. Bristow, and Liszt's celebrated "Graner Mass." Dr. Cutler and his "Cecilian Choir" of boys will give "Samson." The interest of music lovers, however, centres upon the orchestral concerts. Mr. Thomas is first in the field with his enjoyable "Symphony Soirées," which will be given with an orchestra of seventy. They are to be given on Saturday evenings: Oct. 20, Nov. 24, 1866; Jan. 12, Feb. 23, and March 23, 1867. The first concert will present Wagner's Vorspiel, "Die Meistersänger von Nurnberg," Beethoven's concerto for piano, G, op. 58, and Schubert's "Symphony in C." The programme of the second shows Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, and Beethoven's "Choral" symphony. Besides these the list includes Abert's "Columbus" symphony, which has gone the rounds of Germany with approval; Liszt's "Two Episodes from Lenau's Faust," a new work; Suite in C, op. 101, by Raff; Suite in Canon Form, op. 10, by Grimm; parts from the "Missa Solennis," op. 123, of Beethoven; the "Heroic" symphony of Beethoven; Schumann's symphony in D minor; and Beethoven's overture in C, op. 115. The Philharmonic concerts are under the direction of Carl Bergmann. The only novelties announced are one of the "Episodes from Lenau's Faust," by Liszt; Wagner's "Meistersänger von Nurnberg," both given by Thomas; Bristow's "Columbus" overture, played at Brooklyn last winter; a symphony in D minor by Volkmann, a friend and fellow-pupil of Schumann; a symphonic poem by Liszt, "Hunnenschlacht (nach Kaulbach);" and Berlioz's dramatic symphony "Romeo and Juliet." The concerts will take place at Steinway's Hall. As there is some change in the usual sequence of rehearsals, we append the list for the benefit of persons living out of town:

1866.		1867.	
Saturday,	Oct. 20.—Afternoon rehearsal.	Saturday,	Jan. 26.—Morning rehearsal.
"	Nov. 3.— " "	"	" 26.—Third Concert.
"	" 17.—Morning rehearsal.	"	Feb. 16.—Afternoon rehearsal.
"	" 17.—First Concert.	"	Mar. 2.— " "
"	Dec. 1.—Afternoon rehearsal.	"	" 9.—Morning rehearsal.
"	" 8.— " "	"	" 9.—Fourth Concert.
"	" 15.—Morning rehearsal.	"	" 30.—Afternoon rehearsal.
"	" 15.—Second Concert.	"	Apr. 13.— " "
1867.		"	" 20.—Morning rehearsal.
Saturday,	Jan. 5.—Afternoon rehearsal.	"	" 20.—Fifth Concert.
"	" 19.— " "		

The Philharmonic Society propose to give, in addition, a musical festival on the occasion of their twenty-fifth anniversary. The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society give their first concert on October 27, with Abert's "Columbus" symphony; Beethoven's overture to Leonora, No. 3; and Schubert's "Reiter Marsch" for orchestra, by Liszt. The remaining concerts take place on December 8, January 19, March 2, and April 13, all under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas.

THE LAST FRENCH NOVEL.*

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS, the younger, having established a reputation as one of the most ingenious of playwrights, and the most unflinching in his adherence to certain morbid social types, has now, at one stroke, affixed his name to the list of the greater French novelists. He had, indeed, written a number of clever stories; but in none of them was there discernible a claim to arrest the public attention. In the "Affaire Clémenceau" this claim is apparent from the first page to the last; or, in other words, the work bears signal marks of being, before all things, *serious*. It is for this reason that we feel justified in speaking of it.

The story is cast into the shape of a memorial, drawn up for the use of his advocate by a man under indictment for the murder of his wife. It proposes to relate the history of their connection and to trace out, step by step, every link in a long chain of provocation. It aims, in fact, at putting the lawyer—or, in other words, the reader—as nearly as possible in the position of the accused. It is not a piece of special pleading; it is a patient, intelli-

* "Affaire Clémenceau: Mémoire de l'Accusé. Michel Lévy." Paris. 1866.

gent statement of facts. It is not, indeed, a mere dry *catalogue raisonné* of incidents governed only by the spirit of chronology; for the hero is, on the face of the matter, a man of the deepest feeling and the richest understanding. Although the narrative confines itself to facts, these are dealt with in a fashion which of late days it has been agreed to call physiological. Metaphysics have been for some time turning to physiology; novels are following their example. The author concerns himself with motives and with causes, but his process is the reverse of transcendental. He bores his way so keenly and so successfully into the real, that one is tempted to fear that he will come out on the other side, as the French Revolution is said to have done with regard to liberty. In speaking of his book, it behooves the critic honestly to take note of the direction towards which he sets his face. It is evident from the outset that he will deal with things as they are; that he will speak without intellectual prudery and without bravado; that, having to tell a story containing elements the most painful and the most repulsive, he will pursue the one course which may justify his choice: that of exhibiting these elements in their integrity. To adopt such a course, so considerately, so consciously, and yet with so little of that aggressive dogmatism which would be sure to betray the mixed intention of an inferior writer; to pursue it so steadily, so relentlessly, and with so sincere and manful an intelligence of the interests at stake; to do this is, in our opinion, to have accomplished a great work, and to have come very near being a great writer.

Pierre Clémenceau is the natural son of an industrious and successful *lingère*. His misfortunes begin with his going to school, where the circumstances of his birth make him an object of general obloquy. The sufferings of childhood have formed the stock of the first volume of many an English novel, but we do not remember to have read any account of a school-boy's tribulations so natural in outline and so severely sober in color as the bald recital of young Clémenceau's persecution. It has been said, and doubtless with justice, in criticisms of this part of the book, that M. Dumas has fallen quite beside the mark in localizing such a system of moral reprobation in a Parisian school. Let us American readers, then, take it home to ourselves; we shall not have translated the book for nothing. On leaving school, Clémenceau evinces a lively inclination for modelling in clay; some of his figures are shown to a famous sculptor, who gives him hearty encouragement, and kindly consents to receive him as a pupil. From this moment his worldly fortunes prosper. His vocation is plain, he works hard, his talent obtains due recognition. He is still a very young man, however, when he meets at a fancy-dress party, given by a literary lady of the Bohemian order, a singular couple, whose destinies are forthwith interwoven with his own: a showy, middle-aged woman, dressed as Marie de Médicis, and her little daughter, radiant with velvet and childish loveliness, as her page. The child, worn out with late hours, falls asleep in an arm-chair; while she sleeps, Clémenceau, with an artist's impulse, attempts to sketch her figure, and, while he sketches, loses his heart. The child awakes, asks to see the picture, and then asks to possess it. Clémenceau promises to add a few touches at his leisure, and to bring it to her the next morning. This whole scene has been aptly cited as an instance of the author's resolute devotion to the actual and the natural. Nothing could be less ideal, less pastoral, than the dawning of the hero's passion. No privacy, no solitude, no fresh air, no glimpse of nature; but, instead, a shabby-genteel masquerade on a rainy night, the odors of the *pot-au-feu*, an infant phenomenon, and a mamma in hired finery. The acquaintance thus begun soon becomes an intimacy. Madame Dobronowska is a Polish lady who has had misfortunes, and who is leading a hand-to-mouth existence in Paris, in anticipation of the brilliant future to which she regards her daughter's beauty as the key. There follows an elaborate picture of the household of these two ladies, of their mingled poverty and vanity, of the childish innocence and incipient coquetry of the daughter, of the magnificent visions and the plausible garrulity of the mother. Madame Dobronowska is an adventuress, more false and mercenary than the fancy can readily conceive, but gifted for the ruin of her victims with a certain strong perfume of frankness, motherliness, and *bonhomie*, which is the more fatal because it is partly natural. There is something equally pathetic and hideous in her jealous adoration of her child's beauty and her merely prudential vigilance. "Have you seen her hands?" she asks of Clémenceau, when he comes with his sketch. "Yes." "Look at them by daylight." "She raised her daughter's hand and showed me its truly remarkable transparency by flattening it, so to speak, against the light; and then, taking it between her own, she kissed it with a sort of frenzy, crying, '*Tu es belle ça!*' These words produced upon the child the effect of a cordial; the color came to her cheeks, she smiled, she had got back her strength." Clémenceau executes a bust of the young girl, and makes himself useful to the mother. Before many weeks, however, his friends leave Paris to seek their fortunes in Russia. For three years Clémenceau sees nothing more of them, although he occasionally receives a letter from Iza (the daughter) describing the vicissitudes of their career. Failing in her attempt to secure for her daughter the notice of the Crown Prince at St. Petersburg, Madame Dobronowska removes to Warsaw, and commences operations afresh. As time elapses, however, these operations prove to be of a nature detrimental to her daughter's honor; and Iza, horrified by her mother's machinations, which she is now of an age to comprehend, applies for assistance to Clémenceau, as her only friend. The young man replies by a declaration of love, which Iza receives with rapture, and forthwith makes her escape to Paris. She is now seventeen years old, and in the perfection of beauty; Clémenceau's mother is admitted into the secret, and they are married. For a long time their married life is without a cloud; but at last Iza becomes a mother, Madame Dobronowska arrives, a reconciliation takes place, Clémenceau's own mother wastes away from an inexplicable malady, and a number of his friends show signs of leaving him. Finally comes upon him like a thunder-clap the revelation of a long course of exorbitant infidelity on the part of his wife. The woman who has been for him the purest of mortals has long been, for all the world beside, a prodigy of impudicity. Clémenceau breaks with her on the spot, and takes the edge from his frenzy by fighting a duel with the last of her many lovers. He provides for the maintenance of his child, and suffers himself to be led to Rome by one of his friends. Here, in the study of the great monuments of art, he awaits the closing of the wound which has been inflicted upon his honor and upon the deepest passions of his soul. His better wishes, however, are not answered; day by day the desire for revenge, the fury of resentment, gathers instead of losing force. Hearing at last that, after a short term of seclusion, his wife has appeared before the world in a blaze of splendor, as the presumed mistress of a foreign potentate, he hastily returns to Paris and presents himself at the mansion occupied by Iza at the cost of her royal protector. She receives him with the cynical good nature of a soul utterly bereft of shame, and he stabs her to the heart.

Such is a rapid outline of M. Dumas's story. It traces the process of the fatal domination acquired by a base and ignoble soul over a lofty and generous one. No criticism can give an idea of the mingled delicacy and strength of the method by which we are made to witness the unfolding of the heroine's vicious instincts. There is in one of Balzac's novels a certain Valérie Marneffe, who may be qualified as the poetry of Thackeray's Becky Sharpe. Iza Dobronowska is the poetry of Valérie Marneffe. The principle of her being is an absolute delight in her own corporeal loveliness; this principle, taking active force, leads her into the excesses which arrest her career.

We are content to sum up the defects of the "Affaire Clémenceau" in the statement that its ultimate effect is to depress the reader's mind, to leave it with no better compensation for the patient endurance of so many horrors than a grave conviction of the writer's prodigious talent, and a certain vague, irritating suspicion that his own depression is even deeper than ours. In the way of compensation this is not enough. To be completely great, a work of art must lift up the reader's heart; and it is the artist's secret to reconcile this condition with images of the barest and sternest reality. Life is dispiriting, art is inspiring; and a story-teller who aims at anything more than a fleeting success has no right to tell an ugly story unless he knows its beautiful counterpart. The impression that he should aim to produce on the reader's mind with his work must have much in common with the impression originally produced on his own mind by his subject. If the effect of an efficient knowledge of his subject had been to fill his spirit with melancholy, and to paralyze his better feelings, it would be impossible that his work should be written. Its existence depends on the artist's reaction against the subject; and if the subject is morally hideous, of course this reaction will be in favor of moral beauty. The fault of M. Dumas's book, in our judgment, is not that such a reaction has not occurred in his own mind, or even that it has been slight, but that it is but faintly reflected in the constitution of the story. There is in the author's tone an unpleasant suggestion of cynicism. It may be, however, that there is but just enough to show us how seriously, how solemnly even, he has taken the miseries which he describes. There is enough, at any rate, to establish an essential difference between the "Affaire Clémenceau" and such a book as M. Edmond About's "Madelon." It may be, taking high ground, a fault that the former work is depressing; but is it not a greater fault that the latter, considering what it is, is amusing? The work before us thrills and interests the reader from beginning to end. It is hard to give it more liberal praise than to say that, in spite of all its crudities, all its audacities, his finer feelings are never for an instant in abeyance, and although, to our nervous Anglo-Saxon apprehensions, they may occasionally seem to be threatened, their interests are never actually superseded by those of his grosser ones.

Since the taste of the age is for realism, all thanks for such realism as this. It fortifies and enlarges the mind; it disciplines the fancy. Since radicalism in literature is the order of the day, let us welcome a radicalism so intelligent and so logical. In a season of careless and flippant writing, and of universal literary laxity, there are few sensations more wholesome than to read a work so long considered and so severely executed as the present. From beginning to end there is not a word which is accidental, not a sentence which leaves the author's pen without his perfect assent and sympathy. He has driven in his stake at the end as well as at the beginning. Such writing is reading for men.

DOCTOR JOHNS.*

ALL human power, says De Balzac, is a compound of patience and time. It is a saying, like several other French generalizations, true only with limitations; but how true it is of the power to wade through two-volume novels of the "Doctor Johns" sort! It is conceivable, of course, that the book may entertain some people and instruct some people. But there are ninety-nine chances in a hundred against its doing so. It may, before it is forgotten, get into the hands of four or five persons just making a beginning in novel-reading, in which case it is possible that it may please, and even may do good. Certainly there is no one who has had the ordinary allowance of novels who will not have long ago got tired of all that there is in this one, it is so utterly worn out.

In the fifteenth chapter of his "Liber Memorialis," Martinus Scriblerus, who laments that preceding writers, laying down rules for the making of epic poems, had always presupposed originality and genius in the poet, prepares some rules in which that error finds no place. He furnishes an exhaustive recipe for concocting and mingling the fable, the deities, the manners, the tempest, the episode, and every other part of the work. A new Martinus might do the same thing for persons desiring to manufacture novels of New England life. A minister is the principal ingredient. Stuff him with doctrines of election, justification by faith, and eternal punishment. Let his arid, severe nature, repressed by Calvinistic formulas and Puritan Blue Laws, briefly blossom into poetry under the warmth of love for some maiden. The maiden should be in delicate health and die young, or should, for some reason, refuse the minister's addresses, and his heart must, by and by, get austere again. If he marries, he must be made much afraid lest he should love his wife too much. He ought to be dignified, ignorant of the world, unknowing the use of buttons, and careless of the number of his shirts. It is well that there should be some acute-minded woman—spinsters are best—who takes care of the good man. Let there be an admiring congregation. One of his deacons ought to be a hard-headed theologian; another ought to be sharp at a bargain. Some of the elderly women ought to be notable and vinegary, some notable and motherly, some elderly and of saintly piety and a repressed poetic tendency, some youthful but disinclined to swallow formulas. Both of these classes last mentioned ought to sit in the singing seats. Some of the young men of the parish, too, must have the old Adam considerably developed, and, like some of the young women, must worry their parents, their lovers, and their pastor, by remaining unconverted and occasionally making unspiritually-minded speeches. The church on Sundays must smell of carraway seeds. A big stove in the middle aisle should be mentioned. Something should be said of Federalism and Jefferson democracy; also, of a general training or a convocation of ministers; and, of course, no story of the New England life of fifty years ago can be called complete without reference to the rum of that name and period.

The general tone of the book in dealing with the people of that day, their religious observances and faith, their whole system of life, should be a mixture of patronizing respect for their honesty, of pity for their stifling of natural affection and propensity to long sermons and vivid belief in hell-fire, of contempt for their smallness of soul and stinginess. It is not necessary to go more than skin-deep. There is no need of mentioning their aspirations for freedom, their fostering of education, their courage, their astonishing good sense, their trembling fear of God and love of good, the noble service which these painful souls, acute minds, strong hearts, and stout hands have given always and are giving still to all causes for which the world ought to care. Having properly depicted the extreme narrowness and bleak poverty and chilling austerity of New England life, it will be well to import into it something of warmth and color. A Frenchwoman, with a native taste in dressmaking and millinery, is very good for this purpose. It will be found serviceable, also, to say something of voyages to foreign lands, where religion shows its sentimental side, where what the minister may call "The Scarlet Woman" bears sway, and where somebody with a rosary, in tears before a crucifix, shows himself "as near perchance, who knows, to the Loving Father as if," etc., etc.

Doctor Johns is made after the recipe which, indeed, has long been well enough known, so that the new Scriblerus is not needed. This is the story: The doctor is settled over a country parish in Connecticut. The village is duly described; there are elms and lilacs, and the lilacs are, according to rule, spoken of as "lalocks." The parlors of the village are apt to be dreary, and are generally shut up tight. The doctor is married; his wife bears him a boy, and dies. The doctor stifles his natural feelings, and never marries a second wife. The housekeeper appears in the person of Miss Eliza Johns, a maiden lady of a certain age, who is careful about the doctor's wigs and ruffles, but gets on badly with Reuben, the son, who grows up a little wild, finds his father too strict and severe, Miss Eliza too strict and severe, the preaching long-winded, and the formulas difficult of deglutition. He becomes converted, however, while he is in New York, in his uncle's counting-house; but by-and-by he backslides. He goes to Europe, sees St. Peter, reads the *Ædificabo meam ecclesiam* in gilt letters, wrestles with doubts, we are to suppose, is shipwrecked on the Long Island coast as he comes home, and dies with a comforting "great light" before him, "which makes it all plain," but seems to have no more appetite for the formulas than he had when in health. His father's theological views widen after this, and the book ends leaving the doctor, now very old, pretty certain that, after all, his Reuben is with his Rachel.

The warmth and color business is done by Adèle Maverick. Maverick, an old college friend of the doctor's who has settled in France, begs the doctor to receive into his family and educate in New England ways his little girl. Adèle, with French gushingness, twines herself round the doctor's heart, and, in process of time, "unites with the church" in Ashfield. Mr. Maverick comes over when Adèle is about sixteen or seventeen to see his daughter, and finds her very intimate with a Madame Arles. Adèle's mother, by the way, is not known, and Madame Arles, who is afflicted with *angina pectoris* and who has a spasm when she first sees Adèle, is, of course, set down by the reader as the person who is, or who ought to be, the wife of Mr. Maverick. When that gentleman gets sight of Madame Arles he hastily leaves Ashfield, which he had just entered, and has Dr. Johns take Adèle secretly to New York; when Madame Arles dies, which she does in the Catholic faith, she leaves a handkerchief with a certain name upon it which Adèle has learned was her mother's maiden name; in the act of dying she says to Adèle, "Ma fille, ma fille!" In short, the reader is requested to believe that the mysterious lady is the mother of the heroine. So for anything we can see she might have been. She is not, however. Another Frenchwoman is. Maverick, to legitimize his child, makes the mother a late atonement by marrying her, and she is lost in the same ship with Reuben Johns. Adèle marries Phil Elderkin, Mr. Maverick lives to see a grandchild, and the book ends.

Evidently the plot of the book is not its strong point. But the fact is that it is all weakness. It is barren of thought, and that is a deadly fault in these days when the novel is the chosen medium for very much of the very best thought, when (if "literature is the thought of thinking souls") novels have a better right than almost any other branch of writing—better than poetry, almost—to be exclusively called literature. It is easy to give a taste of his quality: "Are there two such creatures," he asks, "as constitutional doubters or possibly constitutional believers?" Yes, we say; and in turn we ask: Was Macaulay's famous school-boy ever whipped for laborious triteness in his English exercises? "It is so rare," he writes, "to fall in with one who earnestly and heartily seems to believe what he says he believes. And if you meet him in a preacher at a street-corner, declaiming with a mad fervor, people cry out 'A fanatic!' Why should n't he be? I can't for my life see. Why should n't every fervent believer in the truths he teaches," etc., etc.

* "Doctor Johns: Being a Narrative of Certain Events in the Life of an Orthodox Minister of Connecticut. By the author of 'My Farm of Edgewood.'" In 2 volumes. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1866.

NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

NUMBER VI.—ETYMOLOGY.

THE most important task of the lexicographical etymologist is the distribution of our piebald vocabulary into nationalities, the reference of its several constituents to the multifarious linguistic sources from which we have taken them. I say from which *we* have taken them, because, as I have already sufficiently explained, a manual dictionary must confine itself chiefly to proximate and historical etymology, introducing ancient, remote, or collateral forms only when they are important for the illustration of the mean-

ing, the orthography, or the articulation of the English word. This is a task requiring great patience, great linguistic attainment, and great knowledge of English philological history. The proportions in which our words are drawn from the different languages which have contributed to our stock, have not been estimated with any approach to precision; but there is no doubt that the largest number has been taken from the Latin, classical and rustic, through the French and other Romance dialects; next in number are those from Anglo-Saxon; then, if we include any considerable share of the modern scientific vocabulary, come terms derived from Greek roots; then Celtic words, in regard to which it should be observed that we cannot always determine whether a vocable, apparently Celtic, was borrowed by the Anglo-Saxon from that language in Britain, whether, at some ancient period, the Low German dialects adopted it from continental Celtic, or even whether it is not a root derived directly from the common source of all the Indo-European tongues, without having passed through a specifically Celtic speech. There are a few scattered words from the Semitic and other remote languages, and there is a considerable number, some peculiar to English, some common, also, to several of the continental dialects, the source of which is altogether unknown.

In the great majority of cases, as has been already observed, the Latin words which compose a part of our vocabulary have been introduced since the middle of the fourteenth century through the French. It might seem superfluous labor to attempt to discriminate between these two sources, the one being a direct derivative of the other; but it is a matter of great interest to our literary and our social history to determine whether particular features of our vocabulary are due to classical or to romantic influences. This is a question not easily settled. In general, it may be said that the form of words of this class indicates an immediate French parentage. But the form is not a decisive test; for, on the one hand, when classical words were introduced directly from Latin, their orthography would, in most cases, be determined by the analogy of words of like ending previously adopted from the same source through the French; and on the other, numerous instances can be cited where words, undoubtedly borrowed immediately from French, have, in later generations, been reformed in spelling, so as to approach much nearer to the Latin original.

There arises a similar question with regard to the few English words of Greek origin not belonging to the dialect of the physical sciences. How far did we take them directly from Greek literature, and how far are we indebted to Latin or other languages for them? This is a point of much interest, because it involves the enquiry to what extent the mind of England was influenced, in the early ages of her literature, by direct contact with the intellect of Greece. Thus the word *church* is considered by most etymologists to be derived from the Greek *κυριακόν* or *κυριακή*. It is found in all the Gothic languages except the Mœso-Gothic, in which it does not occur, and it seems to have made its appearance in Anglo-Saxon as early as in any of the sister tongues. But it was never used in Latin, and if this etymology is correct, the wide diffusion of the word among the northern languages would tend to show that the nations which spoke them had more intercourse with the Oriental Church than historical evidence has otherwise rendered probable.

We have in English a certain number of hybrid words—compounds of Latin and Saxon roots; a still greater number where a Romance radical has taken an English ending, or the reverse. It is in general easy enough to separate such compounds and derivatives into their component elements, but it is not in all cases clear whether such words are to be considered as properly belonging to the French or to the English half of our alphabet. As I remarked above, we have taken from Latin or French the words *sense* and *sentence* without adopting the *verbal* root from which both are derived. At the time of their introduction every writer knew that they had a common origin, and in old English literature they were used to a great extent interchangeably, or as synonyms of each other. But when reading and writing became common among Englishmen who were not acquainted with Latin or French, the majority of those who used these words, being ignorant that they were allied vocably, soon began to make a more marked distinction between them. This distinction was adopted by scholars, and the difference between the two became more pronounced than it had been in Latin or in French. To the mere English reader, as we have seen, both words were primitives, and derivatives not strictly corresponding to their Latin or French offspring were formed from them. Thus the most eloquent of our prose writers, Milton, speaking, in his letter to Hartlib, of the place of poetry in a scheme of education, says: "To which [logic] poetry would be made subsequent, or, indeed, rather precedent, as being less subtle and fine, but more simple, *sensuous*, and passionate." In this instance—the first, I suppose, in which the word *sensuous* occurs—it probably meant suggestive of the images of things perceptible by the senses, picturesque, materialistic. Somewhat later, the metaphysicians employed it as an epithet indicating all things which are the subjects of cognition by the senses, as distinguished from subjects of pure cogitation or of moral perception, but it fell into disuse, some writers employing instead *sensible*, others *sensual*, forms analogous to the Latin and French, until it was happily revived by Coleridge. *Sense* is ultimately of Latin origin, and though the adjectival reading *-ous* is found in old French, yet it had been replaced in that language by *-eux* long before Milton's time, and had become distinctively English, for which reason *sensuous* was rejected by classical purists as of mixed etymology. Here, then, we have a word from a root and with an ending both originally French, but both long naturalized as English, and both capable of being employed as constituents of new English words, the one having become an English stem, the other an English termination. How is the etymologist to class this word? Shall he say it is a derivative from the English noun *sense*, from the French noun *sens*, or from the Latin verb *sentio*?

I have, I fear, now extended my preliminary remarks to a greater length than will be acceptable to the readers of The Nation, and I have no doubt said enough to show that the statistics of the English language constitute a branch of enquiry neither trifling in point of interest nor altogether easy of investigation. I shall now proceed to examine, in alphabetical order, some of the etymologies and the definitions of the excellent dictionary I am reviewing, and I propose, at a later period, to give numerical computations which will illustrate some of the points I have suggested.

G. P. M.

The American Law Review. October, 1866. Pp. 228. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)—Law magazines have had in this country an almost uninterrupted run of ill-success. The skeletons of many past enterprises are scattered along the path which every new editor and publisher of a law journal must tread. This is so well known among the trade that the very name of such a magazine is proverbial among publishers as a synonym for failure.

Nevertheless, we are truly glad to see that, undiscouraged by the disasters of others, the great law publishers of Boston have undertaken to issue a quarterly review of legal topics. We think that we discern in it elements of success which distinguish it from anything that has yet appeared in its line. The secret of past failure has been that law magazines have almost uniformly paid nothing for contributions, and have therefore been filled with matter worth exactly the price paid for it. In the few cases in which publishers have deviated from their golden rule, they have engaged venerable jurists of established fame, and paid them prices which would justify them in giving one day's labor to each article, an amount of work which we judge the jurists aforesaid to have conscientiously bestowed. But unfortunately the mere physical act of writing an average article occupies nearly the whole of the time thus allowed for it; while it is a moderate estimate to put the time necessary for an original search among the authorities at four or five days. Unless this part of the work is *thoroughly* done, the article is of little value; if this work is not done at all, the article is worthless, nay, worse than worthless, it is a snare, a jack-a-lantern lighted up by the reputation of its author, and certain to betray whosoever followeth it.

The prospectus of the "American Law Review" has, then, in our judgment, two features of special merit, namely, the absence of high-sounding names, and the promise of payment for contributions. Let the publishers be courageous in their adherence to this programme, and they cannot fail to succeed. For lawyers, however economical, not only want but must have a magazine thus conducted, when it is once fairly started. There is no class of people who buy more books that they would rather not buy if they could help it than lawyers. And when a really first-class magazine is issued, they will find it as dangerous to be without it as to omit the last volume of reports. Now the absence of famous names implies that nothing is paid merely for the sake of a name; while the fact that everything is paid for, implies more certainly that nothing is printed which is not deemed worth paying for.

The first number of the "Law Review" gives excellent promise for the future. The opening article on the natural right of support from neighboring soil is a very interesting and useful one, and though we cannot honestly say we think it well written in point of style, we do think it worthy of commendation for its research and its general accuracy. The article on the effect of State legislation upon the process of Federal courts is better written, but intrinsically less interesting. The subject is one of much importance in the Western States. The article on the evidence of experts is a good one, and receives a practical comment in the Ryves case, which forms the subject of the following article. A full digest of English law reports occupies eighty-five pages to great advantage, and will be continued quarterly. This will be a most useful portion of the magazine. The book notices are numerous and seem to be impartial. The criticism of Mr. Hilliard's trash is rather amusing and very candid, considering that the publishers of the magazine are also the publishers of the "Law of Torts." A long list of new law books is given, which is sufficiently near completeness to be very valuable. There is also some other matter of interest to the profession.

The typography of this number is very handsome, and the proof-reading has been generally well attended to, though we notice the name of "Beavan" printed as "Brewar," on page 96, and one or two minor errors on pages 186 and 191.

As a whole, the "Law Review" promises to deserve success, and we heartily commend it to the favor of the bar.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE PUBLIC FINANCES.

THE reduction of the principal of the public debt, which was commenced a year, or rather fourteen months, ago, progresses steadily and in geometrical ratio. At the beginning of the fiscal year 1865–6 the United States owed $2,682,593,000. At that time the Government was busily engaged in disbanding and paying off troops, settling claims for damages, and liquidating disputed accounts; these sources of expenditure neutralized the Secretary's attempts to reduce the debt, and on 1st April, 1866, the aggregate was $2,705,646,000. By that time all the large claims had been adjusted, and the troops and sailors paid off; the surplus of revenue over expenditure was available for the reduction of the principal of the debt. It was vigorously applied to that purpose. Reductions were successively reported in June, July, August, and September; and now in October the Secretary reports that the aggregate has been brought down to $2,573,336,000, being a reduction, in six months, of no less a sum than $138,308,574. A further reduction of $22,500,000 (being the temporary deposits at 4 per cent.) will be made on the 25th of this month; the money is on hand for the purpose; so that on 1st November the public debt will be at least $160,809,574 less than it was on 1st April last.

At this rate we are reducing our debt by a sum of $275,000,000 annually. Should we continue to do so, the entire debt will be paid off in about eight years and a half. Should we be enabled to curtail our expenditures by a reduction of the army and navy to a thoroughly peace standard, and should our revenues increase, as they would do were the revenue system and customs tariff simplified and improved, this period might be shortened by one or two years. It is quite within the range of possibility that before the five-twenties of 1865 mature, they, the long sixes, and the ten-fifties may be the only outstanding obligations of the U. S. Government.

These are astounding predictions. But not more astounding than the facts. When the war ended, the most judicious financiers were of opinion that the aggregate debt would foot up $3,000,000,000, and would not fall below that figure during the present generation. It is already down to nearly $2,500,000,000, and is being reduced at the rate of $22,000,000 a month. The aggregate public revenue this year will not be less than $600,000,000; the expenditure, including interest on the public debt, will hardly exceed, if it amounts to, $350,000,000.

In view of these facts, it is amusing to read the European quotations of our bonds. Five-twenties are selling in London 15 and 16 per cent. below the British consols, which only yield 3½ per cent. per annum.

Secretary McCulloch, in his famous Fort Wayne speech, and subsequently in his report to Congress, in December last, expressed a desire to begin the reduction of the national debt by a curtailment of the greenback currency. He has not done so. He began by paying off the debt certificates, and pursued his policy by discharging his obligations on call. This was not only in accordance with the legislation of Congress, which, under the lead of the high-tariff men, set its face steadfastly against all contraction of the currency, but was an imperative practical necessity. So long as he owed over $100,000,000 on call or within brief periods, the Secretary could not afford to pursue a policy which would have embarrassed the money market and led to a withdrawal of his deposits. This danger is now passed. He has paid off all the debt certificates. By November 1st he will have paid off the last of the temporary loan. From that day he will be free to pursue the policy which the public interests require without fear of its recoiling upon himself. We are not, however, led to believe that he will, at least at present, attempt any material curtailment of the greenback currency. There are still afloat $155,000,000 of compound legal tenders; and though these, by reason of the interest which has accumulated upon them, have long since ceased to circulate as money, they are still a disturbing element, being a legal tender for their face, and it may be wise to get rid of them by buying them up. It is likely that for the next four or five months the Treasury surplus may be employed in this way. Next year the first series of the seven-thirties mature. Holders have the right to convert their notes into 5-20 bonds or to demand the currency, as they please. An active business is being done by the agents of the Treasury in converting these notes into five-twenties of 1865, and it may be that all of them will be so converted before maturity. But it is well to provide for all contingencies. The department must stand prepared, in the event of a decline in its securities, to pay off in currency such of the maturing 7.30 notes as may not have been previously converted. This is another barrier to currency curtailment.

All this is very hard on traders, whose business is rendered insecure and precarious by reason of the fluctuations in the value of the currency. John Brown, for instance, imports a cargo of tea or dry goods. Gold is 150 on the day he receives it. He offers it for sale at a price in currency which will cover its cost at 150 in gold. It does not sell at once, and he stores it away. He now becomes, without intending it, a "bull" in gold at 150. For if gold falls, his goods fall in proportion, and the only way in which he can secure himself against loss is by selling gold "short" to an amount equal to the value of his goods. When he has done this, he is indifferent to the fluctuations in gold. If it rises, his goods rise with it; if it falls, he makes enough on his short sales of gold to pay his loss on his merchandise. But now a new element disturbs the calculation. The speculators of the Gold Room reckon the amount of floating gold in market, band themselves together, and buy it all up; then, turning to John Brown, they refuse to lend him gold except at ¼ or ½ or 1 per cent. a day. On the 8th inst., gold was lent at 2½ per cent. for one day. He must now choose between paying so usurious a rate for the use of gold as will certainly ruin him in the course of time, or he must take the chances of the market, and run the risk of a panic in gold which may reduce the value of his merchandise 25 per cent. in a week. Such are the tribulations of merchants in an era of paper money. To such straits will the foreign commerce of the country be reduced so long as no substantial curtailment of our legal tender currency is effected.

THE QUESTIONS BEFORE THE COUNTRY.

THE New York *Times*, while acknowledging the failure of the Philadelphia Convention to produce any impression on the country, and the utter frustration of the attempt to create a third or Johnson party, is endeavoring to persuade itself and its readers that all this is due to the unwillingness of the people to see the Democratic party reinstated in power, to a sort of personal dislike of the men who have figured during the last five years as opponents of the Government and of the war. Now, this is doubtless true, but it is not the whole truth. Dislike and distrust of the Democratic leaders have doubtless something to do with the storm of indignation which is sweeping Mr. Johnson and his satellites to political perdition, but, after all, comparatively little. The main questions before the country at the present elections are of far greater importance than the merits or demerits or antecedents of John T. Hoffman, or of Hiester Clymer, or of any other member of the organization to which they belong. All attempts so to represent the contest which is now raging as simply a renewal of the struggle between the two old parties, is to misrepresent. What the people are deciding at the elections is, whether the President may devise measures himself, and, not content with recommending them to the legislature, as the Constitution provides that he shall do, may seek to force them on its adoption by using his immense patronage to corrupt the popular vote; whether, too, he is justified under any circumstances in perambulating the country in person and seeking by appeals to popular passion to bring a co-ordinate branch of the Government into hatred and contempt; whether the Executive of the United States can ever be justified, even under the lax rules of party morality, in using his appointing power to propagate his own private opinions, after he has deserted the party which elected him; whether the country will tolerate a new construction of the Constitution, by which the President, by creating all the vacancies he pleases during the recess of the Senate, and filling them with nominees of his own, may reduce the share of that body in

making appointments to a mockery, and create a vast army of public servants dependent for their bread on the favor of one man. But the greatest of all the questions which underlie the present controversy is whether, when from any cause the mechanism of this Government is disarranged, the great work of restoration—or in other words, the very highest act of legislation—belongs to the President, as a military commander, or to the law-making power of the country. If, under any circumstances whatever, the President can, as commander-in-chief of our armies, do what Mr. Johnson has done at the South—rebuild the political and social system of a region desolated and thrown into anarchy by war—then, clearly, not the South only, but the North also, has passed through a revolution. If Andrew Johnson and William H. Seward are competent for a work of this kind, they are competent for every other; Congress is a mere debating club, and its bill-passing an idle sport; and the President had better be provided with a chancellerie, like the Emperor of Russia, to draft laws to be enacted by his decree. The argument to which the *Evening Post* has so often recurred, that Mr. Johnson is only doing what Mr. Lincoln proposed to do, proves nothing, except that Mr. Lincoln proposed to overstep his powers. There is now no question that that great and good man did, under the pressure and in the confusion of war, many things which, though they passed muster in the wild fever of that time, will not pass muster now—many things which, though forgiven to him, and even applauded in him, we are far from being willing, with our present light and in the calm of peace, to pardon to his successor, even were that successor the President of our choice, and were he even half as good or half as great as Mr. Lincoln.

The question before the public, therefore, is not simply, Shall we trust Copperheads with power? but, shall we permit Mr. Johnson to make important changes in the relations and functions of the different branches of the Government, in order to enable him to carry out his own views of public expediency; and shall we permit him to force us to resume political relations with a community that has made a desperate attempt to ruin the Union, on terms which the great body of the Northern people deem futile or insufficient? This last question does not turn simply on the wisdom or justice of the conditions proposed by Congress. Whether they are better or worse than the Presidential conditions is only a part of what we have to consider. The main question is one which touches the value of all popular governments; it is simply this: Has the majority a right to decide this matter as it pleases, or is it under an obligation, express or implied, to leave it all to a gentleman of limited education, narrow mind, and very violent temper, because he happens to have been raised by an accident to the Presidency?

There is one other work before the people which they will this fall perform also, but only incidentally, although it is scarcely less important than the decision of the questions we have enumerated above, and that is the complete and final opening of the eyes of the South to the real state of Northern opinion and sentiment. Southern ignorance or unbelief on this point has been at the root of most of the troubles which have afflicted the country for the last twenty years. The slaveholders were induced to push the slavery struggle to extremes in the belief, which elections seemed to justify, that they might, come what might, count either on the support or forbearance of the majority of the Northern people. They began the war in the persuasion, which too many Northern men encouraged, that they might rely on a sufficient amount of Northern co-operation to paralyze the Government and prevent all serious attempts to put down the insurrection. They carried it on courageously: first, in the expectation that the North-west could be detached from the East, and induced to join them; and next, in the belief that Lincoln had succeeded in establishing a despotism which placed all the resources of the country in his hands, and cowed the public into *temporary* silence or acquiescence. And they have raised their heads since their surrender, and arrogantly sought to impose conditions on us, simply because Messrs. Johnson and Seward have succeeded in persuading them that there was a great party at the North longing to admit them without conditions, and powerful enough to carry out its will.

From all these delusions but the last one the Southern mind has been delivered by the rough logic of events. Of this last one we cannot rid it by any of the ordinary means in use here. Our newspapers do not circulate at the South; our orators dare not show themselves there the people are rude and ignorant, long accustomed to rely for political guidance on their leaders, and their leaders are now dead, cowed, or deposed. How are we to get at them? how satisfy them that they have been laboring under a hideous mistake—that the North is determined the war shall not be fruitless, and that all society covered by the American flag shall be homogeneous in its structure? In no way but by voting for Congress, and showing unmistakably that the President, powerful as he may seem to the South, owes all his power to the support of the Northern people, and that one breath of disapproval from it reduces him to utter insignificance, even though it do not ruffle a feather of his dignity or take one jot or tittle from his lawful authority.

MILITARY POLITICIANS.

General Grant has given many proofs of his good sense in his patience, his perseverance, his willingness to learn from events, and his judicious silence whenever he could do no practical good by speaking. But among the things which he has said, we do not know a wiser one than his recent brief letter, condemning all interference by army officers with party politics. Admiral Farragut, we are glad to see, has expressed the same views on behalf of the navy; and after these emphatic utterances of the highest officer in each department of the service, we trust that the practice thus reprobated will come to an end.

The danger of the interference of military men in political affairs must be apparent to every thinking mind. Doubtless, in a country like ours, officers and soldiers will and ought to have their private preferences and opinions in regard to domestic politics; but if they should make a practice of mixing publicly in the struggles of rival parties, it is obvious that the army and navy would soon be governed by political considerations quite as much as the custom-houses and navy-yards. We desire to see the civil service freed from the curse of political influence, and certainly can have no sympathy with any movement which tends to degrade the military service to the same level of jobbery with the present system in the civil departments.

We have seen quite enough of this thing during the recent war. One large class of officers were kept in command long after their uselessness was demonstrated, merely because their removal would offend the opposition; and another set were put in command without the least evidence of their fitness, simply to please the political friends of the Administration. Both classes were dead failures, and the policy had to be abandoned. The only general who, owing his appointment in any degree to political considerations, distinguished himself throughout the war, was General Logan, and he worked his way up from a colonelcy. We will not specify names, but it is only just to say that the most disastrous failures were among those generals who were either appointed or kept in place from deference to the Democratic party, and from an honest desire to unite the country. Something has, we trust, been learned from experience, and the error will not be repeated by this generation; but in order to avoid it, it is essential that military men should keep out of politics.

The practice censured by General Grant has also another dangerous tendency. It brings military men into the position of arbitrators between contending parties, and makes it as important to know to which side the army leans as to ascertain which party has the majority of the popular vote. The desperate efforts made upon both sides of the present political conflict to secure the endorsement of General Grant himself are a strong illustration of this fact, and are signs of danger for the future of the nation. Not long ago the New York *Times* openly suggested that the struggle between the President and Congress might end in the submission of both to General Grant as an armed arbitrator. Such a result would be fatal to all hopes of free government for the future. Dangerous and even worse as we deem Mr. Johnson's designs to be, we prefer that he should succeed rather than that he should be defeated by any military usurpation whatever. Mr. Johnson is a mere civilian, and his usurpations do not form absolutely insuperable precedents; but if military leaders once succeed in overthrowing the regular order of our government, we may be sure that there will be an interminable line of Cromwells and

Monks. Of course there would be no impropriety in any general's acting under the orders of either President or Congress in case of a collision; and, as in such an event every officer would have to decide to which power his allegiance was due, it may in a certain sense be said that the army would decide the result; but this is a very different thing from a direct exercise of power by the commanding general acting independently of either the executive or the legislative department.

The objections which we have thus urged to military politicians do not apply to soldiers who have left the army, since they are again private citizens, neither subject to the Administration nor in a position to usurp power. Yet we feel bound to say that there is a certain danger in the organizations which are being entered into in various places for the express purpose of securing offices for soldiers. As private citizens, we have always approved of giving a preference to soldiers in every sphere of occupation; but such a preference, to be honorable to its recipients or safe to the state, must be spontaneous. Office-hunting associations of discharged soldiers will degrade the service for all time, and by their persistent claims will make the name of a soldier synonymous with beggar and bore. The people will, of their own free choice, do all for their returned heroes which true heroes will ever ask. All combinations to extort more will only excite opposition where none would otherwise be made.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, Sept. 21, 1866.

WHILE we and half Europe are still enduring the alternations of wind and rain that have made the departing summer so detestable, Russia and Spain are rejoicing in the most brilliant sunshine; and Biarritz, for which favorite bathing-place the Emperor, after so many delays, did really start yesterday, is enjoying, in virtue of its proximity to the Spanish frontier, weather as fine as heart can wish. The gay world of Paris winters, driven desperate by the persistent rain, has been threatening to desert the scenes of its habitual summer idleness and return to this city in search of amusement. But as all the leading wiseacres who make a trade of predicting meteorologic conditions are agreed in promising us "a constant succession of rains, mixed with snow, for the rest of the current year," they would possibly do as well to remain where they are.

The official opening of the shooting season took place a week ago, and numerous possessors of guns and shooting-licenses are to be seen at the railway stations, bent on "sport," despite wind and weather. For the first time a good many members of the least ugly sex have accompanied their male friends on these expeditions, attired in short dresses, high boots, and the fashionable *togues*, with pouch hanging at their side and a gun over their shoulder. The lingering representatives of old-fogydom are asking, with uplifted hands and eyes, "What are we coming to?"

The mushroom growth of houses goes on more rapidly than ever, as the rising of the huge edifice in the Champ de Mars brings home more forcibly to the public perception the approach of the grandest show our little planet has yet seen. Living in the midst of this Babel of stone, brick, and mortar, one is constantly taken aback by the sight, on some familiar point, of a great pile of stories that seems to have sprung up in a night—blocks of white-faced houses, displaying their six or seven stories, their ornaments of carved freestone, their handsome balconies, and their roofs full of the pigeon-hole windows of servants' bedroom, the foundations of which, one could swear, were not dug a fortnight ago. Rents are already rising in expectation of colossal profits to be made next year; and many foreigners have already hired the apartments they will occupy when they come to see the exhibition, preferring to sacrifice a certain amount of rent in order to ensure the possession, for next year, of quarters to their mind. As rents are rising, the value of ground is rising also; and an ingenious speculator, in order to make the most of a piece of land he possesses near the outskirts of the town, at the top of the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, is constructing an enormous structure, which is to contain twelve layers of superposed apartments, access to which will be gained by means of a "hydraulic lift," which will be constantly ascending and descending, for the convenience of the tenants, their goods and chattels, and their friends.

The Paris of twenty years ago will soon have disappeared. Every week sees the demolition of some characteristic relic of the past pulled down to furnish space for the innumerable new gardens, avenues, and streets that are constantly being "created" in every quarter of the town. In one of the latest of these clearings away of the very substance of historic Paris, the pickaxe and shovel brought into evidence a shabby old house, which will now, unless pulled down, form the corner of the Rue de Nevers and the Quai Conti, near the Pont Neuf, and popularly named "The Eagle's Nest," from one of its garrets having furnished the first lodging occupied, on his arrival in Paris, of the young Corsican cadet who was destined to occupy such very different quarters in the course of his marvellous career.

All who can afford to do so are buying bits of ground outside the city walls of the new city in which they now find themselves living, and are building thereupon some sort of rural habitation, more or less pretentious according to their means. Among others thus anxious to secure a quiet retreat from the dust and racket of the capital, is M. Buloz, the able "original" who has so long held the post of chief editor in the well-known *Revue des Deux Mondes*. This gentleman lately employed a man of the law, resident in the neighborhood of Paris, to negotiate for him the purchase of an estate contiguous to one possessed by the latter. The title-deed of the estate was drawn up accordingly, and brought by the notary in question to M. Buloz for signature. "What is the meaning of this paragraph referring, apparently, to certain claims or 'subjections' affecting the estate?" enquired the erudite wearer of the well-worn dressing-gown, smoking-cap, and slippers so well known to the literary world of Paris, as he held the document in close proximity to his nose, and peered into its pages through his heavy tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles. "I must have this land free of everything of the kind; for what satisfaction should I have in it if somebody else had it in 'subjection?'"

"All that is a mere legal technicality," returned the notary; "the words have no value whatsoever."

"In that case," returned M. Buloz, whose wits are usually in the seventh heaven of critical and metaphysical erudition, and are therefore not seldom imposed upon in regard to the affairs of the outer world, "I may as well sign it, and have the thing finished."

And, so saying, he dipped his pen in the ink and appended his signature, ornamented with one of the elaborate *parafes* Frenchmen are so fond of at the end of the deed.

The potentate of the dingy offices of the Rue St. Benoît lost no time in building a villa on the ground of which he had become the owner; laying out his gardens with more taste than was expected, and taking especial pride in widening a portion of a little stream that ran through his ground, so as to make a "little lake" in the middle of the lawn before his parlor windows. But he had no sooner made his lake, and purchased half-a-dozen weeping willows to plant about its borders, than the stream which should have fed it became suddenly dry; a phenomenon all the more unaccountable after the incessant downfall of rain that has been afflicting us for the last four months.

In this emergency the new *propriétaire* had recourse to his legal friend, now become his nearest neighbor.

"What can be the reason that my stream of water has suddenly dried up?" enquired M. Buloz, addressing the notary.

"Evidently some one has intercepted the water," returned that personage; "you have bought the ground, but you have not bought the spring which supplies the water."

"But I purchased the ground as I found it," returned M. Buloz, "and there was water in it at that time; therefore I have a right to the water."

"That is what the law must decide," retorted the notary. "The spring which supplied your stream is in my ground; and if you will consult your copy of the deed of sale you will find it distinctly stated that the use of the water proceeding from that spring is made subject to the payment, by you, of a yearly rental of 500 francs."

Thoroughly indignant at seeing himself the victim of such a trick, and on the part of the very agent whom he had employed to ensure the acquisition of his new property without encumbrance of any kind, M. Buloz brought a suit against his treacherous counsellor to compel a restitution of the water of which he found himself deprived. In the first trial of the affair the verdict was given against him; but, nothing daunted, he at once carried the suit into a higher court, and has just had the satisfaction of seeing himself, through the verdict just given by the latter, victorious over the wiles of the rascal who had so impudently endeavored to overreach a client. The notary has been sentenced to pay the nominal damages claimed by the editor of the *Revue*, to defray the costs of the suit, and to refrain, for the rest of his days, and in the person of his future heirs, from any further interference with the usual course of the contested water.

Much regret has been felt in the literary world of this city at the decease of M. Léon Gozlan, one of the most prolific producers of novels and the lighter class of literary writing, and one of the wittiest men of the day. Count de Montalembert has been so ill that the Pope, as a testimony to his

boundless devotion to the cause of Ultramontanism, granted permission to his youngest daughter to quit the nunnery to which she belongs, in order to see him once more. Such a favor, it is said, has only been accorded three or four times since the foundation of the order to which the young lady belongs. All the count's daughters have taken the veil in various convents; but this youngest one is her father's favorite. Whether it was that the joy of seeing her exercised a salutary effect on the father's health, or that her arrival coincided with a favorable turn of his malady, certain it is that the able and zealous admirer of the dark ages began to get better from that time, and is now considered to be in a fair way to recovery. That most eccentric of Parliamentary orators and husband of Byron's still handsome and charming "relict," Countess Guiccioli, the Marquis de Boissy, is at "death's door." George Sand, who, with the rest of her illustrious contemporaries, is decidedly not growing younger, has secured, as her city residence, a fine apartment in the new suburb so rapidly coming into existence on the wild border-lands extending from the Octroi gate behind the Observatory to Montrouge. The great romancer spends most of her time in her château in the Berry, where she lives in a large, easy, hospitable style, adored by the peasantry, the centre of a wide circle of *littérateurs* and artists, and courted by all who can contrive to bring themselves within the sphere of her vision. M. Thiers is rusticating at his château of Francaville, busy, says rumor, in concocting a discourse on German affairs which is to electrify the Chambers, Paris, and the world as soon as the reopening of the Chambers affords this little man the opportunity of bestowing it on a listening universe. M. Guizot is at his seat of Val Richer, finishing the eighth and last volume of his memoirs. M. Garcin de Tassy, that mine of Oriental learning, attached as professor of Hindostanee to the Imperial Library, has just translated the "Mantic Uttaeer," or "Language of Birds," a religious and philosophical poem by Farid Uddin Attar, a Persian of high celebrity, who was killed, in 1229, at the taking of Nishapore by Genghis Khan. The Persians hold this rare work in immense veneration, and it was with much difficulty and some danger that M. Khainkoff, Russian consul general in Persia, contrived, a few years ago, to get the first copy of it that has been allowed to find its way into benighted Europe.

One of the staunchest friends of "le sport" to be found in this country is the old Count Duchâtel, who was the last Minister of the Interior under Louis Philippe, and who, though suffering from an affection of the spine, still manages to go out shooting in the preserves of Chantilly, which he rents for 30,000 francs, every year for three months. Being unable to walk, he is wheeled about in a Bath chair, and has very fair sport, which he enjoys most keenly. M. Auber, "the prince of French composers," and already in his eighty-fifth year, is as fresh, active, and witty as when he had numbered half as many years. Being the other day rather pestered by his housekeeper, who was urging him to take, in the way of warm clothing, certain precautions which did not altogether commend themselves to his fancy, the old composer at length turned upon his well-meaning tormentor, imploring her to leave him in peace, and assuring her that if she continued her persecutions he should "do something desperate."

"And pray *what* will you do?" retorted the housekeeper.

"*I'll enlist!*" quietly returned the author.

HORSE-RACING.

An attempt has been made within the last fortnight to make horse-racing a "genteel" amusement in this country—something which people belonging to what is called "good society" will go to see, and, seeing, grow fond of—by the opening of a course called the "Jerome Park," near this city. The matter has been taken in hand by the chiefs of what are called "fashionable" circles in New York. A good course has been laid out, a "grand stand" provided, the sale of liquors prohibited, and everything done that money or zeal can do to surround the enterprise with an air of respectability, and, above all, to make the course a "place fit for ladies." Good horses, too, were entered for the opening races; very fair running was made; the weather was fine; the proceedings were marked by the utmost order, and General Grant was there. And yet we have no hesitation in saying that, regarded as an attempt to naturalize horse-racing amongst us—to make it "racy of the soil"—a national sport to which young and old of all classes will turn with zest for enjoyment, it was a complete failure, and will prove a failure no matter how often repeated. We do not by any means rejoice over this result. In fact, we regret it; because we believe horse-racing might improve the breed of horses; it is not necessarily immoral, and we wish most heartily that some means might be discovered of bringing large bodies of Americans together in the open air for simple amusement without any thought of "instruction." We have no theatres out of New York, and we cannot be exactly said to "unbend" at lectures or mass meetings. But horse-racing is not likely to prove our national game, and we propose to give the reason why, and more especially why the Jerome Park enterprise is likely to prove a failure.

In the first place, that particular form of horse-racing which is the only one which really tests the animal's full powers—galloping full speed under the saddle—is one which excites hardly any real interest in the Northern States. We are anything but an equestrian community. Not one in a thousand of our men knows how to ride or ever gets into a saddle from year's end to year's end. Without having any special knowledge on the subject, we venture to assert that the principal promoters of this very enterprise—Mr. Jerome himself, for example, or Mr. Belmont, are never seen on horseback and do not particularly enjoy riding. A certain taste for horseback exercise has been developed of late years in New York and other cities, but those who show it might be counted on one's fingers. There are two or three dozen young men and women in New York who ride regularly and enjoy it; there are some dozens of others, and a few elderly gentlemen, who take it as a medicine, like bitters or cod-liver oil, to cure dyspepsia, or avert consumption, or ward off the assaults of old age; but there is not amongst the population at large, or even amongst the class which can afford to keep horses, any hearty love of it, or any interest in horses in their highest and noblest character—saddle-horses.

This is due partly to the fact that to love the saddle, to get into it with zest, one must use it from youth up. But very few of our young men can afford to use it. At the age when physical tastes and habits are formed or developed, our men are generally poor and struggling for subsistence. As they get older they are absorbed in business, and by the time they have won fortune and leisure they are stiff and flabby and nervous. A trot or canter in the saddle has no more attraction for them than exercise on parallel bars. Then, our climate makes riding repulsive to all who have not a strong natural love of it, and whose frame has not become hardened to it. In winter colds are intense and the roads abominable. In summer the heat is so great as to make all motion exhausting, and the roads are dusty beyond endurance. In the spring and fall the days are so short that for business men the hours given to amusement in the open air would have to be stolen from sleep. Carriages, too, are cheap and comfortable, and in harness one horse can carry more than one man—an important consideration in a country in which, until very recently, large fortunes, and especially hereditary fortunes, were unknown. The result is that our lads have the same passion for wheeled vehicles and have the same familiarity with the management of them that a Hungarian boy or an English boy of the upper classes has for saddle-horses. The ambition of the American boy with a love for open-air life is, therefore, a wagon and a fast trotter. He does not care for a saddle-horse, and will rarely use one unless as a means of accompanying a girl for whom he begins to feel a "penchant," as the novel-writers say. The saddle-horse is, in a certain sense, a strange animal to him, which he ought, perhaps, to enjoy using, and of which he feels bound to speak respectfully, but which he does not take to. He is interested about trotting, harness, wagons, blankets to wrap his feet in, but about saddles, bridles, and "running" or galloping, he is not interested. His first luxury is a one-horse team; as he gets older and richer he increases the number, and reaches the summit of his ambition when, like Mr. Jerome, he possesses and drives a four-in-hand, or, like Mr. Vanderbilt or Mr. Bonner, has $15,000 or $20,000 invested in a pair which can outstrip everything he meets.

Therefore, to most of those who went to the races at the Jerome Park—outside the old set who go to all races for the sake of betting—the galloping of horses under the saddle was not very exciting or interesting. Americans are thoroughly utilitarian even in their sports, and the uselessness of speed in running is probably present to the minds of nine men out of ten, and women too, every time they witness it. That it is the natural pace of the horse, that it is only in it that his full powers are brought into play, and that its effects on breeding are likely to be good, are considerations too remote to affect the crowd. Trotting they understand; fast trotting every man who gets into a wagon can turn to account—but "running" seems a sort of idle trick, like those taught circus horses. In fact, we have heard cantering—one of the most graceful of paces, and that which, on account of its ease for the rider, is far better adapted to summer riding in our climate than trotting—sworn at on account of its resemblance to the performances in the arena.

Now, to make racing under the saddle popular and national it must be begotten by the national tastes and habits. There is only one country in the Western world in which it can be said to be thus produced, and that is England. The taste for saddle exercise is there kept up by the time-honored practice of fox-hunting, which makes it the darling ambition of every boy to

be able to "ride to hounds," and of every man who can muster the means to be in the saddle as much as possible. The climate, too, favors it, as there is no season of the year in which active exercise in the open air is not, as far as temperature is concerned, perfectly agreeable. Races there owed their origin to the desire of improving the breed of hunters, and hunters are used by the whole upper class—men bred to the saddle from their infancy, and exercising a most powerful influence on all the classes below them. The practice once begun, it has been kept up partly by the love of horse-flesh thus developed, and partly by the love of gambling amongst those who know and care nothing about horse-flesh, and partly by fashion.

It is needless to point out how widely different the circumstances are under which the amusement makes its appearance in this country. Those who seek to introduce it here do not stand to the community in the same relation in which the English patrons of the turf stand to English society. Our patrons of horse-racing are not the cream of our society, either mentally or physically or morally. Their influence and example go for absolutely nothing, except amongst a small set of not very refined people in New York, who are attempting in various ways a reproduction, by no means successful, of the follies and absurdities of French life. Even in Paris, where there is a court and a real aristocracy of men bred to "manly sports," it has been found impossible to make horse-racing a national amusement, in spite of the encouragement given it by the Government and men of rank and fashion, and for the very reason which bars its success here — the fact that the French are not an equestrian people, and do not as a community use the saddle. The races at Longchamps, in spite of the *éclat* given them by the court, are attended by the Parisians as a "spectacle," just as a review of troops on the Champs de Mars, and not because they care one straw about the horses. When the races are over, nobody outside the small betting circle round the Jockey Club knows the name of the winning horse, or at least cares to know, or has five sous depending on the result; for the French do not, for some reason or other, seem to take to this form of gambling; and the plain truth of the matter is, that we have imported the amusement not from England, where it is national, but from France, where it is simply a raree-show. The performances at Jerome Park were an attempt to reproduce not the fierce excitement of Epsom, but the "pretty sight" of the Bois de Boulogne.

In the second place, racing, even in England, where it is found in perhaps greater perfection than anywhere else, has proved, in so far as it professes to be of material use, a dead failure. The great utilitarian argument in its favor has been that it improved the breed of horses. It is now confessed that it not only does nothing of the kind, but that its influence on horse-breeding is bad, and is every day growing worse. All the great trainers and amateurs acknowledge it with lamentations; for some years back the press has teemed with suggestions of remedy or reform. It has been found that the race-course has developed the love of gambling far more rapidly than the love of horse-flesh, so that the practice has grown up of running leggy, weedy, half-developed two and three-year olds, with just constitution enough for a short dash to decide the bets, but not enough to keep them alive or worth their feed after one or two races. A powerful horse, with plenty of wind and bottom and in the prime of his life, is now a rare sight on the English turf, and the ricketty condition of the thoroughbreds of course gradually affects saddle-horses of all other grades. The real lovers of the horse, and particularly the patrons of the hunting-field, in which all a horse's powers are really needed, have been for years greatly alarmed by this state of things, and have been racking their brains for a cure. One of the latest propositions with this view was that the Prince of Wales should offer a prize for four-year olds to run a four-mile race, thus tempting breeders to rear horses to maturity before bringing them out. But no such plan is ever likely to produce much effect. The sums of money that are now staked on races at Epsom and Ascot and Newmarket are enormous, and the temptation which besets a man who has a colt or filly that can make a good burst for a mile, even if it drops down dead at the end, to bring it out at once, is not likely to be overcome by any prize that can be offered. The horse has in fact become, on the English turf, a mere instrument for deciding bets, a kind of "little joker" whose absolute goodness is of very small importance provided he is relatively fast. If he gets in before anything else, it does not make the least difference whether he makes a mile in a minute or a mile in five minutes. In short, the turf has ceased to exercise any improving influence on the breed of horses, while it has done much to injure the morals of the community; many of its most respectable supporters have been driven into closing their stables by the disgust excited by the scoundrels with whom racing brings them in contact. The turf is almost given over to blacklegs and blackguards, fellows with whom an honest man cannot even bet without contamination, and the mania for betting has gone down through all classes of the community. The example of the aristocracy has infected every other class. Merchants bet, clerks bet, and errand-boys bet. Not a Derby-day passes that there are not defalcations discovered amongst unfortunate shopmen and employees whom the gambling mania has driven into crime. And a whole class of professional swindlers called "racing prophets" has risen into existence, who trade on the credulity of the betting world by pretending to be able to tell the name of the horse that is to win, or to supply information about training-stables to assist in forming an opinion, and openly seek their dupes through advertisements in the sporting and Sunday papers. It is needless to say what the effect would be here, with our greater excitability of temperament, if horse-racing ever became an object of general interest, and the turf were not abandoned, as it now is, to as thorough a set of sharpers as ever disgraced a moral and religious community.

"OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT."

THE public has borne with this gentleman for many years with angelic patience but with much weariness of spirit. We were, therefore, greatly relieved and delighted to find that the New York *Tribune* proposes to take him in hand, and either mend his morals and manners or get rid of him. He has been making certain statements about Mr. Raymond, of the *Times*, which prove unfounded, and the editor of the *Tribune* accordingly warns him that if he cannot keep from telling lies, he will share the fate of certain predecessors of his who, for unrevealed offences, were sent about their business. The *Tribune* adds that it has been strongly "moved to forego all Washington telegraphy because of just such errors." If it will only give way to its impulse, it will earn the thanks of the community. "Our Washington despatches" have long been the disgrace of the press, and the journal which first gives them up or alters their character will inaugurate a great and needed reform, and the task of leading the way could not fall into better hands than the *Tribune's*. It can now afford to be accurate. Its natural horror of "lies" has been sharpened by prosperity, and we recommend it to take its fan firmly in its hand.

"Our Washington Correspondent's" merit seems to be measured by the quantity of stuff he sends on, and he consequently keeps the telegraph wires red-hot with all the rumors he can pick up in the streets and bar-rooms, and when rumors fail, he falls back on his own wits and supplies a few "facts" which he gets by an *à priori* process out of his own moral consciousness. There is rarely the slightest attempt made by the editor to sift his stories; and, in fact, it would be impossible to do so. They are all printed pell-mell in a prominent part of the paper just as they come. It would probably be found, on examination, that one-third of them—the least important and least interesting—are tolerably accurate; the other two-thirds are fictions—misrepresentations of opponents or fulsome laudations of the oratory or other performances of the correspondent's own friends in Congress or the public offices. For all this, and generally wrapped up, too, in vile English, our leading morning papers pay many thousands of dollars a year, and positively parade their telegraph bills before the people, with the most amusing pride.

It is high time that this humbug were exploded. Let the *Tribune* or some other journal honestly confess that its Washington office is simply a sort of unsavory dumping-ground, where knavish or conceited members of Congress, bar room politicians, and corrupt underlings of the public offices shoot their rubbish; and its Washington correspondent an unfortunate Christian whom "the necessities of journalism" have condemned to a sort of moral scavengering or rag-picking, at which a respectable heathen would turn up his nose; and shut the concern up and get the man a place in a store. Or else let the editor try for once the plan of *editing* carefully all despatches and reports, excluding the reporter's rubbishy opinions and guesses and rumors, and making his place depend not on the quantity of matter he sends on, but on its quality—its accuracy as tested by subsequent events; not on the amount of the telegraphic bills he runs up, but on the number of cases in which his despatches have proved worth paying for. Let an editor face the public saying frankly: "Our Washington despatches are meagre, but nothing will be found amongst them which an honest attempt has not been made to sift or of which our correspondent either has not personal knowledge or has not got on good authority." And let him also rigidly exclude all encomiums on Congressional speeches. The oratorical efforts which meet with this reward are generally the most odious balderdash of the session. The only trustworthy Washington despatches are, in fact, to be found in country papers, or, rather, in other than New York papers, the editors of which have learnt the value of employing sensible, honorable men who respect themselves and their calling.

MEDICAL TEACHING.

In endeavoring to acquire a knowledge of any art or science, a judicious mingling of theory and practice on the part of the student is generally considered advisable; and especially is this requisite in the study of those branches of learning which admit of practical application to the relief of our physical necessities, or of those which a high state of civilization has imposed upon us. To apportion those two sources of information to one another in such a way that, whilst neither has undue prominence, each occupies its proper position, is no very easy undertaking at the best, and is frequently a task which, from the action of unfavorable circumstances, is almost impossible of execution.

The science of medicine forms no exception to these remarks. On the contrary, it is of all others the one in which those who profess to teach it and those who undertake to learn it must blend into one harmonious whole the wisdom derived from books and that arising from their own personal experience. The physician who has acquired his professional knowledge solely from learned treatises and lectures makes but a sorry appearance at the bedside; whilst one who knows nothing of disease but what he has himself witnessed will very soon be brought to the end of his tether.

Until within a very recent period many grave faults existed in the system of teaching medicine generally followed in this country. Thus the number of schools was too great, and the teachers, many of them, possessed but a small amount of the knowledge they assumed to impart. Even now, when the medical colleges of the large cities are attaining a deserved pre-eminence, there are small towns in isolated localities which embrace among their prominent features schools licensed to teach the science of medicine and to confer upon their graduates the right to practise an art the merest rudiments of which have not been learned. No improvement has taken place in the management of these rural institutions, because, even were their conductors desirous of enlarging the scope of instruction, the facilities for so doing are not attainable. It is only in metropolitan cities, where numerous hospitals exist for the reception of the thousands of cases of injury and disease which occur, that medical schools can give those advantages to their students which in common honesty they are bound to offer them.

Less than ten years ago, however, it is very certain that but few, if any, medical schools in the country availed themselves to the fullest extent of the opportunities at their command for imparting a practical knowledge of disease to their students. Hospitals existed, but attendance upon them was not obligatory, and frequently the difficulties in the way of such attendance were almost insuperable. To be sure, *cliniques* were held at some of the colleges, and patients who were able to come to them were prescribed for or operated upon by one or more of the professors in presence of the class. Cases were often, however, lost sight of, and the results of treatment were, therefore, but rarely observed. Under no circumstances could such extemporaneous clinical instruction take the place of that to be derived from following the hospital physician or surgeon in his walks through the wards, listening to his well-digested remarks, assisting in the examination of patients, and noting daily the progress of diseases and the effects of the treatment adopted. There was but one medical college in the United States (the medical department of the University of Maryland) which had a hospital connected with it, and this was on too small a scale to offer all the requisite advantages. Many students, therefore, went through the whole course of their studies and were furnished with diplomas without ever having made a scientific analysis of a single case of disease. In some schools the students were not even required to dissect, and thus the only means by which a practical knowledge of anatomy could be obtained was not included among the essentials for graduation.

But within a few years past the authorities of the State and city of New York have acted with such a degree of wisdom in the matter of increasing the facilities for the study of medicine as not only to place the schools of the metropolis far in advance of those of any other city, but even to communicate an impulse to medical education throughout the whole country. The law permitting the unclaimed bodies of paupers and criminals to be used for dissection was a most important measure, and the act of the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction in allowing a medical college to be established in the buildings within their control, and throwing open all the hospitals under their government to clinical teaching, was a proceeding of still greater moment. The consequences of these sagacious and liberal steps are already sufficiently apparent. A medical school counting among its faculty some of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in the world, and having a class of students in attendance among the largest ever gathered together to study the science of medicine, is in full and successful operation. Other medical colleges have not been slow to extend their facilities for clinical instruction, and wisely make this a more prominent feature of their *curriculum* than heretofore. The time, we are confident, is not far distant when each of the medical schools in New York will have a hospital under its control, and already movements are being made in this direction. The great fact that there has not hitherto been enough bedside teaching given to the student is now recognized, and thus one important point is gained. To the commission who conceived the important idea of inaugurating a system of medical instruction in their great hospital, and to their successors who have carried it out with so much largeness of view and discrimination, physicians who take a just pride in having their science well taught cannot be too thankful. As to the people at large, we feel sure they will not be slow to recognize the fact that among the graduates of those medical schools which, other things being equal, afford their students the greatest practical advantages, they will almost invariably find the most competent medical advisers.

There is, however, much yet to be done before the teaching of medicine can be elevated to its proper standard. Many students come to the colleges with minds wholly untrained to habits of thought and application, and, no preliminary examination being required, they enter upon the study of an abstruse science without even a proper knowledge of their own language. One school can do nothing to improve things in this respect, but we are very certain that a combined movement of such eminent institutions as the College of Physicians and Surgeons and the Bellevue Hospital Medical College of this city, the University of Pennsylvania, the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, the medical department of Harvard University at Boston, and the medical department of the University of Maryland at Baltimore, in the matter of requiring some preliminary knowledge in their students, would be productive of the best possible results. This point once established, other advances would assuredly be made, and, ere long, a class of men would be graduated from our medical schools fit to take the rank which is now rightly assumed by comparatively a small number.

Fine Arts.

RISTORI.

In a recent notice of the great Italian actress, we gave her credit for every gift but the gift of genius: a terrible deduction, to be sure, but one that must be made in the case of every American actor, with the exception, perhaps, of Edwin Forrest in his best day, and of nearly every actor who has trodden American boards, Kean, the elder Booth, Miss Cushman, and Rachel being the conspicuous exceptions here. As one thing must be defined against another, so the world will have it that Ristori must be defined against Rachel. Now, genius was the characteristic of Rachel. She possessed the divine power of calling into being the persons whose actions and emotions she portrayed. Her characters were, in every distinguished instance, creations of her own. They were nothing till she touched them. They had haunted the stage as classical anatomies, stalking lay-figures parading heaps of turgid declamation, shades of heroines, half mythological, that ogled and posed, strutted and glided through a long succession of romantic situations; but the little humanity there was in them at first had been vexed by the traditions of the players till only ghosts remained. These tormented manes which Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire had recovered for dramatic or sentimental purpose, but had been forced to let go again, she revived, clothed in actual flesh and blood, animated with living souls, and made powers in the world of passion. Her great triumphs were achieved by the force of her own imagination, which caused things which were not to be as though they were. Her historical characters were weak in proportion as history gave them ready-made into her hands. Her most finished works were those for which she had no material but the fire of her soul.

This creative achievement implied the highest order of dramatic genius. She first called the characters into being, she then identified herself with them and gave them existence; finally, with consummate art, she presented them glowing with animation to her audiences. At her call the graves yielded up their dead.

This first power we saw no evidence of in Ristori, nor have we discovered it yet. Whether or no she possesses it she has given the public no opportunity for judging. She has appeared in three characters, and they were ready-made for her. The first, *Medea*, is not historical, but it is even more definite than if it were. The traditional events in her career are thrown out with a force that compels interpretation. The expression of the situations cannot be missed; the passions lie in great masses on the surface unsusceptible of modification; the contrasts of emotion are sudden, violent, precipitate, allowing the least possible opportunity for the insertion of graceful

touches of color and shade. An artist might, through weakness, fail to portray the character in all its terrible energies of feeling, but no artist could fail to comprehend it. The exercise of the creative art is forestalled by the classical dictionary. If it be true that Ristori's costume in this part was designed for her by Ary Scheffer, her originality must suffer from that additional deduction. In *Mary Stuart*, imagination is forestalled by history. About few persons do we know so much. We have her portraits, her costumes, pictures of her habits and manners. The events of her history are a familiar tale. Her mental traits have been presented as faithfully as her features. Her moral character is no secret. What is there for an actress to do? Literally nothing but to dress the part with such skill as she can command, and make the historical figure step down from the canvas. This Ristori does with marvellous address, as we have cordially said. Taste and culture can do no more. No doubt this is the Mary Stuart we have all read of. So she looked; so she spoke; so she conducted herself; so she saddened, grew old, and died. The delineation is exquisite, but it is a copy, not an original.

The same, and even more, may be said of Elizabeth of England. There is romance about Mary; about her there is none. She stands in a blaze of light. Her wardrobe has been ransacked; we know how many dresses she had. The microscope has been applied to her disposition. The chemists have had her motives under their biting acids. As if this were not enough, the ingenious playwright Giacometti, to cut off all possible misapprehension, has arranged his situations and thrown out his points in such a manner that the wayfaring player, though a fool, could not err. Any reader of signboards must know precisely what is to be done at every turn. The text is all in italics. We went, therefore, to the theatre with no faintest expectation of seeing a display of creative genius. How could we? Where should it come in? We looked for art of the highest order, for gorgeousness of dress, for velvets, laces, diamonds, and gold. We looked for a full outward impersonation of the great queen in bearing and gesture, for a marvellous play of feature, and the most exquisite gradation of intellectual light and shade. All this we had in measure exceeding our anticipation—a trifle too much, perhaps.

But we had more. We had genuine genius—of the second grade, indeed, but still genius. The first grade was, as we have said, out of the question. There was no room for it. But genius of the second grade; the genius which identifies the actress with the character and makes that real, was there. Ristori did not *play* Elizabeth; she *was* Elizabeth; the queen, there in person. Not Giacometti's Elizabeth either, though, of course, that mainly; but something more sound and just than that. Here she toned down the playwright's gasconade by her sense of truth; there she enlarged it by her power of association. She threw into her by-play an immense deal not of study merely, but of intuitive perception. She filled up the interstices with flashes of imagination. She read history between her author's lines, and used him as a tool in her hands. It is unnecessary to specify instances. They were so many that the specification would be tiresome. Suffice it to say that the points were all hers. The play fairly sparkled with imagination. A bright mind peeped out in every speech. It was at work in the woman, and apparently not on her stage effects or her author's prosaic language, but on the problems that vexed the soul of Elizabeth herself in her day. The illusion would have been complete if the other actors had done well. It was powerful in spite of them. The audience, for the first time, sat spell-bound. When the curtain fell, it fell not on a scene in a play, but on a scene in England's history; and when, with exquisitely bad taste, in accordance with an exquisitely bad custom, they called the actress before the curtain in her own proper character, it was a shock to see not Queen Elizabeth, but Madame Ristori.

Such power of self-identification with a part is exceedingly rare. Ordinary actors can produce a momentary illusion of the senses by the aid of scenery and clothing, hair-dressing and cosmetics. Players of eminent talent carrying these helps to their perfection, and adding to them cultivated personal graces, facility of pantomime and ready tact, can carry the illusion further and sustain it longer; they can even hide themselves completely behind their assumed mask. But to think the part out, to feel it out, to live for the time in it, and let its life alone appear; to reproduce it as an actual man or woman, is a very different thing. Talent can dress a character, but only genius can put the character into the dress; and the genius that can do that might, for aught we see, do more. Why should not the perfect reproducer be able to produce? Both processes demand imagination, and the same kind of imagination, that, namely, which

> ——"bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown."

In the latter case the process begins a little further back; but to change the "airy nothing" into a person would seem as arduous and delicate an undertaking as to give it "a local habitation and a name." Nobody at this day could present an original conception of Queen Elizabeth. Rachel probably could have done this no better than Ristori. The most exacting criticism can demand no more than an intensely real impersonation of any one consistent idea. This they who saw Ristori's Elizabeth certainly had. The great queen treading down the loving woman parts of her in the imagined interest of her queenliness, and then dying in her queenliness because the loving woman part would not die, never so swept those people with the fringe of her garments before. She fairly shook their hearts.

But Ristori cannot give us so much without compelling us to expect more. Nothing but the highest reach of genius will content us now. We shall return to the subject.

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The Week.

WE have little change to make in our last week's report of the elections. In Pennsylvania eighteen Union Congressmen are certainly elected, and only six Democrats, and of the latter one must prepare to defend his right to a seat before a committee, for his opponent alleges gross frauds. In Ohio the Union men lose one of the representative districts. It is that of Mr. Delano, in the centre of the State. Mr. Delano's position last winter was a little doubtful; he was suspected of being favorably inclined to the Presidential policy. Still, he had pronounced unmistakably in favor of the constitutional amendment, and it was decided to nominate him with the others. This course did prevent the young men of his party from going into the canvass with quite the accustomed energy, and did not prevent Mr. Johnson from turning over the Federal patronage to Mr. Delano's opponent. The Ohio loss of one is more than balanced, however, by the Pennsylvania assured gain of two, and very probable gain of one more in the Luzerne district, when the seat is contested. In Indiana the Democrats gained one and lost one, and the delegation stands as before, eight to three. This State is sure to send a Union senator, to take the place of a retiring Unionist, Henry S. Lane, and Pennsylvania is sure not to send back Cowan. Iowa is, of course, unanimously Union. As to popular majorities, the official returns will probably give the Union party in Pennsylvania 16,000, in Indiana, 13,000, in Ohio, 40,000.

THE effect of the elections on the President's "policy" is still unknown. He and Mr. Seward are doubtless deliberating carefully upon the whole matter, and we shall doubtless know before many days whether they will persist in saving the country from the Radicals, or let the whole concern, as Mr. Mantilini expressed it, go to "the demnition bow-wows." There are, however, various little indications that Mr. Johnson is going to make a virtue of necessity, and do what a great many better men have done before him, swallow the amendment, and let the Radicals have their way. Posterity will do him justice. His speeches against the Congressional measures are all down in black and white, and though they sometimes leave his real opinions in doubt, owing to the peculiarities of his style, they leave none whatever as to the drift of his feelings.

MR. BEECHER delivered a speech at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, on Monday evening, in which he, to all intents and purposes, recanted his late heresies. He acknowledged that specific remedies are sometimes necessary to help nature; made a savage onslaught on the Democratic party as the enemy of all good causes; acknowledged the right of the North to impose conditions of readmission on the South, and the right of Congress to frame them; and in fact got back, with great eloquence and dexterity, to his old position. The speech was brilliant and powerful, had only one fault, and that is, that it was not delivered five weeks ago. Still, it was taken by the audience, and we trust will be taken by the country, as satisfactory evidence that, in spite of the tricks Mr. Beecher's head has been playing with him, his heart has always been in the right place. But there is no denying that the popular confidence in his political insight has received a blow from which it will not readily recover. The *World*, which was, a fortnight ago, lauding him to the skies as a statesman and philanthropist of the rarest wisdom and fidelity, now pronounces him "a coward and a sneak." Those who, a week ago, pronounced him "a knave," who had "turned his back on morals and religion," will probably by next week hold him up once more as a model citizen, preacher, and patriot. That the ravers and ranters of both parties have not long ago confused the popular notions of right and wrong, shows what an intelligent and self-reliant public it is. If it believed even the great "moral" newspapers, it would conclude that a man could take off and put on his principles as readily as his shirt, turn villain at six o'clock in the evening and come down to breakfast the next morning a thorough saint, with all the traces of the previous day's sin scraped off.

IT is impossible, it appears, to try Jefferson Davis in October, at which time his case was to have come up, for an act of Congress appoints certain days in May and November for holding the U. S. Circuit Court for Virginia, and it is the Chief-Justice and not any inferior judge who must order special terms. Davis might be put upon trial on the 26th day of November next if it were not that a late act of Congress made certain changes in the judicial circuits. The Fourth Circuit used to consist of Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, and North Carolina. By the new act Delaware is taken away and South Carolina added. The judges doubt if this change does not legally necessitate a new allotment of circuits among themselves. Of course it is within the realm of the possible that the doubt may be resolved and Davis may be tried on the fourth Monday of next month—though we believe the Chief-Justice has declared his intention not to hold a court till after December next. Probably Congress will be invited to make some changes in the act above-mentioned, and Davis will stay at Fortress Monroe through the winter. It is understood that the President has abandoned his charge of murder, and that the United States Marshal whenever he calls on the military commandant at the fort can take away the prisoner. But he will be left there, as being there more comfortable, to say nothing of his being more secure, than he could be in any jail within the Fourth Circuit.

THE canvass grows warm in New York, but the *Tribune*, we are sorry to see, speaks less confidently as to the size of the majority than it did a fortnight ago, and seems disposed to be content with 25,000. The Fenians have resolutely refused the Banks bait, and vote as persistently against the "niggers" as if there was no talk of changing the neutrality laws, while the Germans are disgusted with the war waged by the Excise Board in this city against the Sunday consumption of lager beer. These two circumstances will probably tell somewhat heavily against the Republican party, but we still think they will do

better than 25,000 majority; and even this wo[illegible]ght would, in our minds, be better and have more moral effect than 50,000 won by humbug.

THE expenditure of two dollars and a half would probably have saved the *Evening Star* and the lives of the three hundred miserable people aboard her. She went down in a gale, "hurricane" it is called by some people, in which a small boat lived and came to land. The ship was perfectly unmanageable, and lay like a log till the waves broke her to pieces and sent her to the bottom. She was unmanageable because the starboard rudder chain got out of the sheave. The sheave is a part of the machinery of the steering apparatus, and it is sufficient to say of it that it is of the nature of a pulley-block, through which the rudder chain above-mentioned may be supposed to pass over a wheel. Make a cheap sheave, and the chain slips off it easily, and command of the rudder is lost. Pay a little more for a sheave and you get one guarded with iron, from which the rudder chain cannot slip. In our ship-yards the rule is, that the ship-builder contracting with the owners to build a ship at such and such a price has all the iron-work of the vessel to furnish. He makes as great a saving on each item of the expense as he can, and never, or almost never, pays ten dollars for a good article when for five dollars or for nine dollars and ninety cents he can get an article that his employers can accept. It would be pleasant to learn that a change in this state of things could be brought about. Any of us may have to make a sea voyage, but if no one has an infallible method, which he is willing to make public, for turning all the world honest, we propose that there should be, as there is in tyrannical England, an efficient inspection of ships. "Liberty or death" is a true American watchword, but it need not mean liberty to build a worthless ship, and death by shipwreck if the owners choose to send her to sea, even after failing to effect an insurance.

THE *Tribune* has shown extraordinary energy and ability in getting election returns from all the four States which have just voted, and was in this respect far in advance of the other papers. But it seems to have no one capable of making up the returns when received. The paper for October 11th contained a mass of undigested returns from the West, and the *Tribune* of the 12th was full of blunders. Thus, on the first page, the Indiana table put the vote of Hendricks County in 1864 at 2,622 Republican to 833 Democratic, and the *majority* at the same time at 2,190, and made equally gross mistakes in respects to Martin, Tippecanoe, Vermilion, and other counties. Telegrams were received announcing Republican majorities of 200 in Hamilton County and 300 in Vigo, adding in each case that this was a gain of about 300. Now Hamilton gave over 1,700, and Vigo over 500 Republican majority in October, 1864, and any one acquainted with the facts would have seen instantly that the telegraph had made a mistake. But nobody in the *Tribune* office discovered the error, and it is religiously followed in three different parts of the paper; and the mistake as to Vigo County is repeated in the paper of the 15th inst. Other mistakes we pass over, but the table of the Ohio vote, on the inside of the *Tribune* of the 12th inst., is too absurd to be overlooked. The comparison professes to be made with the vote of 1864, but half the counties are compared with the vote of 1865, which was vastly different. Nor is there any clue by which the reader could guess what was the matter. The moral of this is, that a paper like the *Tribune* ought to know that election returns, like everything else, need the attention of men who understand them.

THE Union party is undoubtedly to be successful in the coming Missouri elections both of Assemblymen and Congressmen. It is true that the opposition make a great noise, but the rigorous registration law, which can be and is rigorously enforced, is fatal to their prospects. It will keep away from the polls not only the vast majority of the returned rebel soldiers, but also many of the sympathizers with rebellion who in 1864, were at home voting for McClellan. In that year the majority for Lincoln was about forty thousand. In some counties returned rebels, armed, may possibly succeed in casting some votes, but assuredly these will not be counted, and probably they will not be many, Governor Fletcher and the Union men being determined to enforce the law. F. P. Blair tried in vain to break it down in the courts, and, although the well-known John Hogan said in May last that he knew the Supreme Court had made and would soon publish a decision adverse to the constitutionality of the law, yet most people, it is likely, before believing that will choose to wait and let the court speak for itself. The newspapers of Mr. Hogan's party, we observe, are extremely urgent in recommending their friends to be sure and register if they want to vote. The St. Louis *Republican*, in its issue of September 29th, emphasizes the injunction by printing it in six places on its editorial page and in large letters. Most of what illegal voting is done will have to be done surreptitiously by connivance of faithless registrars, and not enough of it will be done, not enough by twenty or thirty thousand votes, to give the Johnson men the legislature. As to the aid of the Federal forces, Blair, Noell, Hogan, and their friends will not be so ready to invoke it nor Mr. Johnson to render it as they and he were two months ago. General Sherman, we see, promises Governor Fletcher the last man in his command "to enforce the laws of free Missouri."

MR. BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN had a reprehensible way of seating himself on the political fence, with both legs on either side or either leg on both sides, so that the much distracted mind of even a 4–11–44 constituency would have been puzzled about how to bet on his jumping. But the voters of the Ninth New York Congressional District may sigh for Sawin after reading a recent address prepared for their information and delight by the ingenious but disingenuous Mr. Fernando Wood. "My guide," says Mr. Wood, "will be the Constitution as understood and explained by the Fathers of the Republic. On those other grave matters which are not defined in that instrument I shall favor a permanent disposition of the unsettled questions affecting the status of the Southern States and people which shall for ever remove all sectional or other differences." He says nothing about the large blue flies in the butchers' shops, and there is a little doubt in our minds as to which of the two possible congresses Mr. Wood means to make the scene of his benevolent activity. Neither, perhaps; for he says, "If elected, I shall be as independent as a representative as I am independent as a candidate." "A slantendicular walk," as St. Benjamin says, and extreme vagueness of statement are bad things; but contradictions in terms—is their political effect great in the Ninth District? After stating that his motive in running for Congress is that his triumphant return may be "a popular rebuke to those who utter the malicious falsehood that during the war I was a rebel sympathizer and disunionist," Mr. Wood goes on to say further that he also wishes his election because he desires to be placed in an official position where, unrestrained by partisan obligations, "I may follow the dictates of my own judgment for the public good." As one of the "Fathers of the Republic" remarked, "I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past, and judging by the past," etc., etc.

SOMEBODY—most probably Flint, the late "Druid" of the New York *World*, who supplied that journal during the war with those "inside views" of secession which gave Southern sympathizers in this city so much comfort—hoaxed the Philadelphia *Ledger* with the news that the President had submitted a series of questions to the Attorney-General by way of legal preparation for a *coup d'état*. The gold market was seriously affected by it for an hour or two, which was probably the object the knave had in view. This form of fraud would hardly have been attempted again had the Government done its duty in the Howard case. In that the criminal was liberated without trial, after a few weeks' imprisonment, and without even the offer of an excuse to the public.

JONATHAN WORTH, Governor of North Carolina, spoke from a sad heart to the negroes assembled in an Educational Convention at Raleigh, the other day. "Avoid politics," he said; "you see the strifes and troubles in which party politics have involved the whites. Let me advise you not to meddle with governmental affairs;" which, we suppose the Governor means to say, would probably lead black people into secession, rebellion, destruction of property, and other miseries; perhaps to an obstinate rejection of constitutional amendments, and refusals to repudiate the war debt of rebellion—perhaps even the establishment of new Salisburys in North Carolina in the interest of some

new sum of all villanies. The rest of the speech might almost seem to have been addressed to white men. The governor thought that bread and meat should be their first care; then that they should establish schools in which to educate their children; that they should always cultivate kind feelings towards the race with which they were living, not bearing emnity nor seeking to cheat or defraud; and that they should practise industry and virtue and seek to elevate their present not too high condition.

Professor F. W. Newman, who generally writes sensibly on American matters, and who was popularly supposed to understand them, has been carrying on a—as far as he is concerned—most extraordinary correspondence with General Neal Dow. He thinks that most Northerners do not in the least understand the political affairs of this country; that Mr. Johnson holds Congress in the hollow of his hand, can do what he pleases with the army, and that he may possibly concentrate Southern forces under Robert E. Lee in and about Washington, and perform a *coup d'état*, and do ever so many other dreadful things. General Neal Dow wrote him a letter pointing out how absurd his alarms were, but it did not produce the slightest effect. "It brought him," he said, "no alleviation of his anxiety." He thinks Grant will do whatever the President tells him, however violent or illegal; that the army will obey his orders to the letter; and that Congress in the meantime "can do nothing but vote and talk," which, he says, is "mere wind." In the name of common sense, what would Parliament do if the Queen were to attempt a *coup d'état* with the aid of the Fenians and the army? Would it *only* "talk and vote?" and would its talking be "mere wind?" What *did* Parliament do when an Executive did attempt a *coup d'état?* Were Naseby and Worcester "mere wind?" Why cannot Congress take care of itself? Are there no soldiers to obey its orders—no taxpayers to open their purses when it calls for money? Is the Northern public an inert mass, incapable of self-defence? Something seems to have lately got into many of the English literary men, of all shades of politics, which takes all the common sense out of them when they begin to discuss either negroes or Americans. Professor Newman's letters are, in their way, as fine pieces of foolishness as Professor Kingsley's speech at the Eyre banquet.

Last month the new organization of the Swedish Parliament went into operation for the first time. The reform, we may recall, consisted in suppressing the States-General, divided into four orders, and in erecting one legislative body of two Chambers, as is the modern fashion. The Lower Chamber is elected directly by the people, and numbers 191 deputies, whose term is three years; the Upper, numbering 125, appointed for a term of nine years, is chosen by the provincial assemblies, or *landsthings*. A man must be twenty-five years of age before he can vote, and thirty-five, with certain property qualifications, before he can become a member of the *landsthing*. The cities and the country vote at distinct elections. As these institutions differ considerably from those of other constitutional governments, their working will be watched with a good deal of interest. Meanwhile we may note that at Stockholm the liberals elected their thirteen candidates without an exception.

A much more surprising social revolution, if it is to be credited, is the reported determination of the Viceroy of Egypt to govern that country hereafter by constitutional forms, adopting the French system as a model. Thus, Egypt has been divided into sixty electoral districts, each one of which will choose a representative, and the body thus created will be bound to examine and discuss the bills laid before it by another body appointed by the sovereign, and apparently senate and counsel of state in one. With how much authority this step has been taken by Ismail Pacha is uncertain, and those who favor a government founded upon distinctions of caste will probably prophesy ill to a mixture of Mussulman, Greek, Hebrew, and Armenian in the same politics. Everybody else will wish prosperity to an attempt to substitute law for the bow-string and bastinado, and a movement of Orientals away from the traditions and barbarism of the East.

THE FREEDMEN.

According to the latest report the freedmen of Tennessee are prospering fairly and are mostly hard at work. Outrages upon them are rarely noticed by the authorities, but they are also comparatively few. Giles County is bitterest in feeling; in Montgomery, "the majority of the difficulties that occur are between freedmen and white citizens who never owned slaves;" in Lauderdale, McNairy, Madison, and Shelby, a dozen outrages are enumerated; but "the civil authorities of the city of Memphis are discharging their full duties in relieving the wants of the destitute colored people," and in Chattanooga sub-district "the freedmen are generally sustained in their legal rights." Only 713 freedmen are receiving rations.

—At the Front Street Theatre, in Baltimore, on Thursday evening last, a very large audience assembled at the call of the American Freedman's Union Commission, and was presided over by Chief-Justice Chase, who had just been chosen president of the organization in place of Bishop Simpson. Mr. Chase, Judge Russell, of Boston, Judge Bond, of Baltimore, General Howard, and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher spoke with great impressiveness and to the entire satisfaction of those who heard them. It cannot be doubted that these proceedings will have a most happy effect on the labors of the Baltimore Association for the Moral and Educational Improvement of the Colored People, already composed of the most persistent and energetic workers in behalf of the freedmen, but as yet too much neglected and shunned by those whose religion should have taught them differently.

—In Alabama there are seven schools taught by as many Southern whites, three by seven colored men, and two by ex-Union soldiers, with a daily attendance of 729. The rations issued in September were—refugees, 190,932; freedmen, 91,685. The rations in Arkansas, for the same period, were—refugees, 5,048; freedmen, 6,853. Gen. Sprague, Assistant Commissioner of the latter State, relieved at his own request, is to be succeeded by Brev. Maj.-Gen. E. O. C. Ord, now commanding the department.

—Except about Newbern, where there is much indigence and suffering, the freed people of North Carolina are in good condition, industrious, and well treated. Average wages, for men, per month, are $9 50; for women, $5 15, exclusive of board and quarters. Famine is predicted if Government rations be entirely cut off.

—The State Convention of colored people that met at Raleigh, N. C., on the 2d inst., adjourned on the 6th. Letters were read from Governor Worth, W. W. Holden, W. A. Graham, B. F. Moore, and other prominent persons, in response to invitations to be present, all couched in the most respectful language, and apparently animated by sincerely friendly feelings. Governor Worth promised to attend and to promote officially the objects of the convention. Ex-Governor Holden urged them, in an address, to get homes and to educate their children, and otherwise to prepare themselves to remain a permanent and useful part of the population, and to enjoy the civil rights which they would inevitably obtain. The convention adopted a constitution for a freedmen's educational association, of which the object shall be "to aid in the establishment of schools, from which none shall be excluded on account of color or poverty, and to encourage unsectarian education in this State, especially among the freedmen." Among the resolutions was one making it the duty of every member, on his return home, to assist in forming an equal rights league; others, advising the formation of joint-stock companies and mutual patronage among colored people; thanking the Legislature for its courtesy in receiving their late petition, and expressing faith in that body; pledging the members to raise $2,500 for a school-house, to serve also for public and State purposes. An address was issued to all the citizens of the State, without regard to color, setting forth the claims of the blacks to the right of suffrage.

There were in all 111 delegates from 82 counties (out of 87). Col. Brady, of the Bureau, contributed $50 towards meeting the expenses of the convention, which is certainly to be regarded as a most auspicious token of the capacity of the blacks for self-respect and self-improvement, and of the advance they have already made towards winning the esteem of those who were so recently their enemies and oppressors.

Notes.

LITERARY.

In a note to an article on "The Present Aspect of International Law" in the last number of the "North American Review," the charge of plagiarizing brought against Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr., by Mr. Lawrence is discussed at some length, and evidently with authority. The circumstances under which Mr. Dana undertook the task of editing Wheaton are explained, as is also the manner in which he executed it, and Mr. Lawrence's charges are examined *seriatim*. The question may now be considered fairly settled, as far as the public is concerned, for it has been shown—though we are satisfied nobody who had ever heard Mr. Dana's name suspected the contrary—not only that he has not intentionally adopted as much as a single sentence from Mr. Lawrence, but that there is not in the whole of his notes a single passage which would furnish even a simpler or more ignorant or more susceptible man than Mr. Lawrence the least reason for thinking himself wronged. We have already quoted in this journal specimens of the few passages in which there is even a resemblance between Mr. Dana's method of treatment and Mr. Lawrence's, and our readers know that this resemblance is so slight that anybody who pretends to detect traces of literary theft in it places nothing in doubt but his own integrity or sanity.

—Boswell speaks with peculiar delight of the excellent style of the preface to Dr. Johnson's dictionary, and instances one sentence as an example of the nice adaptation of words which is the perfection of language. The sentence he quotes is: "When the radical idea branches out into parallel ramifications, how can a consecutive series be formed of senses in their own nature collateral?" The recent thanksgiving proclamation of President Johnson seems to have been written with some reminiscence of Boswell's remarks. "Intrusive pestilence has been benignly mitigated" is a sentence in point; but Doctor Johnson would hardly have been guilty of the rest. The logic of the first sentence is still more curious than the style. We, however, do not expect elegant English from Mr. Johnson as we do from Mr. D. G. Mitchell, or rather did, until the appearance of "Dr. Johns," in which the author has allowed himself to use many words erroneously, and in his attempts at "word-painting" to blunder worse than a tenth-rate sculptor would in colors. We remember his speaking of "a hydrangea *flaming* in the door-yard," forgetting that that flower was always of the palest, most washed-out tint imaginable. Neither do we approve of "unctuous pig-sty" or "sprawling wood-pile." With instances worse than these on nearly every page, it is surprising to find Mr. Mitchell held up as a model of style. These are small faults, but so much the easier to avoid, and a good style is made up of small excellences. Even the best informed sometimes forget.

—The boy of the rising generation, whether father of the man or not, is the true son of his mother, for his devotion to light literature must be enormous. "The Student and Schoolmate," "The Little Corporal," "Merry's Museum," "Our Young Folks," and the projected "Infant's Magazine" of Miss Seaverns, are soon to have two or three dangerous competitors. Messrs. Lee & Shepard are to issue on New Year's, 1867, the first number of "Our Boys and Girls," a juvenile magazine, of which Mr. Wm. T. Adams is to be editor. Mr. Adams, a successful teacher in Boston, is also favorably known to several hundreds of thousands of young gentlemen and ladies as "Oliver Optic." Another magazine, addressed to the same class of readers, is to be published by Hurd & Houghton, and is to be called "The Riverside Magazine for Young People." The Bible Society also promise a similar periodical which ought to have a large Sunday-school circulation. The magazine of which Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mr. J. R. Gilmore are to have charge—and which will possess two novel features, for it is to be issued weekly, and it is to be edited in one city and published in another—will probably be entertaining and sprightly rather than particularly able. We believe it is to have the benefit of contributions by former writers for the old "Knickerbocker" and "Vanity Fair."

—We wonder how many readers know more about Jean Grolier de Servier than that his books all bore the generous inscription, "Jo. Grolierii et amicorum." Yet at thirty Jean Grolier was treasurer-general of the Duchy of Milan, and in 1534 he was sent as ambassador to Pope Clement VII. by Francis I. Further on we find him mixed up in the disputes of Benvenuto Cellini and the Duchesse d'Etampes, and subsequently pursuing a career of great honor, controlling everything, and extricating himself from great complications by his prudence, until, in 1565, he died grand treasurer of France, in a beautiful palace, containing a splendid library of rare and exquisite books. For his books he will be always remembered, for those he had bound in the choicest manner, after designs of the most celebrated artists of the age, and then—was willing to lend them. He was a veritable Mæcenas. Poets and authors praised him, and Aldus and his worthy successors dedicated to him their finest publications. His library was kept intact for some years, but is now dispersed throughout the fine libraries of Europe. The Louvre and the British Museum boast several volumes, other collections have rarely more than two, for the possession of a single one confers a distinction of nobility among bibliophiles. M. Le Roux de Laincy, secretary of the Society of French Bibliophiles, has just written a volume of "Recherches sur Jean Grolier," in which is a catalogue of the wonderful library; and M. Pothier, the publisher, has given several fac-similes of the bindings, where every one can admire the motto, "For me and my friends," and also see another inscription, borrowed from the Psalmist: "Portio mea, Domine, sit in terrâ viventium."

—Mr. John Hill Burton, the author of "The Book-hunter," has in press "The History of Scotland from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of 1688." It is to be comprised in six volumes octavo, of which four, bringing the narrative down to the abdication of Queen Mary, will be published in November by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons. The author professes to give the results of scientific enquiries into the vestiges of the early inhabitants of Scotland, the work of linguists and etymologists with regard to the early races. He also has tested all the accounts of Roman domination by laborious searches into the remains of Roman occupation. Besides this, the early artistic relics and the later castles and baronial halls have been explored by the artist and the antiquarian, and Mr. Burton hopes to prove the existence of a special school of Scottish art.

—The Italian Government have resolved to spare the celebrated monastery of Monte Cassino, founded by Saint Benedict himself, and which has passed through so many vicissitudes. It has for many years been the abode of learning rather than piety, and possesses a library filled with valuable manuscripts. It is to be maintained in its present state as a national monument. The archives, library, and monuments of the monastery are intact, and Tosti, its most celebrated monk, is made the keeper. The convent of San Marco at Florence, famous for the frescoes of Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolomeo, and for its associations with Savonarola, is likewise spared. The rest of the Italian monasteries are broken up, their property confiscated, and their buildings either sold or converted to the uses of the Government.

—A curious addition to books of polemic theology is "The End of All Things; or, The Coming of Christ," by an anonymous author, a clergyman of the Church of England. It is an argument against Millenarianism, and is interesting for its sketch of the rise of the doctrine with the well-meaning but weak-minded Papias, and its progress through all sects and shades of belief, until "more than half of the evangelical clergy of the Church of England are at this moment Millenarians." The variety of forms which the doctrine has taken, and particularly that propounded by Edward Irving of "The Secret Coming of Christ," are worthy of attention as making a curious chapter in the history of delusion. There is in England an energetic propaganda of Millenarian notions, called the "Prophecy Investigation Society," which consists of fifty members, some of them prominent Churchmen, and which has published a series of volumes on prophetic subjects, adding largely to apocalyptic literature. This is a work of supererogation, for already "nearly twelve hundred volumes have been written with a view to expound the whole or parts of the Book of Revelation, and no two writers out of this large number agree together on all points." There are numerous journals published in England to support these views. The most important is the "Quarterly Journal of Pro-

phecy," edited by Dr. Bonar, of the Free Church of Scotland, which has been established fourteen years and has a large circulation. The "Rainbow" is a monthly periodical; the "Christian Observer," the monthly journal of the evangelicals, often displays Millenarian tendencies. There are, besides, numerous weeklies of small circulation, the chief being the *Revivalist*, originally established to promote revivals in personal religion, but now devoted to the spread of Millenarian views.

EDUCATIONAL.

We have referred from time to time in our columns to the progress which is making in different parts of the country toward the establishment of schools of practical science in accordance with the terms of the Congressional grant erroneously and yet commonly known as the "Agricultural College Bill." The portion of land which fell to the lot of Kentucky by that appropriation amounted to 330,000 acres. By a vote of the Legislature of the State, the income which in due time will come from the sale of this land is to be devoted to an "agricultural and mechanical college" about to be opened as one of the departments of the University of Kentucky, at Lexington. By private subscription the sum of $100,000 has been raised for the purchase of a farm and the erection of buildings, and the authorities now announce with undisguised satisfaction that "Ashland," the former home of Henry Clay, and the "Woodlands," an adjacent tract, comprising in all over four hundred acres of first-rate land, is now the property of the new institution. One feature in the organization of this school will be watched with considerable interest. An attempt is once more to be made to combine manual labor with scholastic pursuits. This has commonly been found impracticable in American institutions, though it has been repeatedly and faithfully and believingly tried. We cannot hope that the plan will work well in Kentucky, but the experiment will probably be thoroughly made and may be instructive. Every scholar of this new department will be required to spend at least two hours daily in manual labor.

Till the land-scrip is sold, the Legislature gives $20,000 per year for the maintenance of this school. Kentucky will soon see the wisdom of such unexpected liberality.

This "University of Kentucky," to which allusion has just been made, is in many respects a unique institution. There is something decidedly Western in all its arrangements. "Our American people," says the regent in a recent official document, "have become tired of the old educational systems of the country, which are mostly but the types of Cambridge and Oxford, whose foundations *were laid away* back in the dark ages. They want something more than the everlasting Latin and Greek and mathematics, *whose myths and forms have hung ghost-like* so long in the halls of those hoary institutions, and whose slavish worship has crushed the spirit and constitution of many a toil-worn student." So much for Kentucky views of the past, and of all the long line of college benefactors from the days of Alfred the Great. Now for Kentucky views of the future. Ten years ago Mr. John B. Bowman conceived a plan for a modern university, and "proposed to devote his life to its upbuilding." He has so far succeeded that a fund of $200,000 has been raised, several colleges have been combined in one institution, and twenty-three professors and instructors have been charged with the instruction of three hundred and two catalogued students. The six departments of the university are designated—the college of arts, the agricultural and mechanical college, the college of the Bible, the college of law, the normal college, and the college of medicine. Each professor has a "school" of his own, and the course in each "college" is made up by a selection from the studies taught in the several "schools." There is a practical economy of professorial labor in this way which is good; but there must be also many practical difficulties. As we only know the college as it appears on paper, we shall not enter at present into any criticism of its characteristic features. We do not apprehend that Kentucky will complain that the new university is a mere imitation of Oxford and Cambridge, or even of Harvard and Yale. The State may have inaugurated a system of great fitness for the wants of its own people, but time alone can determine.

—Few persons, we are sure, are aware of the amount of good now accomplished by the Cooper Union of this city. The seventh annual report, just published, tells a story which we confess surprises us. We were familiar, like all New Yorkers, with the free reading room and the Bryan picture gallery and the great hall, and we knew that there were evening classes and occasional lectures under the direction of the trustees. We supposed, however, that the pupils came and went very much at their own pleasure, somewhat as they do in the classes of the Mercantile Library. We find, however, organized courses of study, extending through a term of years, ending in examinations with certificates of merit, and open not to mere tyros, but only to those young men and women who have already made some attainments in learning, and are so absorbed with practical occupations in the daytime that the evening is their only opportunity for further study. During the last winter there were on the average over 1,000 such pupils. The number who entered at the beginning of the season was 1,571, and the number who remained at the close, six months later, was 958, a very large proportion when we consider the difficulties in the way of all who attempt to combine a life of labor and a life of study. The evening school is in two departments, "science" and "art." None enter the scientific school unless fitted to study algebra, and the five years' course includes algebra, plane, solid, and analytical geometry, the calculus, mechanics and mechanical drawing, chemistry and physics. In the evening art school the pupils are taught in architectural, mechanical, and free-hand drawing, and in drawing from cast and life. The effect of such instruction upon men and women already engaged in the manifold pursuits of life must be admirable. Besides these night classes the Union maintains the well-known "School of Design for Women," with 200 pupils, and music classes with 400 pupils, a literary class with 120 pupils, a capital reading room, visited last year by over 200,000 persons, and an exhibition of pictures, visited by as many more. All this comes from the liberality of a single merchant in New York.

—Half a century having passed since the earliest attempts were made in this country for the instruction of deaf mutes, a semi-centennial celebration was held a short time ago at the American Asylum in Hartford, the original institution, which was established in 1816. Many former pupils now engaged in the various occupations of active life, and many persons interested in the education of the deaf and dumb, were brought together on the occasion. In this connection our readers may be interested in a brief account of a discussion which has lately been revived in respect to the proper modes of instructing deaf mutes. Dr. S. G. Howe, the well-known philanthropist of South Boston, has been for many years an advocate of teaching the deaf and dumb to articulate sounds. The task is difficult under the most favorable circumstances; but it has been accomplished in some European institutions with a degree of success which is not so encouraging as it is surprising. In a recent report to the Massachusetts Legislature, Dr. Howe has officially, as chairman of the State Board of Charities, renewed his advocacy of instruction in articulation, and has gone so far as to urge that the Massachusetts deaf mutes who are now taught in the asylum at Hartford be taken away and instructed in a new school to be established in their own State. In making this proposal he commends "the able, accomplished, and zealous teachers" in Connecticut, but he urges the change because "the friends of the system of articulation do not believe that it can ever have a fair trial in the Hartford school." To these strictures of Dr. Howe a vigorous reply has been made by Mr. Collins Stone, the experienced and able principal of the institution at Hartford. He argues that a great deal of time is lost by the articulative method in teaching sounds without promoting mental culture; that under this system a large number of deaf mutes must be left without instruction; that the intonations and distortions in teaching and practising articulation are disagreeable; that the prominent successful cases of learning to articulate are pupils who lost their hearing *after learning to talk;* that the power to talk in general society is not acquired by this method of instruction; that the expense of teaching is increased; that religious instruction is necessarily deferred by this method, and learning trades is precluded; that signs are still indispensable to those who articulate; that deaf mutes must learn to read the lips as well as to speak; and

finally, that the results attained by the sign method far surpass the results accomplished by the instructions in articulation. These views are ably defended in the fiftieth report of the American Asylum at Hartford, a document to which we refer all who are interested in a fuller discussion of this most interesting question.

MRS. AKERS—MISS CARY.*

BETTER than by her pseudonym "Florence Percy," or than by her own name, readers of late minor poetry will recognize in Mrs. Akers a favorite verse-writer when we say that she is the author of the touching lines, "Rock me to sleep." They deserve to be liked. It is no wonder that they have been sung everywhere, for they give sweet and unaffected expression to the sentiment of the purest tie between human hearts; they present it as it exists, kinder and dearer than even the reality, in the tender light of memory, and with all its sweetness increased by contrast with the harsh experiences of the world.

"Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O Mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded our faces between;
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

"Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours.
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep."

We see no reason why the popularity of such verses should not be very long continued. In many of the other verses there is too much of the same tone of sadness which, in these, is not a defect but a beauty—too much of a sick-room and sick-bed plaintiveness and weariness. One reads on, and it is impossible not to wish that the windows could be thrown up, and a breeze of healthy cheeriness let blow in to disperse these languors. Yet it seems not affected, not pensiveness prepense. Even when Mrs. Akers obviously borrows thoughts and forms from other poets, this customary sadness seems to be her own and natural. For instance, much of the following poem, one of the poorest in the book, belongs to Tennyson, who has been a little melancholy in the same measure before; and when Mrs. Akers was gathering up materials for her volume it would have been judicious in her to have suppressed "Tempt me no more," on account of this suggestiveness; but the mournfulness in it is not mock mournfulness, we should say, but real:

"Tempt me no more, thy tones are sweet and deep;
Yet they fall vainly on my weary ears;
Pass on and leave me here to dream and weep,
Counting the footfalls of the lonesome years;—
Tempt me no more!

"My wreath of life holds no fresh bloom for thee,—
Its flowers are strewn on unforgotten graves,—
Only its withered leaves remain to me,
And they drift darkly toward death's wintry waves;—
Tempt me no more!

"Gather not rose-leaves trampled in the dust;
No kindness can their wasted bloom renew.
Go, let them die unheeded as they must;
Seek thou for blossoms fresh and bright with dew;—
Tempt me no more!"

We find in the poems no extraordinary force of thought, but never obscurity of thought or want of clearness in expression, a proneness to gentle melancholy, considerable fertility and happiness of fancy—though, as in "Tempt me no more," incongruous images are too often brought into juxtaposition—and a versification generally very correct and easy. After the "Rock me to sleep," the pieces we should select as the most favorable examples of the poet's powers are "Snow" and "The Mountains." The former we mention as being a specimen of the author's best success in reproducing nature:

"Hanging garlands the eaves o'erbrim,
Deep drifts smother the paths below,
The elms are shrouded, trunk and limb,
And all the air is dizzy and dim
With a whirl of dancing, dazzling snow.

"Dimly out of the baffled sight
Houses and church spires stretch away," etc.

"Dazzling" is not good there, nor garlands o'er brimming eaves, but otherwise the picture is noticeably well done, and the rest of the poem is not unworthy of it. "The Mountains" is less widely known than "Snow," which latter was published in the "Atlantic Monthly," and at once became a favorite, so we make room for it here, hoping and believing that we have not injured it by cutting off two stanzas from the end. The authoress has rather more than Longfellow's fondness for tacking morals or applications to her poems, and manages the matter with less than Longfellow's skill:

"Sitting alone in this silent room,
Blinded with weeping, and sick and strange,
I see it, whitening out of the gloom,
A chill and sorrowful mountain range.

"Never o'er summit, or sweep, or slope,
A gleam of gladness or pleasure thrills,
Never a glimmer of joy or hope
Blesses or brightens these desolate hills.

"All the winds which over them blow,
Are sighs too bitter to brook control,
And all the freshening rains they know
Are hot tears wrung from a stricken soul.

"First is a pallid, smileless face,
Turned for ever away from tears,
Then two pale hands which will keep their place,
Folded from labor through all the years.

"Then the knees which will never bow,
Never bend or obey again;
And then the motionless feet which now
Are done with walking in sun and rain.

"These are the mountains, and over all
Sinks and settles the winding-sheet,
Following sharply each rise and fall
From the pallid face to the quiet feet.

"These are the mountains which through the gloom
Rising whitely and cold I see,
Sloping into the shadowy tomb,
The mournful hills of mortality."

The body, "the bloody house of life" of Shakespeare, the Scriptural "temple of God," has been made the subject of poems by two late poets—Tennyson, in the "Deserted House," and Poe, in the "Haunted Palace"—but in this poem, which these may have perhaps suggested, Mrs. Akers certainly merits for her way of treating the theme the praise of originality. We do not pronounce her work equal to those, one of which is extraordinary, but it may safely be pronounced the most imaginative and impressive of her poems. It is safe, too, to say that a writer capable of producing the three pieces of hers above mentioned not only may permit herself to write and publish verses for her own amusement or as a means of self-culture, but also earns the thanks of readers of poetry, to whom much that she writes will certainly give genuine pleasure.

The same thing may be said of Alice Cary, whose pure and graceful poetry it is not possible to read without sharing, and being made better by being made to share, her overflowing sympathy with all her fellow-creatures who need sympathy, her pity for the neglected, the discouraged, the unfortunate, for the unlearned poor man, for the village idiot, "poor simple boy, his senses cheated of their birth," the men and women, uncomplaining and humble, all the days of whose pathetic lives are days of labor till death ends their too many griefs and cares and scanty joys. Her heart is full of kindness and innocence, and if the "Thoughts and Theories" of her book are not very recondite or profound, she has that "simplicity concerning sin" which the highest authority pronounces the true human wisdom. Add to this charm of her writings one which harmonizes with it, the constancy with which rural imagery, homely, peaceful, and sweet, is used in expressing a guilelessness and kindliness which would be at home in Arcadia.

The volume is divided into three parts of nearly equal extent, "Ballads," "Thoughts and Theories," and "Hymns." We do not intend to enter upon a consideration of their poetical merits, and we have hardly space for quotation of any one piece which would show the chief characteristics of Miss Cary's style. Perhaps these stanzas from the ballad of "The Shoemaker" may be taken as a fair specimen of her manner and matter:

"Now the hickory with its hum
Cheers the wild and rainy weather,
And the shoemaker has come
With his lapstone, last, and leather;
With his head as white as wool,
With the wrinkles getting bolder,
And his heart with news as full
As the wallet on his shoulder.

"How the children's hearts will beat,
How their eyes will shine with pleasure
As he sets their little feet,
Bare and rosy, in his measure;
When he tells the merry news,
How their eyes will laugh and glisten,
While the mother binds the shoes,
And they gather round and listen.

"But each one leaning low
On his lapstone will be crying
As he tells how little Jo
With a broken back is dying—

* "Poems by Elizabeth Akers (Florence Percy)." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 32mo, "Blue and gold."
"Ballads, Lyrics, and Hymns. Alice Cary." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 8vo. Illustrated.

Of the way he came to fall
In the flowery April weather—
Of the new shoes on the wall
That are hanging, tied together.

"How the face of little Jo
Has grown white, and they who love him
See the shadows come and go
As if angels flew above him.
And the old shoemaker, true
To the woe of the disaster,
Will uplift his apron blue
To his eyes, then work the faster."

Better poems are "An Order for a Picture," "The Bridal Veil," "If and If," and the first of the "Hymns," "The Sure Witness." The volume is richly and expensively bound; the paper is thick and tinted; and there are sixteen engravings, one of which is a portrait on steel of the authoress.

AN OLD FAIRY TALE.*

THERE is a delightful story, the most beloved of all the fairy legends of Europe, which first took the general form in which it has grown famous under the title, "La Belle au Bois Dormant," which we translate "The Beauty of the Sleeping Wood," or, more freely, "The Beauty of the Enchanted Forest." This was the name that Perrault gave the delicious tale which in France and with French children remains as he wrote it, and still bears the name he gave. Theirs differs a little from our English version. The seven good and the uninvited, wicked eighth fairy come to the christening feast of the infant princess. One of the seven hides herself on purpose to be last at the offering of gifts and to be able to render harmless any evil gift that the malicious fairy may bestow. She is thus able to promise that the spindle wound, which she cannot wholly prevent, shall not kill the princess, but only put her to sleep for an hundred years, at the expiration of which time a royal prince shall wake her. The princess is about fifteen years old when her parents take her with them to a country palace, a Balmoral or Compiègne, where, finding in a turret not the wicked fairy disguised, but an innocent old woman who has never heard of the law against spindles, she wounds herself when she tries to spin, and so falls asleep. The good fairy comes post-haste from Mataquin, summoned thence by her dwarf, who has seven-league boots; while she herself gets over the ground in a chariot "tout de feu," and drawn by dragons, in which she makes the twelve thousand leagues in an hour. The wise fairy, being "grandement prévoyante," foresees that it would be awkward for the princess to awake alone an hundred years in the future (as one may imagine it would have embarrassed Perrault himself to have slept from 1690 to 1790, and to have found himself then Citizen Perrault of the Republic, one and indivisible), and provides for her by a stroke of the magic wand, putting to sleep for the century all the officers and servants of the castle, horses and hounds, fire and water, even the princess's lap-dog. The king and queen leave the castle, issuing orders that no one shall approach it—useless precaution, for the wood grows thick and dense around it in a quarter of an hour, and vines and briers mat the whole together and form an impassable barrier, all by the fairy's art. The waking up is as in the English version, except that the kiss is omitted, probably because "les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France." But Perrault is a true romanticist, and gives us the details. The enamored pair talk for four hours; the servants, who have awaked and are not in love, go on preparing dinner; the princess is informed of it by her hungry maids of honor; the prince leads her in, and is careful not to tell her that she is dressed like my grandmother, and that she has what, it seems, she should n't have, "un collet monté," a high-necked dress. But she is not less beautiful on that account. The prince marries her, and, going home the next day, conceals his good fortune for fear of his mother, a lady of the blood of the ogres, and for two years visits his wife by stealth, until the death of his father makes him the master, and he brings his wife and two children home in triumph. The attempts of the ogress queen dowager to eat her grandchildren and daughter-in-law, and her orders to her maitre d'hôtel to serve them up "à la sauce Robert," and the sequel, the English, wisely enough, put into another legend.

It is to match this tale that Gustave Doré's now well-known designs were made. There are six of them. The first is the princess finding the spinning old woman in the tower, in which the artist seems to have conceived the old woman as a fairy disguised, in the spirit of the English version of the story—at least it is so we read the meaning of the "grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore," the long-legged and spindle-tailed raven perched upon the high-backed chair. The old woman is vigorously drawn, a coarse and vulgar old woman enough, and the princess just sufficiently refined-looking, seeming to the crone her daughter masquerading in fine clothes. The second picture shows the distant castle towering above the magic wood, the prince and his followers staring at it, and the prince questioning some woods-people. The tangled landscape is very effective, and makes this the best of the six pictures. The third shows the prince walking up the avenue towards an insignificant-looking doorway, with a New York high stoop and a man asleep on the top step of it—the whole picture very coarsely and slightly drawn and thoroughly meaningless. The fourth shows the interior of a room with a revel suddenly checked, revellers and servants asleep; the room overrun with climbing vines, tapestried with huge cobwebs, and floored with fungi. The next is in the castle-court, where huntsmen and hounds are asleep as about starting for the chase; and the sixth shows the princess's chamber, her couch curtained by rioting wild vines, herself asleep thereon, and the prince rushing towards her. These pictures are not in Doré's best manner. The only thing in the story that seems to have interested him is the strangeness of the scenes of arrested life, and the only thing he has enjoyed doing was the contrasting of this death-in-life with the luxuriant vegetation and the eager prince. It suggests itself to the reader to ask how the "prévoyante" fairy should allow the castle to become so unfit for the nuptials—why the soporific spell took no effect upon the spiders, but left them alive to weave their webs for a hundred years—how wild vines should, contrary to vegetable nature, run from out-doors in, and climb willingly in dark corners, and give up all longing for out-of-door daylight—whether, in the days when the Florid-Gothic castle was built, banqueting-rooms were left unfloored, as the toadstools, springing neither from rotting planks nor from between flagstones, show this one to have been—and whether the wild orgy in which this company were surprised was indeed the daily life of the royal country residence. Doré, in these half-dozen pictures, has shown no other noticeable power than his usual clever handling of light and shade in xylography. The amount of "imagination" or "genius" in them would hardly furnish forth one of the painters of scenes from Shakespeare in our annual exhibitions.

Tom Hood, whose capital rhymes for children we have noticed before, has put the story into verse to match the English republication of Doré's wood-cuts. He wrote to the pictures, but they did not bind him closely, and, without contradicting them, he has adhered generally to the English version, with all its inferiority to the older French one, and with only one of its merits—the cutting off of the inconsequent conclusion. He has made it much too long, nearly a thousand lines; four times too long for the sparkling poem he has tried to make it; three-fourths as long as "Maud."

It is undoubtedly very clever. It is generally in the vein of the "Ingoldsby Legends," and much of it might be taken almost for the real Barham:

"Shrieked Spite, 'Silence, gaby!
Let's look at the baby.'
The queen, in a tremble,
Her fears to dissemble,
Said, 'Here is the darling, Papa she'll resemble.
You'd like p'rhaps to take her,
But please not to wake her,
She sleeps," etc.

And

"Cried the Prince, leaping o'er
The page, '*Qu'il s'endort!*'
So he left that inveterate sleeper to snore
While he ventured on further the place to explore."

And there is something of Thomas Ingoldsby, and something, too, of Thomas Hood—old Tom Hood—in the lines all rhyming with 'Stopt!'

"The steed that in the palace court-yard cropt—
The very bird upon the roof that hopt—"

and so on, fifteen of them.

The poem is hardly a children's poem, partly because of its length, partly because of its difficult and ever-changing metres, which no nurse and few mammas could manage, but more because of the forced jokes and rather elaborate puns with which it bristles, and which to children would be words without meaning:

"An old pillow I vow!
But you 'll surely allow
That unless of some slumber your need is the utt'rest,
A sleep on a buttress seems anything but rest."

"Past grooms as unawakened as sad sinners,
Past screws of hunters sound as Derby winners."

"In tiring-rooms he views
The ladies' maids so tired they 're in a snooze,"

and so on all through the poem. It becomes very fatiguing, and one would be glad to be as unconscious of them as the children are sure to be.

* "Les Contes de Perrault. Dessins par Gustave Dorê." Paris: Hetzel. 1864.
"Fairy Realm. A Collection of the Favorite Old Tales. Illustrated by the pencil of Gustave Doré. Told in verse by Tom Hood." London: Ward, Lock & Tyler.
"An Old Fairy Tale told anew in Pictures and Verse. By Richard Doyle and J. R. Planché." London: Routledge.
"Poems by Alfred Tennyson. Illustrated by T. Creswick and others." London: Moxon. 1859.

And yet the poem is not worthless, but, as we have said, very clever. And some parts are better than that, especially the description of the palace, in such metre and such really fine stanzas as—

"The sunlight slumbered on the wall;
The trancèd shadow did not crawl,
Or scarcely crept;
Dreaming the white lake-lilies lay;
Above their image, still as they,
The hushed wave slept."

This description would be a very good poem of itself, but for the weak lines that too often appear in it,

"Where expletives their feeble aid do join."

Richard Doyle has made some pictures illustrating the story, and they are published in a small volume with another versified version. They are full of sweet and graceful fancy. Those—and they are many—who know Doyle only through his pictures of ludicrous incident, will see a new charm in his farce after familiarity with his comedy. And there are pleasant things in this series of pictures that we do not remember elsewhere in his works. Thus, that is a wonderfully effective picture, in effects of light and shade as well as in sentiment, which shows the wicked fairy crouched on the ground with her flock of ravens about her, some pecking about, some alighting, some flying toward her, while her dark tower rises behind against an evening sky. It is a sweet little face, that of the good fairy who hides to bide her time, and which peeps through the tapestry in the title-page vignette and again on page 13. The scene where she is about leaving—her dragon-car at the door, a mustachioed elf on the box holding the reins and whip, and a mite of a tiger in a sugar-loaf hat at the beasts' heads, holding an ear of one and a great tooth of the other, as he stands between them and the seven or more footmen behind, is a spirited piece of realization. Thus, and not otherwise, did the fairies drive home. The soldier and the children he is keeping back with his halberd, the king, the "waterman" behind him with finger to hat, are all very human; the chariot and the appurtenances with the fairy are very fairy-like, and it is pretty to see how well they mingled in those good old days. The pictures of the sleepers are not less interesting; that of the maid of honor and her lover is perhaps the best. It is curious to notice how Doyle, not esteemed a learned antiquarian, certainly not well "up" in castles, and insufficient in intricacies of costume, has yet caught the spirit of Gothic ornament much more truly than Doré. He has perceived that quaintness and gloom and spiky points and broken shadows were but an incidental part of the ornament of that great age of decorative art, and mainly an incidental part of its decay; he has seen that the covering of everything with figure-subjects and story was the chief thing, before which other considerations had to bow. He is a little disposed to laugh at grim saints and stiff Adams and Eves; but the heartiest lover of mediæval art may forgive that. The elegant and graceful fancy of Richard Doyle was never more agreeably shown than in some of these illustrations.

The poetical story by J. R. Planché is very unsatisfactory. He has contrived to make the dear old story uninteresting, and that is hard. But he has also misunderstood Doyle more than once, and, writing to match his pictures, has failed to do so—or so it seems to us. The valueless character of this work, as a poem, is to be regretted, because Mr. Planché has translated Perrault's tales in prose very well, and his book is one of the best fairy books in the language.

Mr. Millais's two excellent illustrations, given in that most charming of gift-books, the illustrated Tennyson of 1859, are by this time well known. One shows the maid of honor and page on a terrace, the prince looking at them in astonishment, and the other, the king, awaking at the banquet and finding his beard grown into his lap. Excellent this latter is, in every way, and especially full of spirited action, though we are left to ask why the barons' beards did not grow as well as the king's. But that question, if asked, would put us in the awkward position of finding fault with the poem these pictures illustrate, the beautiful "Day Dream"—

"The varying year with blade and sheaf
Clothes and reclothes the happy plains."

What reader of English can tell whether the old story itself would have grown so charming to him but for its association with this perfect poem? There are the various degrees of talent in story-telling, and Perrault and Doré and Doyle are good at it. But the great poet is the man, after all, who can tell a story the best. And when it is a love tale and a rather comic story in one, it is hard to see how any but the greatest genius can get the whole interest from it. This Tennyson has done. The fun of the thing is more hearty and complete with him than even with Perrault, while Doré does not feel it—nor, perhaps, any other innocent fun; and Doyle, who comes next to Tennyson, is still behind him. Then the poem is perfect in tone; not even Tennyson himself in his matured power has excelled this earlier work of his in this respect; the dreamy calm of the thought and verse is inimitable. And the poem closes with one of the truest bits of love-making anywhere, the four stanzas which begin and end thus:

"And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old.
. . . . . .
"And o'er the hills and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Through all the world she followed him."

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR OCTOBER.

We do not profess an acquaintance with all the numbers of the *North American* since the first appearance of the venerable quarterly fifty-odd years ago, but we doubt if any previous number has ever contained so many articles as this contains which the public generally may well be glad to read. The great wit and keenness of Lowell, who, if, as some say, he writes for victory, as everybody will say, is pretty sure to get what he writes for, and to delight foes and friends; the pleasant humor of Howells, who, quite recently but quite certainly, has taken a very honorable place among American authors; Norton's limpid English and constant faithfulness to the highest ideal of our American civilization; Parton's exceeding cleverness in the choice and treatment of a taking subject; a fair specimen of Curtis's manliest style of writing—all are offered in this number, and combine to furnish forth a literary treat to which American periodicals not often invite their readers.

The subject of Mr. Howells's paper is those "Modern Italian Poets," Monti, Leopardi, Foscolo Cesarotti, Manzoni, and their contemporaries, who to most people are only names; and the prevailing ignorance on this side of the water is nearly equalled on the other side among the French and English, if we may judge the latter by Miss Frances Power Cobbe's book, "Italics," and the former by what M. Marc-Monnier appears to think of his countrymen's acquaintance with the subject. What Mr. Howells says of this gentleman is a very good specimen of the less subtle shade of his humor:

"But it is certain that if there is another Frenchman in this world more disagreeable than the Frenchman who believes that nothing is great which is not Parisian, it is that rare Frenchman who has found out the national mistake and desires to convince his compatriots of their error. He feels that, however great the newly-discovered un-Gallic grandeur may be, it is not at all comparable to his own grandeur in discovering it. . . . Sitting in a corner of Italy (which it seems the French nation had the amiable habit of calling the Land of the Dead), Monsieur Monnier takes the Italian literature of this century upon his knee and discerns that it is a Christmas pie of incredible depth and relish; and breaking through the crust of a language supposed to be devoted solely to the libretti of operas, he pulls out one plum after another with never-failing cries of exultation in the remarkable genius which divined their existence. He lauds this pie with deafening uproar; he praises and patronizes these plums with noble condescension: 'Ah! my great fellow-countrymen, you supposed this pie was no better than the charred pastry which they dig out of Pompeian ovens, and that the plums in it were so many dead coals! But behold history, but behold poetry, but behold philosophy, but behold political economy! Death of my life! behold fresh and honeyed plums plucked yesterday from the living tree!"

If there are to be no more of these papers, this one is too short!

Prof. E. P. Evans, in an ingenious and eloquent essay, provides for any one who likes it a complete and fully appointed theory of art. To all former classifications of the arts and attempts at creating a philosophy of art, he has one and another exception to take and a system of his own to offer. By the fine arts he means architecture, sculpture, and painting—the imaging arts; and music, poetry, and prose—the speaking arts. The order above given is that dictated as well by their logical relations as by their chronological development; first in time and lowest in point of expression is architecture; last in time, highest in point of expression, not last of all the arts, is prose. At the bottom of all the arts lies the religious feeling; it is the sentiment of worship that is the mother of them all. Architecture, some suppose, was developed from house-building; man first sought shelter from weather, then he beautified his shelter, and architecture arose. But architecture has no more connection with the first hut of a man than it has with the lair a wolf makes. It was from a pure impulse of religious feeling that the first temple was reared or set apart, for it may have been some nook made sacred in a grove, some spot of heath fenced with a ring of stones. Of the three orders of architecture the Gothic is highest. The Oriental—massive, durable, expressive of weight—symbolizes sensualism, materialism, caste. The Grecian, with its houses of pillars, expresses resist-

ance to gravitation, support, and symbolizes the serene consciousness of power. The Gothic expresses ascension, and symbolizes spirituality in its soaring arches and pinnacles. The Oriental pyramid means dead gravitation, the Greek temple stands in victorious resistance to gravitation, the Gothic cathedral annihilates gravitation and mounts upwards. Like architecture, sculpture begins in religion, and by-and-by is prostituted to pride and luxury. The freer spirit meantime has sought a freer mode of expression, and, choosing materials that obey the will more readily, takes the art of painting as the medium of her speech. Music also is born of religion, and at first exclusively serves religion; so, too, of poetry, less sensuous than music; and last comes prose, unfettered by any bonds of rhyme and metre, dependent less than poetry upon the sound and color of her words, the last and noblest of all the arts, because more directly and more fully expressive of the soul and mind of man. Art is the service of the ideal. As the service becomes more refined and intellectual, so must the material in which artists work. The artists of to-day are the men of letters. Temple, statue, picture, oratorio, book—these mark the ascending stages of art. We are not to stop here, however. Deeds of goodness and courage are a better incarnation of the beautiful than the most magnificent prose. The Sir Philip Sydney of the future will live a life that shall be "prose in action," as the old Sir Philip Sydney's was "poetry in action." The essay, of course, extends over many topics, and contains much besides eloquent theorizing—contains, among other things under the topic of music, some remarks upon the custom of playing on the piano-forte which entitle their author to gratitude.

Mr. Parton has outdone himself in the article on "The Government of New York." It is the best exposure of the doings of the Common Council which has ever appeared, and the only one which the general public is likely to read. If the Citizens' Association will only reprint and circulate it, we venture to say they will do more to rouse the people of the State to a sense of their duty with regard to this crying sin and disgrace of our municipal government than can be effected by all the rest of their labors put together. We have discussed elsewhere Mr. Parton's suggestions as to the mode of cure. They are the weak points of the article. We shall go from bad to worse in every city in the Union until we proclaim boldly, all theories of natural rights to the contrary notwithstanding, that this is a reading and writing republic, and that only readers or writers can be citizens of it.

Mr. Lowell is very brilliant, and often very witty, on "The Seward and Johnson Reaction," and has rendered excellent service to political morality by speaking out, as Mr. Curtis has done on another page, the plain truth about Stephen A. Douglas, and the paragraph in which he criticises the "Republican leaders" is exceedingly well-timed. We presume the reprobation of "the foolish talk about impeachment" contains the sober second thought of intelligent Massachusetts. General Butler has started off westward with its first thought, and is now hawking it round the country and making the most of it in his peculiar style.

Mr. Frank Sanborn, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of State Charities, gives much information in regard to "American Prisons," of which he seems to entertain a just and low opinion. Among his facts is this noteworthy one, that since the close of the war of rebellion two-thirds of all the commitments to prison in New England were of persons who had been in the naval or military service of the United States. During the war, as might have been expected, there was a great diminution of punished crime throughout the North; but the number of women in jail was very largely increased, and now, since April, 1865, has much diminished again. Of course Mr. Sanborn, true to his position among those men in Massachusetts who are first in every good work, is earnest in his advocacy of the system of prison discipline, which has done so much good in Ireland in the hands of Crofton and Maconochie.

Mr. Curtis's article on Stephen A. Douglas examines only the fitness of that once worshipped god of Democratic idolatry to be held up as a model for the imitation of youthful Americans. There are hardly two opinions to be held of Douglas when the question is of his statesmanship, and Mr. Curtis's opinion is not more favorable than the verdict which posterity—we may say posterity, though Douglas died in 1860—has already pronounced upon him. He may well have died of chagrin. In respect of ability he had to stand a comparison with the Southern leaders, whom he thought to rule, and who utterly defeated him, and in point of honesty and morality with his neighbor Lincoln. Mr. Curtis appears unable to believe that William H. Seward is essentially not a very different man from the Western demagogue and political trickster.

The article upon "International Law" is a highly laudatory review of Mr. Dana's late edition of Wheaton, and a note appended very effectually disposes of Mr. W. B. Lawrence. Mr. Norton's article is a short notice of the "Harvard Memorial Biographies," and the traces of his hand are also plainly visible in the "Critical Notices," of which most are very good.

Oregon and Eldorado; or, Romance of the Rivers. By Thomas Bulfinch, author of "The Age of Fable," "The Age of Chivalry," etc. (J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.)—If it were not for the Rocky Mountains, the head waters of the Columbia and Missouri might coalesce and form an unbroken course from the Pacific to the Gulf of Mexico. If it were not for the Andes, the Amazon might connect the two oceans with each other and with the Gulf besides. Such is the author's account of the relation between the first part of his book and the second, and of its conjunctive title. The youth for whom he has hitherto written, and to whom the present compilation is apparently dedicated, will not criticise harshly his love or lack of the unities, but will probably confess to have been a good deal interested, and not a little instructed, by the several narratives of the volume. The family papers relative to the discovery of the Columbia River are made the most of by Mr. Bulfinch, and perhaps suggested to him the plan of his work. He has added to them an abridgment of the story of Lewis and Clark's exploration at the opening of the present century, with annotations from the writings of the Rev. Samuel Parker, Capt. Frémont, and Theodore Winthrop. The long journey which ended, in 1806, as it had begun, years before, in St. Louis, earned for the fortunate travellers "the heartiest and most hospitable welcome from the whole village," and, when their journals were published, a very wide circle of admiring readers. Time has made these records less familiar; but it has hardly affected the simple attractiveness of the style in which they were composed. Later and more intelligent observers have reduced the value of their remarks upon the physical features of that vast area between the Mississippi and the western shore of the continent, though the marvellous vegetation of the Yo Semite is foreshadowed by the gigantic pines and firs which they saw towering from two to three hundred feet in height, and there is noted "in the face of a cliff, about twenty feet above the water, a fragment of the rib of a fish, three feet long, and nearly three inches round, embedded in the rock itself." So their experience is of value when they relate how, from being obliged to live on dogs' flesh, they became exceedingly fond of it, and considered it "a strong, healthy diet, preferable to lean deer or elk, and much superior to horse-flesh in any state."

Eldorado, which is nothing else than the valley of the Amazon, is described from the adventures of Gonzalo Pizarro and Orellana, in the middle of the sixteenth century; of Sir Walter Raleigh in the seventeenth, annotated from Sir Robert Schomburgh (1835–44); of the French commission, in the eighteenth, to determine the length of a degree of latitude at the equator, with Mme. Godin's incredible sufferings as a sequel; of Lieutenant Herndon in 1850–52; and of Mr. Henry Walter Bates in 1849–59. The imagination will be most excited by the first two recitals, the feelings played upon by the third, while Herndon and Bates furnish at once the most agreeable experience and the most accurate representations of the scenery, natural productions, capabilities, and actual civilization of the interfluvial region from Pará to the Andes.

We could wish Mr. Bulfinch had provided a couple of plain maps for his readers, and had more uniformly appended the modern and permanent name of a river or a place to that bestowed by the earliest discoverers. A small portion of the pains well expended in condensing the Congressional documents containing Herndon's report, would have remedied both these deficiencies in the case of Eldorado.

The Hand-Book for Mothers. A Guide in the Care of Young Children By Edward H. Parker, M.D. (Hurd & Houghton, New York.)—The traditions of every intelligent and "well-regulated" family would probably embrace nearly every particular of the practices recommended in this treatise But the number of women who become mothers without traditions or instruction or experience of any kind, of those who are defective in maternal instinct, or ignorant and incapable at once, or superstitious even, and of those whom sickness and distress bereave of their wits, is far greater than it is pleasant to believe, and to such, undoubtedly, the author addressed himself. The fact that the "Hand-book" has reached a second edition is proof that it supplies a sensible want, apart from the assurance of the preface that its most precise and comprehensive directions "are just the points upon which mothers have frequently asked for instruction, and for which they have been especially grateful." It is only necessary to add that the cares of child-rearing are considered from before delivery up to the age of six years, and that Dr. Parker belongs to the allopathic school of medicine.

Our Church and Her Services. By the Rev. Ashton Oxenden. Adapted to the use of the Episcopal Church in the United States, by the Rev. F. D. Huntington, D.D. (Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 18mo, pp. viii., 179.)—A little manual intended for the use of communicants in the Episcopal Church who wish to know what are the plain reasons of their faith, and for the aid of those who are enquiring what that communion teaches. It is a guide, too, in the use of the Prayer-book. Its merit is that it is such a book as a clergyman can give to any one with the sure confidence that it will teach him to be a better man. Its tone toward other bodies is uniformly kind, and it is not lumbered with the learning which seems useless for the practical wants of a layman. It is divided into three parts, and takes up "The Membership with the Episcopal Church Catholic," "The Explanation of the Morning and Evening Services," and "The Occasional Services." Why not the "Episcopal Church" without tacking on the word *catholic?* It is a mouth-filling name and style; but there is no use in proclaiming the catholicity thus awkwardly. The book is tastefully printed and bound, and should have a large circulation in the body for which it was written.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE IMPEACHMENT.

Some very excellent men, and some who are not very excellent, are talking very loudly of impeaching the President as soon as Congress meets. If we are not greatly mistaken, General Butler has taken the matter up as a labor of love, and will go into Congress, if he is elected—as we have no doubt he will be—charged with the special duty of getting up the articles and pushing forward the proceeding. We think it very likely that diligent agitation carried on during the next two months, combined with the popular indignation of which Mr. Johnson is now the object, will result in creating a strong feeling in favor of having this plan of getting rid of him tried. Our own views of his fitness for the place he fills are well known. His getting into it at all seems at this moment to be really one of the greatest misfortunes that ever befell the country;—seems, we say, because we cannot help hoping that, five or ten years hence, we shall most of us look back on him as "a blessing in disguise." But still we share to the full the heartfelt wish which so many people entertain, that there was some plain and simple and unobjectionable mode of relegating him to private life; but our feelings ought not to cause us to support either the plan of impeaching him, or any other plan, without a careful consideration of all that can be said against it as well as of all that can be said in favor of it. The removal of a President of the United States by means of a judicial sentence is an undertaking too serious, too full of peril to the Government, to be lightly entered upon. We see in various quarters a disposition to treat it as rather a happy device for asserting and maintaining certain political principles than as what it would also be—a deplorable scandal, bringing discredit on popular institutions and giving a still fiercer glow to party passions.

A great deal of the talk about it is, of course, silly talk; a great deal more is designing talk; but there is also a great deal which is the talk of able, earnest, and honest men, who see in Mr. Johnson an offender, from whom they feel bound, on the highest considerations of public interest, to take away his power of mischief, by any means that offer themselves, short of revolution. We trust that these, who are the only clamorers for impeachment with whom there is any use in reasoning, will consider fairly the objections which lie to any attempt to put Mr. Johnson on his trial as a criminal for anything he has yet done. In the first place, it would be impossible, no matter what the form of the proceeding might be, to give it the character or secure for it the moral influence of a purely judicial proceeding. It would be regarded by most men, not only in this country but throughout the world, as a party measure, as a mere weapon drawn from the party armory—the dexterous device of an irresistible majority to get rid of an opponent whom, conscientiously no doubt, they believe to be dangerous to the state. Mr. Johnson has at his back a very large minority of the Northern people, who think him a not undeserving person. Many even are possessed with the notion that he is a statesman, and it may be questioned if any proceeding, however orderly, or formal, or technically legal, could stamp the character of crime worthy of legal penalties, on acts of which so large a proportion of the population approve. The prosecution would, therefore, by all supporters of Mr. Johnson's policy, North and South, be considered simply a piece of party persecution, which they could not resist but would hope some day to retaliate. The affair would, therefore, become, as Andrew Jackson's dismissal of Federal office-holders for simple difference of opinion has become, a precedent, which we fear all parties would try to follow with fidelity. In times of excitement the dismissal of the President by means of impeachment would be part of the programme of the opposition, whenever they saw a chance of securing two-thirds of the Senate and a majority of the House, and the country would be frequently convulsed by a struggle which must, in its very nature, be little short of revolutionary.

Moreover, it ought not to be forgotten that we are all, Congress and public together, in some degree morally responsible for the President's misdeeds. We knew what his antecedents were and what his character was when we elected him Vice-President. We chose, from motives of expediency, to forget or to overlook, in consideration of his new-born devotion to freedom, the long years which he had passed in the service of slavery, the violence of his temper, the narrowness of his mind, and the slenderness of his education, and deliberately made him the possible successor to an office for whose vast and varied responsibilities all human virtues and gifts would hardly suffice. He succeeded to it, too, at a period when the public mind had become confused by four years of war as to the proper limits of the Executive authority. Mr. Lincoln fell when in the possession of almost dictatorial power, which those who acted in his name sometimes abused, and exercise of which Congress and the public were disposed, with each succeeding year of commotion, rather to applaud than to cavil at. When Mr. Johnson stepped into his shoes, the popular horror and indignation over the assassination were so great, the anxiety as to the future so general, that there did not appear in any quarter the slightest disposition to tie the Presidential hands. When he issued his proclamations appointing provisional governors, and proceeded to the work of "reorganization" single-handed, without waiting for or seeking the advice of Congress, which of us cried "Hold"?—which of us all who now so fiercely condemn him warned him that he was transgressing the bounds of his authority? A wise, cautious, well-trained man, conscious of the greatness of his trust, would have been too deeply impressed with the magnitude of his task to have entered upon it without asking the people, in all reverence and all modesty, what it sought or expected of him—what was the precise nature of the prize for which it had spilt so much blood and lavished so much treasure. But Mr. Johnson is not a wise, cautious, or well-trained man; he is——well, we all know what he is. He has grossly abused his power. But it was power with which we armed him; and it was technically unlawful power, as we now acknowledge; and in our opinion, if he were tried and condemned for his abuse of it, it would be only a technical condemnation, which would reflect almost as much discredit on us as on him. His abuse of the appointing power cannot be too strongly condemned. Nobody feels more strongly about it than we do; but who taught Presidents the trick which he is now playing? Let the politician who can lay his hand on his heart and say that he has ever made an honest endeavor to raise the public service out of the mire of politics, and to maintain the great principle that office-holders ought to be the servants of the country and not the tools of a party, cast the first stone at him.

But are we, because the wisdom or fairness of impeachment would be doubtful or unwise, to sit down under this man's dictation and let him ruin the country if he will? By no means. He has for nine months been carrying on a controversy with Congress under impressions as to his power and duties derived from a state of things which has passed away. The country has been appealed to to decide between them. The verdict has been given against the President. His past course is not only condemned, but he is informed as plainly as possible that he must mend his ways—that he is neither a leader nor restorer, but simply a stop-gap. What we want at this point is statesmen to take up the work of reconstruction, botched though it be, and complete it on the great principles which the country has once more affirmed. What we do *not* want is a bevy of sharp attorneys to distract and rend the nation with a tedious and farcical but exciting trial, in which we should wait and fret while counsel wrangled and chopped logic. We have a two-thirds majority in both Houses. We can do whatever we think just and expedient. Let us do it if need be over Mr. Johnson's head. He has now received a solemn warning that he is to execute and not to legislate. Let us see that he executes faithfully. Should he neglect or fail to do his duty now, he will sin against the light, and we can then proceed to punish him, with the consciousness that we have not taken him unawares, and that we have not saddled him with duties to the discharge of which neither his education, nor his head, nor his conscience is equal. To heal the wounds left by civil war and lift millions of people out of bondage and darkness into liberty and light, is the most sublime and awful task which was ever imposed on a legislature. In a moment of weakness, or confusion, or thoughtless-

ness, we all connived at or acquiesced in its assumption by one weak, ignorant, and over-elated man. He has failed miserably. Let us cast him aside—contemptuously, if you will; but for mercy's sake do not let us treat the world at such a crisis to the paltry and degrading spectacle of a whole nation trying him judicially for having been presumptuous, conceited, obstinate, uneducated, and for having passed the flower of his years as a little village politician in a slave State. All this is his misfortune and our shame, but no lawyer's tongue can ever make it out a crime worthy of any heavier penalty, if heavier penalty there be, than a nation's scorn and rebuke.

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

The night of the 9th of October closed upon one of the most excited and desperate political struggles ever witnessed in this country. Four great States on that day decided the fate of the whole nation, while thirty-two other States awaited the decision in anxious suspense. For these four States elected one-third of all the members of Congress remaining to be chosen; and all experience has shown that the moral effect of their combined action upon the elections in the other States is absolutely irresistible.

Accordingly, the battle in all these States was fought on both sides with a vigor which has not been, and probably will not be, shown in any other. Even in Ohio and Iowa, which the Democrats did not dream of carrying as States, they knew that a gain of a few Congressmen was worth all the State offices, and for this gain they struggled with hope and vehement energy. Nor was this hope without support in reason and the probabilities of things. Three of the Republican Congressmen in Ohio had been elected only by aid of the army vote, and three others had received only very small majorities on the home vote in 1864. In 1862 the Republicans had been defeated in 14 out of the 19 districts. With the aid of the Administration and its patronage, it seemed not unreasonable to suppose that an approximation to that result might be arrived at now.

Indiana was a far more doubtful State. Although represented in the present Congress by at first eight Republicans out of eleven, and afterwards by nine, Gen. McClellan carried five of the eleven districts in 1864, and two others were extremely unsteady in their politics. We ourselves never entertained any hope that the Republicans would elect more than seven Congressmen in that State. Every district was stubbornly contested, and Mr. Johnson was assured of victory in nearly every one.

But, after all, the chief interest of the campaign was centred in Pennsylvania. That State has decided every political contest within the memory of the present generation, and was especially likely to do so now. Electing twenty-four representatives in Congress, of whom eight were chosen in 1864, and twelve in 1862, by less than a thousand majority each, there seemed to be a fair prospect of securing these districts by means of Government patronage and corruption. A few of these, added to the seven in which the Democratic majority exceeded one thousand on the home vote of 1864, would have given a substantial triumph to the President. This State, moreover, was one peculiarly open to corrupt influences, and in the use of these the friends of the Administration had naturally the advantage.

In Pennsylvania, therefore, the struggle of opposing parties was fiercest. An election in New York is often called exciting, but the most animated elections which have taken place here since 1856 were calm and insipid compared with the Pennsylvania election of 1866. Great meetings and immense processions were only the milder manifestations of a zeal which led to innumerable affrays and frauds. The day was spent in manufacturing voters, and the night in breaking heads, or an attempt at that pastime, for it is only just to the police to say that by their promptness and courage by far the most of attempted violence was suppressed. But their task was one which tried all their powers of endurance. Only the most unceasing vigilance avoided bloody and disgraceful collisions. The *Press* office would have been utterly destroyed, again and again, but for the protection of a large force of police, heavily armed, and kept upon the premises for several days. The bitterness of feeling among the Irish extended to the very servant girls, and destroyed all comfort in houses where they served. The Fenian movement proved, we are glad to say, a total failure; and the Republican party is not indebted to it in the least for success. The Irish hatred of the negro is yet stronger than their love of liberty for their kinsmen. All Gen. Banks's flaming speeches and warlike measures failed to gain a dozen Fenians in Philadelphia. The Administration placed vast power in the hands of its friends shortly before the election. The navy yard, the custom-house, the mint, and other offices were put under the charge of men who used them with great energy and with no nice scruples of conscience. These influences told heavily upon the vote of Philadelphia, but could not cross the city line. Even in the city, these corruptions had no effect beyond certain districts, and failed to gain a single Congressman, affecting the majorities only.

The result of the elections in all the four States is one which is entirely satisfactory to intelligent politicians. Those who calculated upon retaining the majorities given in 1864 by the aid of the army vote are, of course, disappointed; but the expectation was absurd. Soldiers in the field naturally voted as a class, and yielded to the influences prevailing around them. Their sense of patriotic duty was keenly alive, and their sense of party ties very weak. But on their return home they naturally fell back into their old habits, and voted with their friends and neighbors, as they had done before the war. The home vote is, therefore, the real test by which to judge of the gain of either party.

On the home vote at the elections in October, 1864, Pennsylvania gave about 500 Democratic majority. She now gives 15,000 Republican majority. Ohio gave 24,000 Republican majority, which she now increases to 40,000 at least. Iowa gave 24,000 majority; now over 30,000. Indiana alone shows an apparent loss, having given 20,000 Republican majority in 1864, and only 13,000 now. But we can afford to be frank, and acknowledge the fact, notorious at the West, that some 9,000 fraudulent votes were polled in Indiana in 1864, of which 7,000 were given to the Republicans, so that their honest majority was only 15,000. No doubt this admission will be eagerly seized upon by the organs of a party which has just polled thousands of fraudulent votes in Philadelphia, Luzerne, and other counties in Pennsylvania. But we intend to expose and condemn fraud wherever it is to be found, regardless of party considerations.

The result, as it bears upon the complexion of the next Congress, is all that could reasonably be hoped for. The Republicans carry the same number of representatives that they had in the present Congress, although six of these were elected solely by the army vote, and two were awarded their seats only at a late period of the session, and after a doubtful contest before the Committee on Elections. In reality, therefore, the Republicans have made a decided gain. They also gain a senator in place of Edgar Cowan, a peculiarly acceptable change.

Questions of gain or loss are, however, comparatively unimportant. The *World* has demonstrated, to its own entire satisfaction, after every election for four years past, that the party of slavery was growing and gaining; yet it has been regularly defeated every year, and will be weaker in the next Congress than it ever was before. Its gains are like those of Sisyphus, almost too small to accomplish the least practical good. It gained in 1862, and the Congress then chosen abolished slavery; it gained in 1864 (as compared with 1863), and was never in such a miserable minority in Congress, which proceeded to extirpate the remnant of slavery; it gains in 1866, and loses four of its twelve senators in Congress. Of course these gains are fictitious, and are only reckoned by comparing with returns of previous years which were unusually disastrous to the party. It is losing strength, and not gaining it. Its doom is plainly written, and it vainly struggles to avoid its inevitable fate.

Every true patriot will rejoice over the decision thus rendered. The people have determined that this shall be a government of law, and that law not proceeding from the brain of one man, but created by the legislative department. They have decided that massacre and insurrection shall not be tolerated as part of our political machinery. They have decided that loyal men shall not be crushed under the feet of rebels. They have resolved that no element of disease shall be left in the national constitution which it is in their power to remove.

Their firmness and courage in doing so much, in spite of the manifold treachery of their leaders and the weak and timid counsels of their friends, give us fresh hope for the future, and for the final achievement of all that is necessary to establish the nation upon the rock of perfect justice and liberty.

THE GOVERNMENT OF OUR GREAT CITIES.

THE most interesting, most impressive, and most effective, because most picturesque, exposure of the abuses committed in the government of this city which has ever been made, is to be found in an article by Mr. Parton in the last number of the "North American Review." We sincerely trust that the Citizens' Association, or somebody, will see to it that it obtains a wider circulation than it can look for in the columns of a quarterly. It ought to be in the hands of every intelligent man and woman in America. It treats of something which concerns deeply not simply the inhabitants of New York, but of every other growing city in the Union, for every one of them is moving, some slowly, some quickly, but all surely, towards the pit of corruption and knavery in which this city is now wallowing. To talk of the government of New York as a scandal to republican institutions is a very mild way of characterizing it. It is literally a blot on our religion and on our civilization. The man who shuts his eyes to it, who pays his taxes year after year to the band of thieves whose sessions in the City Hall Mr. Parton describes, and who takes no further thought as to the use they make of them—who sees, without concern, the revenues of a kingdom used by a crew of bar-tenders and loafers for the plunder and demoralization of the poor, the robbery of the rich, and the corruption of the young, ought not to call himself a Christian or an American. And it must be remembered that the same causes are producing the same effects in every State in the Union in which commerce and manufactures are creating great aggregations of people. What is our shame and misfortune to-day will, if some remedy is not applied, be in a very few years the shame and misfortune of Boston, of Philadelphia, of New Haven, of Rochester, of Cincinnati, and San Francisco. The canker is at work everywhere. The purses of the rich cities are everywhere passing into the hands of the ignorant, the vicious, and the depraved, and are being used by them for the spread of political corruption, for the destruction of the popular faith in political purity, for the promotion of debauchery and idleness among young men of the poorer classes, for the destruction of our system of education. When knaves have reached such a point of audacity as to sell regularly the teacherships in our public schools in order to provide funds for their own carousals, it is almost time for us either to shut our churches up and confess ourselves canting humbugs, whose religion is but in words, and whose patriotism is but a sham, or to put an end to these abuses. There can be little question that the corporation of the city of New York is at this moment a greater stumbling-block in the path of democracy and freedom through the world, than any single potentate, hierarchy, or body of aristocracy in existence.

We all know what the source of the evil is. In all our large towns a swarm of foreigners have alighted, ignorant, credulous, newly emancipated, brutalized by oppression, and bred in the habit of regarding the law as their enemy, the rich as their tyrants and a longed-for but unattainable prey. They are welcomed for the sake of their labor, and are almost at once admitted to a share in the government. The form of government is one which notoriously presupposes considerable intelligence in the voters, or at least in the majority of the voters. When, thirty years ago, the changes were made in the law which committed this and other cities to the government of mere numbers, immigration was but a driblet. There was no difficulty whatever in absorbing all the European peasantry who came over. They were scattered amongst Americans, and, exposed at once to all the civilizing influences of our society and government, saw our institutions worked by trained and intelligent hands, and soon shared in the popular reverence for law; and it was an eminently wise change which shortened the term of probation necessary for admission to full citizenship. The long period which was at first prescribed would, at the rate at which immigrants have been arriving for the last twenty years, have speedily accumulated a large body of tax-payers and residents excluded from all share in making the laws they had to obey, which would have been a dangerous anomaly, the more particularly as the ground of exclusion would have been one which neither virtue nor talent nor industry could remove.

But it is now clear that a great mistake was committed when no test of intelligence or education was prescribed for the exercise of the suffrage. Foreigners now are no longer in the same relation with the American community which they were when they arrived at the rate of a few shiploads a year. They are not scattered through it, exposed at every turn to be acted on by its opinion, habits, and manners. They do not, in other words, become part of it, and are not absorbed by it. They form, on the contrary, large, compact communities of their own, perfectly impervious to American influences, in which no Americans are ever seen except on business errands, in which American opinions are never heard, American papers never read, and in which as little is known of the movements of American society as in Germany or Ireland—in which the prejudices, passions, habits, interests, and vices of the Old World retain all their sway—communities, in short, as distinctive, as essentially foreign, as the population of Dublin or Hamburg, and kept constantly recruited by fresh arrivals. The political significance of this may be inferred from the fact mentioned by Mr. Parton, that out of the 129,000 voters in New York City 77,000, or nearly two-thirds, are foreigners, and nearly all drawn from the most ignorant class of European society. This means, of course, that the government has been transferred to their hands without any restraint or condition except such as their consciences may impose.

And yet not to their hands either, but to the hands of knaves who use their ignorance as a stepping-stone to power and plunder. One of the results, and, perhaps, the worst, of this enormous addition of ignorant strangers to our voting population is that they have created a class of politicians formerly unknown, of which Fernando Wood and F. I. A. Boole may be considered as good specimens—keen, shrewd, cunning, unscrupulous Americans, determined to live on the public and ready to do anything that may be necessary for the purpose, who have thoroughly trained themselves to the art of cajoling the Irish—have learned all their foibles and prejudices, and pander to them with unequalled dexterity, and are utterly indifferent to public opinion. No such demagogues have appeared anywhere else in modern times—that is, none gifted with so few of the arts or accomplishments which usually win popular devotion. Under their leadership the New York public has been for nearly twenty years a prey and a spoil to the vilest of the population. Enough money has been stolen from the city to have made it amongst the most beautiful of the modern world, the richest in works of art, in public buildings, in every convenience and every ornament that makes life either easier or more graceful. And what is worse than this, they have lessened the public horror of fraud by accustoming people to seeing it committed with impunity, and to the spectacle of notorious knaves and peculators occupying positions of trust and profit, sitting on charitable boards, occupying prominent pews in churches, and figuring in "good society," without any apparent loss of character. We believe there is no man who has carefully observed the tendencies of social opinion in New York during the last twenty years who has not perceived a rapidly growing indulgence for all forms of swindling, if perpetrated on a great scale.

When we come to consider the remedy for all this, we find ourselves launched on a sea of conflicting opinions. As a general rule, politicians are afraid—selfishly afraid—to advocate any measure which looks like a restriction of the suffrage. Then, large numbers of good men, not professional politicians, are satisfied that the franchise is a natural right, like air or light, and that a person proves conclusively his claim to its exercise by being of the male sex, and not insane. Whether this is a sound theory or not, we will not here argue. Whatever a man's abstract right to vote may be, the fact is that he cannot vote without either benefiting or injuring his neighbors; in other words, he cannot so use his rights as to affect nobody but himself—a practical consideration which society has always looked upon, and always will look upon, as a sufficient warrant for putting such restrictions on the exercise of the franchise as it may deem to be necessary for its own safety and prosperity. What Mr. Parton means, therefore, by saying that no man who "now legally possesses the suffrage in New York should be deprived of it; that the State must fulfil its com-

pact to the end, cost what it may," we do not well know. We presume, if it were found that the voting of men who cannot read threatened to drive trade and commerce away from New York, or to make it uninhabitable, the State would never think of "fulfilling its compact." Mr. Parton proposes, nevertheless, that hereafter nobody, native or foreign, should be admitted to the franchise "who cannot read English composition of medium difficulty." This would, on his theory, however, be quite as unjustifiable as the disfranchisement for any cause of those who already hold it. The franchise is either a privilege or a right. If a privilege, the bestowal of it on a man is not "a compact" between him and the State; and the withdrawal of it from persons who have abused it cannot be considered a breach of faith. If, on the other hand, it is a right, to deny it to persons attaining their majority unless they complied with certain conditions, would be as great a piece of injustice as to take it away from those who now enjoy it. The *Evening Post*, on the other hand, which seems to have an unbounded faith in the power of well-drawn constitutions, and to think that the character of the men who work them is of very little consequence, maintains that a complete remedy is to be found in the plan of giving the mayor full power of appointment and dismissal, electing him only by the popular vote, and then holding him responsible for all evils and abuses. The result of this would be, that the mayoralty of New York, being one of the best prizes in the political world, would be contended for with unexampled ardor by the worst of politicians. They would promise every place in their gift beforehand to the very same men who now compose the "ring;" they would then secure both the Tammany and Mozart nominations, and rule us for two years with a rod of iron, filling all the offices with the vilest characters in the city, and roaring with laughter over the denunciatory "editorials" in the morning and evening papers; and once in power, it would be twice as difficult to turn them out as it was to prevent their getting in. Suppose Fernando Wood mayor to-day, on such terms, how much would he be restrained by his "responsibility to the public?" To what extent was he restrained when he first filled this position? How many blushes did Horace Greeley's rebukes or exposures bring to his cheek? And yet nothing is more certain than that, if the mayoralty were once again made a tempting bait to a greedy and unscrupulous man—the constituency being what it is now—Wood, or some one else of his class, would unquestionably get it, and keep it, year after year, in spite of the "respectable classes."

There is no occult virtue in charters or constitutions. They are but paper with writing on them. They owe all their value to the virtue, the intelligence, and the self-restraint of the people who live under them. For American cities it is now hardly possible to conceive that safety is to be found in any other way than by raising the character of those who elect city officers. What the Constitutional Convention of this State might do is, first, to impose a good and thorough educational test on all persons presenting themselves for registration, giving those who are now voters a year to prepare in; and, secondly, to give householders, as householders, a share in the representation, with at least a veto on votes of money made by the representatives of mere numbers. This would bring all who vote within the reach of public opinion and would increase the political weight of the intelligent, and it would make it worth the while of those on whom taxes chiefly fall to pay proper attention to city politics. Mr. Parton's plan of a direct tax on individuals would be good if it could be carried out, but we should like to hear the experience of a collector who had passed a week in trying to make the denizens of the lower wards pay their dues.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, Sept. 28, 1866.

THE natural result of the incessant rain of the last four months is beginning to show itself in the swelling of rivers. A good part of the valley of the Seine is under water; the Loire and other habitually troublesome French streams are rising rapidly, and have already drowned children and cattle; the works for the Mont Cenis railway are brought to a stand-still by the swelling of the stream that winds through that pass; and a corresponding cry of apprehension is echoed from nearly every part of Europe. Happily, the weather seems at last to have determined to "tak' a thought an' mend;" and we may thus be spared a repetition of the horrors of 1858, although the wine crop is said to be irretrievably ruined.

Biarritz, where the sun has been shining persistently all through the summer, is just now excessively gay, though the presence there of the Emperor will probably coincide with the visit of more than one of the leading agents of the "powers that be." Prince Gortschakoff is reported as on his way thither, and the public, not unnaturally, jumps to the conclusion that his sojourn among the rocks and breezes of that healthiest of bathing places will not be without influence on the *dénoûment* of the "Eastern question," so confidently thought to be approaching. Count Karolyi is already there. Addicted to the gaming-table, as are so many of his countrymen of his "order," the count, on passing through Baden-Baden, entered one of the "hells," and placed some money at random on a number of the roulette. The "blind goddess" favoring the Austrian diplomat (which is more than she seems inclined to do just now to his country), the wealthy nobleman won, by this "random shot," the handsome sum of 70,000 florins. What would be a fortune to so many being a "trifle" to him, he amused himself by stuffing his own pockets and those of his friends with the gold and notes, and then, having lit his cigar, carelessly left the gaming-room and continued his journey.

The Emperor lives very quietly, strolls about in the bright sunshine, and greatly enjoys the unrivalled air, towards whose invigorating qualities mountains and ocean each contribute their quota. The people of the town intended to give his Majesty a demonstrative reception; but the *maire* having advised that, inasmuch as the Emperor was fatigued and seeking rest, no fuss should be made, contented themselves with turning out *en masse* to salute him as he passed through the streets, which had been decked out with everything available in the way of bunting, and illuminating in the evening. The little Prince is assiduous in his practice of the art of natation; and, having thus made swimming a "fashion," all the children of the place, native and foreign, make it a point to go into the water at the same time with his little Highness. The spectacle of all these merry little people, in picturesque bathing costumes, gambolling about in the water like a shoal of gaily-dressed porpoises, has come to be a recognized "feature" in the amusements of Biarritz. The Empress, who has always been in the habit of holding, every morning, upon the beach a sort of open-air court, at which every creature with the faintest pretension to fashion makes a point of being seen, now holds this original reception while her son is taking his swimming lesson; the frolics of the children, described as being comic to the last degree, affording "no end" of merriment to the group of parents and friends assembled round her Majesty. The Empress, who is fond of saying, in regard to the amusements of everyday life, "My motto is 'Make hay while the sun shines!'" bathes, rows, walks, and makes excursions to everything worth seeing within the compass of a drive. A day or two ago she accompanied the Emperor in a visit to the great armored frigate, the *Magenta*, cruising off the coast; a few days previous she went, with the little Prince and the people of the court, to explore the curious grotto of Sare, with its weird-looking halls and galleries, its winding ways, into many of which no one has yet ventured, its subterranean streams, and so forth.

So charming and so good as the Empress really is in many sides of her character, and using the vast influence of her position, in the main, so well and nobly, one is sorry to hear, from time to time, of her doing some foolish thing which indicates, to say the least of it, a mind very unequally developed in certain directions. Imagine, for instance, the effect on the minds of the mass of her husband's irreverent lieges—who have been so sincerely admiring the benevolent heroism she has displayed on so many occasions—at learning that, when she went, just before starting for Biarritz, to visit old Count Baciocchi (one of the Emperor's innumerable "cousins," whose life was even then despaired of, and who has just died), she left with that most fascinating of hoary old sinners a reliquary to which she attributes peculiar sanctity, and which was to be kept in his room as long as his illness should last, as it had been kept in her chamber before the birth of the Prince Imperial, the said reliquary containing a fragment of the swaddling-clothes of Jesus Christ, a strip of the Virgin's veil, a portion of the shroud of St. John the Baptist, and, in the midst of these treasures, a bit of the coronation robe of Charlemagne, given by the authorities of Aix-la-Chapelle to the First Napoleon!

The municipal authorities of this city are taking advantage of the absence of the *beau monde* to give a thorough repairing to the central carriage drive of the magnificent Avenue de l'Impératrice, extending from the Place de l'Arc de Triomphe to the gates of the Bois de Boulogne, and as the work is carried on day and night, with the aid of some hundreds of work-people and a huge steam-roller, the avenue has become a favorite evening promen-

ade for the Parisians of the "lower orders," always so keen after any sort of spectacle that can be enjoyed "gratis." The broad line of road, flanked by heaps of stone already broken up and ready to be shovelled on to the ground by several scores of laborers, lit up by a double line of flaming torches, watched over by sympathizing policemen, and enlivened by the puffing and bellowing of the locomotive to which the roller is attached, with its chimney sending forth a constant stream of sparks and smoke, and the red glare of its fires as it moves up and down the road, is really very curious. The engine by whose aid the new stone is crushed and levelled so quickly and so effectively seems to perform the functions of a hammer as well as of a roller, and makes such a din over its work as fills the air for a mile round.

Thérésa, the idol of Paris, who has been singing her peculiar songs—inimitable in their own not very edifying way—in the "Summer Alcazar" (Champs Elysées) for the last six months, has just gone back in triumph to the "Winter Alcazar" (Boulevard Poissonnière), in greater favor than ever with the Parisian public, to the great disgust of the lovers of the "classic" in music (who say that a Billingsgate *diva* is appropriately enshrined on the "Fishwoman's Boulevard"). Thérésa gets from the fortunate owner of the Alcazar café a fixed salary of $20,000 a year, with "benefits," leaves of absence that she makes very profitable, not to speak of the unlimited "facilities" at her command for the acquisition of the equipages, diamonds, and solid investments which will enable her to retire from the public adoration with a round sum of millions. Offenbach, whose new *buffa* opera is so impatiently expected, is still quarrelling violently, as is his wont before giving out a new opera, with the manager of the merry little theatre which brings out his works, and, as usual, sending furious epistles to the penny papers, to prove that it is the said manager who is quarrelling with him, a fray which comes in very opportunely to gratify the Parisians, the pretty little squabble lately going on between the various journals of the capital *apropos* of the bet of 100,000 francs which M. Limayrac, of the *Constitutionnel*, so persistently refuses to pay to M. de Riancey, of the *Union*, having just come to an end after a formal refusal on the part of the editors of the former journal to hold themselves responsible for the wager so loftily offered by their contributor.

Theatre-goers are still impatiently awaiting the appearance of the new piece, called "The Parisians in London," with which the Porte St. Martin is about to eclipse all its former splendors. Every place has been engaged for weeks past, and new-comers will have to wait for two or three weeks before they can secure places. England and the English are becoming every day subjects of increasing curiosity here, and as all who screw up their resolve to see something of their old rivals come back with a strong impression of English energy, descriptions of English doings abound in the journals. Just now the French papers are quoting, with the respect due to the evidence of superior genius, the following passage from "an advertising novel," credited to an English periodical:

"Mary could only imperfectly distinguish this shadow in the darkness which surrounded her. And yet she felt that she could not be mistaken! It was he! It was Edward! What could bring him at that hour under the old woman's windows? Mary shuddered from head to foot. Paletots of black cloth from 35 shillings. He had, then, to commit a crime! A crime! Mary's knees trembled under her. Hunting shoes, warranted best leather, from 14 shillings. Her terror would have moved the heart of all who could have seen women's shoes from 5 to 20 shillings," etc.

The *succès d'enthousiasme* which has followed the daily publication of the skeleton dinners in M. de Girardin's new paper has fired the emulation of a provincial paper, which is "improving" on the original idea by giving similar skeletons in verse! The French, who have so long laughed at the English for their proclivity to the giving of dinner-parties, seem to be bent on distancing the latter. An enthusiastic "hippophagist" workman has put forth a circular inviting his fellows to subscribe for the getting up of a grand fraternal banquet, at which all the dishes are to be furnished by the horse. The bill-of-fare is as follows: horse-soup; removes, horse-sausage, boiled horse *au naturel; entrée*, horse *à la mode;* beans fried in horse oil; to be followed by roast horse, accompanied by salad dressed with horse oil. To this repast, the subscription to which is two francs, "ladies will be admitted," says the prospectus of the feast. A more agreeable subject of meditation in the prandial line is the dinner just given to a well-known singer by the *curé* of a suburban parish, at a concert got up by the latter in aid of a charity, for which the singer, by kindly lending his talent, had secured a plentiful supply of cash. A sugar egg, filled with bonbons, was placed, at the dessert, on the plate of each guest. The singer, on breaking open his egg, saw that it contained, instead of bonbons, five gold Napoleons.

"Ah, *monsieur le curé!*" smilingly exclaimed the singer, "you know little of my tastes! I confess that I am very fond of eggs; but I never eat anything but the *whites*. Do not, then, be surprised if I leave the yolk (in French the *yellows*) in my plate;" which "yellows" the *curé* has been delightedly employing among the cholera patients of his parish.

The "rage" for feather trimmings which is threatening to depopulate the empyrean in the regions to which bright-plumaged birds belong, has suggested to Parisian ingenuity the idea of bringing into vogue the feathers of French birds. A trimming of magpie's feathers, the white and black feathers alternating, has been employed very effectively on a dress of black taffétas; a trimming of pheasant's feathers on a black velvet dress, and one of jay's feathers on white satin, have also been employed with equal success. As the fashions for the coming autumn will probably introduce a broad band of this sort of trimming round the bottom of the skirt, with a narrower one at the wrists and shoulders and round the eight-pointed *peplum* which bids fair to be "all the go" as cold weather returns, French birds, if their silly heads were capable of prevision, might very well begin to "shake in their shoes."

STELLA.

Correspondence.

MOON'S ENGLISH

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

The *Round Table* of October 13th contains a criticism by Mr. G. W. Moon on Mr. Marsh's first essay, lately published by you. Mr. Marsh is, of course, quite able to carry on a contest with Mr. Moon triumphantly, if he would be at the trouble to do it, and certainly does not need to call for any assistance. But Mr. Moon provokes criticism. He is so merciless that he seems not to deserve mercy and not to expect it. His victory over the Dean has so elated him that he invites attacks by everybody. In this first appearance before American readers Mr. Moon is certainly off his guard. Perhaps his carelessness is due to the fact that he is writing for Americans, of whose ability to speak or write the English correctly he has, at times, been hardly able to conceal his doubts.

We do not propose (we say *propose* in spite of Mr. Moon) to make more than a mere mention of a certain labored and pompous style which characterizes his article, or of the great length of some of his sentences, which, running on through twelve or fifteen lines, are, as De Quincey said of Kant's sentences, "fit only for the use of a megatherium or a pre-Adamite." The essay begins thus: "The Hon. George P. Marsh is contributing to the pages of one of your *co*temporaries a series of articles," etc. We earnestly wish that this word *co*temporaries may not take root. Dr. Bentley called it "a downright barbarism." Dr. Campbell wrote: "The general use in words compounded with the inseparable preposition *con* is to retain the *n* before a consonant and to expunge it before a vowel or an *h* mute. Thus we say *con*junction, *con*comitant, but *co*-equal, *co*-eternal, etc." Let us by all means spell the word *con*temporary, and let Mr. Moon *co*tent himself with *co*tending for *co*temporary. But he has made the word even more remarkable in the meaning than it is in the spelling. He speaks of "the *pages* of one of your *co*temporaries;" soon afterwards he calls the same contemporary a "periodical." Now the *noun* contemporary is applied to persons and not to inanimate things. Queen Victoria and the Emperor Napoleon are *contemporaries*, but their reigns are *contemporary*. As an adjective, contemporary may possibly be applied to things as well as to persons; as a noun, it should be applied to persons only. If Mr. Moon thinks it necessary to repeat the mention of present time already expressed in the verb "*is* contributing," he should make contemporary an adjective modifying its noun.

Mr. Moon writes, "in the interests of literature," to ask that he may be allowed, "first*ly*, to call attention to those valuable criticisms, and, secondly and chiefly, to offer a word of caution to young students," etc. Surely those "interests of literature" in which he writes are not its *best* interests if he is to teach us to use *firstly*. Why could he not be contented with *first?* It has been commonly used as an adverb by Shakespeare, and by every other classical English writer, and they have *not* thus used *firstly*. *First* is, of course, used as an adjective, but it has always been used adverbially also, and it must continue to be so used. Where does he get *firstly?* Certainly not from Richardson's dictionary, for it is not to be found there. It is a piece of vulgar purism which had its birth in America, where it passed a sickly existence. The climate of England is apparently more congenial to it. It was attacked at once by all the best American writers, but Mr. Moon is as proud of the monstrosity as if he were its parent. Would he write St. Matthew xii. 29 thus: "Or else how can any one enter into a strong man's house and spoil his goods, except he first*ly* bind the strong man, and then*ly* he will spoil his goods?"

Mr. Moon's first criticism is on the word *propose*. Mr. Marsh writes, "I *propose* to contribute to THE NATION," etc. Mr. Moon contends, at considerable length, that he should write "I *purpose* to contribute." But Mr. Marsh is right, and Mr. Moon is wrong. *Propose* and *purpose* are from the same Latin word *propono*. Their meanings differ in this: A man may *purpose* to do something without declaring his purpose; if he *proposes* to do something, he necessarily expresses his purpose to do it. Again, if a man declares that he purposes to do something, he leaves no room for its acceptance or rejection by his hearers; if he *proposes* to do something, he leaves it to his hearers to say whether or not he shall do it. So, then, *propose* is the most modest word and the most courteous word, inasmuch as it implies a right to command in the persons addressed. The use of *propose* and *purpose* as nearly synonymous words is very old, though it was not frequent. In "Hamlet," Act III., Scene 2, this couplet is found:

> "What to ourselves in passion we *propose*,
> The passion ending, doth the *purpose* lose."

The English language is all the richer for this meaning of *propose*. There is no other word to supply its place, and therefore it is needed. Why, then, since this meaning is perfectly legitimate, and has so long been attached to the word, must we now declare their divorce at the dictation of Mr. Moon?

But Mr. Moon makes another mistake in connection with the word *propose*. He says that Mr. Marsh, and also the English clergyman, *made a proposition*. That is precisely what they did not make. Mr. Marsh made a *proposal*. *Proposition* and *proposal* are synonyms, with this distinction: a proposal is something offered to be done. A proposition is something submitted to our consideration. A proposal, when accepted, is followed by an act on the part of the proposer. A proposition, when acceded to, is followed by an act on the part of those to whom it is submitted.

Mr. Moon uses *proposal* once, to avoid repetition, and as if he thought it not so fine a word as its quadrisyllabic relative, *proposition*; but in no way betrays any knowledge that there is a distinction in their meanings.

Mr. Moon says: "To offer a word of caution to young students *against allowing themselves to be tempted to adopt* certain inaccuracies." Does he mean anything more than to offer a word of caution to young students *against adopting* certain inaccuracies? He says, "Even teachers *may be prompted to defend*." Does he mean *may defend*, or *may be induced to defend*? He says, "Too *true* a scholar." Hobbs and Whately declare that only assertions can be *true* or false. Would it not be better to say *too real or too thorough a scholar*? Notice in another sentence his use of the adverbs *here*, *there*, and *elsewhere*, with reference to Mr. Marsh's essay. Do they not cause "a partial confusion of the thought?" Mr. Moon speaks of "the *signature* of a great *name*." Would it not be better to say "of a great scholar," or "writer," or "a distinguished man?" A signature is "the *name* of a person signed or subscribed to an instrument or writing." So Mr. Moon actually says "*the subscribed name of a great name!*"

He says, "Here is a *fault* not *of* grammar, but *of* composition." Does he intend to say, "Here is an error not in grammar, but in composition?" Error respects the act; fault respects the agent. Therefore *error* should be used above, rather than *fault*. But whose error *of* composition was it? Was it the composition's error? or the writer's error in composition?

S.

TRINITY COLLEGE, Oct. 12, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

In a late number of the *Round Table* there appeared an article by Mr. Moon containing some strictures on the English of the Hon. George P. Marsh. As Mr. Moon deems Mr. Marsh too true a scholar to shrink from criticism where the intent is all fair, so we may take it for granted that *he* will not object to be criticised in turn.

The first stricture made by Mr. Moon is on the use of *propose* in the sentence "I propose to contribute," etc.; that is, it is wrong to use that word in the sense of *intend*. It would appear that Mr. Moon thinks *propose* has but one meaning, namely, "make a proposition;" therefore Mr. Marsh, in writing "I propose to contribute," really said "I make a proposition to contribute." Let us see whether Mr. Moon is right in his limitation, or whether, granted the limitation, it avails him anything. To decide all this will need only the statement of a few commonplace facts.

Propose comes from the Latin *propono*, compounded of *pro* and *pono*, and meaning to "place before." Very strict analysis might lead one to conclude that in all cases where the word is used, whether in Latin or in English, there is some adjunct, expressed or understood, for the preposition *pro* to govern. Possibly the force of the preposition is unfelt sometimes. According to the etymology of the word *propose*, then, "I propose to myself" means "I place before myself," either in a literal or figurative sense. Is the expression incorrect? Probably not. Then it may bear the meaning "I have in mind," "I intend," and "I propose to myself to write" can be used where one wishes to say "I intend to write." Probably there will be no essential difference whether the form of the expression be "I propose," "I make the proposal," or "I make the proposition." Furthermore, Mr. Moon will certainly not insist that the pronoun ought invariably to be expressed with propose in the phrase under consideration, and therefore he will permit me to use "I propose to write" as the full equivalent of "I propose to myself to write."

Let us see how this use of propose in English is sustained by the analogy of other languages. Take the Latin first, in which one or two examples will be enough. Cæsar says, "Consecutus id quod animo *proposuerat*"; *i. e.*, *proposuerat*, "he had proposed," "had designed." Cicero gives us this: "Propositum est ut laborem et industriam meam perspicias;" where render *propositum est* "it is set forth," "my intention is," "I purpose." How is it in the French? We have the same usage there as in the Latin: *se proposer*, "to design;" *Je me propose de faire une promenade*. In French, however, it would not be well to omit the pronoun, while in English there is no objection.

Of course there is no need to tell Mr. Moon that *propose* and *purpose* are different forms of the same word. Therefore, when Mr. Palfrey writes "I *propose* to relate the history of New England," his English is as proper as Macaulay's in the sentence, "I *purpose* to write the history of England;" unless, indeed, *purpose* is the form that is, or ought to be, exclusively used in the sense of *intend*, which I do not admit.

If the above statement of the case be correct, Mr. Moon's criticism of Mr. Marsh, in the instance before us, may be dismissed as perfectly futile.

Respectfully yours, LODGE.

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The Week.

THERE is something almost alarming about the silence which has reigned at Washington ever since the elections. The country has not heard from either the President or Mr. Seward for some weeks, and some people do not well know what to make of it. We are inclined to believe, however, that the explanation is that the effect of the late vote at the North on Mr. Johnson has been "chastening," and that he is now in the condition which moralists call a "subdued frame of mind." There were decided indications of this in his late thanksgiving proclamation, which read very like a "pastoral," only the English was hardly good enough, and had in it a little tincture of Congressional pathos, such as members serve out when they make "obituary remarks" on the death of a colleague. We observe, too, that he has been attending the meeting of the Roman Catholic Council at Baltimore, which is also a good sign, and will probably touch the Fenians.

THE arraignment of the Baltimore Police Commissioners before Governor Swann has caused a dangerous excitement in that city. The loyal men of Baltimore have had a bitter though brief experience of rebel rule, and their indignation at the prospect of its return is not to be wondered at. The whole result of the Maryland election depends upon the action of the governor in this case, if submitted to by the commissioners. Still, the question must be judged upon legal grounds, without regard to political consequences. Thus judged, our impression is that the governor has power to remove the commissioners, if the statute is constitutional in giving him his power; but it is equally clear that he has no right to use force to eject them if they refuse to surrender their places. The remedy of the new commissioners must be by a *quo warranto*, and until the decision of the proper court upon such an application, the old commissioners may lawfully use all needful force to resist any attempt to displace them or the judges of election appointed by them.

BOSTON papers bring us accounts of a scene in the District Convention at Malden, Massachusetts, which has something more than mere local or temporary interest. The ostensible motive of calling the convention was to nominate the nominators of a member of Congress; but it would appear to have been called merely to ratify a nomination already made by certain persons whom we must presume to be qualified in some mysterious way by nature for the performance of that function. It seems to have been taken for granted that Mr. Nathaniel P. Banks was to be the nominee, and that all questions as to his fitness for the place were to be voted down as indecorous if not immoral. But one of the delegates, a Mr. Copeland, was unable to take this view of the matter. He appears to have thought that the character of the proposed candidate was a matter of some consequence, and one which devolved a certain responsibility on those who should elect him. He accordingly rose, and in so many words charged Mr. Banks with habitual drunkenness, mentioned a particularly gross instance as having lately occurred at Portland, affirming it to be notorious, and demanded an investigation. Mr. Banks is sent for; after a dignified delay is brought into the hall, and received, of course, with "tumultuous cheers." Mr. Copeland reiterates his charge, and Mr. Banks in the most emphatic terms denies it. Mr. Copeland then asks that a committee of investigation be appointed. Mr. Banks, with a flourish of indignant "eloquence," appeals to the people to decide by their votes, without enquiry, as to the truth of what had happened a hundred-odd miles away—a stretch of construction as to popular infallibility as remarkable as some of his views of neutrality. Mr. Copeland then suggests referees to be appointed in the usual manner. Mr. Banks, with the conscious security of innocence, declines so degrading an ordeal. One of his partisans shouts to have "the majority settle it first," and then let the minority "do their talking." Of course, the question is finally settled by what is popularly known as the "hurrah-boys" method; a unanimous delegation of Banks men is chosen, and Mr. Banks goes to the electors with the added claim, if not of martyrdom, of having at least been brought within sight of the stake. The quality of Massachusetts representatives in Congress, though considerably affecting her own dignity and influence, may be thought no special business of ours. But a charge of this sort brought against a man who occupies the important place of chairman on the Committee of Foreign Relations is of national interest. This is not an affair to be settled by the voters of Mr. Banks's district. The natural course would have been for Mr. Banks to have demanded an investigation; but since he refuses even to consent to it when offered, we hope Mr. Copeland will not let the matter rest. He deserves thanks for his courageous frankness, a quality only too rare in our primary meetings, but which we are glad to see on the increase, as it would save us from a great deal of blustering incompetence and wordy charlatanism in public life.

PEOPLE are talking about a new Fenian raid on Canada, and it is even said that some of the arms seized by the United States officers have been restored to the Fenian prisoners whom the President's clemency recently released from custody and punishment. The plea for this is that the men having been set free, it would be unfair to retain any of their private property! Why shouldn't they be paid for the time they lost in jail and granted mileage for their trips into the Provinces? Stephens, we see, has been speaking in St. Louis, and reiterated his assertion that before New Year's there would be fighting in Ireland, and that Ireland, if he was asked to give his opinion candidly, was a full match for England. The Chief Organizer has apparently abdicated the leadership of the hosts of the I. R.; or is the new Slievegammon to be the first instance in which the Atlantic telegraph cable is to be used as a means of communication between a general and his troops? The *Tribune* still occasionally disgraces itself by abusing Seward and Johnson for stopping the Fort Erie expedition and by fishing for the Irish vote.

We are glad to find that we were in error in suggesting, as we did in our last number, that the disgust of the Germans of this city with the Excise law would exercise any perceptible influence on their votes. We are assured by those who know most of the opinions of the German population of New York that not three per cent. at the very outside of the German Republicans will be driven into the ranks of the Democratic party by the recent legislative interference with their Sunday amusements; and of these, of course, a considerable proportion are proprietors of lager-bier saloons. On the contrary, the probabilities are that all defections from this cause will be counterbalanced by the entrance into the arena, under the excitement of the present crisis, of many who usually abstain from political action. To all this we have nothing of our own to add, except to remind the Germans that all questions of internal reform—State, municipal, and other—are so overshadowed by the absorbing and gigantic issues of Federal politics that we, for our part, see no chance of careful and considerate legislation on local matters till we get the negro question settled for ever; and we need hardly say that no settlement can be permanent which rests on anything but justice.

John Morrissey, the pugilist, and of late years a successful betting and gambling man, will probably be returned from this city to the Fortieth Congress. He is, we believe, "a gentleman of fine talents and dignified manners," and has, perhaps, as large diamonds as anybody of his size and weight in either hemisphere. There are throughout the country, we believe, a good many simple people who will be shocked by his election; but these the Democratic managers propose to silence by an argument which to some minds is conclusive, viz., that a celebrated pugilist once sat in the British Parliament for a Yorkshire borough, and that George the Fourth and Charles James Fox played high. We, for our part, so far from being surprised that he should be returned to Congress, are greatly surprised that he has not been there for many years. There is nobody who knows of what manner of men the Democratic majority of this city is composed who must not feel astonished at the decency and moderation of its leaders. They might, with a little effort, send to Congress, if they pleased, the foulest pimp or vilest Jeremy Diddler who haunts our streets, and yet they don't.

A good many people, either owing to sorrowful experience or to dark views of human nature, are unable to conceive of a journalist's assailing a public man under the influence of any higher motive than personal hostility. The comments we have at various times found it necessary to make on General Banks's public acts have been in one or two instances ascribed to a feeling of this kind, and have called forth remonstrances from some of our subscribers. We beg leave to state that our personal relations with the general are of exactly the same nature as our personal relations with Count Bismark, the Marquis de Moustier, his Majesty the ex-King of Hanover, and other personages of distinction. He has never done us any injury, and we bear him no private grudge any more than we do Marshal Benedek. But we confess that we think his conduct in many respects, both as a warrior and legislator, has been exceedingly ill-judged and mischievous, and we shall, until he alters his ways, do our small part towards inducing the public to think with us. We say all this without for one moment forgetting the good work he did before the war. That entitles him, no doubt, to a proper amount of gratitude and respect; but it does not entitle him to a general indulgence for all sins, mortal and venial, that he may choose to commit during the remainder of his public life.

The *Evening Post* has come out in favor of the abolition of the Government Post Office and the transfer of the letter-carrying business to express companies. We shall be in favor of this change also whenever we see a disposition in any quarter to make express companies amenable either to law or public opinion. They have recently, by wholesale consolidation, escaped from the checks usually imposed on money-making corporations by competition. Whenever a rival makes its appearance in the field, the whole weight of the capital and prestige of the old company is brought to bear on it, and it is speedily crushed. For neglect or misconduct or incivility on the part of the great express companies and great railroad companies, poor men have now absolutely no remedy. To talk of the courts as an instrument of justice in such cases is a mockery, inasmuch as these companies keep lawyers on a yearly salary, to whom and to their employers it is a mere amusement to defend suits, while to a busy or poor plaintiff litigation is ruin. The State legislatures, Congress, the courts, and the municipal corporations are daily passing more and more under the influence of these gigantic monopolies. They promise, in our opinion, before very many years, to prove a greater curse to this country than any aristocracy now in existence to any country of the Old World, because they have "neither a soul to be saved nor a body to be kicked." We now see, however, the great organ of free trade proposing that a fresh addition be made to their powers and privileges by handing over to them a monopoly of letter-carrying—a business which so nearly concerns the happiness of the community. It is a duty which cannot be safely entrusted to anybody but the Government. Governments discharge it in France and England with a punctuality, safety, economy, and fidelity such as no company has displayed or will ever display, here or elsewhere, in any branch of business; and if the public wills it, our Government can be made to do it just as well. Government is the only corporation over which the people have any effective control; and we warn them that, if if they allow it to hand over its duties to private speculators, the result will simply be the reduction of the masses to still deeper and more degrading subjection to the Vanderbilts, Laws, and other capitalists of this class, who play very much the part in our day, *mutatis mutandis*, which the robber barons played in the Middle Ages.

Mr. Theodore Dwight was last week not exactly murdered by the New Jersey Railroad Company, but made a victim to the system which that corporation pursues in the matter of filling and starting its trains. The story told by Mr. Dwight's daughter of the manner in which her father received his injuries will be recognized by almost every one who reads it as being, except in the melancholy sequel, their own experience at almost every place where they looked for common civility at the hands of railroad and depot officials. Mr. Dwight and Mrs. Kennedy get to the station some time before the hour for departure, and try to find some one to ask for information. They wander up and down and at last find a lantern-man, who tells them they are to stand on the platform and wait till the cars come. They do so, and, when the cars are run in, go with the rush to find a seat. After great difficulty Mr. Dwight gets his daughter into a car, but before he gets in himself, or can get his daughter's children in, the car door is locked. The man in the car, being told by Mrs. Kennedy that she is separated from her baby, pays no heed; but at last some one who, perhaps, has his own private key with him runs to get off, and Mr. Dwight is thrown down and fatally injured. When Mrs. Kennedy hears a man say, "The old gentleman is killed—they are both dead," of course she wants to go back. A gentleman pulls the check-line and stops the train. This brings in an enraged conductor, who, being asked to run the train back, says, "D—n you, are you going to get off? Step quick, or I'll go on;" and the lady, with her baby in her arms, is set down beside the road to get to her father, or her father's body, as she best can. The whole affair, from first to last, was perfectly disgraceful. No warning at the starting of the train; passengers locked into cars, and the cars kept locked, so that, if they wished to get out, they cannot do so in time; the extreme of insolence on the part of conductors and other servants; nobody in the depot to answer a question. It is a glaring instance of the general rule on American railroads that a passenger is treated as a parcel of freight. His money is taken, and he may ride if he keeps himself quiet and gives not the least trouble. If he impudently asks a question, or in any way shows signs of being in the least independent, why, let every small official snub and insult him. We do not know a remedy. It might do some good to form a Railroad Company Prosecution Society. No private person can match his means against these great corporations and their ill-gotten gains.

Rear-Admiral Charles H. Bell, in command at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, is evidently not the typical gallant tar who scorns all

indirection and bluntly speaks his mind. He has had a notice put up on the yard gates which is so contrived as to inform the workmen that the rear-admiral is a Johnson man: "Workmen in the Navy Yard," he says, "who sustain the Union and desire its full restoration must not for that reason be proscribed." "Sustain the Union and desire its full restoration," is a form of words that has been given up, we believe, to the exclusive use of Mr. Johnson, General Steedman, Mr. Doolittle, and their friends. Of course, it is possible that Rear-Admiral Bell may have issued his order with no other intention than to protect workmen of the Johnson faith from the persecutions of their Radical fellows. Of course, too, it is possible to recollect the Navy Yard at Philadelphia, and how men are to-day employed there by the hundred, "keeping the yard," and doing little else, at good wages, because they voted against Geary, and for Randall or Buckwalter. On the whole, though, we prefer the Philadelphia to the Brooklyn method.

This being a period of great dulness, "Our Washington Correspondent" is telegraphing all over the country that arrangements are being made at Washington for the assumption by us of an armed protectorate of Mexico as soon as the French withdraw, the consideration being the cession to us of Lower California and other territory. We have not, as our readers know, a very high opinion of the judgment of either Mr. Seward or Mr. Johnson; but then we rate both these gentlemen rather higher than "Our Washington Correspondent" does, and, in spite of the enormous sums which enterprising editors pay every day for his despatches, we are compelled to say that we think this story untrue, and that we shall probably settle our own affairs at home and "protect" our own population—a portion of which just now stands greatly in need of it—before we send men to save the Mexicans from their own folly or rascality.

It may just as well be understood that there is not a Southern State in which the Civil Rights bill is not set at defiance. In Louisiana, according to Sheridan's report, to try a white man for the murder of a negro would be a farce. Probably the acquittal of the murderer would be followed by the death of the prosecutor. In Georgia, even, General Tillson, an officer of whom Steedman spoke well, has been obliged to inform the people that since their courts fail to protect the freed people from outrage, he shall compel the enforcement of the laws by means of United States troops. In Mississippi, the governor avows his intention to execute the State laws, although they are in conflict with the laws of Congress, and in his State a glaring case of outrage has recently taken place, so that the N. Y. *Evening Post* calls on honest Republicans to make up a sum of money and carry the case into the United States courts. In South Carolina, a teacher of a negro school has just been driven out of Aiken, and compelled to take the next train to save his life. In Nashville, Tennessee, the negroes are collected into the work-house, on the pretence that they are vagrants, and then are hurried off further South, nominally with their own consent, to work on plantations. Southern papers scoff at the law, and Southern judges act in contravention of it; and we have yet to hear of the arrest of a single violator of its provisions. Let some one of the various freedmen's aid associations look up these cases and bring them in some way plainly before President Johnson, who some time since was good enough to say that so long as the bill was passed he would not refuse to execute it.

There is a complete dearth of foreign news of importance. The Cable announces that Spain proposes to assume the protectorate of the Pope after the withdrawal of the French from Rome. This has a very apocryphal sound. Spain is not able at this moment to keep the peace in her own capital without the exercise of military force in its most savage form, and the whole country has been for months in a state bordering on civil war. Then there is not the smallest probability that the Italians will permit her to go to Rome. French intervention was submitted to with a very ill grace; but Spanish intervention would be too much for Italian flesh and blood. Still, there seems to be a curse resting upon the whole Bourbon race, and there is no knowing by what act of outrageous folly the Spanish branch may hasten its overthrow.

THE FREEDMEN.

Gen. Sheridan's report of freedmen's affairs in Louisiana, for the quarter ending Sept. 30, 1866, gives a gloomy account of the cotton crop. The continued and heavy rains of August and September, together with the appearance of the army or cotton worm, have seriously affected not only the interests of the freed people, but of the entire population of the State. Many of the planters have had their entire crop destroyed, and, not being able to pay their employees, manifest a desire to rid themselves of the responsibility of maintaining them longer, and discharge them on the slightest pretext. Many of the freedmen who have been working for a share of the crops will not only be utterly destitute of the means of support for the winter, but will be in debt to the employer for supplies advanced during the summer:

"Complaints are frequent, from several of the parishes, that the freedmen, after having labored faithfully from the date of their contract, Jan. 1, '66, until the crop was made and ready to harvest, are being driven off, ostensibly on the ground of having been insolent. Reports of cruelty, especially in the north-western parishes, are frequent. Men go through the country at night disguised, and, taking the freedmen from their houses, whip and otherwise maltreat them. Homicides are frequent in some localities; sometimes they are investigated by a coroner's jury, which justifies the act and releases the perpetrator; in other instances, when the proof comes to the knowledge of an agent of the Bureau, the parties are held to bail in a nominal sum for appearance at the next term of court. But the trial of a white man for the killing of a freedman can, in the existing condition of society in this State, be nothing more or less than a farce."

Gen. Sheridan thinks that the issue of rations should be continued to the "wives and children of those men who entered the service of the U. S. after the capture of New Orleans, and who were either killed during the war or have died since." There are large numbers of these in the parishes bordering on the Red River.

"In all charitable appropriations by the parish authorities these persons are excluded, and if their necessities are not relieved by the Bureau or some other branch of the Government, they must starve."

The school department reports an increase of city schools, and the returns received from sales of crops will, perhaps, enable the agents in the parishes to increase the number of schools in the country.

"The location of homesteads by the freedmen is progressing favorably; but it is a question if they will be allowed to remain peaceably upon the lands selected for them."

"The contract system, as adopted by the Bureau in this State, experience has demonstrated to be well adapted to secure the interests of both planters and freedmen. In not a single instance, where contracts have been made in accordance with the mode prescribed by the Bureau, has a complaint been made by either party to the contract. The reason is obvious. Both parties understand the contract when explained by an agent of the Bureau, and both know that the influence of the Bureau will be thrown against the party violating it, while in those contracts in which the Bureau is ignored, a majority of the bargains are vague and ill-defined—meaning anything or nothing—many of them mere verbal agreements made without witness."

—At Aiken, South Carolina, Mr. A. M. Bigelow, teacher of a colored school, who had previously taught there, but on the present occasion had been only one day in town, was compelled by curses and threats to leave the place so suddenly that the troops could afford him no protection. Elsewhere in Barnwell, as in the neighboring district of Edgefield, beatings and shootings are of almost daily occurrence, and one might be pardoned for asking that the recent action of the Legislature should bear fruit outside of the State House before the freedmen are wholly relinquished by Government to the fostering care of the whites.

—Mr. Ogley, who, as mayor of Savannah, refused to obey the order of the common council shutting the colored people from the city park and in consequence resigned, has just been elected alderman by a handsome majority.

—An alleged case of ill-treatment of the teacher of a colored school in Canton, Mississippi, elicited a letter from the district-attorney to the governor, in which, after denying the fact, he adds: "As an instance of the fair operation of law, a white man was last week, in Kosciusko, convicted of manslaughter, upon a negro's testimony." The sentence, however, was not stated—one year's imprisonment!

—Continued support is prayed for in Alabama, in view of the very general failure of the crops. Oglethorpe County especially is ill-prepared for a rigorous winter. The relation between employers and employed as to the means and readiness to carry out their contracts is much the same as in Louisiana.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Some enterprising person has, ostensibly for the benefit of literature, started a literary exchange called "The American Bureau for Literary Reference." The establishment proposes to revise and criticise manuscripts, and procure their publication; to make estimates of literary works for authors, and print them; to procure lecturers, and find places in which lectures can be delivered; to purchase books, to find places for editors and writers, to get up the facts and statistics for articles and books, and furnish translations of papers and letters; in short, to be a general go-between for the writer and the printer. The enterprise is similar in nature to a "teachers' institute" or a servants' intelligence office, except that no references are given or required. We are inclined to think that its advantages are rather theoretical than practical. An office for translation is a very good thing; but such exist already in New York. The most useful part of the plan is the furnishing of criticism to authors. Were this to be honestly and intelligently carried out, and the writers wise enough to profit by it, the public might be saved from much trash that is now published. It is hardly to be supposed that publishers would accept, from an anonymous and irresponsible "bureau," works which they refuse to take from the authors themselves after examination. Even if the conductors were well-known writers and critics, how much reliance would be placed by a publisher on their opinion when publication was for their interest, as the fee depended on it? Still, if anybody prefers a mediator between himself and the press or the public, he has only to make use of the facilities the "bureau" affords him. Success will be the test of merit in this case.

—The fall lists of the English publishers are very large, and include many books of permanent value. In strong contrast are the meagre announcements of the American book trade. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. promise—"The Iliad of Homer, translated into accentuated English hexameters," by Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart.; "Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts," collected by Patrick Kennedy; "The Poetical Works of John Milton," edited by Professor Masson, 3 vols., uniform with the Cambridge edition of Shakespeare, of which the ninth and concluding volume has just been published; "The Fountain of Youth," from the Danish of Frederick P. Muller, by H. W. Freeland. Messrs. Chapman & Hall announce for November Mr. Wornum's "Life of Holbein;" Mr. E. S. Dallas's "The Gay Science," as he calls the science of criticism; "Polynesian Reminiscences," by W. T. Pritchard. In Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.'s list are several Christmas and illustrated books—"Milton's Paradise Lost," with John Martin's engravings; "Life in the Pyrenees," by Henry Blackburn, with 100 illustrations by Gustave Doré (which are copied from the illustrated edition of Taine's "Voyage en les Pyrénées); "Two Centuries of Song; or, Melodies, Madrigals, Sonnets, and other Occasional Verse of the English Poets of the last Two Hundred Years, with Critical and Biographical Notes," by Walter Thornbury; and "A Selection of Sonnets; with an Essay on Sonnets and Sonneteers," by the late Leigh Hunt, edited from the original MS. by S. Adams Lee; "A Concordance to Milton's Poetical Works," by Charles D. Cleveland;" "The Mission of Great Sufferings," by Elihu Burritt; and the "Second Cruise of the Rob Roy Canoe." Messrs. Seeley, Jackson & Halliday announce "English Children as painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, an Essay on some of the Characteristics of Reynolds as a Painter, with especial reference to his Portraiture of Children," by F. G. Stephens, with fifteen photographs; "The South after the War, or Notes on the Track of General Sherman," by John H. Kennaway; "Christianity in New Zealand," by the Right Rev. W. Williams, Bishop of Waiapu. There are also in press new works by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the author of "John Halifax," Miss Amelia B. Edwards, Miss Kavanagh, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, Mr. Mark Lemon, and the Rev. J. C. M. Bellew. Mrs. Emmeline Lott is also to publish another book, called "Nights in the Harem."

—In the *Athenæum* for Oct. 6, Mr. Henry Stevens, a well-known American book agent in London, publishes a letter in which he takes severely to task Mr. Henry Harrisse, on account of his "Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima," of which we gave some notice in a recent number of The Nation. The grounds for his letter are certain animadversions made upon him by Mr. Harrisse with reference to the destruction of some of Humboldt's papers. Mr. Stevens defends himself, and takes occasion to point out numerous errors in Mr. Harrisse's book in biography, history, chronology, syntax, and spelling. The most amusing of them is that by which "Ander Schiffahrt," "Another or Second Voyage," is tortured into the name of a person; for Mr. Harrisse gravely says: "There is no dédication to Ander Schiffahrt's 2d Voyage (Nuremb., 1602)." Mr. Stevens, however, acknowledges that the book has much merit.

—The "Fortnightly Review" for September 15 contains an interesting and noteworthy article by Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, on Alexis Vasilievitch Koltsof, a Russian popular poet, whose songs are well known throughout Russia, but unknown to most foreigners, except in a few translations by Bodenstedt. Koltsof was born in 1809, the son of a cattle-dealer. He lived a life of poverty and struggle, among rude and illiterate people, finding his only pleasure in reading and in the free air of the Steppes. He wrote poems whose merit got them published, and he was introduced to the literary society of Moscow and St. Petersburg, of which he might have been an ornament had not business necessities compelled him to give up all offers and stay in South Russia with his father. His health was poor, and an early disappointment in love had made him sad; so, after a brave fight with life, he died in 1842 Mr. Ralston gives three or four translations of short poems, which are fair specimens of his ordinary style.

—We are apt to consider the keeping of diaries as a very foolish practice, partly because it seems a waste of time to meditate on things that are in themselves of no importance, and partly because it is a breach of confidence to set down conversations of friends in a journal likely to be seen by others. But when the journal is kept for the sole use of the writer, with not the slightest thought of publication, it affords useful material to the historian as an index of the individual life of the period. In this way the diary of Pepys, perhaps the only one written with strict secrecy, is invaluable. The Duc de Saint-Simon wrote an equally entertaining journal, because he never thought of keeping one until Louis XIV. told him he hoped he never would, and then he set down all that inner life that Louis wanted untold. In one of the thinly settled districts of Lancashire, with no court life to tell of, the Rev. Peter Walkden, a Nonconformist minister, chronicled the little events of Nonconformist farming life. Extracts from his diary for the years 1725, 1729, and 1730 have just been published, with notes by William Dobson. The glimpses we get of North Country life are very interesting, as showing the simple habits of the people, whether Dissenters or Church people. All were then much alike. Mr. Walkden exercised his office under the Toleration act, and his baptisms were regarded as valid, and the dissenting dead were buried in the churchyard by the rector of the parish. The good minister was much given to ale, and if his congregation were slow in coming to the chapel he would go back to the ale-house and sit with his pipe and his pint till the faithful had assembled in sufficient numbers. Even the additions to the church were celebrated at the ale-house, and we find the entry: "Ellen Dobson signified to me her desire to sit down with us at the Lord's table (on the following Sunday), having formerly sat down at Forton with Mr. Aray. I accepted her, and she and I and my love went into James Walmsley's and had each a pennyworth of ale." There are many curious samples of customs and spoken phrases. There a man's verbal will, properly witnessed, was as good as if drawn up with all legal formalities. We hear of the proceedings of the "window-peeper," as the officer to assess the window-tax was contemptuously called, and find "tailor's supper" used for a very frugal meal, and "to-year" for *this year*, like *to-day*.

—Messrs. Williams & Norgate are about to publish, by subscription, in twelve parts of 100 pages each, a "Hieroglyphical and Demotic Dictionary," by Mr. Henri Brugsch. It is to contain "the words and groups most used in the sacred and popular languages and writings of the ancient Egyptians, their definition in French, German, and Arabic, with notes on their affinity with the corresponding words in Coptic,"

The text will be lithographed, printed on writing paper, and interleaved. The work will contain the results of Mr. Brugsch's studies and researches for twenty years in Egyptian philology.

—Mr. F. A. Brockhaus, the well-known publisher of Leipzic, has just published a catalogue of about 1,400 books relating to America, dating from 1508 to the present day, many of which are extremely rare and valuable. The collection includes so many curious books that we have not space even to enumerate those which are most noteworthy. It is especially rich in accounts of early voyages to America, many of them illustrated with wood-cuts. The Astor or the Historical Library should endeavor to purchase the whole collection, if possible, or at least strain every nerve to secure a good share of it.

—The new French Pharmacopœia has been published, and a copy presented to the Emperor by the Minister of Public Instruction. It has been published by order of the Government, and was drawn up by a commission who devoted three years to compiling it. The book hitherto used was very defective and was published in 1837. In the new book an attempt has been made to make the formulæ correspond as much as possible with those used in the neighboring countries, and a special chapter has been devoted to the receipts taken from foreign Pharmacopœias. The editors desire an international work of this kind, and they say that it would be an advantage if there was a generally accepted standard of strength of very poisonous or very active medicines. A universal system of weights and measures is, however, first necessary.

BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.*

This ninth volume of Mr. Bancroft's history covers that part of the Revolutionary war which was fought by our ancestors as a nation, and without foreign aid of a strong character. It opens in July, 1776, when the war had drawn to the close of its fifteenth month, but all the fighting that had previously taken place had been the work of colonists or provincials who were contending for their rights as Englishmen, as loyal subjects of George III. Had the propositions that were sent from England in 1778 been sent at any time early enough to have anticipated the Declaration of Independence, the American nation would not have dated its birth from the 4th of July, 1776. Mr. Bancroft, therefore, begins on a new phase of the great struggle with this volume. We have here the first military, as well as the first political, fruits of American nationality; and though there is much room to question the military conduct of most of the Americans of 1776–78, it was perfection itself when compared with their political action. It is satisfactory to know that, in spite of all their political and military errors, the Americans of those days proved equal to the demand that was made upon them, and that, though in their first youth as a people, they were not guilty of greater blunders than were perpetrated by their veteran antagonists. During the twenty-one months that followed the open assumption of nationality the "decisive battles" of the contest were fought, for they decided that foreign intervention to which the early issue of the war, speaking comparatively, was due. It is a question much discussed whether the United States ever could have become a nation had they not been aided in their struggle by France, Spain, and Holland; but the discussion is one of words merely, as nothing can be more certain than this, that the European enemies of England never would have come to their assistance had they not given very strong evidence of their power to help themselves to independence. At Trenton and Princeton, Washington showed that, even with the smallest possible means, he could take advantage of the military errors of his foes, and at Germantown he convinced the world that he had the capacity promptly to recover from the effects of defeat so severe as that involved in the loss of the field of Brandywine, which carried with it the fall of Philadelphia, then the first place in the country, and in some sense its capital, as Congress had long sat there, and thence had promulgated the immortal Declaration. The failure of Burgoyne and the surrender of his army were among the most memorable events of that age, and had all the greater effect because a not unreasonable reliance had been placed on Burgoyne and his force by their master, and at first they were much feared—a fear not unfounded, as their early successes make apparent. It had been fairly demonstrated at the close of 1777 not that the Americans could "conquer a peace," but that the English could not conquer America. There was a surprising unanimity of opinion on this point among all men competent to form a sound judgment. Franklin for America, Vergennes for France, and Lord North for England, all were agreed that the independence of the United States was achieved. Left to himself, Lord North would have made peace with his master's "rebels;" and he sent Harley to Franklin to seek "an offer of some alliance, or at least of some favor in trade. Franklin answered him as he answered other emissaries, that as to independence the Americans enjoyed it already, its acknowledgment would secure to Britain equal but not superior advantages in commerce with other nations." Such was the reply that Franklin was able to make to the British premier before the Declaration of Independence had completed its second year. The English Whigs were nearly unanimous in support of acknowledgment. Fox was satisfied with Franklin's reply, and the Duke of Richmond would have accepted the situation, and so would Lord Rockingham and Burke. But the King, who never was of really sound mind, preferred not simply the continuance of a war in which success was impossible, but war with France as well as with the victorious Americans, and probably with Spain, as the *pacte de famille* had then lost little of its original force. By appeals to Lord North's honor and to his feelings as a gentleman, he prevailed on that amiable and kind-hearted statesman, who had no love for war, to remain in an office he disliked and to pursue a policy he abhorred. Of all the tyrannical acts of which kings have been guilty, that of George III. in forcing Lord North to labor against the dictates of his reason and the feelings of his heart is the worst. Honor is said to be the characteristic of monarchy, but what are we to think of the monarch of a Christian state who compels his chief minister to act dishonorably and dishonestly by appeals to the point of honor which were absolutely pathetic? The king was cunning in thus chaining the minister to his chariot-wheels; for if Lord North had retired in '78 instead of postponing his retirement to '82, Parliament would have sided with the minister, and a further prosecution of the war would have been impossible. But so long as the King could keep Lord North in his service, Parliament would be a party to the war, and the King would not have to bear alone whatever of odium there should arise in case of further defeat. It will be remembered that George III. was no more disposed to give up the contest after Yorktown than he had been after Saratoga. Four years of additional failure had not made him in the least more yielding, or less stubborn at the close of 1781 than he had been at the close of 1777. He would have gone on with the war till Clinton had shared the fate of Burgoyne and Cornwallis, and every British and Hessian regiment been driven out of America, or remained there only in prison, could he have found a minister to help him—a minister as mad as himself, and yet with influence sufficient to control the nation. There was something sublime in such stubbornness, and we feel something very like respect for the man who exhibited it, as we feel for any display of extraordinary power—for the crushing and swallowing powers of the boa constrictor, for example. It may be added that the King was not engaged in a contest merely with the Americans. He was fighting the Whig aristocrats of England at the same time and by the same means that he was fighting the Democratic Whigs of the United States. Had he given up as against the latter, the former would have triumphed, and one of the great objects of his life and labors would have been lost. He had a double motive in continuing the American contest after Burgoyne's defeat, and the same reasons operated to make him ready to continue it after the capitulation of Cornwallis.

There were various causes for the success of the Americans. Of these not the least extraordinary was the strange lack of generalship on the part of most of the enemy's commanders. We do not believe the conquest of America ever was possible. Two of the ablest men of our century have expressed the opinion that the war might have had a different result had the British forces been properly led. Lord Macaulay thought that if Clive had lived—he killed himself at the close of 1774—the resistance of the Americans would have been put down by that great "Sepoy general." Mr. Thackeray thought that Wolfe would have put it down had he not fallen in more honorable battle. They were wrong. Success was impossible to the English, because they had to encounter here the two great enemies that subdued Napoleon in Russia—space and time. They might have won brilliant victories—they did win such victories; but conquest was out of the question. But assuredly Sir William Howe might have effected more than he did effect with the ample means that his government placed at his disposal. He was not the dullard that he is mostly supposed to have been, but a man of fair talents and a soldier of much experience and of established courage. Yet he did nothing but blunder in America. We are not disposed to think he was blamable for the escape of Washington from Long Island, for then he lacked knowledge of the situation; but he was guilty of a fatal

* "History of the United States from the Discovery of the American Continent. By George Bancroft." Volume IX. 8vo, pp. 506. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son & Co.

error when he neglected to push Washington in the last days of 1776. A still greater error was his in 1777. The number of men for field operations at his command in the early summer of that year was about 23,000. With 15,000 of these he might have occupied Washington's attention, without fighting a battle, while Clinton might have been sent up the Hudson with 8,000 to co-operate with Burgoyne. Had this been done, it is as certain as anything depending upon human action for its success can be that a junction of Burgoyne and Clinton would have been effected, and the grand British object of the campaign accomplished by separating the New England States from those of the Centre and the South. This would not have been the conquest of America, but it would have been a very severe blow to the American cause, as well in a political as in a military sense. This might have been followed by a concentration of an overwhelming British force in Pennsylvania, such as Washington had no means of resisting; and the year 1777 would have ended with the American cause, apparently, in a hopeless state. Resistance would not have ceased, but all prospect of foreign aid and acknowledgment must for the time have been given up. France would not then have ventured to offend England by making with the new nation a treaty of amity and alliance, and probably she would have closed her ports to our vessels of all kinds, and have taken other means to convince her old rival that she would do nothing to help men who had showed they were incapable of helping themselves. Spain's indisposition to aid the Americans would have been confirmed. The war would have gone on, but it would have been confined to the original parties to it; and the English would have had no difficulty in buying as many mercenaries in Germany as they should have needed to keep up their force here. A long war would have been injurious to our fathers; and probably Washington would have been displaced, and the lead of the American armies entrusted to some conceited braggart or selfish soldier who might have ruined all. These advantages to the British cause were all lost through Howe's folly. His manner of proceeding towards Washington's army was the most absurd of movements, and rendered his victories utterly barren; and when Clinton did go up the Hudson, he started six weeks too late, and with a force not half strong enough to effect anything decisive as matters then stood. Never were advantages so neglected as by the English in America in 1777, and they made the early establishment of this nation an easy task, or would have made it so had it not been that the blunders on the American side were quite as great as those of which the invaders were guilty.

Mr. Bancroft brings out the true history of those days with singular force and fidelity and in a very narrow compass. Few men could have told so much in space so brief as he takes to give the history of the crisis of the Revolutionary war. He comprehends the situation as it was in the two years that followed the Declaration of Independence, and shows the causes of failure and success with great clearness and with as much of impartiality as it is given to any man, naturally a partisan, to manifest. Washington is his hero, sharing the horrors of the time and the conflict with the people, whose spirit was good, and who always behaved well when they were well led, but who on too many occasions confided commands to fools. It was in the Revolutionary war as it was in the Secession war: men were elevated to high posts not because they were fit to fill them, but because they were fit for something else. It is one of the strangest things in the history of war that men should be made leaders in it because they had in some way distinguished themselves in civil life. Because a man has large social influences it is assumed he can command armies; a proceeding as ridiculous as it would be to assume that because a man is very benevolent he ought to be called in to set a broken leg or to extirpate a cancer or a cataract. Half the blunders on our side in the Revolution were owing to the presence in our armies of men who never should have been near them, save as washerwomen. Washington had to suffer from the consequences of their incompetency; and had the enemy been well commanded *he* would have been ruined, though the cause would have survived, and in the end would have been victorious, as the Union cause was successful in 1863-65, in spite of the enormous blunders perpetrated in 1861-63. Congress, which seems to have feared a dictator in Washington quite as much as it feared the return of British rule, though at times it supported him, was but too apt to encourage those persons who were burdens to the army, and yet thought they were its most useful members. Mr. Bancroft shows that some of the most eminent civilians of the Revolution were far from thinking highly of Washington, and that they sought to make him responsible for failures that were chargeable only on themselves. There is nothing particularly new in this, but it never before was so well brought out as we find it done in our historian's pages, where it is proved that Washington had more trouble with some of the most eminent of his own countrymen than ever he met with from the best exertions of the best British commanders. Then, not a few of the American generals have not so grand proportions here as we find assigned them in ordinary American histories, which make Fredericks and Hannibals of men who could not respectably lead a battalion. Even Greene does not seem to be the Greene we so long have had in our mind's eye; and Wayne is once or twice hit almost as hard by the historian as he was hit by Sir Charles Grey shortly after Brandywine. As to Sullivan, Mr. Bancroft does not use a hard word at his expense; but by simply telling the truth about him he shows that he was the stupidest creature that ever led men to death and armies to destruction. Putnam, he says, "was unfit to be a general officer," and he shows that he utters no libel by pointing out how silly was his action when Sir Henry Clinton made his expedition up the Hudson; action which goes far to prove that Clinton, had he sailed earlier and with a sufficient force, might have been the Sherman of the war. It was one of the greatest of Washington's infelicities that there were few men among his generals who were capable of affording him real help, and that the worst of them were often better supported in their errors than he was in well-doing. This adds to the greatness of his fame, but it must have made life well-nigh unbearable to him.

The gradual growth of a national polity is well traced by Mr. Bancroft. It was not only gradual, but it was very slow. Is it too much to say that we had no national government during the war? We think it is not; and in that fact we find the origin of secession. So much was made of the States, and so little was done to centralize authority, that a disintegrating party was then established which has done its perfect work in our day, and has been crushed in the field and at the polls by way of proper reward for its miserable but very powerful efforts to "organize *anarchy* and make it permanent." We regard those portions of Mr. Bancroft's volume which relate to politics as among his best writings. They may not be so brilliant as his military chapters, but they are eminently instructive, and account philosophically for much of the weakness that characterized the proceedings of our ancestors at a time when the pressure of events should have led to a very different line of action. We commend to the attention of readers Chapter XXVI., entitled "The Confederation," which throws a flood of light on the nation's early political history, and is a favorable specimen of the historian's style, while it embodies his theory of American national life.

STAHR'S CLEOPATRA.*

SHAKESPEARE, says Adolf Stahr, has drawn the character of Cleopatra as a woman in a masterly way; for with that sagacity which marks his conception of historical personages, he has seen through the falsity of the charge of treachery to Antony so commonly made against her, and has exhibited with singular clearness her relation to Octavius. But the historical significance of the *queen*, so to speak, and the character of her political aims, Shakespeare has hardly touched.

To do justice to this remarkable woman, in this latter respect, is the task which our author proposes to himself. His theory is, in brief, this: At the age of eighteen Cleopatra ascended the tottering throne of Egypt, and with an ambition and talent far beyond ordinary women, devoted herself to the work of establishing her power, and of extending and strengthening the kingdom of her ancestors. And as the dangers which threatened her all came from Rome, her first and chief object was to assure herself against the encroachment of that colossal power, which had swallowed up, one after another, the kingdoms of the Mediterranean, and was now extending its mighty arms into the East after further prey. The military resources of Egypt were wholly insufficient to support a war with Rome; but what arms could not effect might be accomplished by arts. Pompey and the oligarchic republicans had dispossessed her of her throne; Cæsar had restored her to it; and Cæsar was not only the foremost general of the world, but practically the head and ruler of the Roman empire, and, moreover, the representative of the monarchical principle. To gain such an influence, therefore, over Cæsar as to be able to make him change the seat of the Roman government from the West to the East, and at his side to divide with him the supremacy of the world, that was her plan, and it showed a genius which made her worthy, in that respect, to be Cæsar's queen. His sudden death, under the daggers of his republican assassins, dashed her hopes, and she withdrew from Rome to Alexandria, and waited for another turn of fortune.

Upon Cæsar's death Antony had seized the reins of power, and she found in him a new instrument of her ambition, and a fit successor of Cæsar. For though after Lepidus, the third triumvir, had been put out of the way, she saw that the struggle for the empire of the world lay between Octavius and Antony, she had probably little doubt at first of the success of the latter,

* "Cleopatra." Von Adolf Stahr. Berlin: Verlag von J. Guttenberg.

who, endowed by nature with great military talents, had still further developed them under the guidance of Cæsar, and who, though not without certain dangerous weaknesses, was yet of a disposition to be easily controlled; while Octavius was a mere youth, destitute of experience, if not of talent. And if another factor had not been brought into the problem, her calculation of chances could not have been blamed as rash.

Her relation to Cæsar had been, on her part, purely political in its origin. It is not pretended that there was any real love on her side; and therefore it was that she remained wholly mistress of those faculties of judgment and insight which mark her character as a queen. But with Antony the case was different. He had conceived for her a passion which the ancients could only explain as something demoniac; and she reciprocated it with an affection which grew rather than lessened with years, until it finally obscured her judgment, if it did not paralyze her genius. It is to this affection that most of her political mistakes are to be attributed, and, greatest of all, that of insisting upon accompanying Antony to the theatre of war, a mistake which was so signally punished at Actium by the failure of her courage and her flight in the midst of the combat, when, as if driven by a pursuing fate, Antony followed her, and their cause was lost for ever.

Thus Cleopatra's whole life, as it is known to history, was a constant struggle for the throne of her fathers, and her last efforts were directed to securing it to her children. But when all failed, the preservation of her honor as a queen remained her only task, and she performed it to the wonder of the world, for the last sovereign of the house of the Lagidæ lay dead in the palace of her ancestors when the Roman soldiers broke into its deserted halls.

Such is the explanation which Stahr has given of Cleopatra's career. He has against him, of course, the general drift of Roman literature; but the very exultations, so loud and so long prolonged, upon the final conquest of Egypt, go a good way to neutralize the denunciations of Roman writers, for they indicate the feeling of apprehensive anger which a knowledge of her ambition had created in the Roman mind. She was a foreigner and an Egyptian, and, merely as such, would have been hateful to the Roman people; for there never was a nation with whom the pride of race was stronger than with the Romans at this period. But more than that, she had exerted so controlling an influence over Cæsar that it was feared he would make her his wife and legitimate the son she had borne him; and no offence, no crime could have been so deadly on her part, in the eyes of the Roman people, as that; no political genius, no lustre of descent, could atone for it. For her character as a woman, indeed, the Romans cared as little as for that of any of their own concubines. It was not because she was Cæsar's mistress that the Roman writers lavished their invectives upon her, but because she aimed to be his queen. The more enlightened Roman statesmen detected, of course, her political purposes, and they could understand all the fascination of her beauty and intelligence; but to the people in general she was the incarnation of all the arts of sorcery, the evil genius that waited upon the footsteps of Cæsar, and that dragged Antony down to ruin. Hence the universal execration with which she was regarded when alive and remembered when dead.

Yet, here and there, in all this current of invective, one finds, as Stahr has shown, an involuntary confession of her genius and her pride as a queen, and even of the nobler sentiments which dignified her connection with Antony; for we must bear in mind that we cannot in honesty judge her by that high ideal of the relations of the sexes which came in with Christianity. According to the Egyptian custom, which had been adopted by the Ptolemies, the wife of the sovereign of Egypt was his sister, and so Cleopatra had been early married to her brother. But that is not properly to be regarded as a crime by us any more than, in point of fact, was her connection with Cæsar and Antony a crime with the Romans. The institution of marriage, indeed, was cherished at Rome for its political advantages, but the private life of the Roman aristocracy was, for the most part, thoroughly corrupt. Cleopatra had in no way scandalized the moral sentiment of the age, except so far as calumny had blackened her character. Divorce was a common thing at Rome, and the more common the higher up one went in society. Hardly any of the marriages contracted among the rulers, or those who aspired to be the rulers of Rome, had any other basis than political expediency. Octavia, the sister of Octavius, was married to Antony when she was still with child by a former husband to whom she had been very much attached, and she was considered, and with reason, as one of the noblest Roman matrons. Marriage was a mere form, necessary in private life, but to a woman bred up, as Cleopatra had been, in Eastern notions, and to a woman possessed as she was of great political genius and vast ambition, the significance of marriage, except so far as it was necessary for purposes of state, was probably something not intelligible.

But, though to estimate fairly the moral character of an historical personage we must view it in the light of the prevailing morality of the age in which it appeared, and not by any subsequent higher standard, it is not necessary to show that Cleopatra even came up to the standard of her own time; perhaps she did not. At any rate, that is not the point now to discuss. It is her political character only that Stahr seeks to analyze, and that, after all, not so much with a view to defend as to understand it. She has commonly been set down as the type of a voluptuous, passionate woman, mistress of all the arts of allurement, and treacherous as she was irresistible. On Stahr's theory, she may have been all this, except so far as treachery to Antony is concerned, which cannot fairly be charged against her, for the whole course of her later life contradicts it. But that she was also something more than this—a woman of commanding genius, engaged in a patriotic but unavailing attempt to hold fast and to strengthen the kingdom she had inherited from her ancestors, and hoped to hand down to her children—Stahr seems to us to have done a good deal to establish. He leaves her private morals pretty much as he found them; but he shows the other, the intellectual, side of her character, which the partisan passions of the day had so obscured, and which subsequent writers have so little appreciated.

But quite as much as of the character of Cleopatra, Stahr seems to us to have made a very good study of that of Antony, which Cicero did so much to blacken, and Antony himself to damage in the eyes of posterity by his persecution unto death of that illustrious writer. The rapidity with which, from a penniless profligate, he raised himself to the control of the destinies of the world, was certainly enough to turn the strongest head. What had cost Cæsar long years of toil and peril he obtained in almost as many months, and when the world lay thus at his feet he was in the bloom of his manhood—not over forty years of age—while upon his iron constitution neither the enormous excesses of his Roman life nor the fatigues of the camp had made any impression. Besides being a great general and statesman, moreover, he was one of the most amiable of companions and one of the most affectionate of friends. Nature had bestowed on him her richest gifts; one thing only was lacking, and the want of that was his ruin—power of self-control, the unity of the will. Wavering between ambition and self-indulgence, he fell a victim at last to the latter. Yet he might with truth say that he was better than his reputation. This drunken profligate, who outplotted the most cunning plotters and whose energy made his enemies quake, was a good-hearted, kindly man, honest himself and above suspicion of others. When the triumvirs entered Rome victorious his lenity saved many a victim from the calculating cruelty of Octavius; and, though extravagant beyond measure, even Cicero exempted him from the charge of that lust of wealth which was the curse of his age and the cause of the final corruption and ruin of the empire, as it had been of the republic. Upon one occasion he commanded his secretary to bestow a million of sesterces upon one of his friends as a free gift. The secretary, in order to make him realize how large a sum it was, put the heap of gold pieces which made that amount before him. "I thought a million was more," said Antony; "add another to it."

In all respects a remarkable man, there was something in the madness of his passion for Cleopatra which makes his history a psychological problem, and whatever other merit may be denied to Stahr's portrait of him and of Cleopatra, it will hardly be denied that he has at least cleared away some of the obscurities which envelope their characters, and proved that, if their vices were flagrant, there were not wanting great virtues in the one and lofty aims in the other.

WHIPPLE'S ESSAYS.*

Mr. Whipple's volume contains twelve essays, all, with more or less definiteness of purpose, treating of the elements and manifestations of character in its various aspects. The pieces, with the exception of three—those on Thackeray, Hawthorne, and Agassiz—were all prepared for audiences, and delivered in public, either as lectures or addresses. The tribute to Mr. Everett was read before the Thursday Evening Club, in Boston. The felicitous characterization of Starr King, by far the worthiest description of that charming person that has fallen from the lips of any of his admirers, was spoken on Sunday evening, April 3, 1864, at the memorial service in Hollis Street Church, where Mr. King preached. The last piece, on "Washington and the Principles of the Revolution," was given as a Fourth of July oration, fifteen years ago, in Boston.

The literary character of the essays, admirable as it is in many respects,

* "Character and Characteristic Men. E. P. Whipple." Ticknor & Fields.

suffers from the circumstance that they were written for hearers, not for readers. They lack the gravity and composure that should mark literary productions. To the mass of readers this will be a recommendation; but in the eye of criticism it is a fault. The pages are more entertaining for it, but less satisfying. The lecturer writes to amuse as well as to instruct; to keep the attention of the miscellaneous populace before him he must administer a series of shocks to their minds. He must startle them, fascinate them, rouse them, and make them laugh. His theme must be handled in such a way that people may catch his points with half-shut eyes, and be carried over a wide reach of thought without much help from listening. He must wrench things from their proper relations; must exaggerate and caricature. He must cultivate tricks of style, alliteration, and antithesis; must utter smart sayings, hunt up remote illustrations, make points for the sake of introducing anecdotes, and sprinkle the surface of the discourse, at proper intervals, with puns. Mr. Whipple's essays are not free from these characteristics, and are, therefore, defective as works of literary art. The style has a sort of strut, as if it was trying to present a good appearance and was not conscious of succeeding. The lines are anxious about their effect; the pages bristle with epigram, as if to keep criticism at a distance, and to give some plenitude no chance to repose. Almost every paragraph has its witty allusion, its rhetorical snap, or its neat story admirably told. Even in the prosy passages—for such there must be—fancy, having nothing else to do, twists the words about, making them reel and jingle in imitation, at least, of frolic. The mind of the writer does not seem to be at peace either with itself or its companions, and is haunted by the impression that they are not interested in its thoughts.

While we are in the critical vein, we will add, what may seem inconsistent with the foregoing remarks, that Mr. Whipple's writing is too prevailingly "literary" to be quite admirable. It smells of the library and the lamp. The themes handled are vital, every one; the thought is vigorous; the purpose is direct and earnest; but the illustrations are taken from books—seldom from life. The themes are interesting to Americans; but the illustrations are less American than French and English. Mr. Whipple has been an enormous reader, and he has a capacious memory that holds everything he reads. His knowledge of history is wonderful for extent and detail. Quotations come to him as naturally as his own speech. People in books are real people to him; he brings them out as if they were his friends; and friends they are more warmly than the men and women he lives with. He is a laborious and most faithful man of letters. His productions are the result rather of severe study and diligent culture than of original intellectual fertility; and to this fact is owing a certain artificiality of method and dryness of material which the bookish man cannot overcome.

The surprise is that, with these characteristics of mind and style, Mr. Whipple should have the popularity as a lecturer that he has for many years enjoyed. But his success has been fairly earned by qualities which no mannerisms can counterbalance. He is always a thinker; if not a profound or comprehensive one, still an acute, strong, sincere one. He is painstaking to an extreme; his conscientiousness never deserts him. And he can think to some purpose. He has power of reflection and of analysis; he understands the conditions of thought, and conforms to them. If he does not originate ideas, he knows what they are, welcomes them, and does his best to communicate them. As a philosopher he is not remarkable; but as a critic he is, as an expositor he is. He selects worthy themes, and aims to treat them worthily, and for doing that he is to be respected.

We can heartily commend, too, his common sense. Though a speculative, literary man, he is no fool to be carried away by his fancy or whim. He sees the distinction between the practicable and the impracticable, and holds himself firmly in hand—is rational and wise.

Better than that, if better can be, Mr. Whipple is mostly in earnest; not ostentatiously so, but truly so. He thinks and writes with a purpose to effect something. He holds by ideas, believes in principles, consults the best uses. He sneers at nothing worthy, and depreciates nothing good; he sympathizes with whatever promises to enlighten and elevate man. He is a lover of liberty, a friend of improvement, a believer in the capabilities of men and women, a hoper after better social conditions than exist now. There is fine moral enlightenment in him. These essays are very different from the Bohemian work that is so abundant. They mean something better than entertainment to after-dinner loungers. And yet an after-dinner lounger might find them entertaining.

We cordially recommend this volume to young men as a stimulant and a guide for thought. They will find it palatable and wholesome, bright enough to amuse them, thoughtful enough to interest them, wise enough to instruct them, and noble enough to elevate them. Mr. Whipple is a trustworthy interpreter of popular writers like Dickens, Thackeray, Hawthorne; and his own writings make a fitting introduction to the best literature of the generation. He is a self-made man, and, therefore, calculated to meet the wants of those who wish to make themselves. He is an American, and judges things as well as men from the American standard. He is a Massachusetts man, and believes in the principles of that doughty commonwealth, and if he gives certain unmistakable evidences of being a Bostonian, we are sure that the tone of his writings does not suffer from that peculiarity.

CONFUSION FOR YOUNG MINDS.*

THE work which we have before us seems to have been intended for those children who have attained the A B Cs of their education, and are about starting out upon the wide field to which the letters form the entrance gate, and accordingly we find it in the hands of a boy between eight and nine years of age—placed there by the authorities of a school which holds an enviable position in the esteem of the community.

Since the copyright bears the date of 1856 it is evident that the work has been long enough before the community for its merits to have been carefully weighed. That the decision could not have been otherwise than in favor of its adoption is certain, for we are told in the preface that "the words have been syllabicated, accented, and defined with great care, the definitions particularly having received great attention in their construction, to make them brief and to the point."

This is an interesting statement, but not more interesting than the book itself. We find it divided into a considerable number of sections, headed "Mankind," "Parts of the Human Body," "Functions of the Eye and Ear," etc. Then under each section we have a list of words "syllabicated, accented, and defined with great care," and following each of these, in smaller type, what appears to be a miniature dictionary explanatory of the preceding explanations.

Thus, the first word is *man*, with which, of course, the infant mind is not supposed to associate any idea. Having been carefully syllabicated and accented, it is defined as "a male of the human species." *Father* is "the male parent;" *mother*, "the female parent;" *parent*, "a father or mother." What meaning could most children of nine attach to these words, "male" and "female"? Our dictionary at the foot of the page explains *human* as "having the qualities of men and women;" *species*, as "sort, kind." *Male* and *female* are prudently left unexplained. *Stepfather* is "a father by marriage only." Most of us have ignorantly supposed this to be the case with all honest fathers. *Ancestor* is "one from whom a person descends." And, in small type, *descend* is "to come from, to go down;" and *descendant* is "the offspring of an ancestor." This is bravely done; but how clear an idea, think you, has the child of the meaning of "ancestor" and "descendant" from this first lesson?

In the second lesson the infant is informed, to its great edification, that the *mouth* is "the aperture in the head at which food is received." *Muscle* is "a fleshy fibre; an organ of motion." It is explained below that *fibre* is "a thread, a thread-like substance," and *substance* is "something solid." *Muscle* is, therefore, a fleshy thread-like something solid. But, farther: *Organ* is, in small type, "a natural instrument of action." *Instrument* is "a tool; that by which something is done." *Natural* is "produced by nature." *Nature* is "the works of the Lord." *Produced* is "brought into life or being." Our *enfant terrible* is, therefore, in a position to state that "muscle is a tool of action for motion brought into life or being by the works of the Lord." After this there is surely nothing to be said.

Print is "the representation of anything made by impression." *Ox* is "the male of the bovine genus of quadrupeds." *Oyster* is "a bivalve testaceous shell-fish." *Hair* is "a small filament issuing from the skin." *Time* is "a portion or part of duration, either past, present, or future." To explain this we have below the following: *Duration*, "extension in time; continuation." *Continuation*, "extension of existence." *Existence*, "life, being." *Past*, "gone by, or beyond." *Present*, "now existing." *Future*, "time to come." This is "time, times, and a half," with a vengeance. May the time be long before, in the extension of his life or being, either present or future, our victim shall meet with any explanation more likely to produce confusion worse confounded.

Victuals is "food for human beings prepared for eating"—no punctuation. When they *are* prepared for eating, will they differ much from a child who has been brought up on "Smith's Juvenile Definer?"

The hungry young enquirer is informed that *soup* is "a decoction of flesh for food." Feeling expectant, but rather rebuffed, he is told, in small type, that *decoction* is "the liquor in which a substance has been boiled." Still

* "The Juvenile Definer. By Wm. W. Smith." New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

hungry but subdued, he waits about nine weeks, at a page a day, when at last he learns that *liquor* is "a fluid substance," and *fluid* is "running like water." Then, if he has any strength remaining so as to have a reasonable hope of being able to run as fast as water, he may cheer himself with the anticipation of catching up with a dinner which he fully understands.

So we go from "mankind" to "peltry," and from "edible vegetables" to "worms," running the whole gamut of prolix verbiage. Oh! ye who in your lifetime have felt the joys and suffered the pains of an "institution of learning;"—ye who ought to have gone to school and did not; and ye who in the future shall or ought to be called upon to do likewise, to you only would we speak. Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no specific which will wipe out of existence once and for all time these hideous abortions usurping the place of honest text-books, and make our scribblers ashamed to write, and our publishers ashamed to send forth to the world such stuff as this?

Let us not, however, be betrayed into intemperance of thought or expression. At the outset it had been our intention to indite a few words in criticism of the work under mention, but finding from the title-page that its author is or was the principal of a school in New York, and that it bears the imprint of a well known publishing house, we yield to the dictation of our natural respect for the instructors of youth and the manufacturers of rubbish for schools, and refrain.

"DAYS OF YORE."*

"PEOPLE like to be tempted," as Mrs. Gaskell makes Mrs. Gibson, with much truth, remark. Accordingly, we congratulate Miss Tytler's readers on the fresh temptation which Mr. Strahan sets before them in these two handsome volumes. They have rewarded us with especial satisfaction in the performance of the conscientious reviewer's not always easy duty, to read before he writes. There is a dreamy charm for many of us, amid these restless, bewildering times, even in the pretty name of "Days of Yore;" and the author's kindly and sympathetic tone of thought and feeling seems to give her a happy facility in calling the long-departed actors in those days back upon the stage again. Moreover, her work is well adapted to the needs of that class of sinners, at whom we cast no stone first or last, who, when they once get hold of an interesting story, cannot lay it down between the beginning and the end. Her narratives are prudently furnished with twenty stopping places at which, if the world around us is coming to a stand-still for want of us, it is all our own fault if we do not wait long enough to set the world going once more.

These narratives carry us over a good deal of ground, in Scotland, England, Ireland, and Holland, and make us everywhere tolerably at home. They are tinged with history, but not heavily historical—so little so, indeed, and so shadowy in particular are the "Shadows on the Coast of Fife," that, after swallowing all the history they contain, we find ourselves somewhat in the plight of Mrs. Gilman's "mean white" or "cracker" girl, who, after putting the spoonful of whipped cream into her mouth, pushed back her chair, shook her handkerchief, and looked on her lap and on the floor, to see what had become of the impalpable dainty.

It is never fair for those who are first taken into Scheherazade's confidence to betray her to the not yet admitted; but thus much on the present occasion it is no treason to tell—that her stories end happily enough to leave her audience happy, and that they abound in scorn, woe, wrath, love, and other noble passions.

We hope it is not treason either to repeat one or two strokes of humor; because, if it is, we shall have to be traitors. One of these shall be the summing up of the popular notion of an intellectual woman: "An abstracted, scared being, with two left hands;" and another, this whimsical reflection on the murder of *Duncan*—pity that it had not occurred to *Lady Macbeth!*—"Is it not the height of snobbishness to be so anxious to have a handle to your name that you will even do murder to get it?"

In point of style we set "Days of Yore" above "Citoyenne Jacqueline," in so far as it is free from Gallicisms, but no further. It is much to be regretted that parts so lively and pleasing as those of the writer should continue to lose so much of their effect for want of what many a plodding pedant could in a measure do for her. We are not going to be thanklessly severe, but we must say Miss Tytler's books convince us that there is much justice in the old proverb about two heads, even when the auxiliary head is less rarely endowed by nature than the principal. We will wish Miss Tytler no worse than that her manuscripts may henceforward be written with more care, and be revised with a good deal more care.

* "Days of Yore, by Sarah Tytler, author of 'Citoyenne Jacqueline.'" Alexander Strahan, publisher, London and New York. 1866.

"Some power" *will not* "the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us,"

and the counsel of a friend may be of very great service to almost any writer.

No doubt a really good critic is hard to find. It is a very unfortunate thing for any good author to fall in any respect into the power of a censor who cannot understand what he means, or does not care what he means, or thinks he ought to mean something else, or at any rate forces him to say something else. It was unfortunate for Mrs. Stowe, for instance, if it is true, that some wiseacre induced her to mangle that really fine passage, in which she described Dr. Hopkins "knocking out every round in the ladder to heaven but the highest," and then saying "to the world, 'Step up.'" Substitute "go" for "step," said the censor; and "go" was substituted. It was unfortunate, because *go* means only vaguely go in any way you please—in a balloon, pick-a-back, on a cherub, if you will—which probably was what Mrs. Stowe had *not* in her mind; while *step*, on the contrary, signifies, in the words of Dr. Samuel Johnson, "to move by a single change of the place of the foot," which probably was what Mrs. Stowe *did* have in her mind. It is, however, a most fortunate thing, we say, for almost any author, however good, to have within his reach an intelligent and sympathizing private critic who is apt at catching his meaning, loves his meaning, and can tell him when he has said what he means and when he has not said it, and when he has said what he does not mean. But when prisoners come into court unprovided with counsel, it becomes the duty of the court to furnish them with professional advisers. In like manner, appointed to the office of critic to "Days of Yore," it devolves upon us to offer some suggestions, among the many that occur to us in glancing over their clever but too carelessly corrected pages.

Several of the statements with which they entertain us are certainly, in the old words of the Scotch juries, "not proven," such, namely, as the following: Says Miss Tytler, "Beside her [Veronica] sat her father. . . . He . . . was walking up and down." If he sat beside her, he was hardly walking up and down; while if he was walking up and down, he could not well sit beside her. And here is a bold assertion, not self-contradictory, but which we decidedly contradict: [Delvile's] "Cecilia was very plain." Cecilia was not very plain. Miss Burney speaks of her as "beautiful;" and who should know if not Miss Burney? Was not the line of unsightly charmers first led in by "Jane Eyre?" Again: "Elspa would neither have stood still nor fallen prostrate, unless he [Sealchraig *alias* Alexander Selkirk] had shot her through the head." It is possible. But one asks one's self, Would n't Elspa have fallen prostrate if Alexander had shot her through the heart? And, more astonishing than all is this statement: "Herr Mauritz" wound his horn "so richly, and with such mastery of strength and witchery of tunefulness, *that if those present were not reminded of the honeycomb in Samson's dead lion, they must have been dolts indeed.*" Imagine this statement thrown into the favorite interrogative form of a conundrum: "Why was the honeycomb in the lion that Samson killed like a certain blast, blown by Herr Mauritz, on a B flat bugle?" The correct answer is what we call intricate: "Because the player wound the bugle 'so richly, and with such mastery of strength and witchery of tunefulness.'" Now, because a person does not on the instant make this reply, is it not the extreme of unsparing severity and unchristian acerbity, and of a wicked pride in superior quickness of apprehension, to tell such a person that he is, by definition, a blockhead, an ignoramus, and not grossly miscalled when he is styled a dunce and a dull ass?

Miss Tytler's use of the participle "disappointing" as an adjective—as in the phrase, "All was *disappointing*"—is neither graceful nor necessary; nor is that of such forms of speech as "I should have liked to have seen," "I should have liked to have heard," and "I should have liked to have known." All educated persons should be on their guard, if necessary, against sanctioning, by their example, such inelegancies as putting the word "commence" in the place of *begin* before another verb in the infinitive; or such as saying "left" when one means *gone*. And to speak of "acids and aqua-fortis" is much as if one should speak of meats and mutton.

But now, though there is enough more to say, there is scanty room to say it in; and we will not take our leave of an agreeable book in a disagreeable shower of Parthian arrows. In conclusion, therefore, we will simply propose to any of our readers who may hesitate to take up the book in question upon our recommendation, to try for themselves "A Cast in the Wagon," which, by the way, may remind some of them dimly of interesting traits in the life of the painter Blake; and we venture to prophesy that few of the good lovers, at least, of "The Old Chelsea Bun house," "Cherry and Violet," and the other little novels of that class, will prove themselves "warm haters" of "Days of Yore."

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

MR. BEECHER'S POSITION.

THE singular position in which Mr. Beecher now stands, and the rapid changes of public feeling with respect to him during the last few months, while he himself is evidently unconscious of having changed his own views, are subjects deserving of more intelligent comment than they have yet received. The matter is in some degree a personal one, but a man like Mr. Beecher is public property, and his errors as well as his virtues may properly be made the means of public instruction. We have condemned, in the strongest manner, the vituperation which has been poured out upon him by men of much zeal but little wisdom; we have no sympathy with the attacks—some of them incredibly mean—which have been so freely made upon his motives. But, while earnestly claiming for Mr. Beecher the credit of honesty and sincerity in his course, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that he has lost his *prestige* as a leader; that he has for months wasted his political influence in efforts that were not mischievous only because they were utterly ineffective; that he has lost a splendid opportunity for winning the North to all the magnanimity of his own heart, by identifying that magnanimity with an absurd quixotism; and that he has greatly diminished his power for usefulness for years to come.

Mr. Beecher has expressed so much unfeigned surprise at the effect produced by his letters that it is necessary to epitomize his course upon the questions of reconstruction, in order to show its changes. In May, 1865, he not merely advocated but *insisted* upon equal suffrage as the basis for reconstruction. In September, 1865, he tacitly waived this point, and insisted more strenuously upon the necessity of conciliating the Southern whites. In February, 1866, he urged the immediate and unconditional admission of certain Southern States, in all of which colored men were excluded from voting, and in most of which even their civil rights were but very imperfectly recognized. Still he adhered to the Republican party, and asserted the doctrine of universal suffrage as an abstract right. But in September he wrote his famous Cleveland letter, in which he expressed his "hearty wish" for the success of a convention which every sensible politician knew perfectly well was assembled for the special purpose of breaking down the Republican party. And, finally, he has just renewed his allegiance to his old party, and, without admitting that his own judgment has changed, has gracefully submitted to the decision of the party.

Now all this clearly implies some change of views, though not necessarily any inconsistency, in the obnoxious sense of the term. It is not inconsistent for any man to alter his mind; it is only inconsistent for him to act or speak in opposite directions while professing to have undergone no change. Mr. Beecher is sorely tempted just now to assert that he has not changed his position. But he cannot do this without confessing either to inconsistency, or to having been under a total misapprehension of the facts.

If Mr. Beecher had been anything of a practical politician he could not have failed to see that the Cleveland Convention was necessarily and designedly hostile to the Republican party, and that the success for which he expressed so hearty a desire could not, by any possibility, be otherwise than identical with the success of the Democratic party. After the action of Congress, and the massacre at New Orleans, it was a matter of absolute certainty that nine-tenths of the Republican party would adhere to the Congressional policy. But Mr. Beecher did not see this. He thought it still possible to persuade the Republican party to adopt his views, although every one acquainted with the real state of public feeling saw clearly that such efforts could only irritate the mass of his audience, without convincing one of them. Mr. Beecher sees this himself now, and has wisely given up his fruitless endeavor; but he would have shown more sagacity if he had done this at an earlier day. The lawyer who persists in talking to a jury who have fully made up their minds to convict his client of manslaughter, only runs the risk of bringing about a verdict of murder.

Mr. Beecher's slowness to perceive the popular tendency is all the more remarkable in view of his prompt acquiescence in the refusal of the people to extend the suffrage to the negroes by political means. He says himself that, relinquishing further political efforts in that direction, he "instantly turned" to moral agencies alone. Yet there never was a time when so large a portion of the people favored equal suffrage as now. Three-fourths of the Republican party accepted the doctrine when Mr. Beecher dropped it; and they are gaining new adherents continually. If the South refuses the Constitutional Amendment, we believe that the dominant party will unanimously adopt and enforce the very measure upon which Mr. Beecher's heart was once set, but which he abandoned in discouragement a year ago. It is strange that one who is so sanguine in his anticipations of progress at the South, in case it is allowed to have its own way, should be so desponding over the prospects of progress at the North.

We venture to think that an explanation of Mr. Beecher's somewhat erratic course of late may be found in the fact that he has, since the close of the war, mingled more intimately with Southern and conservative politicians than in all his life before. He has realized the difficulty, which we comprehend perfectly by experience, of talking face to face with educated, kindly, Christian men from the South, who express the humanest sentiments concerning the colored race, and yet inflexibly oppose the admission of that race to the elective franchise. It is exceedingly hard to look such a man in the eye, and say in effect, "I would trust you with my fortune, my family, my honor, my life, but *not with the negro*." That is just what our amiable Northern Congressmen never could say in old times; and because they could not and did not, Mr. Beecher stormed at them with all his fiery eloquence. But then he was not called upon to say it himself. *Now* he is, and he finds the words stick in his throat. We do not denounce him for this; for we can do no better ourselves. Our only chance is to avoid these amiable Southern gentlemen. Which of us could meet Governor Eyre face to face, spend an hour with him in friendly intercourse, and conclude with telling him that he was a murderer, who avenged an old grudge by assassination under the forms of law? No, no. We should close the interview by warmly shaking the governor's hand, and subscribing to the great assassin's defence fund; and so would Mr. Beecher. It is an old story, repeated a thousand times every year since the world began. Only one exception is recorded; that in which, while forty camels were being unloaded of gifts at his door, the man of God fixed his eyes upon the Syrian soldier, and wept, saying: "I know the evil that thou wilt do unto the children of Israel: their strongholds wilt thou set on fire, and their young men wilt thou slay with the sword, and wilt dash their children, and rip up their women with child."

We are sincerely glad to welcome Mr. Beecher back to the fold from which, in spite of his opinion to the contrary, we cannot but think he had strayed; and we should rejoice far more if he could honestly see and admit that he had erred in judgment throughout this whole matter. But we say distinctly, that we respect him no whit the less, nay more, for his adherence to his convictions, so long as they *are* his convictions, in the face of the almost unanimous opposition of his church, his family, and his best friends. We earnestly hope, however, that he will not let his pride prevent him from reconsidering his position, and from modifying his views in accordance with his better judgment.

And as various stories, some wholly false and others grossly exaggerated, have gone out concerning the action or designs of Plymouth Church, it is proper that we should here say a word on that subject, in respect to which we speak on the best authority. It is absolutely false that any officers of the church ever spoke, or even thought of, reducing Mr. Beecher's salary on account of his political position, or that any kind of movement by way of punishing or intimidating him was ever made. The profound agitation and grief of the church over the Cleveland letter can scarcely be over-stated, but Mr. Beecher's people have far too much liberality of sentiment to think for a moment of any such projects as those which sundry "Democratic" newspapers have invented and ascribed to them. For a "half-educated," "bigoted," "fanatical" congregation, "with no ideas except what they derived from their pastor," yet having the impertinence to "fancy that they could think for them-

selves," we think that Plymouth Church has made a good record of itself within the last two months.

The experience through which both pastor and people have passed has been a valuable though not a welcome one. It has shown that a church unusually devoted to its pastor can yet maintain its independence of thought, as little swayed by his influence, when exerted on the wrong side, as if he had been the humblest member of his flock. It has shown that such a difference of opinion can be maintained without breaking up the ties of mutual affection and esteem. And a better vindication of the democratic theory of government, in both church and state, when founded on intelligence, has rarely been witnessed, than the total failure of so popular, trusted, and powerful a leader as Mr. Beecher to change the course of one in a hundred of those who, all over the land, have hung upon his words and delighted to act upon his counsels.

OUGHT SOLDIERS TO VOTE?

New Hampshire will soon be called upon to revise a constitution which prohibits its Legislature from granting to soldiers the right of suffrage; and the same question will doubtless come up for consideration in the next constitutional convention of New York. Now that the army is so reduced in size that its votes can no longer be used to help or hinder materially the success of parties, it may be hoped that the precedents in this matter established during the war may receive a consideration which at that time was never given to the subject itself. For none of the arguments then used in the discussion of this question ever touched upon its real merits. The prospect of political gain or the fear of political loss was the only reason that influenced those who favored or opposed the measure. The Legislature of New York, which granted to soldiers the right to vote, and the Legislature of New Jersey, which refused them the same right, were both actuated by the same selfish motives; while with the mass of the people, the sentimental but specious plea that the man who was perilling life for his country was entitled on that very account to vote for what he deemed its interests, carried the day over any mere party considerations.

Yet every one who has made a careful study of the principles of civil liberty, of the safeguards which surround it, of the perils to which it is exposed, must realize the fact that no more dangerous precedent has ever been embodied in the legislation of the country. He who knows, either theoretically or practically, what an army is, fears most what an army may become. He who knows what it is will be least inclined to add to it any power or right which will make it, no matter to how small an extent, an object to be courted or feared by the representatives of the people.

For, whenever an army exists for any length of time, it becomes a caste, in which are prevalent peculiar motives of action and peculiar habits of thought, but all dangerous to liberty. In it debate is decried and action exalted. The will of the one is preferred to the wisdom of the many. A habit of blind unreasoning obedience to authority is insensibly acquired. The propriety and consequences of an order are rarely discussed, only the fact of its being issued. Disdain for civilians, for the slow processes of civil law, for the safeguards which hedge about the rights of property and person, for the constitutional restrictions upon the power of the central government, is easily engendered. Devotion to the executive also as representing action, and contempt for the legislature as representing deliberation, inevitably spring up. The spirit of despotism, contributing more and more to its efficiency, grows stronger with every day the army is in existence; but it is the spirit most incompatible with the preservation of free institutions. These are the general considerations which have always made the army, no matter how constituted, dangerous to liberty. Give it the power to vote, and these dangers are aggravated ten-fold. To the compactness and force of despotism it adds, without any counteracting influences, the reckless indifference to results, the all-defying energy and the unscrupulous partisanship which attend the exercise of the elective franchise.

For the preservation of liberty, it is desirable that suffrage should be intelligent; it is essential that it should be free. But neither free nor intelligent can it be in the army, from the very nature of things. For the tendency of soldiers possessing the right of suffrage will always be to vote, almost unanimously, with the party having control of the Government. The general officers are all directly dependent upon the executive. In addition to the habits of deference and obedience in which they are trained, every consideration of interest and ambition inclines them to support the measures advocated by him they are accustomed to regard as their commander-in-chief. Only extraordinary and commanding merit—which is always very rare—can save them from being summarily shoved aside if they venture to hold and express opposing views of their own. The same feelings which prompt them to support the policy of the executive prompt them also to demand for it the unquestioning support of those below them. This tendency in the case of subordinate volunteer officers is partially counteracted by that clause of the Constitution which reserves to the State the right of commissioning regimental officers. But this is of no value when the state and general governments are in accord; of but little value when they are not. For by the operation of examining boards, by refusal to muster in, and by the power of summary dismissal, an officer can always be got rid of whom it is desirable to have out of the way. This constant pressure downward, causing men to act not only more and more in concert with one another, but also more and more in concert with the executive, ordinarily shows its effect most strikingly in the case of the private soldier. However reliant upon himself he may be by nature, once in the army his independence of thought and feeling is rapidly lost. The longer he remains in it, the more subject does his will become to that of his immediate superior. Upon his company commander rest the comfort and sometimes the security of his life; through him his merit must be made known and recognized; without his help he can hardly hope to receive the promotion due either to his courage or his conduct; in the captain's hands lies the power to reward and punish, to cast down and exalt. It would be contrary to nature if, in such a condition of things, there should not be anxiety on the part of the soldier to gain the favor of the officer. The feeling shows itself plainly even where the latter is both unjust and intellectually inferior to the man he commands; but if he be capable and kind, the former soon learns to take from him his opinions as unquestioningly as he does his orders.

For this reason voting in the army can in no proper sense of the word be free; but neither, also, can it be intelligent. For wanting in the army are all the means of investigation which in the conflict of opposing views enable men to form dispassionate conclusions. The well-being of an army, especially when it is largest, and therefore most dangerous to the liberty of the state, demands that it should be under the complete control of its leaders. These will naturally, at least in long-continued wars, be selected as far as possible on account of their sympathy with the executive. It is an absolute necessity that their orders should be obeyed without remonstrance or complaint; it is a positive advantage even that the opinions they hold should be held by all below them. Everything which would create a spirit of discontent and disaffection must be summarily crushed. And the judgment of the commander must in such a case be the ultimate rule; not that it is necessarily the best rule, but that it is the only general one that can safely be followed. It is his undoubted right to prevent any discussion which he deems calculated to impair the efficiency of the force at his command. It is his undoubted right to prohibit the circulation of journals and documents the tendency of which he thinks will be to lessen enthusiasm or breed distrust of the executive and of the policy, civil or military, that has been adopted. He may in consequence consent to the introduction of the political papers of one party and prohibit the introduction of those of another. These things may be absolutely necessary to preserve unimpaired the *morale* of the army. Even if the expediency of such measures in a given case be denied, the right of taking such measures cannot be successfully gainsayed. But it is absurd to say that any one can vote intelligently under such circumstances. It is still more absurd to say that a man votes intelligently or freely who rarely has opportunities to read, and when he has them is permitted to read but one side; who never hears the other spoken of except with derision and contempt; who finds the whole stream of

public sentiment about him flowing one way; and who, if he goes in a direction contrary to it, subjects himself to suspicion and disfavor, if not to evils of a more positive character.

In addition to this there are practical difficulties connected with the subject which have never yet been surmounted. No law has yet been devised in any State in which the suffrage has been given to its citizens in military service that did not leave room for the commission of the grossest frauds; it is safe to say that no such law can be devised. The voting must necessarily take place at stations outside of the State and generally remote from it; it must frequently be done in the midst of the hurry and tumult of active operations; it can never be entrusted wholly to sworn civil officers, acting in strict accordance with law, but must be more or less under the control of officers of the army, independent of the State and accountable only to the General Government. Ballots must be transmitted through the hands of irresponsible persons, any one of whom may substitute others not only with but little fear of detection, but with little fear of punishment if detected. Every safeguard by which legislation has striven to preserve the purity of the franchise is thrown down; and, as human nature is, the inevitable tendency is to inaugurate a system of fraud, alongside of which the stuffing of ballot-boxes, as practised of old in the lower wards of New York, would be purity itself.

And the army also would suffer from such a state of things. If in it voting were free and intelligent and the proper measures taken to keep it so, the discipline would soon come to be as poor as the debates were good. So great an evil could be trusted to work its own cure; but evils almost as great would result from the participation of officers in the action of parties. A brilliant fighter would be held in less repute than a shrewd political thimble-rigger. Men would be promoted not for services in the field, but for services at conventions. For if the army goes into politics, politicians will go into the army. Captains will make sure of party influence to intrigue against colonels, and colonels against generals. Unpopular commanders, no matter how competent, will be sent out of the way to remote stations. Heart-burnings and jealousies will unavoidably arise when successful wire-pulling gains positions due to the honest devotion to legitimate duty. The unity and efficiency of the army will not only be weakened, but a deep distrust of the army itself, threatening its very existence, will spring up in the minds of all thoughtful and patriotic men. For no free people can safely permit its soldiers to make use of their position, or even of the mere influence of their position, to affect its legislation. If there was anything more worthy of respect than the high sentiments of honor entertained by the old regular officers, it was the studious care with which they refrained from connecting themselves with parties. The civil war, which unsettled where it did not overthrow all established opinions and habits of thought and action, unsettled this also; and the pointed rebuke of General Grant in a recent letter, in which he says he sees with regret the action of any officer taking a conspicuous part in the political dissensions of the day, came not a moment too soon to correct an evil which, under the encouragement of the executive, has begun to assume alarming proportions. Nor is it enough that the army should be refused the right to vote; it should not be allowed even the right to petition. For a petition from men who carry in their hands swords and muskets, no matter how humble and respectful the terms in which it is conveyed, has in its possibilities all the nature of a threat. And let it not be imagined that because the evils here spoken of have not yet shown themselves, or have shown themselves but partially, that they will never show themselves at all. In time of safety it is especially incumbent on us not to create precedents which may be followed in time of danger to the overthrow of our liberties. These evils have resulted in other lands in the destruction of free institutions; they may, under like conditions, be expected to produce the same result in our land. Personal purity on the part of the executive may retard for a while their coming; it cannot prevent their coming at last. The events of the past few months warn every man that a free people cannot be too jealous of its liberties. Those who see what Andrew Johnson is may be allowed to look back with a feeling of relief when they think what, under other circumstances, Abraham Lincoln, with a vast army at his command, might have been.

ENGLAND.

London, Oct. 5, 1866.

The dead season of London is beginning to pass away. Nothing, indeed, can well look more cheerless externally than London does at the present moment, under the grey dismal sky which has lasted through our so-called summer. But human life is beginning to stir again beneath our monotonous shroud of mist and coal-smoke. Men are returning by degrees from Continental rambles, from Alpine climbs, from Norway salmon-rivers, and from Scotch moors. And as they return they seem to be taking up with fresh eagerness several of the controversies which were opened without being concluded in the late exciting Parliamentary session. There is quite an animating dispute already aroused by the prospect of Gov. Eyre's proposed indictment for murder. Considerable sums have been subscribed on both sides. The Jamaica Committee have taken counsel's opinion, and are, I believe, determined to bring the case to an issue. Meanwhile, Sir Samuel Baker has reopened the everlasting discussion as to the virtues and vices of the negro race, in some letters to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. His recent experience in the Central African discoveries for which he has been lately knighted, gives him a certain apparent authority in pronouncing the negro to be a good deal nearer to the gorilla than to the white man. He writes well, as his very interesting book of travels testifies, and expresses very strong opinions without losing his temper. He has, however, a dexterous opponent in Jacob Omnium, one of the most skilful and irritating, if not one of the most profound, of our newspaper controversialists. The whole dispute seems, I must say, rather irrelevant to the question whether Gov. Eyre was justified in hanging Mr. Gordon; for even Sir S. Baker will hardly maintain that negroes are so bad as to justify their summary execution under all circumstances, whether justly or not. But the feeling already excited gives some foretaste of the extreme party bitterness that will probably be generated in the course of Gov. Eyre's prosecution. Another question, which has been long half slumbering, is that of Parliamentary reform. Mr. Bright has been speaking, with his usual eloquence, to enthusiastic meetings in the north of England. It is somewhat difficult to determine the exact value of the demonstrations. The newspapers have been contradicting each other's facts and figures in a manner which makes one sceptical as to the credibility of all contemporary history. A mass meeting was to be held at Manchester some days back. According to the *Times* no less than 200,000 persons attended. According to the *Standard* there were 15,000. The other papers varied in their estimates between these limits, suggesting 40,000, 100,000, or 150,000—pretty much at random. I believe that, to accommodate the greatest number mentioned, some half-dozen people must have been standing upon every square foot of space, so that it may, perhaps, be rejected as improbable. One would like to know after this what sort of reliance can be placed upon the estimates of the number, for example, of Xerxes' army, made at a time when there were no newspaper correspondents, and handed down only by tradition. The most intelligent account that I have seen of the meeting was contained in a letter to the *Spectator* from an eye witness. According to him the open-air meeting, which took place on a very rainy day—as, indeed, it could not well take place this year on any other than a rainy day—was a failure. A subsequent meeting, however, held in the Free Trade Hall, and addressed by Mr. Bright, was more genuinely enthusiastic. No meeting, indeed, addressed by one whom even his enemies allow to be distinctly the greatest of living English orators, can well fail in enthusiasm. The dead hush which falls even upon Tory members of the House of Commons when Mr. Bright rises, is a striking proof of his power over bitter opponents; and in a large popular assembly he is certain to carry every one away with him. Without any artificial stimulus, however, it seems to be plain that the artisan class in our northern districts are rousing themselves to demand an extension of the suffrage, and they supply an admirable fulcrum for political agitation.

There is, however, a considerable difficulty in the way. The people at large will not be much stirred without a prospect of some really extensive change. Nothing very far short of household or manhood suffrage will evoke the determined spirit necessary to overcome the dead weight of settled opinions and vested interests. The bill introduced by Mr. Gladstone last session, which proposed only a very moderate enfranchisement, would have fallen altogether dead upon the country but for the false tactics of its opponents. Mr. Lowe, who is an admirably polished speaker, if not a great orator, but who has a talent for saying the wrong thing with so much point as to secure its being noticed, took occasion to make what was understood for a bitter attack upon the working classes. He endeavored, on seeing his mistake, to explain it away, and to declare that he had n't called his poorer countrymen corrupt, drunken, ignorant, and worthless as a body. But such apologies are awkward things; it is nearly as

insulting to assure a man that you really did not mean exactly to call him a thief, as to admit boldly that you did. And, accordingly, Mr. Lowe's remarks have never been forgotten or forgiven. Such enthusiasm as the Government roused on their side was due far more to the indignation against this luckless sarcasm than to the eloquence of Mr. Gladstone or to Mr. Mill's philosophy. Had it not been for this unfortunate line of argument thus adopted, the trifling extension proposed by Mr. Gladstone would have roused no popular sympathy, and would have been safely rejected by the Conservatives. A much wider measure must be proposed by the leaders of the Liberal party next session, if they are to carry the popular feeling with them. On the other hand, the leaders are scarcely prepared for any such measure. Very few of the present members of Parliament—even of those who call themselves Liberals—would vote for anything approaching to what is demanded; nor are their present middle-class constituents particularly anxious to see themselves swamped by enfranchising large additional numbers, which would, to say nothing else, diminish the pecuniary value of a vote; and there thus seems to be a danger of a split between the two wings of the Liberal party.

Meanwhile, a very curious change has come over the political feelings of the upper classes, which will not be without influence upon the approaching struggle. I was absent from England for nearly three months this summer. When I went away the arguments urged against reform were still ringing in my ears. Mr. Lowe was indignantly asking why reform should be demanded when everything was absolutely perfect. The British Parliament, he said, was the most enlightened body in the universe, and had done more good in thirty years than had elsewhere been done in centuries; and the British Parliament not unnaturally applauded his remarks to the echo. The Tory newspapers heartily chimed in, and there seemed to be a very general consent that we were suffering from no real abuses, that whatever was was right, and that nothing except a pedantic desire to satisfy certain theoretical demands for symmetry had produced the reform agitation. I returned about three weeks ago, and found all this changed. The English nation is in a fit of self-humiliation; we are sitting in sackcloth and ashes; we can't find hard enough names to apply to ourselves. We have learnt from Mr. Matthew Arnold, who, if somewhat of a literary coxcomb, is at any rate a clever coxcomb, to call our middle classes "Philistines;" or, as I understand the term, to accuse them of being totally impenetrable to new ideas. Our lower classes are notoriously ignorant and drunken; and as for the higher classes, an aristocracy is, of course, an anachronism. I have read something like this before—if I am not mistaken, in foreign criticisms of England—but it is rather singular to find it in such papers as the *Saturday Review* and *Pall Mall Gazette*, which represent the cynical optimism of comfortable men of the world. If, indeed, I am asked whether the English seriously believe themselves to be degraded beings, or even to be really inferior to any other nation whatever, I must answer in the negative. At the bottom of our hearts there lurks a profound conviction of our own merits. But we are undeniably out of temper, and, for the moment at least, out of conceit with ourselves. Several things have combined to produce this result. Thus, after preaching non-intervention for some time past, we are rather humiliated to find that in a European war no one asks or cares for our opinions. Then the marvellous success of Prussia has set us thinking as to its causes, and one is plainly to be found in the fact that every Prussian soldier is an educated man, and, therefore, individually superior to his Austrian opponent. This brings home to us the fact that the miserable dawdling about popular education in England may any day produce very serious results. Then the bungling of our naval authorities about armor-clad ships, and of our military authorities about breech-loaders, new artillery, and the difficulty of recruiting our army or getting any of its notorious defects really remedied, are not agreeable subjects of reflection, especially when looking at the remarkable efficiency of the Prussian system.

Besides our Continental outlook, we have been occupied with investigating two or three domestic abuses. The iniquitous practices in London workhouses and the frightful evils produced by the overcrowding of the poor, and just now aggravated by new railways and other alterations, have fairly startled us into discontent. All these abuses and various others have suddenly become topics of discussion, and they have given a rude shock to our habitual state of complacency. It does not, indeed, follow that they would be remedied by parliamentary reform. But at present every proposal to do something seems to come to a stop; Parliament can't be induced to stir itself to energetic action; every agitation gets choked by vested interests, and gradually brought to a dead-lock, and this may be plausibly explained as a not unnatural result of leaving legislation entirely in the hands of what may be called the naturally contented classes. Some people think that an infusion of democracy would put a little more vigor into our constitution, and others are anxious to see the reform question definitely settled, if only that we may put it aside and get something else really done instead of eternally discussed. This feeling is favorable to some decided action. Another series of revelations has told in the same direction. Commissions have been sitting on the corrupt practices in boroughs at the late election, and are still bringing out their monotonous tales of bribery. In certain towns, Lancaster, for example, Totnes, and Yarmouth, the buying and selling of votes seem to have been carried on as systematically and almost as openly as the buying and selling of potatoes. The value of a vote varies, and, of course, is larger in a small constituency. In Totnes, with a constituency of under four hundred, I believe that they reached as much as £80 or £90. Some voters of exceptionably high morality would vote a little cheaper for their own party than for their antagonists; and, on the other hand, some would succeed in taking bribes from both. A gentleman the other day complained of the price demanded by one of his constituents; the voter explained that dissolutions of Parliament had been lately at such long intervals that he could not afford to take less, but that if annual Parliaments could be introduced he would be happy to lower his terms. What is the remedy for this state of things—whether the law should be made stricter, or constituencies increased, or the ballot introduced—has been discussed without much hope of a solution, for there is an obvious difficulty in detecting a crime which both sides have so much interest in concealing, and which is not stigmatized by public opinion with any real severity. Meanwhile, it is to be remarked that this system only upsets particular boroughs; in Scotland no election has ever been attacked on the ground of bribery; in the largest constituencies it is, of course, impracticable from the expense, and it is thus unknown in most of the great towns and in the counties. That the evil is a very serious one is undeniable; but its partial distribution gives some hope that, by vigorous measures, it may be exterminated. Only, will a Parliament so many members of which have bought their seats consider the buying or selling a very heinous crime? The scandal which has been produced certainly tells in favor of some kind of reform, and Tory papers, in order to evade the argument, have been actually defending corruption on principle.

The Social Science Congress, which has just met at Manchester, will doubtless pour out a Niagara of eloquence upon these and fifty other subjects. That such meetings do good is undeniable. It is equally undeniable that they are wonderful gathering places for bores of every description. An overwhelming amount of pseudo-philosophy is discharged by persons who are so glad to get some one to listen to them that they will pay for it by listening in turn. Still, an accumulation of discussion upon such topics is ultimately useful, and many men of real ability are induced to attend. The Social Science Association has been rather unlucky in its officers. Poor Lord Brougham has at last abandoned the presidency. He was elected for the first year, and was somehow or other converted or converted himself from an annual to a perpetual president; no one caring to complain of a transaction which was not exactly constitutional. It has been extremely painful to witness his performance. Notwithstanding his once marvellous vigor of mind and body, he has been quite unable to do his work effectively. It is melancholy to see an old man induced by an inordinate desire for flattery to exhibit his infirmities by keeping upon the stage after he should in decency have retired. A few flashes of his old fire have broken out at intervals; but, on the whole, he is too evidently a feeble old man, who ought to be quietly resting upon previous well-won laurels instead of attending public meetings to beg for cheap applause. He is still president of the legal section, but has been succeeded as general president by Lord Shaftesbury. Lord Shaftesbury has long been a butt for all the ridicule popularly directed against the extreme evangelical party. Theologically he belongs to the narrowest of sects; and it is rather puzzling that he should be president of a body which admits that social arrangements can in any sense be the effect of science. His last public declaration was to the effect that that very popular, if not very powerful, book "Ecce Homo" was "vomited from the jaws of hell;" and he has the credit of having nominated Lord Palmerston's bishops, appointments which induced the *Record*, the extreme evangelical paper, to call Lord Palmerston "the man of God." Lord Shaftesbury is one of those gentlemen who would prefer to meet the cholera by praying to meeting it by fresh supplies of water. However, he is, I have no reason to doubt, a genuinely humane man. His opening address, if not very scientific, was very benevolent. He pointed out with much feeling the various evils of ignorance, overcrowding, and mismanagement; though he was not very successful in suggesting remedies. What was rather significant as coming from a nobleman of his narrow school, he adverted to the approach of democracy as inevitable, and hoped, though he did not expect, that it would bring some benefits to counter-

balance its unutterable evils. The effect of Lord Shaftesbury's really humane efforts for the good of the poor in London and elsewhere has been rather spoilt by certain revelations as to the state of the peasantry upon his estates, which are situated in the most backward part of England—Dorsetshire. There is an ill-spelt, ungrammatical letter from a laborer of that district in this morning's *Star*, complaining of the hopeless ignorance in which he and his like are left. They leave school, he says, at nine years old to labor in the fields, and forget what little they had learnt. "There is not more," he says, "than six daily newspapers read, and not more than twenty weeklies among the laborers of St. Giles and Handley. Present wages 7s. to 10s. per week." The total population of these two hamlets is about 1,700. However, it is something that they are beginning to read newspapers at all, and still more that they are beginning to write to newspapers. Lord Shaftesbury will do well to help in remedying the evils which lie at his own door, and if he does it effectually he need have no reason to fear "democracy."

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, Oct. 5, 1866.

THE brief ray of sunshine which, a week ago, encouraged the hope that we had seen the worst of the inundations having been followed by a fresh outpouring of the celestial buckets, great anxiety again prevails in relation to the probabilities of trouble for the coming autumn. An early and rigorous winter is predicted by the meteorological wiseacres, and partially confirmed by the movements of the birds, which interesting class of animated creatures seems to be migrating unusually early and in unusual numbers, many species not usually given to travel joining in the movement. Thus, a few days ago, the steamer that plies between Dieppe and Newhaven was overtaken, when about half-way across, by what seemed at first to be a dark cloud, but which, as it neared the boat, was seen to be a dense mass of almost all kinds of common English birds—sparrows, tomtits, crows, martins, wrens, magpies, etc.—which dropped on the deck with every appearance of extreme weariness, literally covering every part of the steamer, and seeming, in their satisfaction at finding something to rest upon, to have become suddenly tame, allowing themselves to be caressed and taken up by the passengers, and showing no desire to renew their journey. On nearing shore, however, they flew away, having rested their wings, and apparently impatient to find themselves once more among woods and fields.

The bad weather has sent so many of the wealthier classes back to the capital that the fashionable thoroughfares now present a more animated appearance than is usual at this season. The Italiens has reopened with Patti; the Grand Opera is giving "L'Africaine" and "Les Huguenots;" the Français is playing stock pieces while rehearsing more important productions for the coming season; and all the other theatres are bringing out novelties more or less attractive. The appearance of the "Parisians in London" is drawing such crowds to the Porte St. Martin that only a fraction of the eager applicants for tickets can be accommodated; and as the weather is atrocious, those who fail to get in go away in no very amiable mood. One of the latter, who has had a rheumatic attack through standing in the rain for two hours at the door of the theatre in question, is writing to the papers on the subject, and proposes, in order to obviate the frequent disappointment to parties who, after standing for half the evening in the *queue*, arrive at the door only to learn that the places they wish are let already, that each theatre shall be compelled to place over its door a frame containing a large sheet of ground glass, lighted from behind, divided into as many compartments as there are classes of seats in the theatre. The name of one of these classes, "first boxes," "second boxes," "orchestra," "pit," etc., is to be painted in large letters on each compartment, and a set of movable cyphers is to be attached to each, indicating the number of places still remaining unlet in each class of seats; and as soon as the last of any class of seats has been taken, a movable board is to be slid over the portion of the frame corresponding to that particular class. In this way the persons stationed in the *queue* would be kept *au courant* of the state of the house; and those who see the fatal board indicating "full" slid across the class of seat they wish for, would at once relinquish their attempt to get in, and would thus be spared a longer exposure to the fatigue and annoyance of standing at the door.

The four most fortunate playwrights of Paris at this period are undoubtedly Ponsard, Angier, Dumas, Jr., and Victorien Sardou. Judgments may differ in respect of their qualities and merits; but their *vogue* is incontestable. Whenever either of these favorite wielders of the dramatic pen brings out a new piece it is absolutely certain that all Paris will rush, like a flock of sheep, to see it. Consequently, every piece they bring out is sure to add a new leaf to their laurels and to bring a handsome addition to their banker's account. But few arrive at this summit of popular favor without passing through a long period of obscurity and undergoing all the mortification of neglect and poverty. Victorien Sardou, the latest of the four fortunate climbers just named, has purchased his elevation even more dearly than the other three. Like Félicien David, who, through so many years of obscurity and privation, could find no one to listen to his music, and who, on the verge of starvation, esteemed himself happy in selling his exquisite melody, "Les Hirondelles," for twenty-five francs, Sardou would often have been thankful to exchange one of his manuscripts for a score of dinners; but, happier than the author of "Le Désert" and so many others, he succeeded in winning the favor of the fickle goddess before the coming on of the inevitable winter, and though he has waited long he is still a young man, having but just reached his thirty-sixth year. When just twenty he brought out, at the Odeon, a drama, in verse, called "La Taverne," that was hissed off the stage. Instead of renouncing his vocation and seeking another career, he continued to write. Each new play, as he finished writing it, he offered to all the leading theatres, and, when it had been refused by them all, he numbered it and put it quietly away in a pigeon-hole of his desk. For seven years he worked on thus. Each year he wrote a play, offered it to all the theatres, saw it refused by all, put it away in a pigeon-hole, and set himself forthwith to write another. Meantime, being as poor as a church-mouse, he lived as he could, copying manuscript for lawyers, giving lessons in French, in philosophy; in fact, neglecting no chance of "earning an honest penny." At last he found a manager willing to accept one of his works, the public acclaimed the production and its author, and from that hour his life has been a succession of successes. "Pattes de Mouche," "Mademoiselle de la Seiglière," "Les Femmes Fortes," "Nos Intimes," "Les Vieux Garçons," and "La Famille Benoîton" have successively lifted their fortunate author higher and higher in the estimation of the public, until he may fairly contest the palm of popularity with the younger Dumas. He is rich, courted, flattered; and lives with his wealthy and accomplished wife, in his beautiful chateau at Marly, an object of the keenest and bitterest envy to his less fortunate rivals. His new play, "Nos bons Villageois," brought out two nights ago at the Gymnase, received an ovation, and bids fair to maintain fully the popularity of its brilliant author, and on the same evening another play of his was read and accepted at the Gaîté.

Another prominent member of the literary world of Paris, who seems, after many years of the tribulations incident to that world, to have reached the summit of his ambition, is M. Jules Sandeau, who has just been named to that envied post of local influence and glory, the chancellorship of the French Academy. M. Sandeau began life modestly. His father, a petty government official in a little town of the Berry, sent him to Bourges to pursue his studies in the college of that ancient but sleepy ex-capital of the region. In one of his vacations the young student saw and fell in love with a charming young woman—Aurore Dudevant—who had been married, against her will, in her thirteenth year, to an old, close-fisted, curmudgeonous country squire, and who fell in love with him in return, and followed him to Paris, disguised as a student, when he left Bourges to finish his law studies in the metropolis. Here the two young people, having hired a garret, set themselves to work to find means for their housekeeping. The "Revolution of July" had given a new impetus to the movement of ideas; the air was full of romanticism; Lamartine and Victor Hugo were the "rage" of the day. The student allowed his law-books, which brought him no money, to become dusty, and took to writing articles for the journals, which offered the advantage of being paid for on the spot. Aurore copied out these productions, and painted flowers which she disposed of at a neighboring shop. At this period the great object of the student's ambition was to be able to go to see one of Victor Hugo's plays, in a fine velvet coat, while the dream of Aurore was to compass, for the same occasion, the acquisition of a beautiful turban of the same material, with a drooping plume, imitated from a costume of the fifteenth century.

"What if I should try and write something?" suggested Aurore, one day when they had been discussing the ways and means of getting the desired garments. "Let us try our hands at a story!" exclaimed the future author of "Marianna;" so they sketched out the plot of a novel, which they worked at jointly, and which, published under the *pseudonym* of "Jules Sand," is now well known as "Rose et Blanche." Having thus broken the ice, Aurore soon found herself capable of driving the quill unaided; and, having adopted as her *nom de plume* a modification of that adopted by the student, entered resolutely on the career of authorship which has brought so much money and such wide renown to George Sand.

The inmates of the garret were able ere long to install themselves in a less elevated nest; but the days of privation were not yet over for either. The friends of Aurore affirm that she only left Jules when the latter had

wearied out the devotion lavished upon him by an affection which his less poetic nature failed to measure or to understand, and tell of days and nights of poverty and effort through which the young mother toiled and strove alone. At all events, the housekeeping was broken up, and the pair of adorers laid their adoration on other altars.

Jules Sandeau, having relinquished the law, and having a horror of politics, devoted himself to literature. He married a lady of some attainment and more ambition, who set her heart on seeing her husband, who is naturally somewhat indolent, distinguish himself in the path he had chosen; and so well has she succeeded in stimulating his activity, that literature has successively gained for him the cross of the Legion of Honor, a magnificent library, a pension, a seat in the Academy, and, to crown the list of advantages so dear to the French heart, the eminent and honorable post to which he has just been elected by his colleagues of that body.

An affair at once absurd and tragic has been a nine days' talk here. M. Sarcey, of the *Evénement*, having published in that paper some remarks on M. de Girardin, of the *Liberté*, which the staff of the latter journal chose to resent as a personal affront to them all, M. Pessard, as the representative of their united anger, summoned M. Sarcey to retract or to fight. After a good deal of angry correspondence, published each day by the two papers, the principals in the quarrel went out to Vincennes with their swords and seconds. Just as the fight was coming off, one of M. Sarcey's seconds made a declaration to the effect that M. Sarcey, having no subject of quarrel with M. Pessard, could only fight with that gentleman as the representative of M. de Girardin, the only person referred to in the incriminated article. On this M. Pessard's friends declared the duel to be impossible, and they all thereupon went back to Paris. The two batches of seconds published their account of the business. M. de Girardin published a note stating that he had been kept ignorant of the intended duel, which he deplored and blamed, and wound up, after giving his reasons for considering duelling to be a barbarism, a folly, and a crime, by exclaiming, "Why, alas! was this not always my conviction?"—an allusion to the fatal result of his duel, in the commencement of his editorial career, with the regretted editor of the *Nation* (Armand Carrel), which homicide has weighed heavily and remorsefully ever since on the mind of the ex-editor of *La Presse*. The Parisians devoured each new epistle and laughed maliciously at the idea of the angry writers who had gone out to Vincennes only to come back as they went. But the quarrel had become so envenomed by the comments of the public that, after a fresh exchange of angry notes, the party went off a day or two since, for the second time, to Vincennes, fully determined this time to fight it out, and so silence the laughers. The duel accordingly took place, according to the laws and usages of Christian and civilized society, the principals hacking at one another with their swords until M. Sarcey received a cut over one eye, when the seconds interfered, declared that "the demands of honor were satisfied for both parties," and put an end to the encounter. A precious parody on this ridiculous and reprehensible proceeding was enacted, it appears, on the same day, by a couple of tilers, who, having got up a quarrel as they were mending the roof of a house in the Rue du Temple, set to work to fight one another on that precarious footing. Their furious yells having attracted the attention of the passers, the alarm was soon given, and a body of policemen appeared on the scene; and while the two infuriated adversaries were belaboring one another, watched breathlessly by the horrified crowd below, who were in momentary expectation of seeing them topple over and be dashed to pieces on the pavement, the police contrived, with no little difficulty and danger to themselves, to get out upon the roof and to secure the two men, who were marched off, without further ceremony, to the nearest police court, and forthwith very properly committed to prison. STELLA.

HOW NOT TO ESTABLISH AN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

THE act of Congress giving "public lands to the several States and Territories which may provide colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts," was passed July 2, 1862—more than four years ago. At the session of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1863 an act to incorporate the trustees of the Massachusetts Agricultural College was passed, naming fourteen persons, selected from all parts of the State, as trustees, and providing that four other persons should be *ex-officio* members of said corporation. The charter required that $75,000 should be raised, by subscription or otherwise, for the erection of buildings. Thereupon the trustees caused it to be made known that bids would be received from the towns of the commonwealth for the location of the college. Five towns bid for the privilege; the town of Amherst, which offered $50,000 towards the required $75,000, won, and the college was duly located there by the purchase of more than 300 acres of land. According to the wise conditions of the act of Congress, only one-tenth of the money realized by a State from the sale of its land-scrip can be applied to the purchase of a farm, and none of the money can be spent for buildings. The trustees paid for the farm at least $6,000 more than can ever be realized from the sale of one-tenth of the scrip; thus practically running in debt in their very first transaction. In November, 1864, a president of the college was chosen, and his salary was fixed at $3,000 a year. At the close of the year 1865, $110,864 had been realized from the sale of 136,480 acres, at about 81 cents an acre. There remained unsold 223,520 acres. During the current year it has not been possible to get much over 50 cents an acre for the land, and Massachusetts has sold very little scrip. A considerable portion of the whole fund goes to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for the cultivation of the mechanic arts spoken of in the act of Congress, so that the trustees of the Agricultural College cannot rely on an income of more than $8,500 a year from invested funds wherewith to carry on both farm and college. An engineer was employed to make a complete plan of the farm, and to recommend an advantageous arrangement thereof. Soon after a landscape gardener of reputation was taken into consultation, and, not satisfied with the suggestions of these two gentlemen, the trustees employed a third professional landscape architect to give them advice concerning the subdivision of the farm, and the site and form of the building or buildings. In accordance with that natural law which irresistibly impels all boards of trustees for learned and educational institutions to sink money in bricks and mortar, an architect was, of course, employed with instructions to plan a building on a scale commensurate with the magnificent hopes, and of a style which should accord with the taste and illustrate the dignity, of the Board of Trustees. To be sure, nobody had any means of knowing what was wanted; nobody knew how many students there might be, nor what kind of students, nor what they were to study. An agricultural school in this country is still an untried experiment, and no one can safely prophesy its needs so far as to erect a building to-day which shall certainly satisfy the wants of such a school for twenty years. Nevertheless, the architect had no difficulty in producing plans of a tall, straight, imposing structure, which would cost, according to the estimates, anywhere from 33 to 100 per cent. more money than the trustees had for building purposes, according as a larger or a smaller scale, and more or less ornamentation, should be decided upon. With more than the usual discretion manifested in such cases, the trustees decided upon the building which was estimated to cost only one-third more money than they had in hand to spend upon it; the estimates were undoubtedly about as near the real cost as the estimates which induce people to begin building generally are.

But now a difficulty arose. The landscape architects gave the trustees very sound advice against building the proposed structure and against placing it where the trustees had voted to place it. They argued that a building, tall enough for the middle of a city where land is worth $50 a foot, was somewhat inappropriate on the broad fields of a farm, and that jails, lunatic asylums, and the like were not the best models for the buildings of an agricultural college. They even went so far as to suggest that a building was not the sum and substance of the proposed college, but rather quite a subordinate part of a wise general plan, and that it would be better to erect small, modest buildings, one after another, as needs became clearly known, rather than to load an experimental and not too rich institution with a large, unmanageable, and inappropriate structure of stone.

The official trustee mind, however, proved quite incapable of assimilating these wholesome ideas. They rejected the counsels of their engineer and their two landscape architects and adhered to their grand building. A large part of the citizens of Amherst who had voted the town money to the infant college, and had thereby acquired a right to offer their advice upon all questions touching its welfare, petitioned in favor of the imposing structure, which they undoubtedly thought would affect, more favorably than smaller buildings could, the price of the surrounding lands. The first president of the college, who had moved to Amherst, taken charge of the farm, and managed all the business affairs of the corporation with shrewdness and sagacity, finding himself entirely unable to agree with the views of the board of trustees, hampered and jealously criticised in all his undertakings, and not liking the prospect before him, has just resigned. Meanwhile certain citizens of Amherst, who had never relished the idea of being taxed to pay for a college edifice within the limits of the town, procured an injunction against the payment of the $50,000 promised from the town treasury. The suit which grew out of this procedure is still pending in the courts.

What, then, are the results of the four years which have elapsed since Congress made this grant to Massachusetts? A college has been incorporated

and a board of trustees appointed. These trustees have bought a farm at a price beyond their means; they have entered into an entangling alliance with the town of Amherst; they have flown in the face of the best attainable professional advice concerning the arrangement of their farm and the nature and site of their buildings; they have decided to erect an unsuitable edifice whose *estimated* cost is much larger than the whole amount of their building funds; they have brought about the resignation of the only man who has really advanced the business of the college; they have never matured any plan of instruction, never appointed a single teacher, never had a single pupil, and never tried an agricultural experiment.

As we pointed out in an article on this subject in August last, this experience is by no means singular. Similar results invariably follow when the organization and direct management of the affairs of any educational or benevolent undertaking at all novel in its character are directly undertaken by a large board of trustees or directors. The trustees of Girard College, for instance, with a princely endowment under their control, quarrelled among themselves during a period of nearly thirty years, forcing an invaluable executive officer to resign, wasting great opportunities, and defrauding a whole generation of advantages to which it was entitled, before they were able to do any good. The constitution of the Massachusetts Agricultural College is precisely such an one as would have been drawn for it by a man skilled in such matters had he desired to dishearten all its sincere friends, secure its ultimate failure, and make the plan of education which it was designed to test odious to the public. In such cases, it is needless to say, there is no remedy to be found except by a prompt return to the legislative port, a thorough overhauling, and a new departure.

Fine Arts.

RISTORI.

SINCE our last writing Madame Ristori has appeared in two of her "great parts"—*Phædra* and *Judith*. In the former she is famous as the reputed rival of Rachel the peerless. French criticism is answerable, of course, for this reputation; for that is all the criticism we have had. But the French critics are inconstant. They were particularly so towards Rachel. At the time of Ristori's appearance in Paris, Rachel was unpopular; her detractors were the majority. The journalists who had written her up were industriously writing her down. It was a convenience, at such a moment, to be able to produce an actress, of irreproachable virtue and eminent talent, who possessed at once the courage and the faculty to dispute the supremacy of the great tragedienne in her own domain. Such courage and faculty Ristori possessed; and the critics set themselves at work to secure her victory. It is clear that a verdict given under such circumstances carries no judicial weight, and that the case must still lie over for trial on its merits. But even if the verdict were rendered less capriciously, it should not forestall criticism from other quarters. Though every dramatic critic in Paris pronounced Ristori the peer of Rachel in *Phædra*, we should most emphatically dissent from the opinion, not on the ground that Ristori's conception of the character was unlike Rachel's, for no one actor or actress has the monopoly of a *rôle*, or the right to decide which conception is or is not the just one; the question does not touch the comparative merits of the two actresses, but the actual merits of one. We do not find fault with Ristori that she is not Rachel; we complain that she is not *Phædra*. With great beauty and skill she represents a woman gorgeously apparelled "as in kings' houses," burning with an incestuous passion which she knows to be guilty, but can neither suppress nor conceal; torn with conflicting emotions of humiliation, rage, and remorse, allowing her rage to overmaster her, but finally dying of her remorse. She represents this with great breadth and power and brilliancy of treatment, as a richly endowed Italian woman might. But this is all that she represents. She is not Phædra, the daughter of Minos, the descendant of the gods; she is not the wife of the godlike Theseus; she is not a queen of the heroic age of Greece; she is not so much as a Greek woman. Nothing, save her dress, suggested, as we saw her, a fragment of classical history. The dignity, the reserve, the simplicity of nature, the mental and moral limitation, the severe intensity of feeling, were all wanting. Ristori was, from first to last, a modern Italian—a modern Italian lady trying to make amends for her natural incapacity to identify her pure and noble self with such a monstrous creature by an affluence of gesticulation and an excess of posturing that was kept from being painful only by her immense physical resources and her good taste.

Madame Ristori is wanting in passion. It may seem a strange thing to say, but we are persuaded that she is. As compared with Rachel, she is positively cold. She interests, but she does not thrill. Her violent emotions are simulated; her vehement passion is not, even through imagination, her own; she cannot so fill her soul with an uncongenial spirit that whether she be moving or standing still she makes it felt. In "Elizabeth" she was more successful, because the passion there was sudden and superficial; it was ordinary love, hate, or pride; but her *Phædra* was quite destitute of that intense concentration of thought and emotion by which spectators are held spell-bound. She creates but a feeble sense of inward suffering or sorrow. Rachel could stand motionless and freeze people or melt them at will. This magnetism of genius her rival does not possess; and, not possessing it, she falls short of the highest attainment in her art. She may be a broader actress than Rachel, more exuberant, more various, more demonstrative, and, to the unintellectual, more affecting; but the pure imagination that calls characters into being she has not; and her power to identify herself with characters that are given to her ready-made must be limited to such as come easily within reach of a mind neither very sympathetic nor very poetical. In a word, we call in question the originality of her gifts. As we have intimated, her acting in "Phædra" was overdone; the demonstrations of passion were all redundant; her attitudes were sometimes conventional; there was too little discrimination in her expressions of emotion. Several times, not looking at the text of the play, we mistook wholly the character of the feeling she intended to delineate. We perceived nothing of this in "Mary Stuart" or "Elizabeth," probably because in those pieces the emotions spring from obvious situations; whereas in "Phædra" they burst out from the recesses of a soul whose black abysses are hidden from her.

Judith is a much nobler, purer, more translucent character than *Phædra*, and is calculated to stir a soul like Ristori's to its depths. We had, therefore, a finer performance—every way more natural, more sympathetic, more earnest. In detached passages it was all that could be desired, and yet—it must again be said—her conception of *Judith* was palpably inadequate. The play delineates her as a devotee, a prophetess, and a heroine—in short, as a Hebrew Jean Darc. We picture to ourselves the solitary enthusiast transfigured in face and form by prayer, chastened by sorrow, lifted above the ground by meditation, which gives an unearthly beauty to her countenance, saintly and sainted in the regards of the people, beyond reach of mortal desire or mortal affection, mingling the thought of God's blessedness with the dream of her country's deliverance, and consecrating herself to her deed of murder as to a holy work that heaven must bless. Ristori told us little of this. She was a chaste, tender, devout, pitiful woman, who was distressed for her people, and nerved herself to deliver them, as did the heroines of old in her own nation. But she was an Italian woman in all but her beautiful Eastern dress. The rapt enthusiast, the seeress who felt herself and was felt to be inspired, was not prominent in her representation. Her first appearance was very lovely and gracious, but it was not the apparition of a daughter of the Hebrews saturated with heroic feeling, haunted by a dream of her destiny, and groping about in the dark for the clue to guide her towards it. There was too much of coquetry in her manner as she gazed on her wedding garments and looked at her face in the mirror. In the tent of Holofernes she relied more on her woman's tact to protect her from insult than on her majesty of soul or the strength of her divine calling, and the long premeditated deed is done at last on a hidden impulse of resolve, as one might execute a desperate purpose, rather than as the performance of a solemn act of sacrifice, the neglect of which would have been a sin against her country, her soul, and heaven. All through there was too much demonstration of passion and too little passion, too much simple, ordinary humanity, too much that was feminine in the modern sense; in one brief moment only, when she kindled at the recital of the ancient Bible story, did she reveal that unearthly superhuman illumination, that divine exaltation, amounting to ecstasy, which must have marked the Hebrew girl of that heroic period. Ristori could not go back into that distant land and that remote epoch to recover the shadowy image, so impalpable to a fancy like hers. She did the best she could, she did vastly better than any living actress probably could do; she gave an exquisite picture of gentleness and pity and high resolve, but she did not give us the heroic successor of Judean Miriams and Deborahs.

In making these deductions from Ristori's claim to genius, we do not abate in the least our enthusiastic praise of her commanding histrionic talent. With the one exception that is in everybody's thoughts, she surpasses any actress that has appeared in America, in every kind of excellence, and that solitary exception we have alluded to surpassed her in that single quality of sympathetic conception. In other respects, in sweetness, tenderness, lightness, affluence of fancy, variety of expression, the Italian is the French woman's peer.

Correspondence.

MOON'S ENGLISH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

"In the interests of literature," Mr. Moon writes again to the *Round Table* (in his own words) "to draw such lessons *as I think may be useful* to students of the English language." This is an awkward sentence, but I gather from it that he once more declares himself the great teacher of American youth. It is by this persistence in setting up such a claim that I am forced to show how incorrectly he writes.

His first sentence in his essay No. II. is this: "The conjunction '*or*' is not always used to contrast things which differ essentially; it is sometimes used where the difference is [merely] nominal; and good writers generally indicate by one of the following methods *the sense in which the word is to be understood*." What *word?* "Or" is the only word to which he has called attention, but his illustrations show that he does not refer to that. It is somewhat difficult to determine what he intends to say, but I believe it is this: "And good writers generally indicate by one of the following methods whether the difference is essential or nominal."

Mr. Moon begins the explanations thus: "If, for the purpose of being more explicit, it is needful to *speak of anything by an* 'alias,' *we* [then] *connect the names by* 'or' *simply*." Let us try to do that. I say, "Boz wrote 'Sketches of Life and Character' for the London *Morning Chronicle*." In this sentence I speak of Charles Dickens *by an alias*. I speak of Van Dieman's Land by its *alias* in saying, "I am going to Tasmania." But in neither of these instances are these two names to be connected *by* "or" *simply*. Nor am I more explicit by using the *alias* "Tasmania" instead of "Van Dieman's Land." Plainly, therefore, Mr. Moon must have intended to say something else, and, probably, it was this: "If, for the purpose of being more explicit, it is needful *to add the 'alias' to the name of anything* (or, "*to speak of anything under two names*"), we connect the names by 'or' simply."

In another sentence Mr. Moon ridicules one of Mr. Marsh's sentences because it contains *ninety-eight words*. This is hardly fair, since one of his own sentences, which I noticed last week, contains *one hundred and forty-six* words.

Mr. Moon writes: "When we *speak of a noun, and describe it* by two adjectives connected by a conjunction, it is proper to put the article before only the first of the two adjectives, and to say, for instance, 'a black and white horse,' etc." Is it not much better to say, "When we *describe a noun* by two adjectives," than to say, "When we *speak of a noun, and describe it* by two adjectives"?

But how singularly Mr. Moon uses that word "noun!" Ought he not to say, "When we describe *a person or a thing*"? Nouns may be either abstract, or common, or proper, or collective, and so on. But who ever heard of a *black and white noun?* Mr. Moon, I venture to say it, is the only one. *He* gives an instance of a noun described by two adjectives, and those adjectives are "*black*" and "*white!*" I have heretofore supposed that, in the expression "a black and white horse," we described as "black and white" the *animal* which we call a horse, but Mr. Moon says it is the *noun*, the *name* of the horse, which we describe as "black and white." O, Mr. Moon, do not say that "the interests of literature" demand that *nouns shall be black and white!*

S.

Trinity College, Oct. 20, 1866.

To the Editor of The Nation:

I am glad to see some of your correspondents after Mr. Moon. He did well enough for Alford, who knew even less than himself, but after all he was never anything but green cheese, in whom conceit is naturally breeding maggots. I have not seen his article in the *Round Table*, but the notion of his undertaking to joust with a doughty old champion like Marsh is very amusing.

Yours, Philologist.

Boston, Oct. 19.

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The Week.

MR. SEWARD has written Sir Frederick Bruce a remarkably moderate and sensible letter about the Fenians who are on trial in Canada, asking, in consideration of their American citizenship, for such information regarding the proceedings in each case as may enable our Government to judge of the fairness of the trials. This is, owing to the excited state of the Canadian mind, a perfectly proper and natural request. The request which Mr. Seward also makes, that those Fenians who have been or may be convicted shall be dealt with leniently, is also reasonable, and he has English precedents for offering it. But we doubt the soundness of the plea that the Fenian performances in Canada are purely "political offences." A man may have good excuse for breaking one of my neighbor's windows; but he cannot possibly have any good excuse for getting into my best bed-room in order to throw his stones with greater advantage out of my windows, or for using my crockery in default of other missiles, the quarrel being one in which I have no sort of concern. The Fenians have no charge of any kind to make against the Canadians. The presence of British soldiers there affords no excuse for invading their territory, unless it can be shown that the destruction of the British army in Canada would result in the liberation of Ireland. If this cannot be shown—and we believe not even a Fenian orator or writer has had the brass to attempt to show it—acts of hostility committed on Canadian soil are acts of pure brigandage. When a gang of New York ruffians, fresh from the dance-houses of the Sixth ward, make their appearance on a Canadian farm, with a green flag and under the command of a grog-shop keeper, and eat up the chickens, steal the horses, milk the cows, and insult the women, it is rather cool to tell the farmer that these are "acts of war" committed by soldiers, and that he must not get angry and want to have the blackguards hanged. In regular warfare, if outrages are committed by troops, there is at hand a government of respectable men to appeal to or to summon before the bar of civilized opinion; or there are officers with commissions, social position, a country, and a sense of honor who may be made answerable for the behavior of their men. But who is answerable for the behavior of Fenian "roughs?" Where is the Fenian Government or capital? Who are the Fenian officers but the very men who do all the vile and dirty work of our own politics and make every American who watches their performances on our soil as "American citizens" sick at heart? What defence has a peaceful community against such a herd but its jails and policemen and, if need be, its hangmen? For our part, we think the rule for the treatment of the Canadian prisoners is not to be found in the nature of the offence, but in a calculation of the effects of the sentence. If the hanging of Lynch would deter the more ignorant of the Brotherhood from repeating their attempt, we think it would be well, in their interest as well as that of the Canadians, to hang him. If it would irritate them into fresh inroads, it were better to imprison him for a short term, and then give him five dollars and send him home; and in our opinion this last course would be altogether the wisest.

MR. GEORGE W. CURTIS'S name is proposed by several journals, both East and West, for the senatorship of this State. He is just the kind of man who ought to be in the Senate, and the State would do itself honor, as well as credit, by sending him there. It is rather rare, deplorably rare, for men of Mr. Curtis's attainments and character to enter political life at all, and the public is constantly howling and lamenting over their unwillingness to do so. Mr. Curtis's case offers to those who think persons of his class ought to be encouraged when they take to politics, a chance of putting their theories into practice. He has now been for many years in the political field, has fairly fought his way up to a distinguished position in Federal as well as State politics, has rendered, both with tongue and pen, at least as valuable service to the country during the last ten years as any other man we know of. He is one of the few politicians we have, too, who never forgets in defending any cause the great interests of truth and civilization. He is always fair, always candid, always honest, and always polished; never, either for the negro or the white man, misrepresents, distorts, or makes the worse appear the better reason. We should consider the appearance of such a man in the Senate as an unmistakable sign that the war had indeed purified our political atmosphere, and that we had indeed entered on a new era. Let us add, that even "the practical men" of the Republican party must admit that a State which contributes such worthies as John Morrissey and Fernando Wood to the national councils has need of some such great and harrowing sacrifice, as the former would, no doubt, consider Mr. Curtis's election to be.

THE *Tribune* had on Monday an article on the Fenian business, making Mr. Johnson directly responsible for the fate of the men who are now under sentence of death in Canada. The charge originally made, however, that he secretly encouraged them and sold them arms, is now abandoned, and he is simply accused of encouraging them by his silence when they were making their preparations and by his liberation of John Mitchel—which are very different things. The reason the *Tribune* assigns for his course is, "that behind the Fenians stood the Irish vote, and behind the presidential vote the presidential succession." Now, "the Irish vote and the presidential succession" stood when the President enforced the neutrality laws just where they stood when he liberated John Mitchel; and the very fact that he did enforce the neutrality laws, and has thus arrayed the Irish against him, as the *Tribune* hopes he has, shows clearly that it is an absurd calumny to ascribe his earlier connivance or inaction to corrupt motives. What has he gained by stopping the raid? The answer to this disposes of the whole of the *Tribune* theory. The article in which it has been last propounded is a tissue of clap-trap and sophistry addressed to the

poor Irish, on whose ignorance and misfortunes our Republican politicians seem to have just as little hesitation in playing as the Democrats. And the appearance of such articles in journals which, like the *Tribune*, have the application of morality to politics for their whole *raison d'être* is rather a disheartening phenomenon. It has earned its fame and success by its adherence to principle and its respect for truth, and if it has to turn now to the old cast-off tricks of Tammany Hall, where is the public to look for guidance?

JUDGE BARBOUR, of the Superior Court, who has been sitting for the purpose of granting naturalization papers, has recently been replaced by Judge Monell. Judge Barbour was thought to despatch business too slowly. This fault can hardly be found with his successor. During a four hours' session never less than three hundred foreigners—which is seventy-five for each hour and one and a quarter for each minute—are made citizens of the United States. Judge Cardozo, it is said, can naturalize thirteen men in five minutes, or one man in twenty-three and one-thirteenth seconds. Five such mills, if we may be allowed a rather disrespectful word, each presided over by a judge of the Court of Common Pleas or of the Superior or Supreme Courts, are in full operation in this city. Also, the student of our American polity may see, or might last week see, in the neighborhood of the City Hall, a little tent, to which go people who say they have lost or mislaid their naturalization papers and wish to get duplicates, so that they may be able to register themselves. They are compelled to give their Christian names. They are compelled to give their surnames. Then they are compelled to tell when, or about when they think, they were naturalized. The man in the tent, after so much of delay and circumlocution, agrees that the copies shall be forthcoming before they are needed. Obviously, before giving a certain name as one's own, it is necessary to have an understanding with the real owner of it, and the process is a little longer, too, than that before the judges. The facts may seem to some not necessarily connected; but still we may mention here that some persons are beginning to offer bets that Mr. Hoffman goes out of this city with a majority of 60,000! that most men admit the probability of Mr. Morrissey's helping to represent New York in the Fortieth Congress; and that some Republicans concede the possibility of the defeat of Messrs. Dodge, Darling, and Spencer, the three Republican congressmen from the city districts, or rather the three congressmen whom the city Republicans elected.

WEST VIRGINIA renews her testimony against secession and all its works in the increased majorities she has just given her Union Republican candidates. She sends two Republican representatives to Congress and re-elects Governor Boreman, and her voice is one more warning to the Executive that he contends not against a faction, but against the united North—that North, namely, which prosecuted the war to its successful issue and would make treason odious. The elections of next week will close up the phalanx of opposition, and on the 7th Mr. Johnson may begin or revise his Message to Congress. The people having spoken, reply will be in order.

MR. PEABODY, who is offering to the world a spectacle of Christian benevolence such as, it would be safe to say, it has never before witnessed, by devoting in his lifetime an immense fortune to the promotion of science and the relief of suffering, has been assailed by a correspondent of the *Evening Post* for not going to the war or sending his sons or nephews. The *Evening Post* ought to find better uses for its space than the publication of stuff of this sort; but the letter was curious as an illustration of the way in which a large class of minds work, even amongst a very sensible, intelligent, and even religious portion of our population. There is, probably, no tendency stronger, in a man who has a very highly-developed conscience and a very limited mental training, than to fix on one test of excellence of character and apply it to everybody, and infer moral delinquency from failure to bear it; and the tests are often very strange, and even laughable. Money-making fathers often have the saddest forebodings about boys who do not take readily to the dry-goods business; men often have them about friends who smoke, or fail to see it their duty to become total abstainers, or who dress very neatly, or who are not ardent reformers, or who do not like sermons. Mr. Peabody's assailant is probably an excellent person, who threw his soul into the war, and at last worked himself up into looking upon everybody who was not in the ranks, or getting somebody else to go in, as in a bad moral state.

THE *Herald* has republished—or rather says it has republished, for we have been unable to verify its statement—the original report of the "great fight" between John Morrissey and Yankee Sullivan some years ago at Boston Corners. As Mr. Morrissey is to represent one of our metropolitan districts in the Fortieth Congress, we think this bringing to light the more striking events in his chequered career is a useful and laudable undertaking. The encouragement that Mr. Morrissey's election will give to the democratic cause all over the world we need hardly comment upon. We, for our part, sincerely hope that Tammany Hall will fill the next vacancies in the judiciary of this city by placing Morrissey, "Dublin Tricks," "Yankee Sullivan," and "Australian Kelly" on the bench of the Supreme and Superior Courts. Nothing, in our opinion, will rouse this public to a sense of its duty but the spectacle of its courts of justice filled with judges taken from the prize ring, the gambling hell, and the brothel; and we are not sure that this will. We are not sure, because we have made some progress towards this state of things already without exciting much sensation; and because we see the New York *Tribune*, which represents, if any newspaper represents, the moral and religious sentiment of the community, patting on the back the deluded population who elect Morrissey and his compeers, and running a race with him and the like of him in pandering to their prejudices and playing upon their ignorance, in teaching them that the President of the United States foully outraged them when he prevented them from violating the United States' laws by carrying fire and sword into the territory of a people who never injured them. No wonder we have Morrissey in Congress. The wonder is that we have not a dozen Morrisseys. The long use of these tricks to win its victories at last ate out of the Democratic party all that was good in it, all faith in its own principles, and all regard for its own history and traditions. Let us take care that the Republican party, in borrowing its devices, does not share its fate.

GOVERNOR ORR, of South Carolina, Governor Humphreys, of Mississippi, and the Legislatures of North Carolina and Texas have pronounced strongly against the constitutional amendment. But we still adhere to the opinion we have already expressed, that the majority will yet swallow it. There are several ways of looking at a thing, and some people have to look at it in all of them before they make up their minds. The South, too, is emphatically a land of change. Leading politicians go through transformations such as in our colder clime are only seen in cases like that of Fernando Wood and other persons we could name. There are thousands of men in the South who swore, two years ago, they would die in "the last ditch" who now chew, spit, and bolt their food with unblushing brow and an apparently keen enjoyment of life. Stephens is preaching peace and reunion in spite of the destruction before his eyes of what he considered the only perfect form of society; and we have little doubt that five years hence there will be many a chuckle in Southern "mansions" over the pretty reluctance which the South is now displaying to accept the consequences of her defeat.

A CORRESPONDENT writes, *apropos* of the political canvass: "Some Eastern politicians who visit the West seem to give our people credit for more coarseness than they really possess. In their endeavors to adapt themselves to the 'rudeness and want of culture of the West,' they sometimes go too far." We do not know to whom reference is here made, nor is it of much consequence. It is unfortunate if Parson Brownlow and Prentice have been mistaken for fair types of the Western manner, which was certainly never mirrored in their vituperation. Whether it be rudeness—that is, absence of polish—or frankness, or freedom, that distinguishes the average Westerner from his fellow-citizen on the seaboard, he must have a poor capacity for shades who confounds it with coarseness, or who fancies that naturalization con-

sists merely in stripping off his own delicacy and refinement, and walking undetected, "a child of nature, whose home is in the setting sun." We do not say that an orator may never seek to adapt himself to his hearers—versatility in adaptation is an attribute of the highest oratory; but the character of the man may be inferred with a good deal of certainty from the limit which he sets to his condescension.

THE rumor which has been current for some days that the French and Maximilian were about to withdraw from Mexico immediately, and that we were to become "protectors" of the Juarez government, appears to be well founded. Mr. Lewis Campbell is about to set out at once to represent us at the court of Juarez, who is to be guaranteed by us the peaceable possession of the country. The expectation of our Government seems to be that the knowledge of this guarantee will cause the other factions to subside—a view of the case which, we feel bound to say, is not borne out by our experience of Mexican human nature. In fact, there is some reason to fear that the mere fact that Juarez has become the *protégé* of a foreign power may render him odious; and then we should have on our hands the very repulsive and, perhaps, impossible task, from which the French have retired defeated and disgusted. There is, probably, no government in the world less fitted for this particular duty of "protection" than ours; and we fear its assumption in this instance will only add to the already dangerous complications of our politics. The gains we make in territory are apparent rather than real. We have already ten times more territory of the kind Mexico is ceding to us than we know what to do with; and of gold and silver mines we have already far more than is good for us. Lower California is an arid desert, in which the rain does not fall over once in ten years, and in which civilization is never likely to take root. The whole scheme, in fact, bears an unpleasant resemblance to a plan for diverting the popular attention, by dazzling accessions of territory, from the weightier matters of the law, truth, justice, and mercy on which, and not on superficial area or on "mineral wealth," our polity must rest in order to be enduring.

THERE is little foreign news of importance. The reform agitation in England seems to gain strength, but, unfortunately, the leading Liberals seem to fight shy of it, and most of the work is left to Mr. Bright, who, great as he is, is only one man. The movement, we have no doubt, will finally resolve itself into physical intimidation of the middle classes, who can, if they please, turn the scale. Mr. Bright is making a vigorous effort to effect a junction between the English radicals and the Irish malcontents; and in his success lies, as far as we see, the only present hope for the latter. How long the alliance would last it is hard to say, for it would have to stand the strain of bitter prejudices and difference of religious faith. There is a great gulf, moral as well as intellectual, between an average Fenian and an average wide-awake English artisan. The Fenian is generally pious in his way and a thorough conservative, the only form of tyranny to which he is in the least opposed is that of which he is himself the victim, while the English mechanic is apt to be sceptical and a general leveller.

ON the Continent the rumors of the French Emperor's illness are on the increase, and are at last acknowledged to be well founded; but popular apprehension is quieted by the assurance that there is nothing immediately dangerous in his malady. Bismark is taking well-won repose in the country, and there are reports, which are not unlikely to be true, that Russia begins to look on Austria as a "sick man," and would like, on her way to Turkey, to eat up the Hapsburgs *en passant*. A general break-up in the Austrian Empire would render the absorption of the Principalities and Bulgaria a simpler matter, and would secure Servia beyond question. Austria seems to have, for the first time in ages, a distinct consciousness of her danger. The ground around her is strewn with the fragments of theories, and she reels to and fro. She is fortifying herself against contingencies by a proposed alliance with Italy, to be based on a marriage between Prince Humbert and a Hapsburg maiden. European monarchs, when very hard pressed, nearly all resort to the Greek plan of sacrificing a young girl. There is hardly a court in Europe which cannot show an Iphigenia.

THE FREEDMEN.

THE condition of freedmen's affairs in the State of Mississippi has undergone no considerable change during the past month. It is stated that most of the assaults noted are by employers upon their laborers, doubtless for the purpose of driving them away, and thus avoiding the payment of their wages. It is due to the State authorities to say, however, that all outrages brought to their notice have received prompt attention, and no pains have been spared to arrest and bring to justice the offenders. Increased efforts are making to extend the benefits of education to the freed people, and strong appeals are made to all liberal-minded citizens of the State to co-operate with the benevolent societies of the North to this most desirable end. The grain crop, though early in the season promising an abundant yield, has, in consequence of the protracted drought, proved an almost total failure, and a competent observer has concluded that it will not support the people beyond the 1st of January next. The cotton crop, through the ravages of the army worm, has experienced a like destruction. This insect had made its appearance but partially in August, but since then has come in myriads and completed its work of ruin. In addition to this disaster, the heavy rains ensuing prevented the gathering of the residue of the cotton spared from the ravages of the worm. From these causes it is confidently estimated that the amount of cotton produced will not repay the amount invested in planting and caring for it.

—Fourteen "Northern men and new settlers," who "have bought and leased plantations in the County of Madison, Mississippi, since the close of the war, employing the freedmen," publish a card vindicating the hospitality of their neighbors and the satisfactory treatment accorded to them and their employees. They think their lives and property as safe as those of old residents, and have no distrust of the courts. Four of the subscribers had been engaged in the U. S. service during the rebellion. They appear to invite immigration to that part of the State.

—The freedmen of Kentucky, according to Gen. Jeff. C. Davis, have been very industrious, and they would be quite well repaid for their labor this season were it not for the trouble they experience in securing a fair and equitable division of the crops from their employers. Another source of loss to them is their being driven off by bands of guerrillas and self-styled "Regulators," and thus deprived of the fruits of the summer's work. In the neighborhood of Lebanon these marauders are known by the name of "Skeggs' men," and are a terror to all classes. Mr. J. B. Thompson, Bureau agent in Livingston County, having imposed and collected a fine for some infraction of the civil rights of a freedman, the grand jury of Livingston County, at the August term of the county court, returned an indictment against him for collecting money "as being due by the judgment of a pretended court not thereunto organized by law, pretending to act under the civil authority of the United States." The counsel for the defendant having entered a demurrer and produced in justification the orders of Generals Howard and Fisk and the act of Congress establishing the Bureau, Judge Fowler overruled the demurrer and decided that the Bureau, the act of Congress, and the rules of its agents, assistants, and superintendents, being regarded as unconstitutional, "are deemed null and void." The defendant was surrounded at the close of the trial by an excited mob, and was only enabled to escape to the Illinois shore by the aid of the sheriff. Schools for colored children in the State are prosperous; one at Lexington, by the exertions of the freedmen and their friends, has been fitted up for the accommodation of six hundred scholars. The freedmen were encouraged in their efforts by many of the most substantial and intelligent citizens of the place.

—Hon. Archibald McAllister, of Pennsylvania, George D. Blakely, and Dr. N. S. Moore, of Kentucky, are the commission appointed to settle the claims of loyal slaveholders in Kentucky whose slaves went into the Union ranks. Mr. Blakely has written a letter to an anxious enquirer, in which he says of the maximum amount fixed by law ($300): "I deem it by no means adequate compensation for loyal men; but if rebels and traitors, or even men of doubtful political status, were to be made beneficiaries of the fund, I should regard three cents as excessive."

Notes.

LITERARY.

It is a great pleasure at last to receive the long-promised second series of the "Biglow Papers." Mr. Lowell has revised them since they were published in the "Atlantic," altering phrases and spelling, and in some cases putting in additional lines. One whole poem, an amusing specimen of macaronic verse, "Ketelopotomachia," we do not remember having seen before. It has many lines worth remembering for their compact wit, as:

"Backos dum virides viridis Brigitta remittit;"

and

"Est his prisca fides jurare et breakere wordum;
Poppere fellerum a tergo, au stickere clam bowiknifo,
Haud sane facinus, dignum sed victrice lauro;
Larrupere et nigerum, factum præstantius ullo."

The book is headed by an excellent introduction, in which Mr. Lowell gives the origin of the poems, and then discourses on the Yankee dialect, if such it may be called. In speaking of the pronunciation, he gives examples from old English authors of numbers of words which, from their spelling, must have been pronounced as they now are in New England. Many of these words as spoken by a Yankee represent the French words in which they originated. The country districts of New England have, in fact, only kept the pronunciation which the Puritan settlers had when they left the mother country. And so with words. The list of real Americanisms is not large. Most of the words and phrases with which purists reproach us are either provincialisms, even now used in some parts of England, or good old English words that the modern speech has dropped. Mr. Lowell gives a new and to us satisfactory explanation of the word *rare*, as applied to cooked meat. Its original form was *raredone*, and was a contraction in pronunciation for *rather* done. One word in very common use he finds no original for: *emptins*, meaning yeast. We believe this name is properly and usually given only to brewer's yeast. Is it not the *emptyings* of the beer—the fermenting froth which is removed from the beer, and would be thrown away if not used for yeast? This treatise on the "Yankee tongue" is valuable enough to be published separately, but the examples of Yankee dialect in the poems are a good appendix to it. Mr. Lowell gives a few American proverbs and phrases, and Mr. Bartlett, in his "Dictionary of Americanisms," gives more. It would be well for observers to note down any curious and characteristic phrase that they may hear, for these expressions contain kernels of American humor, and the slang of to-day is, as Sardou expresses it in "La Famille Benoiton," the language of the future in its swaddling-clothes (la langue de l'avenir dans son maillot). We wish that Messrs. Ticknor & Fields would state the name of their binder, that the public might be warned against him, for all their later issues are very badly bound, both as respects workmanship and taste. In all respects but print they are very shabby specimens of book-making.

—Science and literature in this country will owe much to Mr. George Peabody, who, in his benefactions, in addition to using his own good sense, does not refuse good advice. Besides the libraries and institutes at Danvers and Baltimore, the latter endowed with over a million of dollars, he has given handsome sums to various minor colleges and schools. His latest gifts were one hundred and fifty thousand dollars each to Harvard and Yale. The gift to Yale is for a museum of natural history, and that to Harvard for the foundation of a museum of American archæology and ethnology. This is most sensible. American antiquities have not had the attention they deserve, and the sooner collections are got together and explorations made, the better. The museum will not be confined to collections from the United States, but will include the whole continent. A professorship of archæology is provided for by the fund.

—Persons having in their possession letters or documents, or able to furnish personal reminiscences, which can contribute to the biography of the Rev. Dr. Nott, late president of Union College, are solicited to send the same (by mail or express) to Mrs. U. E. Nott, Union College, Schenectady, N. Y. All papers so sent will be returned as requested and all expenses of transmission paid.

—On page 180 of Vol. II. of The Nation we spoke of a proposed edition of Whitney's "Choice of Emblemes." The book is now published, and lies before us exactly as it was issued from Christopher Plantyn's printing press in Leyden in 1586. It is a splendid specimen of the usefulness and the accuracy of photo-lithography. Emblem literature awoke an extraordinary degree of interest through all Europe from the publication of Alciatus in 1522 to that of Jacob Catz in 1660. In Whitney's book, as the name implies, there is a selection from all the books that had been previously published, with a view of making the English familiar with this kind of literature. Only 23 out of the 248 devices are original. The mottoes are translated by Whitney, and he has added so much to some of them as to make them almost his own. The reimpression has been edited by Mr. Henry Green, who has prefixed a long dissertation on the origin and history of emblems, and who has investigated every allusion and brought to bear every scrap of collateral information. There are short and well-written biographies of the principal emblematists. The obsolete words used by Whitney are compared with their use by Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare; and to Shakespeare's employment of emblems a whole essay is given. Mr. Green is quite carried away with his subject, so that he sometimes loses his critical faculty through excess of enthusiasm. He considers Whitney a finer poet than Spenser in his characterizations and his personifications. He also loses the distinction between the emblematic and the pictorial art. Mr. Green's definition of an emblem is too wide and not sufficiently specific. It is not a representation of the whole range of human life, but of some particular precept useful for instruction in life. It is a proverb expressed in a picture, and the picture explained by certain stanzas, or, to use Whitney's own words, a "holsome precepte shadowed by a pleasant devise."

—The history of Buckle, though but part of the introduction was ever completed, has not been without its results. Readers who busied themselves with correcting the errors of detail, insensibly got interested in the work, became converts to its method, and assisted in consolidating and perfecting it. Mr. J. H. Bridges, the author of one of the essays on "International Policy," of which we spoke some weeks ago, is a Positivist, who owes his training in history rather to Comte than to Buckle; but it is more intelligible to ordinary persons to say that his book, "France under Richelieu and Colbert," deals with history in the Buckle style. It consists of some lectures delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, under the title of "The Age of Louis XIV."—a title that at once calls up Voltaire. The tone of the book is, however, different from Voltaire's, as the tone of society is now from what it was in Voltaire's day. A social revolution has intervened. During the last five centuries "the feudal mode of life has been gradually decomposing, and there has been a gradual accumulation of fresh materials, scientific and industrial, to supply its place." Mr. Bridges tries to show at what stage of these processes France had arrived; how far the French ministers and Government saw their position, and how much Richelieu, Mazarin, and Colbert accelerated or retarded the progress of Western Europe. In his opinion Richelieu saw that, "to constitute the French republic, to reach that ideal government where all the forces of the state should be directed to the common welfare, it was necessary first to constitute the French monarchy, and to that object he bent the powers of his unswerving and relentless will." Richelieu crushed the feudal aristocracy, Mazarin carried out his foreign policy, and humiliated the retrograde powers of Austria and Spain. Had Colbert's policy prevailed, the French Revolution would have come sooner, would have been more gradual, and would have passed without that sanguinary tragedy which convulsed Europe for twenty years. This monograph does great credit to the Positivist school, and is worthy the attention of its bitterest opponents.

—The numerous collections of fairy-tales and legends which have of late years been published are probably owing to the labors of the brothers Grimm among the tales and folk-lore of Germany. At all events, the fashion has steadily set in, and observers have come to find that these stories contain plain marks of the early character and genius of the peoples with whom they are told. Many of the stories are the same in different nations, but the peculiar character of each people is impressed upon their varying form. These differences are well seen in

comparing the well-known German tale of "The Bremen Town Musicians" with the Irish version of it given in Mr. Patrick Kennedy's "Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts." It is easy in this story, and in "The Golden Pin of Sleep," to verify the acute criticism of Mr. Matthew Arnold in one of his papers on Celtic literature in the "Cornhill Magazine." Mr. Arnold said, speaking of the Celtic genius (the essence of which he finds in *sentiment*—readiness to react against the despotism of fact): "The impressionable Celt, soon up and soon down, is the more down because it is his nature to be up, to be sociable, hospitable, eloquent, admired, *figuring away brilliantly*. He loves bright colors, he easily becomes audacious, over-crowing, full of fanfaronade." In all these lively stories collected by Mr. Kennedy, as well as those in Croker's collection, and in the Ossianic legends themselves, there is visible this tendency to "over-crow." But many of the Celtic stories are more humorous as well as more animated, and sometimes there are snatches of tenderness and beauty that are never found in the German, though instead there is a deeper imaginative grandeur.

—The proprietors of the *Kölnische Zeitung* are issuing a weekly edition of that paper; the first attempt, we believe, at a political weekly in Germany. It contains most of the political articles of the daily edition, and, in addition, original articles, romances, and notices by prominent German writers. The first number appeared on the 5th of October. The *Kölnische Zeitung* is the best political journal published in Prussia; and this edition, being much easier to read than the ill-printed daily with its supplements, is better suited to foreigners who wish to know something about German life and politics.

SCIENTIFIC.

Ordnance and Armor—(*Continued*).—The American heavy guns fire cast-iron projectiles. Capt. Noble's report, of a part of which an abstract has been already given in No. 67 of The Nation, sums up the discussion of the relative merits of cast-iron and steel projectiles very fairly and very conclusively. When a cast-iron projectile strikes a strong target, a large proportion of the "work" stored up in the shot is consumed in breaking up the projectile instead of the target. Cast-iron shot fly to pieces, and the fragments scatter in all directions, harmlessly, of course, because they do not penetrate the target. Solid steel projectiles do not break up, and in many instances their temperature is hardly raised and their form but slightly altered by the concussion. The "work" of a steel shot is consumed in penetrating the target. In order to effect the same penetration with cast-iron as with steel shot, at a velocity below 1,200 feet per second, the cast-iron projectile must have two and a half times more "work" in it than the steel shot. If the velocity be very high, the cast-iron shot will have equal effect with the steel if it has 1·7 times the "work" of the steel shot. This inferiority of cast-iron projectiles is so marked that, as Capt. Noble says, it is almost useless to fire cast-iron shot against strong iron defenses. One of the lords of the Admiralty only stated the facts a little more forcibly when he said in Parliament that one might as well throw mud as cast-iron against the sides of the later English iron-clads.

These statements are completely substantiated by our practical experience during the late war. The rebels constructed their iron-clad batteries and rams under every conceivable disadvantage, and they naturally could not produce armor at all comparable in strength either with European armor or with the best of Federal construction. Nevertheless the rebels invariably succeeded in keeping out the Federal projectiles. Their first attempt was an iron-clad battery in Charleston harbor, which proved entirely invulnerable by our artillery. The fight between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* affords the next example. These two vessels pounded each other for an hour or more with cast-iron shot from Dahlgren guns at a distance of only a few yards, and both retired from the conflict without any material injury. The armor of neither vessel was penetrated. The ram *Arkansas*, on the Mississippi river, sustained single-handed a conflict with our whole fleet, ran by several strong batteries, and, after a destructive career, was blown up by her commander that she might not fall into our hands all uninjured as she was. Her career was ended by the giving out of her propelling machinery. The ram *Albemarle* attacked our fleet in Albemarle Sound, proved herself more than a match for the whole fleet, and was entirely uninjured until Lieutenant Cushing's torpedo blew her up. In the brief fight between the rebel vessel *Atlanta* and the monitor *Weehawken*, the *Atlanta* was twice struck by a 450 lb. shot fired from 15-inch guns at a distance of 300 yards. The first shot hit the pilot-house and injured the steering apparatus. The vessel consequently grounded and became at once helpless. The second shot struck her armor and broke in the iron plates, but did not penetrate the backing, and of course did not enter the vessel. The armor was only 4½ inches of iron, backed by 30 inches of yellow pine. The damage to the vessel was very trivial. Shortly after she was sent round to Fortress Monroe, and made the passage successfully without any escort, being the first iron-clad to accomplish this feat. The most perfect demonstration of the utter inefficiency of cast-iron projectiles against such armor as can now be manufactured is to be found in the fight in Mobile Bay between Farragut's fleet and the rebel ram *Tennessee*. This ram was protected by three layers of iron bars about six inches wide and either two inches or one inch thick; three thicknesses of 2-inch bars protected the most exposed parts; two thicknesses of 2-inch iron and one layer of 1-inch iron the rest of the vessel. The armor was, therefore, not more than six inches and not less than five inches thick, while the wooden backing varied from twenty-three to thirty inches in thickness. This defence does not compare in strength with the sides of many of the vessels already built by England, France, and our own Government. The ordnance brought to bear on the *Tennessee* consisted of 18 Parrott guns throwing shot of 100 lbs., 126 Dahlgren guns of 9-inch bore, 6 Dahlgren 11-inch guns, and 4 Dahlgren 15-inch guns, the latter throwing 450 lb. shot. The range was ten feet, and towards the close of the action the attacking vessels chose their positions, planted their shot where they pleased, and cannonaded the ram with entire impunity. The action lasted one hour. What was the result of this crucial experiment with the best and heaviest American ordnance? *One* 450 lb. ball pierced the armor of the *Tennessee* and started a portion of the wooden backing, but did not enter the ship. The whole combined artillery of the fleet could neither pierce nor crush nor in any way seriously injure the sides of the rebel ram.

If we now enquire into the success of the rebel artillery against Federal armor, we shall find further corroboration of Capt. Noble's assertion concerning the great superiority of steel over cast-iron projectiles. The rebels had in their service a small number of guns of English manufacture and a larger number of guns constructed by them after the Blakely model under the direction of Capt. Brooke, of the rebel service. These guns were capable of firing steel projectiles. After the fight between the *Merrimac* and the first monitor we constructed a fleet of improved monitors and sent them against the defences of Charleston. The rebel batteries, armed with rifled guns of English manufacture or model firing steel shot, put the whole fleet of monitors *hors de combat* in half an hour; and so conclusive was the experiment that the navy never again ventured to cope with the defences of Charleston except in cautious co-operation with and subordination to the land attack. The *Keokuk*, a strong vessel, protected with 4½ inches of iron, was sunk off Charleston by spherical steel shot fired from a rifled Blakely gun at a range of 700 yards.

Common cast-iron being then entirely out of the question as the material of projectiles to be used against our iron defences, it is an interesting question whether there be any cheaper substitute for steel, since steel is objectionable on account of its high cost. The English experiments show that Palliser's chilled-iron projectiles are almost, though not quite, as effective as those made of steel. Palliser's process is to cast the shot in a cold mould, whereby the metal is very much hardened.

The proper form of the front or head of hardened elongated projectiles for rifled guns is a matter of much importance; Capt. Noble gives a very convincing table of the results of English experiments upon this subject. The flat-headed projectile is the most effective against inclined armor, and always makes the cleanest hole. In practice, however, it is generally desirable to make a ragged hole which cannot easily be plugged. The projectiles with hemispherical heads punch out a piece of the armor plate, and, like the flat-headed shot, drive this piece of plate through the backing. The necessity of forcing

a jagged piece of armor-plate through the backing greatly increases the resistance which the shot itself encounters in traversing the backing. This difficulty is avoided by using projectiles with pointed heads, having curved surfaces. Such a shot cuts through the armor-plate, and bends back the fragments of the plate round the edge of the hole; the shot then passes through the backing without driving any jagged armor in front of it. Capt. Noble says that most of the chilled-iron projectiles with pointed heads have preserved their points intact after passing through the iron plates. A blunt-headed shot generally bulges out at the front on striking the plate, and so becomes less able to penetrate further. There is every reason to believe that the cylindrical steel shell, with a pointed, solid head, will prove to be the most formidable of all projectiles intended for use against iron defences. However great the advantages of this projectile, it cannot be used in the American heavy guns, which are all smooth-bores incapable of discharging any but a spherical shot. There is but one large rifled gun used in the American service (the Parrott 100-pounder so-called); but this gun is so weak that the heaviest charge of powder which can be safely used in it is only 8 lbs. The American public have not forgotten the utter failure of this gun at Fort Fisher; the rupture of so many Parrott 100-pounders at that bombardment was attributed by the Navy Department to the injudicious use of 10 lb. charges. So weak a gun is well-nigh useless; 22 lbs. of powder is a moderate charge for English rifled 100-pounders. In another note we shall bring into comparison English and American ordnance, still following in the main Capt. Noble's admirable report.

THE LIFE OF PERCIVAL.*

PERCIVAL was an undoubted genius. However men may differ in respect to the formal definition of this epithet, none would hesitate, we think, to apply it to the remarkably gifted philosopher and poet of New Haven whose biography is now before us.

It is a sad story. The rarest and most varied endowments, the most favorable opportunities, the most devoted friends, did not rescue him from the most pitiable poverty, misanthropy, and despair. He limited his own renown, disappointed his own expectations, and thwarted his own projects. The suicide which in early life he repeatedly attempted was the epitome of his whole career. He was his own worst enemy. It is hardly too much to say that his life was prolonged self-destruction—not in purpose but in fact.

Yet, so far as it appears from the present biography, he had none of the baser vices of mankind. Neither alcohol nor opium beclouded his intellect, he was not lazy nor forgetful nor dissipated nor unkind. He was keenly sensitive in respect to the good opinion of his fellows, though he detested empty flattery, and shrank like a hermit from that public attention which is the penalty and the plague of distinguished men. He performed the most wearisome literary drudgery for the most meagre rewards, and, though he must be said to have been negligent in the extreme respecting his engagements, he was punctilious in respect of scientific accuracy. He continually needed the sympathy and advice of his friends, while he so quickly took offence that none but the most considerate and patient of them could keep up their intimacy. He was full of contradictions. His life was a mystery while it was in progress, and, with his memoir before us ten years after his death, we are still compelled to add that the mystery is not solved.

Percival is commonly known only as a poet. Many, we presume, will be surprised to discover from Mr. Ward's volume that he has perhaps higher claims to scientific and linguistic fame than to literary renown. His learning was of the most minute and comprehensive character. If he had possessed a will at all corresponding to his other powers, he might have been a Leibnitz or a Bacon or a Goethe. In the variety of his powers he reminds us of all these men, though he fell wofully behind them in accomplished results. His geological researches were original and profound, and receive high commendations in this memoir from the best of American geological critics, Prof. James D. Dana. In mineralogy and botany and general zoölogy he was likewise proficient. In power of reading and writing other languages he was regarded as another Mezzofanti. He saved the early editions of Noah Webster's dictionaries from innumerable blunders, especially in etymology and scientific statement. Malte Brun's great geography he also corrected in thousands of errors. There seemed to his friends no limit to his information or his talk. His poetry is distinguished for the affluence of its diction and its extravagant wealth of imagery, and while so many other poets surpass him in most other qualities, none rival him in variety and accuracy of versification.

The principal outward changes in the life of Percival are well known to the public—at least as well known as his poems. He cannot, of course, be called a great writer nor a popular writer, as Tennyson and Longfellow are popular, and he certainly was not a popular man; but, especially in his earlier days of fame, he won a large number of admirers and riends among the most cultivated writers and readers in this country. They kept alive his reputation long after he himself became negligent of it. Knowing, then, the man's great gifts, his failure in life, and his singular nature, we turned to Mr. Ward's attractive volume not so much for the sake of reviewing connectedly the incidents of Percival's life, though they are pleasantly and very minutely recorded by a patient, enthusiastic, and appreciative biographer; we looked for something more than the history of an incomplete career; we hoped to look beyond the veil and discern the guiding principles of that outward existence so strange and sad; we hoped to discover the clue to the cause of these well-known idiosyncrasies. We cannot say that we are wholly satisfied.

The common theory regarding Percival's life has been that he met with an early disappointment in love which blighted all his subsequent history. This is the easiest and most plausible method of accounting for the crotchets of any persistent old bachelor. The story gained increased currency because the knowing world at large supposed his recluse habits involved a peculiar dislike of the gentler sex. Those who were his familiar acquaintances, however, were aware that at times he took great pleasure in the society of refined and educated women, and that, although he was shy and careless in dress, and utterly negligent of conventional forms, he was not indifferent to the graceful sprightliness and sympathy of some superior ladies who overlooked his bashfulness and his eccentricity and admired his intellect and learning. These facts appear in the biography. From one such acquaintance Mr. Ward has procured a valuable letter. He alludes to many others. We wish he had made still further enquiries of those ladies who knew Percival in a later period of his career; but he has done enough to show that *misogyny* was not the key to the poet's life.

It is true that Percival in his susceptible youth is said to have been especially fond of the daughter of the minister in his native town, who was already engaged to be married; and that a little later he was fascinated by the charms of a fair pupil entrusted to his care in Philadelphia. To the latter he made, by letter, proposals of marriage, which were coldly declined. Still later, while he is yet under twenty-six, the chords of his heart were touched again, but, says the memoir, "he never told his love." Later yet, we find him talking like any gay and hopeful young man of "getting married," as if, to do so, he had only to offer himself to the first young lady on whom he might bestow his favor. We do not know how much is kept back in respect to these affairs of the heart; but if the whole story is told they are entirely inadequate to account for his great peculiarities. These love passages seem to have affected him as they have affected many other young men—so much and no more. We see no indication that they made him more moody than he was before. In short, though he was a confirmed misanthropist, there is no ground for calling him, specifically, a hater of women.

His religious belief, we think, quite as much as his disappointment in love, affected his course in life. New Haven, where he received his college education, and to which he returned continually as his home, was accounted, in the days of the Unitarian controversy, one of the strongholds of orthodoxy. Percival began his manly life at the time when that controversy was in its vigor. Theological earnestness was fully called out by both the opponents and the defenders of the old New England faith. The severity of Calvinism probably appeared in those days in more severe form than it has since exhibited in Massachusetts and Connecticut. Percival was not at all in sympathy with the orthodox. What he did believe it may be difficult to state in any full and formal creed. His intimate friend and correspondent, the late Dr. George Hayward, of Boston, expresses his confidence that the poet was a "firm believer in the Gospel of our Saviour." Were it not for this express declaration we should very much doubt whether Percival accepted the Christian faith. He was accounted by some of his friends as "a sceptic" and "an infidel." On the other hand, we have not discovered in him any marks of hostility to the cardinal precepts of Christianity. But of this we are confident, that he did not like the theology of New Haven any better than he did the old-school theologians of Princeton and East Windsor. Some hints which were given him by injudicious friends may have increased the bitterness of his feelings. Possibly, he was driven off by the very in-

* "Life and Letters of James G. Percival. By Julius H. Ward." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866.

fluences which were intended to draw him on. His conduct remained pure and upright, so that at the West they thought him "almost a sinless being." His aspirations were certainly lofty, and his creed was neither low nor atheistic. Possibly if he had lived a generation later, after the arena of theological controversy had been shifted, and the defence and illustration of Christianity were accomplished by less dogmatic methods, he would not have been driven into such close communion with that

—— "sole-sitting spirit of loneliness"

whose influence was so gloomy.

As we write, there lie beside us two little slips of paper in the poet's handwriting, which reveal, we presume, his religious creed in middle life. They are to us a revelation of the strivings of his soul. The first one is couched in strict philosophic terms:

"Simple noetic indagation and induction merely internates us more and more in the abysses of matter. It is only by the evolution and ascension of our inward creating, all-embracing power that we rise to the *poesis* and *pathesis* of the godlike. Physical atheism—spiritual theism."

The other is as follows:

"Philosophy, religion, and poetry sit enthroned, as a spiritual trinity, in the shrine of man's highest nature. The perfect vision of all-embracing truth, the vital feeling of all-blessing good, the living conception of all-governing beauty, they form, united, the divinity of pure reason."

We do not propose to comment on Percival's religious and theological character. We have said enough to indicate that the deepest and most perplexing problems of life engaged his attention; and that, at least in the greater portion of his days, he found no comfort in the lessons of the Cross.

Our conclusion respecting Percival is this: Endowed in very large measure with very rare natural gifts, with wonderful powers of observation, memory, versatility, imagination, and reason, he was also given a feeble body and a morbidly sensitive disposition. His early training was rude and often irritating. Both mind and body were unsound. In this, after all, lies the most reasonable explanation of the puzzle. Doubts and gloom rested on his spiritual life. Aversion to business habits impeded his success. The lack of a fitting home, the softening influences of a woman's love, and the winning prattle of loving children, confirmed his moroseness. Conscious of rare gifts, vexation, disappointment, and misanthropy became his habit. All his life was sorrowful; but his last days were his happiest, and the dawn of a brighter world illumined the closing scenes of this.

We regard Mr. Ward's own part in this biography as creditable. He shows industry and literary skill. We should have preferred to see a more analytical commentary on this strange career interspersed with the narrative of events, and we feel not wholly satisfied with the estimate which the volume gives of Percival's intellectual and moral characteristics. But we must not forget that Mr. Ward, who is still a young man, never knew the subject of his biography. Bearing this in mind, we admire the zeal and fidelity on the part of the author which every chapter shows. The contributions of Percival's life-long friends and his own long letters greatly enrich the volume.

MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

WHERE else may we look for the wondrous young gentlemen and ladies who love each other, and fill "Harper's" with a constancy which reminds one of Rochefoucauld's remark on that quality—that constancy is a fact, not a virtue? It would be pleasant to meet with some of those Belles and Perditas and Helens and Lilies whom their relatives, we are told, call homely, but who have a way of putting a simple rose in their hair and walking off with the most eligible young gentlemen; whose father fails in business, and dies and leaves Margaret to keep school and a journal, from which latter we perceive the writer is consciously unconscious of possessing all the virtues. Marcias are pretty common, too: "As they drew near, I noticed that Marcia had left off her deep mourning. She wore black silk, and looked regal in it." But her elegant figure and becoming dress do not prevent her dying with a moan on her lips for James Harris. It might not be so pleasant to meet the various males of these species—Howard, with a patch on his boot, and the grave, sweet smile, is apt to be priggish; Trehurne has an artist-nature and great means; but this is his way of talking to Margaret when he presses her hand, and says good night, as the two return from a ball: "Whatsoever your hands find to do, do it with all your might, and blossom into success as the rose blossoms by natural impulsion, instead of grappling fortune by the throat and crying 'Stand and deliver!' like a highwayman." He gets his leg broken, though, afterwards, and marries her before she has won success as a school-teacher. Then there is Hugh, who has commanding abilities, but whose hands and feet are of a size to shock Dr. Bellows; and Arthur, who has a misunderstanding with Ellery, and goes and gets himself made a colonel in the army, and by-and-by is shot in the shoulder at the head of his men, and, after "all the rest was a blank," opens his eyes upon the white face of Ellery, who is speechless with gratitude. She shut her grief in her proud heart, and went to Washington as a nurse, where she casually heard of a mortally-wounded colonel, and her heart told her it might be Arthur. This month we have a dozen or more of this sort of persons in half-a-dozen stories. It is difficult to say just what frame of mind the reading of them is apt to create. We can conceive that young people of unhardened hearts, and Henry Kingsley, might, after a steady perusal of a good many of these tales, find themselves in a state of what you may call toploftiness—going off in a gush of high moral nobility, on any little provocation, and delighting to martyrize themselves in a painted flame of self-sacrifice. It would tend, too, to marriages on a limited income, we should say, and preferably to marriages with artists and poets and persons with curly hair. It would not be true either to say that these thousand-and-one tales have nothing good in them. Unless one's nature abhors a vacuum there is not much fault to be found with them, and that, in itself, is something. Sometimes they are well enough written; but, as a general thing, their natural inclination is to run into this sort of writing (Gibraltar is to be described): "A huge lion, god-hewn out of the solid rock, lying ever with its face turned to that land of mystic lore—the wonderful East—guards the narrow portal that leads thitherward."

The illustrated papers this month are "The Cider Mill," which is a page of indifferent poetry; "The Workhouse at Blackwell's Island," which is very indifferent prose; "Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men," which is prose of John S. C. Abbott's; "Venice," which is poetry, with an illustration; "Manasquan," prose, with an illustration; and "The Little Black Dogs of Berkshire," a weakly piece, mostly about the use of tobacco. It gives, on the authority of Dr. Day, of Boston, the following piece of novel information. It is of persons who smoke that Miss Beecher is talking: "To shake off the shackles of this slavery is the dream, by day and night, of the unfortunate sufferer, and how to accomplish it is the question which he eagerly asks, and for whose answer he waits with the most intense desire." We daily wonder, more and more, at the deal of killing a man can bear.

There are numerous other articles; but there is very little, indeed, very well worth reading, till one comes to the "Editor's Easy Chair," which has a pleasant essay on "American Popular Ballads;" and two others, also, of course, pleasant, on John Bright, and on the "Kenilworth" progress of Queen Elizabeth as contrasted with the recent tour of President Johnson.

There is little that is noticeable in the "Catholic World." One of the legends of Washington Irving's recently published volume of Spanish papers is borrowed and printed, and so are eight other articles which are taken from various European periodicals and very poorly represent the storehouse whence they are drawn. Of the original articles, the one entitled "The Development of Nationalities," like a good many other articles that have appeared in the "Catholic World," is marked by a liberality of tone which is certainly very pleasing when found in such a quarter. "The Godfrey Family," on the other hand, is pro-Catholic to the point of absurdity, and as a story is singularly worthless. It is even duller than "Unconvicted, or Old Thorneley's Heirs," which is at last finished in this number. Still, the wonder grows on us the more we see of magazines of a certain class and country newspapers which live by scissors and paste and not by pen, and have the total range of English literature to prey upon, that such papers and magazines are not oftener made at least tolerably readable. "Every Saturday" is very nearly an exception to this rule; so is Littell's "Living Age;" so is not the "Eclectic Magazine," nor any of its monthly, weekly, or daily followers, so far as we are acquainted with them.

The "Atlantic" for November is of average excellence. The eleventh chapter of extracts from Hawthorne's note-books consists mainly of detached passages, which are full of interest to the student. Who that has read "The Scarlet Letter," when they see the germ of that fine romance in this sentence:

"The life of a woman who, by the old Colony law, was condemned to wear always the letter A sewed on her garment in token of her sin,"

will not grieve in the interest of imaginative literature and innocent enjoyment that some of these other seeds of stories never came to fruit?

"The search of an investigator for the unpardonable sin; he at last finds it in his own heart and practice.

"To represent the interest which dead men have among living affairs. For instance, a dead man controls the disposition of wealth; a dead man sits on the judgment seat, and the living judges do but repeat his decisions; dead men's opinions in all things control the living truth; we believe in dead men's religions; we laugh at dead men's jokes; we cry at dead men's pathos; everywhere, and in all matters, dead men tyrannize over us."

It was a thing to be expected, but we nevertheless congratulate our

readers that these extracts are soon to be issued in two volumes, which will contain all the passages that have appeared in the "Atlantic," and much additional matter. "Rhoda" is a well-told and touching story of a "poor-house" girl—one of a class well known in New England village life. "Katharine Morne," by Miss Palfrey, is begun. "Five Hundred Years Ago" shows the extreme foolishness of a folly that will never quite go out of fashion, but that no longer rages among us as it raged when Carlyle was our prophet, and reveals the comparative misery, squalor, injustice, and wickedness of the old days of monkery and chivalry. "The Progress of Prussia" is by Mr. Hazewell, and is marked by his usual command of historical fact, and is written in his usual method. Prussia is now the leader of Europe, he says. For ten years before 1866 France was the chief of the great powers. France ousted Russia, who, from Waterloo till 1853, was the chief power of Christendom. Mr. Hazewell's view of a nation's greatness, or at any rate of a nation's title to the name of leader, seems to be a view based upon the noise a nation makes in the diplomacy of Continental Europe, and, to read his essays, one would suppose that all the great powers had a common goal in view and were each striving to outstrip the other in the race. In short, he takes a surface view of history, and to do that is indeed to degrade history into an old almanac, or to make it a résumé of the newspapers. "Invalidism" is a pleasant, chatty essay, with nothing particularly new in it; and "Gurowski" is a most amusing sketch of a personage who must have been most amusing to his friends and the reverse of amusing to his enemies. A man is dangerous surely when he can say such things as this of the Count's about the New York *Tribune*, on the staff of which paper he had an engagement: "It is the most delightful position that you can possibly conceive of. I can abuse everybody in the world except Greeley, Ripley, and Dana." Of course, when he left the *Tribune* he was at liberty to abuse the whole race of man. This he did, which was unfortunate in some respects, for people hesitated about believing him when he pronounced judgment on Seward: "Shallow and insincere, and ludicrously ignorant of European affairs. The diplomatists of Europe, he said, were all making fun of his despatches, and looked upon him as only a clever charlatan." The article entitled "The President and his Accomplices" is, doubtless, written by Mr. Whipple. Of course Mr. Johnson is roundly abused, but generally in such a way as to secure the assent of the reader. When, however, we read that "in Mr. Johnson's speech his 'I' resembles the geometer's description of infinity, having 'its centre everywhere and its circumference nowhere,'" one is moved to ask, Why is this? and if he asks himself he gets no satisfactory reply, so far as our experience goes.

The poetry of the number is not noticeable except in this, that a part of it was written by Longfellow, "On Translating the Divina Commedia," and a part of it, "Protoneiron," seems to have been suggested by something of Miss Rossetti's. The "Literary Notices," without being very weighty, are very readable and agreeable.

With the best wishes in the world, we fail to perceive that "Hours at Home" has yet made itself a proper rival of the two leading monthlies. Its average merit resembles that of the defunct magazines of Graham and the rest, any one of which, we dare say, would have welcomed such rhyming as this by "Claude Iris," and given it a mezzotint illustration beside the fashion plates. Mr. Mitchell leads off, in the number before us, and Dr. Holland brings up the rear—neither, perhaps, in his best vein, and both under obligation to explain why they used so many words to conceal so few and so familiar ideas. The sum of "De Rebus Ruris" No. V. is, that it is sometimes profitable to remodel an old country house, and that in building a new one it is better to use stone and have but one story, unless you can stand the expense of more, or would not be shocked by a finishing of wood. There is a single suggestive remark in "Pasturing Children," although it states too much: "Take from poetry and elegant prose their illustrations drawn from nature, and the residue would be as dust." We do not object to the inference that very few are qualified to appreciate (say) the line from "Maud"—

"As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;"

but the converse proposition—*pocta quia rusticus*—is, of course, not tenable, and yet it seems implied (perhaps in the writer's own defence) in the assertion that "it is impossible for a man living entirely in the city to appreciate the poetry of Bryant, or of any other writer who draws his inspiration from the same sources." We do not remember the seven Christian statesmen already treated of by the Rev. Mr. Stoddard, but, after Rufus Choate, we shall not be surprised at a paper on Stephen A. Douglas or even Andrew Johnson. The biographer, following his subject, calls it a destructive theory for men to pretend it their duty "to reform [their] country, not to preserve [their] country." But would it not sound rather flat to say, "Do not reform society, but preserve it"?

AFOOT THROUGH THE ALPS.*

His reverence, the author of this improved sort of guide-book, as we remember him in the flesh amid the scenes of his narrative, and as he recalls himself here, is a jolly and highly companionable pillar of the Church of England, who at Meyringen can sit on a bench before the door of his inn, put his legs up, and light a cigar, or smoke a pipe after breakfast at Schaffhausen, or share his seat on the steamer at Friedrichshafen with his wife and "a tall glass of bright, cool Bavarian beer." In place of the sentiment of "Murray," he indulges occasionally in the moralizing which, as being his profession when at home, he had intended to leave behind him, and these, of course, are the most commonplace portions of his book. As a rule, however, he does not obtrude his clerical origin. His observations are sensible, his directions clear, and his descriptions vivid enough for his purpose. He gives you the precise hour at which he set out on any given excursion, and the hour of his return; mentions (out of gratitude, apparently) the donation of Saturday's *Times* by a friend on his departure from London; tells you he threw a pet pencil-case over the side of the *Via Mala*, and that an Italian cock answered an Englishman's crowing; and, in short, contrives to weave a very interesting story, it might almost be called, out of such and like necessary and unnecessary extracts from his diary. His style suits not badly this rollicking pedestrian, as when, for instance, he remarks that "the cheese and butter of Les Ormonds *is* said to be the best in the land." Humorous passages abound, and without being artistic in the sense that they are strained or even elaborate, are the best specimens of his composition, and of rather unusual excellence in themselves. The following is a fair illustration of his style:

"There is another famous cataract near Interlachen, that of the Giesbach, which falls into the Lake of Brientz. A small steamer runs frequently to the latter town, touching at the falls. They are very beautiful, and consist of a succession of short leaps, like a tubful of water turned over on the top of the stairs. The stream is crossed and recrossed by many wooden bridges, at various heights and distances. The third fall has a gallery behind it, so that you may sit in a cave and see the world above you, through water, like a mermaid. Besides the gallery and the bridges there are many prepared nooks and arbors at the edge of the torrent, showing it in fresh points of view. I don't suppose that there ever was a waterfall more stared at, straddled over, and generally lionized than this; people go up and down, right and left, above, across, and, as I have said, beneath it. They look down upon it from the hill, up to it from the steamer, and sideways at it from the wood, until at last the cataract must be glad to disappear in the lake, which is 500 feet deep near its entrance.

"The Giesbach knows no rest till then, being visited by night as well as day, and illuminated with red and blue lights; there are nails driven into several of the waterside trees, on which these fireworks are fixed.

"Right in face of the falls, about two-thirds of the way down, is an inn, with benches and tables set out under trees, so that you can keep your eye on the cataract while you are eating your lunch."

One must not consult this volume for extraordinary adventures, for it is the peculiar merit of Mr. Jones's "round" that it was "regular" and chiefly in beaten ways. He endeavors successfully to show that persons of average strength and health may walk through Switzerland, as he did, and obtain the finest views and the purest air for which that region is famous without peril and with an amount of ease (of which independence is a great part) and enjoyment not otherwise to be got even for more money. His experience will be fully corroborated by those who have tried his method of sight-seeing. It did not exclude the sending on of baggage in advance, the constant use of porters, and sometimes of guides, or of cars and other vehicles when it was desirable to pass to a new section rapidly, or to avoid tame and dusty highroads. It consisted of miles of tramping up hill and down dale with a few companions, generally in single file and in silence (the mouth being kept shut for reasons easily guessed), of foot-weariness, scorched backs, bruised hands, and hardships that it is a wonder to look back upon and think they were endured, or to explain what pleasure there was in them, and which yet in reminiscence are a perpetual delight. Mr. Jones knows the value of the Sunday rest, and the demoralizing effects upon the footman of a long stay in a soft climate in the midst of plenty. The spirit which faced the rigors of the Aeggischorn relaxes utterly before the figs and grapes and blue lake at Bellagio.

In his second and third trips the author was accompanied more or less constantly by his wife. In the Sheideck Pass he had previously met a party of tourists "led by a lady in bloomer," who "skipped over the stones with evident pleasure at defying the difficulties of her sex." He then took occasion to remark that "ladies cannot well walk far with comfort in the mountains if they wear their proper dress." Afterwards "we met a lady

* "The Regular Swiss Round. In Three Trips. By the Rev. Harry Jones, M.A. Illustrated by Edward Whymper." London and New York: Alexander Strahan. [Second edition.] Pp. 393.

and her husband, the former in crinoline, who were making a very toilsome business of the ascent. Hoops may be graceful in a drawing-room, but they make a wretched draggled show in a rough mountain pass on a wet day." Why then insinuate that the first lady was not in her "proper dress?" Shall the drawing-room be the standard of propriety for those women also who, he mentions (at Champery), "go to the other extreme and wear *bonâ fide* jacket and trousers, precisely like a boy's, while they are engaged in tending cows upon the mountains?"

We need hardly call the attention of Mr. Jones's publishers to the typographical carelessness which has marred this else well-printed and conveniently bound book, which we should like to commend *in toto* to the travelling and the non-travelling public. In reading, not critically, we were forced to notice some forty inaccuracies of one kind and another, often two or three on a page, and mostly quite discreditable to the proof-reader. It is difficult to excuse their appearance or reappearance in a second edition.

Elaine. By Alfred Tennyson. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. (London: Edward Moxon & Co.)—Tennyson's "Elaine," with Doré's illustrations, of which Scribner, Welford & Co. have received a specimen, will be a magnificent book, no doubt, and will, perhaps, deserve to be called, in the language of the prospectus, "*The* Christmas Gift-Book for 1866." It will, at all events, be a splendid "Elaine," printed in large and beautiful type, on large quarto pages. Without regard to the pictures, it would be delightful to own the "Idyls of the King" in such a form. Of the pictures we cannot as yet speak very fully. There are to be nine engravings on steel; and one may subscribe five guineas for artists' proofs, or one guinea for prints, or else two guineas for photographs from the original drawings. Four of these latter are before us. The first represents Sir Launcelot riding toward the castle of Astolat,

"Tired from the west; far on a hill, the towers,"

and dense forest all around. The second is of the farewell her brothers take of the maid of Astolat, as the dumb old servitor pushes off the funeral barge from land. The third follows close, and shows the barge ascending the river, the body lying in state, and the dumb man rowing steadily. And the remaining picture is of Arthur's hall at Camelot, where Percivale and Galahad have brought in the maid of Astolat, and Arthur is reading the letter that she had held. What the other subjects are we have never heard. It will not be well to speak at length of these pictures until all are here together. They certainly contain much that seems the evidence of power. But it is always an unpleasant thing to look at Doré's rendering of any subject that one cares for, and any story that one deeply feels. And the illustration of Tennyson's most imaginative and highly-finished poem, the "Idyls," is quite foreign to and beyond his "gifts." It is with no hesitation that we disagree, beforehand, with that enthusiastic brother Ernest Doré, who has written of this work, "Mon frère a fait cette fois-ci le grand succès qui fera descendre son nom à la postérité."

The Crown of Wild Olive. Three Lectures on Work, Traffic, and War. By John Ruskin, M.A. (John Wiley & Son, New York)—Three sermons rather—three rather ungracious, because certainly unexpected, callings of sinners to repentance. To the working-men of Camberwell Mr. Ruskin says: "When both kinds are equally well and worthily done, the head's is the noble work, and the hand's the ignoble." To the merchants of Bradford, anxious to be told how to build an exchange, he "can only at present suggest decorating its frieze with pendent purses; and making its pillars broad at base, for the sticking of bills," with a Britannia of the Market in its innermost chambers, having a partridge for her crest, "fostering what she brought not forth," like him "that getteth riches not by right," as is the Scriptural simile. To the pupils at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich he quotes the passage from "Sartor Resartus" describing the meeting of the Thirty of the British, with the Thirty of the French, village of Dumdrudge, who, "busy as the devil is," had "not the smallest" quarrel. The string which holds this chaplet together was, in the author's notion, peace; but the very clear ideas of peace which are displayed in the first two chapters become sadly disturbed in the closing one, which treats directly of war. Because, apparently, a sword and shield make fitter carved ornaments for a dead knight than do cricket-bat and ball, he would prefer that a man should earn his bread "by sword play"—riding out "occasionally to fight his neighbor for exercise"—"by thrusting, than by batting." The premises are incongruously chosen, but the conclusion is lamentable. There is much other false feeling and bad logic scattered through this book, in which, with several unfavorable allusions to the late war for the Union in this country, he dares to contrast the Pagan victory of the Spartans at Corinth—a "decisive battle . . with the loss of eight men"—with the Christian victory "at indecisive Gettysburg," costing 30,000 men to the winning side. On the other hand, these discussions abound in gems of politico-economical wisdom. "The wealth of nations, as of men," we read in the preface, "consists in substance, not in ciphers; and the real good of all work and of all commerce depends on the final worth of the thing you make or get by it;" and it is a mistaken notion "that business is always good, whether it be busy in mischief or in benefit; and that buying and selling are always salutary, whatever the intrinsic worth of what you buy or sell." "It is the law of heaven that you shall not be able to judge what is wise or easy unless you are first resolved to judge what is just, and to do it. That," adds our preacher, "is the one thing constantly reiterated by our Master—the order of all others that is given oftenest—'Do justice and judgment.' That's your Bible order; that's the 'service of God,' not praying nor psalm-singing." Elsewhere he says, likewise as if from the pulpit:

"Everybody in this room has been taught to pray daily, 'Thy kingdom come.' Now, if we hear a man swear in the streets, we think it very wrong, and say he 'takes God's name in vain.' But there is a twenty times worse way of taking his name in vain than that. It is to *ask God for what we do n't want.* . . . If you do not wish for his kingdom, do n't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it. And, to work for it, you must know what it is; we have all prayed for it many a day without thinking. Observe, it is a kingdom that is to come to us," etc.

Beautifully, again, he declares:

"My wonder, even when things are at their worst, is always at the height which this human nature can attain. Thinking it high, I find it always a higher thing than I thought it; while those who think it low find it, and will find it, always lower than they thought it; the fact being that it is infinite, and capable of infinite height and infinite fall; but the nature of it—and here is the faith which I would have you hold with me—the *nature* of it is in the nobleness, not in the catastrophe."

There is a monstrous fallacy in the chapter on traffic which mingles singularly with a homily on Russian and Austrian loans contracted in the English market for the suppression of Poland and Italy. "Taste," says Mr. Ruskin, "is not only a part and an index of morality—it is the *only* morality;" and he argues the proposition as if taste were a simple and not a complex quality. "Tell me what you like, and I 'll tell you what you are." If we allow Mr. Ruskin to catechize himself, "I like," he will answer, "a Turner landscape; it is 'the perpetual contemplation of a good and perfect thing—it is the taste of angels.'" As if that "entirely moral quality," as he calls it, excluded a taste for Jefferson Davis and Gov. Eyre. Are not, O preacher, these also a part of your liking, and shall we judge from them what you are?

The Holy Bible; with Illustrations by Gustave Doré. (London and New York: Cassell, Petter & Galpin.)—Doré's Bible was published nearly a year ago in its original form, that is, in connection with the French text "d'après la Vulgate." The edition or editions were soon exhausted, and it is now but seldom that a copy is offered for sale, even at the high price which it commands. Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. are publishing the illustrations in connection with the English "authorized version;" but it will be yet many months before the work will be completed. The English edition omits the curious and ingenious designs which decorate the pages of the French text, emblematic devices forming a separation between the two columns of letter-press, of which designs there were so many different patterns that it seemed to one turning the leaves as if none were twice repeated. It is probable that the impressions of the wood-cuts will be inferior in the London edition to those which were first published in Paris; and the few numbers that we have before us confirm that presumption. Of the few most remarkable illustrations of this series none are contained in the four numbers we have received of the English edition. For there are a few which are of very extraordinary merit in their way, and reveal powers in M. Doré which have not been so plainly shown before. But, as a whole, this monstrous work must be considered his least successful one. The "Contes Drôlatiques," the "Juif Errant," and the "Histoire de la Sainte Russie" are works in which M. Doré is much more at home. That branch of wit which is found in sneers at deformity and distress, and in unclean jests of all kinds, this artist excels in. The horrors he enjoys are almost made endurable by his skill. And if it be said that the works we have named afford no opportunity for the display of skill in drawing, it is to be answered that M. Doré very seldom shows any admirable skill in drawing. That he *can* draw is evident; but the most of his work is as reckless and hasty as it is facile. When a draughtsman has been highly trained in the French school he cannot draw altogether wrongly. But between drawing easily and drawing rightly is a boundary which M. Doré seldom passes; and between designing easily and designing nobly is a boundary he never passes. The present popularity of his work is in every way unfortunate, and, we believe, destined to be short-lived.

One-Armed Hugh, the Little Corn Merchant. By Mrs. A. S. Moffat. (Graves & Young, Boston.)—This is a boys' and girls' story particularly adapted to the locality of Boston, but as good wherever else it may be read. It is not violently improbable, and it is quite well done in parts. The villain of the plot—not a very bad one—is named Ralph, a popular cognomen for stage and novel miscreants ever since the days of Ralph Nickleby, at least. And this one talks Dickens in more or less incorrect orthography, as "Macawber" and "Cheerible." The character of Tib is drawn with a good deal of originality and piquancy, and Hugh is a pretty natural hero. The general criticism must be applied to this as to nine-tenths of our juvenile literature: there is too abundant use of words above the average comprehension of the young. Mrs. Moffat also indulges too readily in the slang of childhood; but this is an error that proceeds from her evident sympathy with that age, which is, of course, a large part of her success.

The Metric System. (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.)—This timely compilation is calculated for threefold service—as a record of the acts of Congress legalizing the use of the French system of weights and measures, as a history of the system itself, and as a text-book for schools and hand-book for the people. M. Lamotte's simple essay is joined with problems which show not only the relation, but the easy and philosophical relation, of the different parts of the metric system, and, inferentially, the vast saving that it would make in the calculations of every nation and community of nations. Our public schools are likely to receive this innovation last, but the masters of private schools, if they wish to second the wise provision of Congress, have only to resolve to do so, and, as far as their pupils are concerned, it will be done. We recommend to them, as to all school committees, the little book before us, believing, also, that our commercial colleges cannot adopt it too soon

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

WILL THE AMENDMENT BE A FINAL SETTLEMENT?

IN discussing, two weeks ago, the probable result of the adoption of the amendment by the Southern States, we expressed our belief that whatever the feeling of individual members of Congress or of the more radical members of the Republican party out of doors might be, the expectations of the country, and the general understanding of the matter by the South, were such that it would be found impossible in practice to deny admission to loyal members from States which had formally complied with the requirements of Congress. Congress, it is true, is not bound to anything; but it would, nevertheless, disappoint a majority of those who are now supporting it, if, after the South had freely accepted the amendment, it were suddenly to announce that it was still not satisfied, and that its last word had still to be spoken; and it would more than disappoint them if it had no better excuse to make for not having spoken out its whole mind last session than its own indecision or timidity, or want of confidence in the people. In fact, to announce in December next that "the plan of reconstruction," which it produced after six months' labor, was, after all, no plan at all, and did not contain the things which the majority consider of vital importance, would be such a piece of self-stultification that we feel satisfied no party will urge it.

But supposing the South to accept the proposed terms and its representatives to take their seats on the basis of reconciliation now offered, would the struggle then be over? Would the country be completely pacified? Would the "fanatics" be silenced? Would the "negro question" be removed from the political arena? These are queries which very few people just now put to themselves, and fewer still take the trouble to answer. The sanguine temperament created by a century of private and public prosperity, and which gives a buoyancy to the American character that the less fortunate European, whose greatest and most stirring traditions are those of unsuccessful battles with fortune, can hardly understand, have rendered us reluctant from the very outset of the struggle with the South to do more than provide for each day as it came. The founders of the Republic hoped that slavery would die out; their sons hoped that it would be shut up by "isothermal lines," and that Providence would in some way or other take it in hand; their grandsons hoped they would extinguish it by preventing its further spread. Then when Secession began we all hoped the seceders would come back; hoped they would not fight; hoped, if they did fight, they would not fight more than ninety days. All through the war each of our victories was "a crusher." We "broke the backbone of the rebellion" or "filled the rebels with grief and dismay" about once a month.

Since the peace we have been equally sanguine. We fondly believed that Lee's surrender was the end of all trouble. How many sagacious men set themselves to believe and to persuade others that Andrew Johnson was raised up to do the work which had to be done, but for which Mr. Lincoln would have been unfitted? And how eagerly we all tried, during the earlier months of his administration, to look upon the good man's silence as proof of his profundity, and on his queer speeches as stratagems intended to confound the enemy!

There is some danger that this hopeful disposition may now render the amendment a snare and delusion to a great many tender souls. There are thousands upon thousands who do not occupy themselves ordinarily very much with politics, though always ready to do their duty, who see behind the adoption of the amendment such a time of peace and good-will as this generation, at least, has never known. There is to be a grand revival of the dry goods and cheap carriage business at the South; the negroes are, somehow or other, to get into their proper place; the agitators are all to go home and raise cabbages or peddle popped-corn on the trains, and the Radical newspapers will have to offer free board and lodging to secure subscribers. There is to be a general renewal of social relations with the South, and there is to be general howling and gnashing of teeth amongst the envious and malignant European aristocrats.

Nobody who watches the tendency of the times, however, can help seeing that the arrangement made by the amendment, by which the Southern whites are allowed to deny negroes political rights as long as they (the whites) are willing to have them excluded from the basis of representation, will really settle very little. It will close that phase of the contest on which we entered when the war broke out, in which force was substituted for argument and invective. The adoption of the amendment by the South in good faith, combined with even a moderate abstinence from violence and rowdyism, will doubtless restore the regular operation of law all over the Union, and place the revolted States in normal relations with the rest of the country. But it will not restore harmony between the two sections. It will not close the agitation at the North about the condition of the Southern negroes, that perennial fountain of bitterness by which Southerners were or professed to be so maddened. It will not silence Wendell Phillips, or even men tenfold more moderate than Wendell Phillips. It will not put an end to Northern attempts to interfere with "Southern institutions." It will not close that long series of assaults on the doctrine of State independence which began with the anti-slavery agitation, and which Conservatives predict will culminate before long in the establishment of a centralized government.

And the reason is simply this, that ideas of natural justice and right have so thoroughly permeated politics in all civilized countries, that no conventional arrangement, whether treaty, enactment, or constitution, nothing that we can either put on paper or ratify ever so solemnly, can prevent men from declaiming against what they consider wrong or unjust, whether it concerns themselves or not. This is one of the most striking characteristics of our age, and all abuses are slowly going down before it. The condition of Poland has been of no sort of material consequence to the rest of the world for the last century, and yet the talk and opinions of the rest of the world about it have made Poland a thorn in the side of Russia, which, giant as she is, never gives her a moment's rest. The Austrian dominion in Italy was secured by the most powerful guarantees that the wit of man can devise, and yet it has fallen before the opinions of men whom Austria had never injured, and to whom her policy in Venice or Lombardy was of no sort of personal consequence. The condition of the working-classes in England is, conventionally considered, no affair of ours, and yet there is no question that our talk about it, and about human rights generally, and the efforts we are daily making to remove all vestiges of inequality from our institutions, are fast rendering the disfranchisement of the English working-classes impossible. And as long as men are here amongst us excluded from any right or privilege, in virtue of no matter what arrangement or agreement or sanction, on so irrational a ground as the color of their skins, agitation will rage about it, society will be convulsed by efforts to overthrow the discrimination, and real peace and reunion we shall not have. No matter how foolish, or inexpedient, or injudicious, or, from a legal point of view, how *wrong* it may seem for Northern agitators to declaim against particular features of Southern society, they will continue to declaim. The moral sense, or conscience, or whatever you please to call it, perverted, ill-trained, or ill-regulated though it may be, is in every country, and especially in this, rising above conventional arrangements of all kinds, and will not be bound by them. We may not think much of the learning or experience or good taste of the agitators; but agitate they will. You may talk as you please about "the letter" or "the spirit" of the Constitution, or the meaning of its framers; but if you talk too long the agitators will tell you they do not care a fig for your Constitution, and will have justice done. There are men to whom the destruction of the local independence of a State is a terrible thing, just as there are men in Europe to whom the uprooting of a monarchy or of an aristocracy is a terrible thing; but their fears and objections only make the new school of politicians—the school which is rapidly taking possession of the world, and whose main aim is to build up in every state the kingdom of God, as they understand it—laugh in derision. Those who value traditions, legal continuity, the forms of law, the connection between past and present, are in all countries seeking to make the substitution of the new ideas for the old regular,

orderly, and peaceful. The real destructives and revolutionists are the so-called conservatives, who seek, like the Cavaliers who tried to hold their feudal castles against Roundhead artillery, to barricade old institutions behind forms which have lost their vitality, and to put down men who believe they have God behind them by citing cases from the reports and quoting the decisions of the Attorney-General. There is, of course, no country in the world in which the attempt would be more futile than in this. No constitutional amendment, and no agreement that can be made with the South, will ever blind a large body of the Northern people to the outrageous absurdity, in a democratic republic, of making the color of a man's skin a reason for denying him anything which he or other men value; and as long as they see it they will talk about and inveigh against it, and lead the authors of it an uncomfortable and contentious life. Perhaps they ought not to do so; perhaps it were wiser not to do so; perhaps they should leave the whole matter, as Mr. Beecher would recommend, to the disposal of Providence. But the fact is that they will do nothing of the kind; and we all know it. Therefore, if it be the talk of fanatics that shakes the republic to its centre, the only remedy is to leave the fanatics nothing to talk about.

POPULAR "LEADERS."

We appreciate heroes and hero worship. When the hero is a genuine hero, and the worship sincere, we are glad to be among the devotees. But prudential hero-worship, hero-worship got up for effect as a part of the social machinery, does not command our respect. As long as the idolaters are free to set up their idol, to inspect him, to touch him, pull him down if he ceases to be worshipful in their eyes, the relation between the two parties may be natural, sweet, and serviceable. But the attempt to surround with sanctity an image no longer sacred, and to palm off upon the people for their edification an image they are not inclined to revere, is at once impertinent and demoralizing. There is a prevalent impression and a prevalent fear that to diminish the reputation of individuals is to impair the moral power of the community; that the people cannot spare their leaders, and must wander about in figurative sheep-skins and goat-skins if they are allowed to lose faith in their guides. Poor people! Are they never to be trusted to find out who are their own, or to go ever so little way, unled, by force of their own motive power?

In America the people are not subject, but sovereign. Rulers are their servants, not their lords. The Government is set to execute their will, not instituted to dictate it. The Congress is a general committee; the Cabinet is a select board of directors; the President is chairman *pro tempore*. Here the rulers do the courting and flattering, and the people meekly accept the honors. The leader asks the people whither he shall lead. Our political machinery is constructed on the principle that the motive power is all in the people; that with them is authority to set up and to pull down; that they must, at least, be consulted, whether they be wise or not, and obeyed, whether or no they be just. It is the cue of the politicians to ascribe to them all imaginable virtues, to cajole and bribe them, to lick the dust from their shoes; and yet here, too, the people are so weak-minded and fickle that they cannot stand alone, or walk alone, but will sink into the mire of depravity if these very persons, perhaps, are taken away!

Do those who are so jealous of individual reputations and influence think of this? If they hold in good faith our theory of government, their scrupulosity in regard to the criticism on prominent men is of the nature of an affront to the people. It is an indirect protest against their claim to hold the sovereign power; a denial of the principle which concedes to them the sovereignty, and, practically, a rejection of their certificate of qualification. And this is worse than a speculative blunder; it is a grave moral fault. Our views of government may be unsound; but we profess to believe them sound. The theory of human nature on which our institutions rest may be unphilosophical; but they are not so to us. Our estimate of the popular intelligence and virtue may be extravagant; but we are bound to accept it or abandon our principles. Our institutions may be an experiment; for that very reason they should be taken in full faith. On what other terms can the experiment be made successful? Men who wish for the triumph of republicanism will not begin by doubting, even by implication, its fundamental postulates. If it were true that the people did depend on individual leaders, the truth should not be needlessly confessed, but rather concealed, and the effort should be made continually to bring about the state of things in which it might be true no longer. Such a fact would indicate imperfection in our *régime*, and an arrest of development in our social organization, which every thoughtful republican should deplore. In this country, if the people are not able to stand without artificial props, the sooner they can be taught to stand so the better.

For ourselves, we are glad to believe that the people are not so helplessly dependent on their leaders as these jealous custodians seem to presume. The people, in fact, make their leaders, and not only make them but lead them, go in advance of them; hold them rather as standards and trumpets, signs of their own power, than as anything else. The leader leads because he treads with prouder step along the way that all the rest are treading, and follows more conspicuously what all the rest follow. The great men of this country become great by virtue of their power to connect themselves with some great popular sentiment, conviction, or interest. They offer points of crystallization. Sumner reached his commanding position through his unswerving loyalty to the anti-slavery conscience of New England. Seward rose to pre-eminence in consequence of his fidelity to the causes in which the people were mainly interested, and crowned himself lord of the common heart by a single phrase. The words "irrepressible conflict" won for him a renown that is not yet wholly departed. Frémont was an idol because he avowed the worship of justice that the multitude were secretly cherishing. No man leads the people who is not in sympathy with the people. Beecher towers up as he does not by reason of his vast intellectual superiority, but by reason of his cordial fellowship with mankind, his interest in the common welfare, his confidence in the public instinct, and his cheerful response to the public call.

This is known to none so well as the leaders themselves. How carefully they finger the popular pulse! How delicately they feel the lines of tendency in the popular will! How sedulously they collect the straws that tell which way the wind is blowing! They become fools in order that they may be wise. Popular leadership in America is a different thing from popular leadership in England, and the difference marks the distinction in the ruling ideas of the two countries. The English leaders take for granted, perhaps half consciously, the aristocratic character of their social system. They are educators of the masses. Among people uninstructed, powerless, unprivileged, to a great extent disfranchised, dimly conscious of their capacity, unconscious of their rights, men like John Bright or Richard Cobden are great lights and pillars of power. There attaches to them something of the same importance that belongs to institutions. Masses of mind hang upon them. They are centres of permanent influence. In his treatise on liberty Mill complained that the power of high individualities was declining. The power of his own high individuality is greater than it ever was, and were that to decline England would be bereaved. The recent defection of Thomas Carlyle to the Eyre party is a serious blow to the average morality. Even the apostasy of Charles Kingsley is of moment, as affecting the progress of liberal ideas. But here no such relation between leaders and led exists. The people, if not disciplined, instructed, or wise, are active and intelligent. They know their power and are willing it should be known. They do not think much or reason much, but they feel and will a great deal. It happens, therefore, that our most powerful men find themselves compelled to take up the points on which the people are already excited, and to strike in with the tendencies that are already developed. They cannot initiate movements, inaugurate causes, introduce new ideas, as the English radicals do. They must meet the popular feeling on issues already made. They may be accomplished men, but the influence of their general accomplishment is not appreciable on the people—it is not brought to bear on them. The people first express their want; the leaders of the people then meet the want as adroitly as they can. Wendell Phillips is the only man of independent fortune, high social position, distinguished ability, and remarkable personal influence, who has devoted his life to the education of the people in the ideas that lie

broadly at the basis of their social constitution. But he has been too far in advance of the people, and, perhaps, too intellectual, to establish strong sympathetic relations between himself and them. And, besides, the one cause to which he has been devoted with his utmost energy, and with which he is associated in the popular mind, is now so firmly grounded as to rest no longer upon him. Fine leadership is an immense advantage, in critical times it is indispensable. Without leaders the people would stumble about sadly. But, even in critical times, the leaders are less indispensable to the people than the people are to the leaders.

Hence, even in hours of great peril, the leaders are dropped without the least hesitation if they waver, or are suspected of wavering, in their allegiance. Witness Frémont. He was once the ideal man. No one had such a hold of the popular enthusiasm—a romantic interest attached to him. The mention of his name started thunders of applause. Where is he now? The instant his position became equivocal he was abandoned; nor did the public sentiment suffer from his loss. Witness Seward. The man was able, adroit, sagacious, ambitious. He seemed to understand the people. He devoted the years of a most industrious life to the erection of political renown and the attainment of political power. He was loved, trusted, followed; he was looked up to and clung to. He proved faithless to those who had adored him, and where is he? His fall has not shaken the hearts of as many men as could assemble within the sound of his voice. Witness Beecher again—a more remarkable instance still. Here is an intrinsically great man, capable of exciting vast enthusiasm, and wielding an influence at once extensive and profound. He occupies a commanding position as lecturer, preacher, reformer, and politician. He has some thousands of men and women weekly under his intellectual sway; he holds them to him by his eloquence, his wisdom, his humanity, and also by that peculiar tie which binds parishioners to their pastor. For nearly twenty years he has been moulding the public mind with powerful hands. The country did not bound his fame; it scarcely seemed to bound his influence. In an unhappy moment he seems to desert the principles he has always maintained, and to fall out of sympathy with the people who had supported him, and those very people, instead of being shaken, stand firm as ever; if anything, their moral confidence rises; at all events, it makes such demonstration as more than atones for his backsliding. They say, "We love Mr. Beecher well, but we love more the principles in which he has educated us. We prove how truly we honor him by not going with him." A more remarkable case of intellectual independence could not be produced. The leader had every attribute of power and every advantage of position, yet his faltering, or apparent faltering, threw nobody out of line and made nobody despond.

The truth is that the people drop their leaders even too easily—before the latter have a fair chance to vindicate themselves. They are hasty in judgment, impetuous in action, and violent in resentment, as of old they were. They do need patience, reflection, consideration; they need education, too, and discipline, such as come from the permanent action of trained minds. The fickleness of the people has passed into a proverb. We hope it is something better than fickleness that makes reputations so evanescent and persons of so little account in our political and social world. We are persuaded that it is something better. No doubt caprice, passion, restlessness, pride of power, conceit of wisdom, rude self-satisfaction with themselves as arbiters of destiny, have much to do with the serene composure they manifest when their idols fall and are dashed in pieces; but below all this there is the strong dumb instinct which feels its way through obscure problems, the practical common sense which events are educating all the time, and the shrewd intelligence which has everything put upon it by the necessities of social existence, and is daily exercised, of course daily instructed and disciplined, by such a popular press as is nowhere else on earth dreamed of. If the cause of the almost scornful indifference which the people show towards great reputations be thus noble, nothing need be feared from the decrease of hero-worship among us; the lessening of individuals will but indicate the greatening of the mass. But even if the cause be as ignoble as some of our friends suspect, the fact of the indifference remains the same, and it becomes all the more imperative that the educators of the people should make the popular self-confidence wise and sound.

HAVE WE COME TO CÆSARISM?

When "that acrimonious malcontent," as the Boston *Advertiser* calls him, Mr. Montgomery Blair, came back from increasing the Republican majorities in Maine, he made a violent speech, which was very calmly listened to, in Faneuil Hall. He vilified Mr. Stanton and Gen. Holt, justified President Johnson in every measure of his policy, predicted a double Congress, and prognosticated a South American state of things generally. We mean, for the present, to touch on a single point only. Mr. Blair, speaking of Congress in the style of the Johnson men, sets against the opinion of the overwhelming majority of the lawfully elected Congress the President "elected by the whole," representing, as Mr. Blair thinks, the opinion of the people more directly and more positively than Congress, each member of which is elected by a single district only.

Dismissing the consideration that, unfortunately, very little attention is paid by the people to the name of the candidate for the Vice-Presidency; that it is almost inseparably coupled with the name of the candidate for the Presidency; and that the *indirectness* of Andrew Johnson's arrival at the Presidency is bitterly historical,—waiving these reflections, we would ask Mr. Blair whether the chief characteristic of our great polity—ranging over all other characteristics, however important in their turn—is or is not of a *representative republicanism?* To place the nationally elected executive above the national legislature, in point of representing the national will and desire; to consider the man, avowedly elected to *execute* the laws, as a truer index and embodiment of public opinion than Congress—purposely consisting of a number of men representing different portions of the community, and purposely *not* elected by general ticket,—Congress, which unitedly evolves the public will (that is, law) out of the public opinion represented by them, is nothing less than the French theory of the *elect of the people;* it is democratic-monarchical absolutism. The executive, said Napoleon I., in a letter to the Minister of Justice, published in the collection of his letters by Napoleon III., is the true representative of the people; and the idea of *liberty* contained in *Cæsarism* as proclaimed by the present Bonapartists, is this: The nation, by universal suffrage, gives over all power and sovereignty to one man, saying, Be thou our sultan.

This may be a "beautifully" simple theory, and a doctrine charming to many; but we would modestly observe to Mr. Blair that it is not American representative republicanism; that it is no representative government at all; and that the people are not yet ripe for so base a state of things as this "beautiful" implies. But the idea is not wholly un-Blairish. Well do we recollect the times when the father of Mr. Montgomery Blair, editing a newspaper in General Jackson's period, repeatedly called the strong-willed President the "elected tribune of the people," and told him he represented the people better, more truly, and more directly than Congress did or could do. It has always been so. The snobs and flunkies side with the executive—king, president, or whatever he may be called. It is so easy to attack Parliament or Congress or Landtag with impunity, although the publicists of past ages, even monarchical publicists, have always called the "legislature the sovereign power in a free country." The greater is the reason why all earnest men, who do not hunger for immediate appointment, should rally around our Congress.

We advise Mr. Blair, should he really desire to know the truth, to read the debates of the framers of our Constitution on the particular question whether the executive power should be vested in one man or a committee—a directory, as the French adopted it later for a short time. He will find in these debates that, after it had once been settled that monarchy should be discarded, not a solitary member of the convention ascribed to the executive a representative character as to legislation or acts of leading statesmanship; and the *uni-executive* was finally adopted (we think fortunately so, despite the public danger which is always involved in it) because it was believed that a committee had shown itself inadequate as an executive under the articles of confederation, but by no means because it was desired to set up a Gallican sultan-representative over against an elaborately organized national representation and partial State representation in two houses.

Mr. Blair and all who side with him are not only unrepublican in their views, they are anti-representative, they are unconstitutional, and ought to emigrate to France, study Rousseau's unmitigated democracy bottled up in one Cæsar, and live in the shadow of democratic imperialism, as happy as, doubtless, those painted roses of tin and other made-up flowers felt, of which Suetonius speaks when describing the gardens of the imperators.

AUGURY FROM DUCKS.

We believe that *ducks* were not included among the birds by whose flight the Roman augurs used to take the auspices. But as, according to Hosea Biglow, "they did n't know everything down in *Judee*," no more did they in Rome. And there is no reason why our soothsayers may not prognosticate future events by observing the flight of *canards* as Gérome's augurs did by seeing how chickens picked up their allowance, or whether vultures flew over the left or over the right shoulder. Such an one, for example, as was let loose in Washington by the correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* a fortnight ago, and which, first perching on the ridge-pole of the office of that print, took its flight thence all over the country, in every direction, winged by the very lightning itself, was not without its warning of what may come to pass. It told a lie, to be sure, as to what it professed to reveal, but it was the means of foreshadowing possible events of which he that sent it flying never dreamt. It was a high crime and misdemeanor on his part, and he deserves a severe punishment for it. Lord Cochrane was sentenced to imprisonment and to stand in the pillory, though an earl's son and an M.P., for a stock jobbing trick of this kind, some fifty years ago or more. To be sure he was a troublesome radical and had Lord Ellenborough for a judge, and his actual complicity in the affair was always denied by himself and his friends. But such and so infamous was a lie with circumstance like this, intended to cheat innocent people by means of false news, deemed to be in England then, and so it should be esteemed and chastised in this country.

But we leave him to the mercy of the bears, whose natural enemies, the bulls, he helped by his leasing, and to the public prosecutors, whose business it is, or should be, to look after him. Our concern is only with the auguries to be drawn from the circumstances attending the appearance of this ominous bird, and the effect which they produced on the minds of the spectators. Though a "dead duck" now, it yet speaketh, and its utterances are well worth attending to. In the first place, the universal credence which was given at first to its pretended message showed that men's minds were prepared for the possibility of such a design as it foreshadowed. It was not rejected as a patent absurdity on the face of it, as might well have been the case had it come from any other quarter of the heavens. Indeed, the words and deeds of Mr. Johnson, since westward he took his way like the star of empire, have made surprise an impossible sensation as far as regards himself. People only wonder what he will do and say next. He is like the elephant, which was the greatest elephant in the world except himself. At least, it is very clear that such is the estimation in which he holds himself. And when a thoroughly vain man, with small ballast of common sense, is invested with great, and what seems to himself, at least, irresponsible power, there is no telling beforehand what antics he may play. The flight of this *canard*, then, and the way in which it was accepted as a genuine manifestation of the will of our Jove, showed that the people were prepared for some such manifestation, and thought it nothing particularly out of the common way of this most uncommon man. It did seem a little odd, to be sure, that our Jupiter-Scapin should give us two months' notice of his intended *coup d'état;* but then his ways are past finding out, and are not as the ways of other men. No common rules apply to him. History does not reproduce herself in his instance any more than in any other. "None but himself can be his parallel."

And, in the second place, this winged phenomenon made very manifest the determination of the men who believed its message true, that the crime it suggested as in contemplation should not be consummated. Loyal men had different theories as to the precise method to be adopted; but they were all of one mind on that point. Even the opinion of Attorney-General Stanberry, should it reflect that of the President, was not to be permitted to override the clear meanings of the Constitution, which even the President had so often recognized as such, before the foul witch Rebellion had prevailed against his soberer judgment with her enchantments. The announcement of the pretended action of the Executive created no violent excitement in men's minds. The stock-jobbers who were cornered by it did by far the greatest part of the blaspheming which it called forth. A distinct proposition was brought before the contemplation of all men which, under the unfortunate hardship we suffer from, was one not to be rejected as a palpable absurdity, but as expressing a possible contingency. It was this: Shall the President, the officer sworn to execute the laws, be permitted to set them at defiance by intruding, by the arms of the nation, members into the legislative branches of the Government without their complying with the conditions prescribed by law as precedent to such reception?

The Northern people, having shown in war that they were not the cowards the rebels professed to believe them, are now determined to show in peace that they are not such fools as they take them to be. And this determination has been brought to a practical point by the concoction of this stock-jobbing lie and the way it was received, urged home upon every loyal man that the possibility, nay, the probability of its being true, was tacitly recognized by every other loyal man. Without concert or any particular excitement, but one feeling seemed to prevail among them all, and that was that no such crime should be committed. The late elections show that the strength of the nation is on the side of Congress in this dispute, which the President alone originated and maintains, and that the deliberate sense of the nation is that the rebel element shall never be restored to political power excepting under restrictions which shall limit its powers of mischief until it shall be finally eliminated by death or conversion. Another war as long, as bloody, and as costly as the one just ended were a better alternative than the admission of an intestine foe, disposed and able to complicate our affairs and to embarrass our prosperity for years to come. But no such alternative is necessary or possible. The physical force which the political victories of the last fortnight indicate most emphatically, will probably prevent any actual outbreak of treason at the capital.

RENUNCIATION.

Oh, wherefore thus, apart with drooping wings,
Thou stillest, saddest angel,
With hidden face, as if but bitter things
Thou hadst, and no evangel?

Thou know'st that through our tears
Of hasty, selfish weeping,
Comes surer sun; and for our petty fears
Of loss, thou hast in keeping
A greater gain than all of which we dreamed.
Thou knowest that in grasping
The bright possessions which so precious seemed,
We lose them; but if, clasping
Thy faithful hand, we tread with steadfast feet
The path of thy appointing,
There waits for us a treasury of sweet
Delight; royal anointing
With oil of gladness and of strength!

H. H.

PARIS GOSSIP.

Paris, Oct. 12, 1866.

While the Emperor Napoleon, under the action of the invigorating air of Biarritz, is "renewing his youth," like the "eagles" which are the cognizance of his house; while the King of Prussia is annexing Germany; while Venice is annexing herself to Italy; while "all the Russias," having finished paying compliments to the United States, are going wild over the charms of their future Czarina Dagmar; and ex-majesties, ex-princelings, and ex courtiers innumerable are taking up their abode in Switzerland,—the energetic but overtasked and over-anxious Empress of Mexico is suffering from attacks of nervous excitement that at times threaten her reason; Baron James de Rothschild, of this city, head of the great group of money-

kings whose royalty bids fair to outlast so many others, has been laid up with a malady that has already cost him one eye and that threatens the other; and a M. N—— C——, a well-known mining engineer, who is vouched for as being a man of talent and education, of cool and methodical temperament, and about thirty years of age, has become, most unexpectedly to himself, the hero of a nine days' fit of wonderment on the part of the Parisians, from the fact that his hair, black and unusually luxuriant, has been whitened in a single night under the impression of a dream.

"We should not give space to the narrative of this singular adventure," says the editor of the *Pays*, in whose columns the incident was originally mentioned, "were it not that M. C—— is personally well known to us as a truthful and honorable man, and has himself furnished us with the account we publish, affirming *on oath* the absolute exactness of every detail therein given."

From the account thus given to the public it appears that M. C——, when inspecting certain mineral tracts in Brittany, stopped one night at a little roadside inn a few hundred yards distant from a mine which he had never seen, but which he purposed visiting next day. Having walked many miles in the course of the day, M. C——, on reaching the inn, felt very tired. He accordingly went to bed early, fell asleep at once, and dreamed, he asserts, the following dream: He thought that he had just been appointed to the managership of the mine in question, and he was busy in superintending the work of the miners, when the owner of the mine appeared on the ground. This man, rough and ill-bred, addressed the new manager rudely, reproaching him with his inactivity, adding:

"Instead of standing there, with your arms folded, seeing other men work, you would do better to go down into the mine and draw the plan of it, as you engaged to do."

"I will go down and begin the drawings at once," replied the young engineer, hurt and annoyed at the manner of his employer.

Placing himself forthwith in the basket, he ordered the men at the windlass to let him down into the mine. This was done; the basket reached the bottom; and then, summoning a couple of the workmen to precede him with their lamps, he explored the various galleries of the mine, and, having made a plan of the workings, returned to the bottom of the shaft, got into the basket, and gave the signal for the ascent. As he placed himself in the basket he remarked the great thickness of the rope which served to hoist it, and calculated that, the mine being unusually deep, the ascent could scarcely be accomplished in less than a quarter of an hour.

He had been ascending thus for two or three minutes when, chancing to raise his eyes, he espied what seemed to him to be an abrasion of the rope by which he was being drawn up. Startled by this appearance, he fixed his eyes on the portion of the rope which had attracted his attention, and saw distinctly that the rope was cut a few feet above his head, just out of reach of his hand. His terror at this discovery was such that he nearly fainted. Rousing himself, by force of will, from the stupor of apprehension that had so nearly overcome him, he compelled himself to calmness, and set himself again to examine the rope. Perhaps he was mistaken; he would look again. But no; he was not mistaken. The rope had rubbed against some projection of the rocky walls which hemmed him in, and its strands were untwisting slowly but visibly. At the injured point the thickness of the massive cable was already reduced to less than an inch.

The unfortunate man felt that his doom was sealed; the conviction of the utter hopelessness of his position chilled him to the very marrow of his bones. He tried to call out, but his tongue seemed frozen. Moreover, he felt that, even if he could make himself heard (which was totally impossible, as he was now half way up), no human aid could reach him. Looking upwards, he could see the daylight at the mouth of the shaft, bright but distant, like a star. Gazing downwards, over the edge of the basket, at a depth that it made him dizzy and sick to look down to, he could see, like so many glow-worms, the lamps of the miners. And the basket, meantime, mounted higher and higher every instant, the rope cracking audibly under the increasing strain of the ascent. The unfortunate engineer saw clearly that there was no possibility of escaping the horrible fate awaiting him, and could almost count the seconds that would elapse ere the breaking of the rope must precipitate him into the fearful void below. Such was the intensity of his anguish that he was tempted to abridge its duration by throwing himself down at once, instead of awaiting any longer the inevitable instant. As he hesitated, longing yet fearing to take the fatal leap, the basket reached the mouth of the shaft. He was saved! With a loud cry he leaped from the basket, awaking as he felt once more the solid earth beneath his feet.

The horrible adventure was only a dream; but M. C—— was trembling, exhausted, bathed in perspiration, and incapable of making a movement or uttering a sound. After a time he recovered his self-command so far as to be able to ring for help. The people of the inn hastened to obey the summons, but could not at first recognize their customer of the preceding evening, for his luxuriant raven hair had become perfectly gray. And, stranger than even this physical evidence of the violence of the emotions he had undergone during his troubled slumbers, there lay upon his bed, and evidently drawn by his own hand, a plan of the adjacent mine which he was to visit on the following day, but which he had never seen, and of whose internal arrangements he had no idea; and this plan, so unaccountably produced, proved, on examination of the mine, to be absolutely correct in every particular.

So much for the story vouched for by one of the five "leading journals" of this capital; its explanation I leave to the ingenuity of your readers.

The brilliant success of Victorien Sardou's new play, "Our Worthy Villagers," is the topic of the day, and bids fair to rival that of his famous "Benoîton Family." The half of the Paris press which is sure of its dinner extols the new work of the favorite dramatist to the skies; the hungry half is as lavish in its abuse. The lucky young author pockets his gains with unruffled equanimity; and his adorers are hinting that, as the Academy has proved, by the election of Octave Feuillet and Prévost-Paradol, that it no longer regards senility as the indispensable condition of a seat among its immortals, they do not despair of seeing him in occupation of one of the "Forty Chairs" which are the *point de mire* of all Frenchmen addicted to literature.

The theatres are contributing their quota to the national subscription set on foot in aid of the victims of the late terrible inundations. They are giving up a night's receipts to this good end; the prettiest actresses, moreover, going through the house at the end of the first play and collecting the contributions of the charitably-minded or admiring spectators, to swell the total of the evening's proceeds. At one of these "benefit-nights for the inundated" the attention of the house was attracted by a silk cravat, spangled over with magnificent diamonds, worn by one of the audience. On enquiry, it appeared that the wearer of what might have been the sweepings of Aladdin's palace is the owner of one of the favorite coffee and billiard rooms of this refined and enlightened metropolis; and the enquiry naturally presents itself, Granting the diamonds of the master of the coffee-house in question to be a correct indication of his gains, what would be the splendors of the fortunate master of the "Alcazar" (the scene of Thérésa's nightly triumphs) were he to take this method of advertising the success of his speculation? Coat, vest, and trousers spangled over with the lustrous gems which tempt to so many follies, would hardly suffice to express the relative proportions of success on the part of the two coffee-house magnates, and the master of the "Alcazar" would need to complete the working out of the problem by powdering his hair, eyebrows, and whiskers with the bits of shining carbon, and hanging about his person long streamers of ribbon sewed over with diamonds, after the fashion of the last invention for showing off his treasures hit upon by that absurd old jewel-loving "horror," his Royal Highness the ex-reigning Duke of Brunswick.

Lovers of music will be glad to know that Rossini has, at last, allowed himself to be persuaded into publishing the "Mass" in music that created so great a sensation, a year and a half ago, among the privileged few who were allowed to assist at the performance, in the *maestro's* saloons, of this autumnal flower of his genius. He is working, with all the ardor of his younger days, at the orchestral score of this mass, the "O Salutaris" of which has been written, says gossip, expressly for Alboni.

ON EATING AND DRINKING.

From the blank periods of life, when the instincts are satisfied with the mother's milk, to the stage of existence when our nature is toned down, perhaps by disorders for which we alone are responsible, and possesses tastes which have been engrafted upon it or developed by constant cultivation, there is a transition so insensible that the satisfaction of the appetites comes to be regarded as a matter of course; and few, except professed physiologists, have ever stopped to enquire why we must eat, what it is best for us to eat, and what becomes of the tons of matter which we take into the body in a lifetime.

What is the real, physiological object of eating, and what is the nature and cause of the appetite? These questions are now pretty satisfactorily answered by scientific men. The wonderful and as yet unexplained principle of life which commences with the fecundated microscopic germ $\frac{1}{120}$ of an inch in diameter, and carries us through the allotted threescore and ten years, developing, from material furnished from without, into the magnificent organism which characterizes the lord of creation, is manifested by a constant

process of waste and repair. Every instant of existence is occupied in the discharge from the body of worn-out matter. Asleep or awake, in repose or activity, in health and in sickness, muscle, bone, cartilage, fibres, brain, nerves, and every part of the organism are worn out, become effete, and are discharged in the excretions. The carbonic acid which is exhaled from the lungs and general surface, the urea and other excretions which are separated by the great purifying glands of the body, are all used-up animal matters which are thrown off, and, if not replaced, the body would daily diminish in weight by several pounds. In the economy of nature, as it is impossible to create out of nothing, so matter cannot be destroyed, and nothing is ever lost. The vegetable kingdom greedily appropriates or feeds upon the waste of animal organisms; and animals in their turn are, directly or indirectly, nourished by vegetables.

Though we never forget to breathe, we only appreciate the luxury of pure air when we are in danger of being deprived of it. The disagreeable sensations which are experienced in a vitiated atmosphere, and which we try to relieve by deep sighing inspirations, are all due to want of oxygen in the blood, and not in the lungs; and on the other hand, if we put a bellows in the wind-pipe of an animal and supply air to the system in abundance, he may be made to forget to breathe for minutes. The sighs which are ordinarily supposed to indicate dejection or powerful emotion are, unromantically enough, to be explained by the fact that from preoccupation, or otherwise, the breathing has not been sufficiently constant and profound. It is easy to understand that the pounds of matter which are daily separated from the blood and discharged from the body in the form of gas, water, or solids, must be replaced from without. We supply the loss of gas by breathing; the loss of water by drinking; the loss of solids by what is known as food. All these go into the blood, and by it are distributed to every part of the body.

If we are thus destined to be continually made over, is it not a point of the greatest practical interest to every one to select good materials for the work? The practical truth of this cannot be doubted; but the question arises, whether the appetite can be safely relied upon to guide us in this matter. If there be a satisfactory answer to this all-important question, every one should know it. If the despotic rule of the appetite be just and proper, and for our own benefit, there are few with whom it would not meet with a cheerful acquiescence. But on the other hand, we are warned by moralists, who assume that the natural appetites of man are depraved and sinful, that the lust of the flesh must be struggled against and overcome. The latter position is untenable and a physiological absurdity.

In the first place, there can be no question as regards the necessity of some kind of food, for the appetite expresses a positive want on the part of the system for material with which to supply the worn-out parts. It is also true that, under varied conditions, the system demands different kinds of food. In the arctic regions, animal food, especially fat, is demanded in immense quantities, and in the tropics, the light, succulent vegetables are craved. If, under these circumstances, the dictates of the appetite be not followed, the orders are enforced by disturbances in digestion and nutrition. Many imagine that variety in diet is merely a matter of taste; but the craving for different articles expresses a physiological want; and if the monotony of diet be too great or too prolonged, the natural penalty is scurvy and a host of disorders allied to it. Cooking is a necessary preparation for most of the varieties of food used by man, and it is a rule, to which there are few exceptions, that the most agreeable and savory dishes are the most easily digested. Not only are the dishes in which the natural flavors of the articles are developed and heightened by skilful preparation the most agreeable to the palate, but their nutritive principles are easily acted upon by the digestive juices, and are readily absorbed and appropriated; while the mongrel soup and the tasteless rehash offend the gustatory sense and refuse to nourish the body. Misdirected ingenuity may conceal the flavor of bad material or impart a certain *goût* to a dish the basis of which has no flavor at all, but such preparations cannot be taken often with relish, and the vital forces are never deceived by them.

It is not profitable at the present day to discuss the principles adopted by certain gastronomic sectarians, such as the vegetarians, whose physical condition is generally the strongest of arguments against their peculiar views. There is, and must always be, a natural religion of diet which is accepted by the great mass of mankind. Neither have we anything to do with morbid cravings and fancies; for these concern only the physician. It is safe to trust to the natural tastes and appetites, bearing in mind always that they may be perverted by excesses. Every one, in carefully scrutinizing his experience when he supposes that harm has come from the indulgence of his taste in eating, will recognize that the trouble has generally proceeded from over-indulgence; eating after he has experienced the unmistakable sense of satisfaction, which is considerably short of satiety. This occurs from yielding to solicitation when something within indicates the proper course.

Finally, there is one great mistake into which dietitians are very apt to fall. It is assumed by some that man is simply an animal whose great object in eating and drinking is to maintain the organism in the most perfect physical condition. It would be very unfortunate for progress and civilization were this view to be generally adopted. The immense development of the brain which places man at the head of the animal kingdom imposes upon him extraordinary duties, responsibilities, and labors; and these necessarily involve irregularities in living and unusual expedients to sustain temporarily the vital forces. How often has the intellect, in accomplishing a great work, offered up the body as a sacrifice on the altar of common humanity! The world has been most blessed by those who have not been content to pass their lives in simply wearing out and repairing their tissues in the most regular and physiological manner. The lower animals, it is true, never use tea, coffee, tobacco, or alcohol. The lower animals never need to use these stimulants; they cannot have the aspirations and cares which belong to the enormously developed and exquisitely sensitive nervous system of man.

But leaving the subject of drinking untouched for the present, let us say a word upon what we may call physiological eating. While the regulation of the diet for any single day may be a matter of little moment, the adoption of certain grand principles of living is of immense importance. The subject of dining is the arrangement of a single meal, in which the greatest amount of gustatory enjoyment is obtained for the longest period and with the most reasonable strain on the physical powers, and does not possess the same general interest, but belongs to the poetry of physiological science rather than the stern principles of everyday life.

The questions which we propose to ourselves at present are, simply, whether the general selection of articles of food is, to a reasonable degree, in accordance with the present advanced condition of physiological science, and how the mistakes which many must make in this way may be easily corrected.

In the first place, what are the proper times of the day for eating? It is fortunate, for the convenience of different persons, that in this a great deal of latitude is allowable. As a rule in this country, a substantial meal is taken soon after rising. In some other countries this is seldom, if ever, done. A cup of black coffee and a bit of bread form the real breakfast of a Frenchman, and the first substantial meal is taken five or six hours after. Frenchmen who become domesticated in this country generally fall into our way of taking breakfast, and find that it answers as well as their own; and Americans who live in France are apt, in the same way, to adopt the customs of the country. In the city of New York a light lunch is taken in the middle of the day; the hour for dining is six; and nothing is taken after that time. In other cities and in smaller places, the principal meal is at one, two, or three in the afternoon, and a light meal is taken at six or seven. The only physiological requirement is that for an hour or two in the day, after the greatest quantity of food has been taken, there should exist a certain amount of tranquillity of the nervous and muscular systems.

Breakfast is a meal which generally gives little trouble as regards its digestion, for these two reasons: In the first place, the quantity of material to be fitted for absorption is generally not large, and the ordinary breakfasts taken in this country are composed of articles which are easily disposed of. In the second place, we do not expect our breakfast to distress, us and we think but little of it after it is taken.

Most persons cannot pass the ten or eleven hours which elapse from breakfast to dinner without some light nourishment in the middle of the day. Lunch—though it has been called by a gastronomic Englishman a reflection on the breakfast and an insult to the dinner—should be taken by those who feel they require it. It should be composed, however, of a small quantity of easily digestible material; for the digestive organs of the adult should not be called upon for serious labor more than twice in the twenty-four hours. The principal meal of the day is a serious matter. If taken after the greatest part of the work is done, it is naturally followed by a condition of repose; but the prospect of this is apt to lead to the habit of relying too much on the dinner, and of eating no lunch and but a nominal breakfast. This makes the dinner too heavy. It leads to inordinate indulgence at that time, and throws all the work of digestion into a single period. Literary men, and those who have to work at night, will find that this sort of life will not answer. The labor of digestion must be more distributed. If dinner be taken in the middle of the day, it is generally found inconvenient to eat too much; and this hour thus has a certain amount of advantage arising from the necessity of some mental or physical exertion some time after the principal meal.

Now, the important question arises: What does pure physiology teach us to eat at these times? It is well-known to physiologists that the system imperatively demands nitrogenized or albuminized substances, such as the gluten of vegetables, albumen, and lean meat; non-nitrogenized substances, such as starch, sugar, and fat; and inorganic saline matters, such as common salt, phosphates, etc. Though the digestive system of man is intermediate between that of the herbivora and the carnivora, it resembles the latter more than the former. Nevertheless a mixed diet is most favorable to healthy nutrition, and all recognize the necessity of considerable variety in such diet. Moreover, starchy substances make a man fat, but albuminized substances make him strong.

We believe that meat should be taken at the morning meal. It may not be digested so quickly as some starchy substances; but, as a rule, it is digested easily, and it certainly satisfies the system, and carries us farther in our work than vegetables alone. At this time meat should be taken in a palatable and easily digestible form; stewed, with the nutrient juices saved in the sauces, and the aromatic principles developed by the heat; or, better than all, broiled; for here the juices are retained in the tissue, and the flavor is developed by the hardening and caramelization, as it were, of the exterior. Above all, avoid the abomination of frying fresh meat; not alone as a matter of taste, but as a violation of scientific laws. A fresh animal tissue which has soaked up a mass of seething fat is not in a proper condition to be taken into the system. Salted articles, which are generally so hardened that they will not readily absorb the fat, as fish, and articles which are exposed for but a short time to the very high temperature to which all fried articles are subjected, may be cooked in this way, but never good fresh meat.

Meat should by no means constitute the largest part of a physiological breakfast. As this is very often the staple of the dinner, it is desirable to eat a considerable quantity of starchy and fatty matters in the morning. Bread in its various forms, butter, and the inevitable potato are important aids to proper nutrition. The breads should be thoroughly baked and light; for in this form the starch is most easily acted upon by the digestive fluids, which do not readily change raw starch into sugar, the form it must take before it can be absorbed, and the light, porous character of good bread allows it to be easily infiltrated with the saliva and the other juices. Bread likewise furnishes gluten, and is, of itself, capable of supporting life when too much of this nitrogenized substance has not been removed in making the fancy grades of flour. For the same reason, the starch in the potato should be thoroughly cooked.

A considerable variety is demanded, not only by the taste, but actually by the nutrition. We may use all the different meats, fresh and salt; poultry, fish of various kinds, and eggs. Eggs contain albumen, and in the yolk a large quantity of fat. They are highly nutritious and easily digested; and common experience is correct in placing them in the front rank as articles for the morning meal. Finally, unless warned by the system to the contrary, take in the morning tea or coffee. These are stimulants which have all the beneficial effects belonging to articles of this class, with no unpleasant reaction. As has been demonstrated again and again, by actual experiment, tea and coffee retard the waste of the tissues of the body, and enable us to do a given amount of work with less material in the shape of solid food. The physiological effects of these two articles are nearly identical.

A day begun in the way here recommended gives us the best preparation we could have for the labors and trials we are liable to encounter, and is in entire accordance with the teachings of science. If all knew how much of that which is disagreeable depends entirely upon the physical condition, they would take more pains to begin each day in the proper manner.

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The Week.

IN spite of the enormous Democratic majority rolled on Tuesday in this city, and which was largely made up of the arrears of aliens which the fear of the conscription caused to accumulate, as well as of new comers whose admiration of American institutions was too strong to allow them to wait the legal five years before participating in the government, Fenton has been elected by a majority the extent of which is still doubtful. At the present writing, the *Herald* puts it at 3,000 to 6,000, the *Times* at 10,000 to 15,000, and the *Tribune* maintains a discreet silence. Ten thousand will probably be pretty near the mark. The efforts made by the Democrats in this city have borne fruit. Morrissey goes to Congress by a large majority, where his moral progress will be watched with interest by the country members. He is the first penitentiary convict (political offenders, of course, excepted) who has, if we are not mistaken, ever sat in the Legislature of a Christian country. Horace Greeley, as might have been expected, has been defeated. His labors amongst the Fenians have profited him little, a fact over which all friends of political morality will rejoice; and we are bound to add that he, as well as other editors we could name, is more useful at his post as a journalist than he would ever be in Congress. James Brooks has carried the day against William E. Dodge, and Mrs. Cady Stanton will not sit in the Fortieth Congress. The New York delegation will stand 11 Democrats to 19 Union men. New Jersey has covered herself with glory, displaying one of the most astonishing moral as well as political revolutions of this great crisis. The Republicans have there gained two Congressmen, and have absolutely a majority in both branches of the State Legislature.

GENERAL BUTLER had a most amusing and uproarious interview with the New York mob at a "meeting" in front of the City Hall in this city on Saturday last. He displayed undaunted courage and wonderful powers of vituperation. The proceedings while he "had the floor" consisted mainly of yells, oaths, scuffling, and name-calling. He ate, *coram populo*, an apple hurled at his head by one of his auditors, which we think was buying a reputation for coolness rather dearly, as the apple had, probably, been taken from a dirty pocket by a dirtier fist. Towards the close, however, the general lost his temper or fell into a "divine despair," and made a clean breast of it, telling the majority of his hearers his real opinion of them, which was not flattering. He mentioned amongst other things that he had "hanged their betters," which was quite true, but which, we venture to say, was the most original bit of abuse to be found in the annals of vituperation. We are not, as a general rule, admirers of this sort of thing, but for his conduct on this occasion the general has our sympathy and thanks. His speech will not do those to whom it was addressed any good, but it will do the rest of the community good. The spectacle of a leading politician getting up in front of their own den, and telling, in unadorned English, the thieving, drunken, murdering, burglarious gentry who rule this city what every decent man in the civilized world, who knows anything of them, thinks about them, cannot but have a good moral effect at a time when even such lovers of plain speech as Horace Greeley approach them with bated breath, and pretend to believe that they pass their time in praying and laboring for liberty and all other good causes.

THE State of Maryland, as at present constituted, may be said to have been peaceably revolutionized by perjury in this election. The "iron-clad" oath proved an ineffectual barrier to the "conservative" vote, and the next Legislature will be Democratic by a large majority. Probably Governor Swann, to whose registrars this result is due, will be sent to the U. S. Senate, though services like his sometimes go unrewarded; and in the House of Representatives but one of the three Maryland members will be Republican.

THERE are rumors, as yet unconfirmed, that Maximilian has abdicated, handing over the Government to Marshal Bazaine, who has long been the real upholder of the empire. The fate of the Emperor will, should this news prove true, excite general sympathy, but wrongly, as we hold. True, he has been made a fool of by Napoleon, but a foreigner who allows himself to be imposed on a people by a foreign army deserves all the misfortunes that may befall him as the consequence of his blunder. The lesson of his fate will, we hope, not be lost on the whole profession to which he belongs—for reigning has come at last to be a profession, having lost the sacerdotal character which once attached to it.

WE predicted a week ago that the nomination of John Morrissey, the pugilist, to Congress would be defended by the aid of English precedents, and we have not had long to wait. The *World* has come to his rescue by showing that Windham, "the intimate friend of Burke," approved of prize-fighting as "an exercise well calculated to bring out the hardy qualities of the lower classes." This would, of course, of itself be conclusive; but the writer piles up his authorities, and, in accordance with the Congressional custom, goes back to the palmy days of Greece, and shows that, "had Morrissey lived in the heroic age, his qualities would have made him a rival of Theseus and Hercules." This ought to be sufficient for any Democratic elector, although it does not touch on that portion of Mr. Morrissey's career which he has passed as keeper of a gambling-house, and in which he accumulated the fortune to which he owes the Tammany nomination. Morrissey himself evidently does not rely much either on Mr. Windham's dictum or the practice of the "heroic ages," as he has issued an appeal *ad misericordiam*, showing that he was badly brought up, never committed a burglary, and that his object in going to Congress is to furbish up his reputation and give his boy "a good start" in life. These aims are very commendable; but if the House of Representatives is to be converted into a reformatory for retired pugilists and the keepers of gambling hells of New York, the rest of the country ought to be consulted.

In England these gentlemen generally keep a tavern in their old age; and as English precedents seem to be much relied on in these matters, we recommend the appointment of a commission to find out the progress made in virtue by those bruisers who preside over "sporting publics" in the neighborhood of London. According to an official record published in the press of this city, Morrissey has, in the course of his "adventurous" life, been eight times indicted for assault with intent to kill, assault and battery, and burglary, and has served nine months at hard labor in the Penitentiary for three several breaches of the public peace.

We have received from Mr. W. Beach Lawrence, too late for publication, a letter in which he denies that the article on Dana's "Wheaton" in the "North American Review" "disposes of him," as we said it did, and calls our attention to the fact that he has brought the case into court—where, we may add, The Nation intends to leave it for the present.

We have received from the officers of the "College of New York" (the late "Free Academy") a bronze medal, of large size, commemorating the change of name of this institution. Accompanying the medal was a printed circular expressing, in what we must call "gushing" terms, the exalted opinion entertained of us, as citizens and "friends of education," by these gentlemen. At the risk of seeming ungracious, we feel bound to say that both the medal and the circular have left on us an unpleasant impression. The professors of the college have evidently got it into their heads that in inducing the Legislature to call them a "college" instead of an "academy" they have done something very fine, and they exhibit their delight in a manner which might pass in their undergraduates, but is hardly worthy of teachers of young men. They are evidently as much dazzled and obfuscated by mere names as the venders of perfumes and quack medicines. We beg to remind them, therefore, that an institution of learning is made neither better nor worse by being called a "college" instead of an "academy" or "institute," or even an "establishment." Its value depends on the kind of men it produces, and not on the titles it gives itself. Our professors appear to think "the act taking effect May 1, 1866," was a wonderful and important event. It was of absolutely no importance whatever. A good lobbyist can get an act of the Legislature passed to take effect either May 1st or April 1st of any year still to come of the Christian era, bestowing on any dame's school in New York the style and title of "temple of the sciences" or "sanctuary of learning;" but the school would still remain a dame's school. The circular and the medal are doubly objectionable, as they will help to retard the growth amongst the pupils of the "College of New York" of that sobriety of mind and language which we judge to be their greatest need.

The course of the proceedings which have been agitating Maryland and absorbing the attention of the country at large during the past week, may be summed up as follows: After Gov. Swann had given his reasons for condemning and removing the Baltimore commissioners, and had appointed new ones in their place, these latter first summoned the old board to surrender their authority, and then, being unheeded, began to swear in their own policemen, in which business they were aided by the sheriff. A collision being imminent, State Attorney Maund applied to Judge Bond for the arrest of the parties thus threatening the public peace, and a warrant was accordingly issued and served upon them, and they were brought into court, obliged to give bail for their good behavior, and in default were committed. A writ of *habeas* was issued by Judge Bartol, of the Court of Appeals, on Saturday night, but not served till Monday, when the warden reserved to himself the full time allowed him by law for making his return, and Judge Bartol sustained him, though it was known that this delay would bridge over the election. The good management which thus defeated the selfish, political ends of the governor, and at the same time avoided bloodshed and even much violence, cannot be too highly praised. The courts will presently have an opportunity to decide, at their customary leisure, whether the power lay with the Executive to try and then remove the commissioners, and if so, whether the new appointees were justified in seeking to take forcible possession of the authority with which they were invested. Thus far, it is the latter question alone that has come up, and it has been decided sufficiently to preserve a most important election from being held under the auspices either of Andrew Johnson or, to speak metaphorically, of Jefferson Davis; though not to debar perjury from prevailing at the polls.

At the primary meeting of Republicans in Ward Six, Boston, the colored voters who abound there named one of their number to represent them in the State legislature. There being some error or confusion in the count, and the nomination being doubted and even denied, one of the white nominees, who stood first on the ballot, gracefully and honorably declined in favor of Mr. Mitchell. The affair created some little excitement at the time, and tested the sincerity of the professions for equal rights in more than one bosom; but we believe that all parties are glad of the final shape it assumed, and especially that Mr. Mitchell has since been triumphantly supported by his loyal fellow-citizens. We know him for a modest, intelligent, brave-hearted man, who entered one of the two Massachusetts colored regiments, and was wounded in the leg in one of those disastrous battles on the Southern main which gained only honor to the heroic blacks. We regard this election, and that of Mr. Walker, a well-known and highly-respected member of the Middlesex bar, as doubly valuable, because they will pave the way for a further recognition of the colored man's place in office and in the jury-box, already allowed him by law in Massachusetts, but almost never in practice. If any one ask whether he is fit for still higher advancement, let him compare Mr. Mitchell's character and record with Mr. Morrissey's.

Chivalry, as our readers know, has been reviving the tourney, with knights and trappings and *noms de guerre*, with lists and heralds and tickets of admission (price one dollar), and a "Queen of Beauty and Love," supported by "maids of honor." All this in aid either of "the holy cause of charity," *alias* "the Southern Relief Association," when at St. Louis, or of a "monument to the memory of the Confederate dead of this county," when at Tuscumbia, Georgia. Chivalry was ever nothing if not mounted, and was disposed to think it could ride roughshod over anything until it met with cavalry on sundry battlefields. But, at St. Louis, a Massachusetts boy, with the mudsill title of "Base Ball," carried off the highest honors, and duly crowned, we suppose, the lady of his choice, on her royal throne "in parlor No. 6 of the Lindell Hotel," and led her out to supper, the band playing "its grandest march," according to the managers' programme. At Tuscumbia, the third prize lay between a native and a Federal officer of the vicinity, the sport being here not tilting at rings, but "for the best right cut with the sabre," and the prize a pair of silver spurs. "Impromptu," or the Federal officer aforesaid, though the ladies hissed and the little boys tried to frighten his horse, succeeded in doing the best slashing, and was introduced by the magnanimous autochthon as "My rival, Captain Thomas." This touch of nature made the assembly kin, and "the two worthy knights were applauded heartily." But chivalry was evidently loth to bind its spurs on a Yankee.

In the midst of much rejoicing over the rapidity with which the eastern division of the Pacific Railroad is progressing from the Missouri, so that, by the central route at least, the Rocky Mountains are likely to be reached but little later than January 1st—a correspondent of the Hartford *Press*, writing from California, inveighs with great warmth, and with apparent force, against the gigantic monopoly which is constructing the western division. The road, he says, is built in the most shabby manner and at a pace which will require ten years, not to say fifteen, to reach Salt Lake City. It is built, too, wholly out of the Government subsidy, and he doubts if the company have a hundred thousand dollars of paid-up capital. Meanwhile their charges are exorbitant—ten cents a mile in coin for passengers, and forty dollars a ton for freight, on a road seventy miles in length. The present profits at such rates, and the prospective power of a corporation which is endowed with a broad tract of the most valuable land in the region on each side of the track, may easily be guessed. Congress is urged

while there is yet time, to impose restrictions on the cost of transportation, or else to restore by Government favor the competition formerly existing between the actual, or Dutch Flat, and the Placerville route. The correspondent has a powerful way of setting forth the monopolies with which California is saddled; and the dangers which he apprehends from them for our politics and franchises are probably not exaggerated. He takes issue with Mr. Bowles on many points, and sets his positive statements concerning the faulty construction of the road against the latter's approval of it, implied in his praise of the engineer (now deceased) by whose name the route is sometimes designated. What interest, if any, the correspondent had in the practically extinct controversy between the rival routes, we do not pretend to assert. His letter was dated on the 24th of September, and since then the road has crept at least four or five miles nearer the summit, still ten miles distant.

THE Fenian excitement about the prisoners under sentence in Canada still continues, and the position of the Canadian authorities is rendered somewhat embarrassing by the threats from this side and by the desperate competition of our politicians of all parties for Fenian smiles. If the prisoners' sentence is commuted, it is feared that the Fenians will conclude it has been done through fear; if it is not commuted, it is feared their execution will lead to a revival amongst the "Brotherhood" and a repetition of the raid. But all the arguments, as we said last week, are in favor of mercy. Better spare life and be thought afraid than hang men in order to be thought brave. The Fenians who have been caught are very poor game, and a short term of imprisonment would rally opinion here to the Canadian side. The servant-girls of the United States will be the real sufferers if the men are hanged, as they will have to fit out from their scanty earnings an expedition to avenge them and, as has been threatened at one Fenian meeting, "to sweep away the last vestige of British power from the face of the earth." The cost of a job of this kind, with gold and dry goods "ruling" as high as they do now, would be enormous, and would fill our kitchens with penury and tears. We hope the "Brotherhood" will have some mercy on the "Sisterhood," and that the Canadian authorities will show consideration for them both.

VENICE has been occupied by the Italian troops, and probably by this time also, though the news has not reached us, has been entered by Victor Emanuel. The Austrians seem to have displayed good temper and good sense in all the preparations for their departure. The officers and men are generally good fellows. It is the system they uphold which has won them their evil reputation. A striking illustration of the fatuity of the reigning house has just been afforded in the dismissal of Admiral Tegethoff, who fought the battle of Lissa, for refusing to serve under the Archduke Leopold, who has been put in command of the navy for no better reason than that he is a Hapsburg. Probably in after ages nothing in the history of our race will seem more singular than the blind devotion with which highly civilized communities have submitted, generation after generation, to be treated by such families as the Hapsburgs as animals, existing simply to supply them with the pleasures of power and luxurious living.

THE Pope says he will resist the Italian encroachments to the last, and, all else failing, will seek some other country for the free exercise of his ministry. We think he is quite right. It is his duty to go wherever the people want him and will let him do a pope's business freely; but we venture to doubt whether there is any country in which he can enjoy more liberty and respect as a simple bishop than in Italy, and if he leaves Rome it will be the crowning folly of a foolish life. If he believe Christ's promises to the Church, it cannot make any difference to him where he lives. No good Catholic supposes the divine support is guaranteed to the Papacy on condition of its staying in Rome and possessing temporal power; and if he does not so suppose, the clamor about the necessity of the temporal power for the preservation of the Pope's independence is so much idle talk. A small island is the place for him—large enough for an estate, and not large enough for a principality.

THE FREEDMEN.

THE American Freedmans Union Commission, at whose head is the Chief-Justice of the United States, has issued a Thanksgiving appeal to the nation for a continuance of that support which, during the past year, has enabled the society to send into the South 760 teachers, sustain 301 schools, instruct 50,000 pupils, and distribute half a million dollars in supplies. Its machinery is now better organized than ever before. The Bureau can lend it more assistance than formerly. But its treasury is empty. "Ten dollars," says the appeal, "will instruct a pupil; five hundred dollars sustain a teacher for a year. Shall this work go on?" We believe that the people have already decided upon their answer to this question. If they will make good their purpose by their deeds, they will send contributions in money to the treasurer of the nearest branch society, or to George C. Ward, Esq., general treasurer, 76 John Street, New York City, and contributions in goods to the secretary of the nearest branch. We trust the clergy will not neglect this appeal in behalf of the most Christian cause now occupying the attention of a Christian people. Charity, it should be enforced, in this instance means more than food and raiment—the social, intellectual, and political development of a repressed and long-suffering race.

—The Bureau agent at Annapolis, Md., makes the gratifying report that "the magistrates, so far as I have knowledge, in this county, are executing the law in obedience to the decision of Judge Bowie. [The decision referred to was that under the provisions of the Civil Rights Bill negro testimony must be received in all the courts of Maryland, and the magistrates were instructed by the Attorney-General that Judge Bowie's decision was the law of the State, and must be obeyed.] At the opening of the circuit, on the 22d of October, Judge Magruder charged the grand jury to see that the freedmen were afforded all the protection secured to them by *existing State laws*, but made no allusion to the Civil Rights Bill or to the competency of colored people's testimony." Subsequently the judge rejected colored testimony when offered, in a suit before him, against one of the parties, a white man. His action was based on the assumed unconstitutionality of the Civil Rights Bill.

—General Howard's report for the year ending September 1, 1866, has been forwarded to the Secretary of War. It covers over one hundred pages of closely-written foolscap paper.

—The "Executive Council" of the colored people have instituted three test suits for the political enfranchisement of their constituents under the republican clause of the Constitution. Two are on behalf of citizens of Newark, not allowed to be registered last month as voters; and one of a citizen of Wilmington, Delaware, whose vote was also refused last month. They come before the Supreme Court of New Jersey and the U. S. Circuit Court respectively. Gen. Butler is one of the council retained. Subscriptions to aid the prosecution may be sent to the treasurer of the Council, Elias S. Ray, Newark.

—Gen. E. M. Gregory has been examining into the causes of the late assault upon the Methodist camp-meeting near Baltimore. He reports:

"From a careful reading of the whole testimony, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the riot was premeditated, and that the object of the riot was, 1st, an attack upon the colored people; and, 2d, a deliberate attempt to break up the camp-meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church on account of the alleged anti-slavery sentiments of its ministers and members."

—"A full-blooded white man," says the Jacksonville (Fla.) *Union*, remarking the changed condition of affairs in that section—of which the phrase quoted is an unconscious instance—"was arraigned in the County Criminal Court last Thursday, before his Honor Judge Doggett, on a charge of assault with intent to kill. He was tried by a jury of white men, and convicted by negro testimony, and the judge sentenced him, in accordance with the verdict, to pay a fine of one thousand dollars."

—A negro in Georgia was recently sentenced to the penitentiary for twelve years for rape on the person of a white woman, although it was shown that he had been already tried for the same offence by a military court, convicted, and worn a ball and chain three months by way of punishment. Judge Speer, of the Sumter Superior Court, would allow no release unless the offender belonged either to the U. S. army or navy, which he did not.

Notes.

LITERARY.

In spite of high tariffs and a disagreeable percentage on gold, by which shillings and francs are made the equivalent of half-dollars, there is an unusual importation of English books this fall. At Scribner's Bouton's, Johnston's, and Mohun & Ebbs's, the counters and cases are filled with beautifully bound copies of choice editions and of rare works. Mr. Michael Nunan, in Nassau Street, has a superb collection of illustrated books, and fine English editions of standard authors. His stock is as fine as any ever in the market here. Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, and Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, are said to have choice assortments; and Messrs. Rider, Halliday & Co., of Providence, have a selection which is remarkable in a minor city. Besides these, Messrs. Jayne & Denham, a new firm in Cortlandt Street, have an extensive stock of old books, English and foreign, among which are many rare and valuable things. Such extensive importations seem to imply an increased demand for good books, consequent upon the leisure of peace. The circulation of so many excellent books, in such good bindings, ought to tend to raise the standard of book-making in this country.

—Rousseau, distrusting the designers of his day, was at the pains to instruct them minutely in the proper subjects for engravings to accompany his "Nouvelle Héloïse," besides furnishing the mottoes. The later editions of his works preserve the instructions, but omit the engravings. The chances of misconception and misrepresentation are so great, even when author and artist combine, and the art of illustrating books in which the same personages constantly recur is so imperfectly cultivated, that there is little pleasure, ordinarily, in having our favorite works interpreted for us. The imagination craves something for its own exercise even when it is unable to find fault with an attempt to satisfy it. We believe, therefore, we should have given a heartier welcome to the "Divers Views, Opinions, and Prophecies of Yoors Trooly, Petroleum V. Nasby, Lait Pastor of the Church of the New Dispensashun," announced by Messrs. R. W. Carroll & Co., of Cincinnati, if it were not to be "illustrated with a portrait of Nasby, and twelve characteristic pictures, from designs by Thee Jones." For all that, we are glad to meet in book form "that genuine and delightful humorist," as Lowell calls him, with whom Mr. Lincoln offered to "swap places" for a small consideration.

—A fac-simile of the third edition of John Poole's "Hamlet Travestie" (London, 1811) has just been issued by the Bradstreet press, of this city, in the same admirable style with Harrisse's "Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima," of which we spoke in these Notes some six weeks ago. It were a pity that so much skill and care and expense should have been lavished on a work not despicable in itself, yet having no nobler place in literature than this; but as it was printed for private circulation, the public are, we suppose, debarred from complaining.

—There seem to be a good number of persons in America, as elsewhere, who desire only the possession of books, and who are willing to pay large prices for privately-printed or large-paper books, larger, of course, as the editions are smaller. Publishers have found it advantageous to pander to this taste, by printing a few large-paper copies of all their good publications. They find that they get a large enough profit on these to pay for the stereotype plates. In the auction room these prices are again increased, so that it is in the end a good speculation to collect large-paper copies, the issues of the various printing clubs, to illustrate books, and even to print a few copies of some tract one's self, with reference to a future sale. To-day, to-morrow, and Saturday, at the rooms of Messrs. Bangs, Merwin & Co., there will be a sale of this kind, of the private library of Mr. T. H. Morrell. The specialty of this library is works relating to America and American history, and there are many really valuable books of great rarity in the collection, such as Gage's "English-American; his Travail by Sea and Land, etc." (1648); Hubbard's "Present State of New England" (1677); James's "Life of Marion" (1821); Jonathan Mitchel's "Nehemiah on the Wall in Troublesom Times" (1671); and Symmes's "Historical Memoirs of the Late Fight at Piggwacket" (1725). The majority of the books are, however, reprints of scarce tracts, publications by Munsell and Dawson, and privately-printed books. There are about seventy volumes relating to Washington, among them Irving's "Life of Washington," in ten volumes, full green morocco, with 1,100 plates, ten drawings, and fifty autograph letters and documents inserted. This will not be sold for less than $2,000. There is also a copy of "Paradise Lost," with 145 inserted plates, including 25 different portraits of Milton, an illustrated copy of "Childe Harold," and a collection of 57 different portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots. The sale will doubtless pay the collector an abundant profit on his investment.

—In one of the late numbers of the *Slavisches Centralblatt* we find a copy of the poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes, read by Secretary Fox at his reception by the English Club in St. Petersburg. The verses are equal to the occasion, and the concluding stanzas will bear repetition:

> "When darkness hid the starry skies
> In war's long winter night,
> One ray still cheered our straining eyes,
> The far-off Northern light!
>
> "And now the friendly rays return
> From lights that glow afar,
> Those clustered lamps of heaven that burn
> Around the Western Star.
>
> "A nation's love in tears and smiles
> We bear across the sea,
> O Neva of the banded isles,
> We moor our hearts in thee!"

A Russian translation by A. N. Maikoff, one of the best Russian poets, was read at the same time, which in poetic merit is rather better than the original.

—Dr. Farr, presiding over the late session of the British Social Science Association, instituted a comparison between the leading nations of Europe in respect of public health. Russia's death-rate is the highest, if the lecturer's statistics may be trusted, being thirty-six per thousand, while the mean lifetime is but 25 years. The mortality being greatest in the south part of the empire, it would be interesting to know the comparative consumption of brandy in Russia, which is a pretty large item in the undertaker's record. Italy's death-rate is thirty, and the population of the country is as unhealthy as that of the towns. Rome is the healthiest city on the peninsula, because of her aqueducts. The Germans do not live 30 years on an average, and die at the rate of from twenty-nine to thirty in the thousand. Norway is the most desirable country to live in, since the mean of years is 50, and the death-rate seventeen. Holland's death-rate is twenty-six. Belgium, France, and England's, twenty-two. In England the mean age is 26 years, the average length of life 35. In sixty years the increase of the Anglo-Saxon race all over the globe has equalled the present population of France.

—In the "Life of Archbishop Whately," published by his daughter, appears a singular revelation of the character of Lord Melbourne, who was what is called in politics a "consistent" Whig during his long public life, and who actually led his party in the administration from 1834 to 1841, with a brief interregnum of Peel. He was, it seems, innately averse to change, even where the abuse was notorious and confessed by him. But he watched sharply the tendency of events, and accepted the inevitable with such excellent grace that, as Whately notes, "many people were alarmed with a dread of his going too far; and thus he offered the most effectual check to innovations." But what title he has to be regarded by posterity as a zealous reformer is shown by such quotations as this: "I say, Archbishop, all this reforming gives a deuced deal of trouble, eh? eh? I wish they'd let it alone." Or this: "I say, Archbishop, what do you think I'd have done about this slavery business, if I'd had my own way? I'd have done nothing at all! I'd have left it all alone. It's all a pack of nonsense! Always have been slaves in all the most civilized countries; the Greeks and Romans had slaves; however, they would have their fancy, and so we've abolished slavery; but it's great folly," etc.

—A writer to the *Athenæum* complains of the destruction that threatens Stonehenge. Vandal tourists are constantly breaking off and carrying away specimens; and the drivers of carriages allow their vehicles to stand too close to the "holy stones," abrading them seriously with the naves of the wheels. Protection is called for, and if Sir Edward Antrobus, on whose land the monuments are, refuses it, the Blackmore Museum at Salisbury offers to take the matter in hand.

—Mr. Murray's fall announcements show many works of great im-

portance, including an unusual number by titled authors. The first will be of interest to Americans—"The Correspondence of King George the Third with Lord North during the American War, 1769–82," edited by W. Bodham Donne, with the permission of the Queen. Earl Grey publishes "The Correspondence of the late Earl Grey with King William the Fourth and with Sir Herbert Taylor, from the beginning of his administration, Nov., 1830, to the passing of the Reform Act, 1832." Other works are: "Historical Memoirs of Westminster Abbey," by Dean Stanley; "Speeches on Parliamentary Reform in 1866," by Mr. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.; "Contributions towards the History of Old London, being the Papers read at the Meeting of the Archæological Institute, July, 1866;" "A Journey to Ashango Land," an account of his last expedition, by Paul B. du Chaillu; "Domesticated Animals and Cultivated Plants; or, The Principles of Variation, Inheritance, Reversion, Crossing, Interbreeding, and Selection under Domestication," by Charles Darwin, F.R.S., the author of the "Origin of Species;" and, not least, the third and fourth volumes of Mr. Motley's "History of the United Netherlands." These volumes complete the work, and carry the history down to 1609, when the Dutch Republic was formally recognized as a European power by the treaty with Spain. In Mr. Bentley's list, Earl Russell promises the completion of his "Life of Fox," and the Dean of Chichester the fifth and sixth volumes of his "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury." An attractive title is "The Life and Correspondence of William Hazlitt," by his grandson, Carew Hazlitt. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "Charles Townshend, Wit and Statesman," is on the list, as well as his "Life of Garrick," which is promised for January. Also, "Letters from Hell, by a Lost Soul," translated from the Danish. Messrs. Chapman & Hall will reissue the first volume of Prof. Morley's "English Writers" in two parts, and will publish Part I. of the second volume, extending from Chaucer to Dunbar.

SCIENTIFIC.

Influence of Silica on the "Lodging" of Grain.—Years ago it was shown by chemical analysis that the straw of the cereal grasses, and particularly wheat straw, contains a very considerable quantity of silica. Since the plants thus rich in silica are exceedingly hard, stiff, and rigid, it was a not unnatural inference that the strength of a wheat plant was likely to be nearly proportional to the amount of silica contained in it. The opinion was, in fact, quite generally received that it is from lack of silica in its stalk that the spear of grain is weak and liable to fall down.

The suggestion has often been thrown out that grain might be prevented from lodging by dressing the soil with some one of the soluble preparations of silica, and so furnishing to the growing plant the supposed desideratum in a readily assimilable condition.

The distinguished French agricultural chemist, Pierre, has recently subjected the whole question to the test of experiment. He finds that the ideas and hypotheses above mentioned are not borne out by facts. As the result of numerous analyses, he finds that of the different parts of the wheat plant the leaves contain far more silica than the smooth portion of the stalk, and the stalk much more than the knots or joints, which prove to be comparatively poor in silica, in spite of their apparent hardness. In equal weights, the leaves contain seven or eight times as much silica as the joints, and four or five times more than the spaces between the joints. The portion of the plant least rich in silica is the lower part of the stalk, at precisely the place where the stiffness and rigidity are most necessary. If, then, silicated manures be offered to the wheat plant, the larger proportion of the assimilated silica will accumulate in the leaves and not in the stalk; and, as a consequence of this excessive development of the leaves, it follows naturally that grain highly charged with silica might fall down and lodge, while grain exposed to similar conditions, but less rich in silica, might stand firm and suffer no harm.

It has long been noticed that, other things being equal, those samples of grain of which the leaves are most highly developed lodge first. This is not surprising, for in this case the foot of the stalk remains shaded, and, as a consequence, soft and feeble, while the enervated stalk is forced to carry an excessive load, which present sa great surface to the crushing pressure of rain and wind. On the other hand, it is notorious that the wheat grown upon poor land rarely lodges, and the explanation of this fact is evidently that, in the absence of vigorous leaves, the stalks, besides having no great load to carry, become hardened by the action of sun and air.

The practical lesson suggested by these experiments is that, in order to prevent the lodging of grain, the farmer must, for the present at least, look rather to improved methods of sowing, by means of which light and air shall always be freely admitted to the stalks, than to any chemical specific which has yet been suggested. In the course of time means may perhaps be found to induce the deposition of strengthening ingredients at those parts of the stalk where strength is most needed, but until that time arrives it will be best to follow the lesson taught by the natural growth of the wheat plant, and not to depart too far from the physical conditions which are essential to its healthy development.

Resistance of Animals to the Effects of Cold.—Just a century ago the great English physiologist, John Hunter, made a series of experiments for the purpose of satisfying himself whether an animal which had been frozen and afterwards thawed could live. He confesses that he not only thought it could, but that animals and man might be kept frozen for years, perhaps a century, and then thawed out alive, and thus, by a series of freezings and thawings, life be prolonged to more than a patriarchal length. "Like other schemers," he said, "I thought I should make my fortune by it; but an experiment undeceived me." One may well wonder that a man so eminently practical as Hunter should have given a second thought to such a dream. His experiments, however, not only undeceived him, but showed, contrary to the general belief, that various animals, such as dormice, toads, snails, and others, did not survive being completely frozen. In gold fishes and carps, when only the hinder half was subjected to this treatment, the frozen portions did not recover their activity, and, in consequence, the death of the fish soon followed. The belief that various animals can be frozen and revive when thawed, has prevailed nevertheless from that time to this, and has gained strength from many sources, especially from the statements of some of the Arctic navigators. It is very improbable that these statements are all wrong; but in view of the recent experiments of Pouchet in France, and Dr. John Davey in England, it must be admitted that much doubt is thrown over many of them.

Pouchet constructed a piece of apparatus which he calls a *frigidarium*, in which an animal can be placed in water, or in an air-chamber, as the case may require, be surrounded by a freezing mixture, and thus slowly cooled down until frozen. His experiments, more than eighty in number, were tried on beetles and their larvæ, upon caterpillars, humble-bees, water-beetles, slugs, snails, earth-worms, fishes, frogs, and toads. None of these survived after being frozen from one to three hours. The only apparent exceptions were in those cases where the animals, though surrounded by ice, were not themselves frozen. Hunter had already proved that frogs and fishes, when cooled down, as they approached the freezing point evolved heat enough to prevent freezing for a long time. There was a striking contrast between a living and a dead frog in this respect. If a live and a dead frog were exposed to a temperature somewhat below 32°, the latter soon became solid, while the former did not freeze. He destroyed the life of an egg by freezing; after it was thawed, this and a freshly-laid egg were equally exposed to a freezing temperature; the fresh one showed its vitality by resisting the effects of the cold for more than double the time that the other did. Pouchet found in some of his experiments that, as the water froze and formed a solid, close-fitting wall around the enclosed frogs, the latter became torpid and, of a double necessity, immovable; nevertheless they were not frozen, and, if thawed out, recovered. We have ourselves tried this experiment with the same result. Here, then, unless the observer use care, he may be led into error; he must not suppose that, because the water is frozen solid, the contained animal is too; or if, when the ice is melted, he recovers his activity, that he has survived congelation. Every one has seen in his own or other people's ears the proof that a part *may* be frozen solid and live. Pouchet's experiments, however, go to show that the freezing solid of any considerable portion of an animal causes the

death of the parts, and soon of the animal too. When Pouchet froze the hinder half of an eel, the fish died soon after being thawed, sooner even than it would have died if it had not been thawed at all. Of two eels frozen to the extent just mentioned, if one were thawed at once, and the other allowed to remain as it was, the latter lived six hours and the former died in half an hour. The same results followed when other fishes were experimented upon. In any case, the freezing of one-half of the body was soon followed by the death of the whole. The cause of death in these last experiments Pouchet believes to be a change produced in the blood-corpuscles. He gives satisfactory proof that these are much changed, and in various ways deformed; but since other parts, as nerves, muscular fibres, and spinal marrow, are also changed in their structure by freezing, he has not shown that these changes may not have as large or even a larger share in destroying life than those in the blood discs.

Dr. John Davey, one of the most careful of experimental physiologists, was induced to repeat M. Pouchet's experiments on frogs, toads, leeches, and several kinds of insects, and, contrary to expectations based on the results of more limited experiments made many years previously, Dr. Davey found Pouchet's investigations fully confirmed. If the whole body of either of the above-mentioned animals was frozen even for fifteen minutes, they utterly perished. Even when only the hind legs of frogs and toads were frozen, the animals died soon after being thawed. He therefore agrees with Pouchet in rejecting the assertions so often made by physiologists, that certain animals, if completely frozen, recover their activity when thawed.

EDUCATIONAL.

The establishment of scientific schools all over our country—one at least in every State of the Union—is leading to manifold discussions in respect to what is meant by scientific education, and also in regard to the best methods by which such instruction can be secured. We gave, a short time since, an account of the unfortunate obstacles which have impeded the progress of the agricultural school in Massachusetts, and also, previously, of the Kentucky project. Since then we have received a copy of an address delivered a few days ago at Monmouth, Illinois, by Professor J. B. Turner, who sets forth in a clear and forcible manner his view of what the agricultural interests of Illinois require. There are some of his statements which will be interesting to persons in other States who are engaged in like discussions.

Professor Turner asserts that Illinois is "the originator of the scheme" of inducing Congress to set apart for scientific education a portion of the national domain. Twenty years ago, he says, the plan was proposed, and fifteen years ago the "Illinois Industrial League" was formed to urge upon the State and national legislatures the bestowal of this endowment. Elsewhere, however, he tells us that "the wisest and best men, from Washington's day to our own," have urgently solicited the adoption of such a plan. His statements do not coincide; the truth being, as we understand it, that what other people for many years have vainly talked about, Mr. Morrill has now accomplished, aided by the suggestions, petitions, and influence of many men from many different places.

Mr. Turner, while advocating a particular plan which he regards as adapted to the wants of Illinois, goes out of his way to "rap the knuckles" of those who in other States are advocating other plans. We regard this as harmful and unwise. In our opinion it would be foolish to establish thirty-six schools on any one plan. Each of the proposed foundations should be adapted to the wants of the particular State in which it is placed. The law allows the utmost liberty consistent with providing "liberal and practical instruction for the industrial classes, not excluding classics, and including military tactics." Congress wisely allowed each State to determine what kind of a scientific school it would be best to establish, having reference to the occupations and character of the people, and especially to their existing institutions. Mr. Turner sneeringly says: "Some States may attach their industrial universities to their old and time-honored monastic institutions, like a dead whale to a rickety old fishing smack, long enough to dip the oil out of the carcase and then cut it adrift and let it go." We say nothing of the elegance of this comparison; its insinuations are unworthy of any friend of education. In the older States, where libraries and apparatus and extensive collections in natural science are already devoted to the purposes of instruction, where experience has discovered the best methods for the financial and intellectual management of a college, there may be great advantages in sheltering a new institution under the guidance and protection of an old foundation. We refer Mr. Turner, for example, to the Connecticut "Industrial University," which was established at New Haven as a department of Yale College. If he will look at the printed report of the visitors of that institution (the Sheffield Scientific School, as it is called) he will discover that in an old State, with a very small Congressional grant (180,000 acres, instead of 480,000 given to Illinois), there are many reasons for differing from the course he commends. He may find that the Connecticut school is not so "very like a whale," except in his imagination.

Again, Mr. Turner derides those "who run abroad and run at home" for models for our institutions, and asks why "we should, like a crazy set of monkeys, gad abroad to imitate a failure." If he means that American institutions should not be servile copies of the European, he is right; but if he means, as a part of his words imply, that there is nothing for Americans to learn from the methods of European schools, he is wholly wrong. Schools of applied science (polytechnic, agricultural, mechanical, chemical, etc.) are not novelties in France or Germany. A study of their merits and also of their defects will do no harm to any one, not even to a Hoosier.

These flings weaken our confidence in Mr. Turner's wisdom to advise the farmers of Illinois; though we must acknowledge that he appears to have the wants of Illinois farmers deeply at heart, and that his recommendation to maintain one industrial university in the State strong and good, rather than several weak collegiate departments, seems to us, at this distance, sensible and desirable. It is obvious, too, that he has some good ideas respecting agricultural experiments and the inutility of manual labor.

—A significant article has appeared in the "New Englander" for October, from the pen of President Woolsey, of Yale College, on the subject of college administration and instruction. It is called out by Dr. Hedge's Cambridge address, which appeared in the September "Atlantic." Referring to the recent change in Massachusetts which permits the Harvard alumni to choose the college "overseers," Dr. Woolsey more than intimates his willingness to see a similar change effected at New Haven, so that the civilian members of the corporation may be chosen by the graduates instead of being designated *ex-officio*. At present, the governor, lieutenant-governor, and six senior senators of Connecticut are fellows of Yale College, together with ten Congregational ministers, the successors of the original founders. The lay members, it is suggested, might be chosen from the college graduates, and hold their offices six or eight years, the voters being "all masters of arts and graduates of a higher or an equal rank, together with bachelors of *all the faculties* of five years' standing." It will be observed that Dr. Woolsey would not restrict the voters, as at Cambridge, to the graduates of the academical department or the faculty of arts, and to honorary graduates; he would allow bachelors of science, philosophy, theology, law, and doctors in medicine and philosophy, to vote also. He forcibly deprecates the "narrow spirit desirous of keeping all power within the ranks of the graduates in arts." The conservative source from which these suggestions proceed will give them the greater influence.

The remainder of the article is a defense of prescribed courses of study and of classical discipline.

STILLÉ'S HISTORY OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION.*

Mr. Stillé proved by the brochure which he published early in the war at the period of perhaps greatest doubt and misgiving, and which was wonderfully successful in driving away despair, that he had been a careful and well-trained student of history. He pointed out in it the striking resemblance there was between the course we were running in 1862–3 and that which England ran during the Peninsular war, and prophesied

* "History of the United States Sanitary Commission; being the General Report of its Work during the War of the Rebellion." Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

with a confidence which events have splendidly justified, that, because we, too, were a nation of free men, a no less happy issue out of all our afflictions awaited us also.

But Mr. Stillé, of course, knew very well that it was neither the national rising—general and hearty as it was—neither the number of men we put in the field, nor the lavishness and skill with which we armed, equipped, and fed them, nor the valor we displayed, nor the fortitude with which we supported our reverses, which, after all, made our war peculiar, or indicated that a new type of character or of civilization had been produced on this continent. As near an approach to unanimity—perhaps nearer, in the determination to preserve the national existence—as great heroism in submitting to sacrifices, as great bravery in attacking, as great firmness in defeat, as noble a contempt for life, and as passionate a devotion to ideas, as we ever displayed, had been displayed by other races on other fields. What marked us out as a new and peculiar product of modern civilization, and made the history of our war a most novel and interesting chapter in the story of human progress, was the direct and influential part which was played in it by the great body of the people, the intimate connection of the soldiers and sailors with the homes behind them, the way in which the spirit of the citizens strengthened the fighting men, and the spirit of the fighting men sustained the courage of the citizens. It was in this that we really showed of what democracy was capable, and it was in this that we furnished the lessons to which future generations will turn with most profit. From the story of our campaigns during the last five years, of our marching and countermarching, our sieges, our manœuvres, our iron-clads and big guns, little can, after all, be learnt a hundred years hence as to what manner of people they were who covered the South with their armies. It will be, after all, the old, old story—so many men, so many guns, such and such a kind of country, an enemy in such and such force, and such and such a result. You can find it all in Thucydides, or Napier, or Mill, or Carlyle, or Jomini. But for the story of the Sanitary Commission there is no precedent and no parallel. This is American—purely American—and could not, in the natural order of things, be anything but American. Put this in the hands of the student two hundred years hence, and he will know at once wherein we differed from other nations. Put the military history of the war in his hands, and he might still doubt whether we could have broken the Austrian lines at Wagram, or carried the heights of Busaco, or brought into action the splendid mass of armed citizens who swept the field at Sadowa.

The selection of Mr. Stillé for the task of writing the chronicles of the Commission has prevented the book from being what in the hands of most men it probably would have been, either a very dry report or a very florid report of the doings of a charitable association. As it has come from his hand, it is in reality a most important and valuable contribution to American history; more important, we venture to assert, at the risk of appearing guilty of exaggeration, than anything that can be dug out of the archives of the War Department or found in the *Congressional Globe*. For, we are satisfied it will be admitted, and perhaps more readily a hundred years hence than now, that the Sanitary Commission, from the very first hour of its conception, represented the American people more fully and fairly in its best and noblest mood—in its intelligence, its purity of purpose, its far-sightedness, its humanity, its patriotism—than either the Government or the politicians. We can, perhaps, best explain what we mean by referring the reader to the incident described by Mr. Stillé on page 58, in which the first delegation who called on "a secretary," to urge upon him the importance of the work they proposed to do, were asked by that functionary "to state frankly and precisely what they wanted," believing, of course, that they were covering up some base or selfish scheme under the cloak of philanthropy and patriotism. "The secretary" at that interview represented the politicians; the Sanitary Commission represented the nation. And it was really not until 1863 that the Government officials got that insight into the real character of the struggle and of the people who were carrying it on that the promoters of the Commission seem to have possessed from the first hour. The whole of the Federal functionaries acted for a year or two under the impression that they were aiding the sheriff to put down a political riot, while the nation was conscious that it was engaged in a crusade for the salvation of everything that was sacred in its history or its traditions or institutions or hopes. A more instructive piece of writing than the first two chapters, in which Mr. Stillé records the difficulties which attended the establishment of the Commission, owing to the distrust or ignorance of Government functionaries, we do not know where to look for. It contains the key to a great many of the darker problems of the war.

While thinking Mr. Stillé exceedingly well qualified for his task by the character of his mind and by his tastes and culture, we are not quite sure that his relations to the Commission have not in many ways acted as a hindrance. They have thrown over the book an air of official reserve and decorum which, creditable as it may be to Mr. Stillé as a gentleman, will, we cannot help thinking, somewhat diminish its value to the historian. His style is a little stiff and stately on all occasions; the weight of official responsibilities has made it more so in this instance. The two opening chapters, important as they are in various ways, are veiled under an allusiveness which Mr. Stillé's contemporaries, knowing all they do know, may not find objectionable, but which the next generation of readers will regret. The exact and whole truth about everybody who either helped or hindered the movement it would not, perhaps, have been becoming for Mr. Stillé to tell; but somebody ought to tell it.

We may make the same objection to the chapter on the organization of the Commission, in which the original members or rather founders of the Commission are sketched *seriatim*. A real analysis of the character of these gentlemen, and of the qualities, either moral or mental, which they brought to their work, would have been interesting and instructive—as interesting in many ways to the student of history as Lord Clarendon's studies of the prominent men of the Revolution of 1641—and Mr. Stillé is fully competent to make it. But he could not do it. He is their friend and colleague; they are all living, their work hardly done; and he is still engaged with them in giving it the finishing touches. He has had, therefore, to confine himself in each case to a piece of commonplace eulogy, as barren and colorless as the compliments of newspaper reporters. It was surely, too, Mr. Stillé's personal relations which led him to adopt the remark on page 479, that the collection of $290 in Trinity Church, New York, October 8, 1862, on "the national service of humiliation and prayer" appointed by the House of Bishops of the Episcopal Church, "*proved* that the Commission had then become known throughout the country as a national organization working for national objects and working not wholly in vain."

The chapter contributed by Dr. Bellows on the contributions from California is a flowing and picturesque account of one most curious and interesting feature in the movement. Mr. Strong supplies a comprehensive account of its finances, and several volumes, each giving a detailed history of one or other of the departments of the Commission, are still to appear; that upon special relief is in the hands of Mr. Knapp, whose touching reports of personal experience in this field are not forgotten by the people. Professor Warriner has the more difficult task of collecting statistics and consolidating, in an available historical form, the records of the thousands of societies which made use of the Commission's agency in their dealings with the army and navy. Nothing is more important than that the spirit which animated these, as well as the method, system, persistency, and good judgment with which their affairs were managed in most cases, should be clearly set forth. Most that has thus far been published in regard to the part borne by our women in the war has been in wretched taste, and is of no historical value, because it shows woman in no new character. The simplicity, the sincerity, the practical tact, the self-control, and the severe industry, as well as the patriotic zeal, heroism, self-sacrifice, and devoutness with which the women of the free States waited upon their army from the beginning to the end, remain to be recited, and few men can be better qualified for the duty by knowledge of that which should be told than Professor Warriner.

Mr. Stillé has done for the rest not, we are satisfied, all he might have done, but all that the peculiar nature of the duty imposed upon him and his own peculiar position would allow him to do. He has avoided very cleverly the danger into which, it was to be feared, he would fall, of making the history a dry mass of statistics. He has described the whole movement clearly, succinctly, and gracefully, drawing enough on his storehouse of details to illustrate his main argument. He has given enough figures to make clear the magnitude of the work. His style is, as we have said, a little stiff, but it is always perspicuous; and there is not in the whole work a line of rhetoric or padding. In a word, he has given to the report more of the character of a historical document than we had expected; while, on the other hand, he has not done as much for history as, we are satisfied, he might have done had it been possible for him to take up the work unofficially and without the necessity of respecting the "conveniences."

This raises the question whether the report has not been written a few years too soon; whether it would not have been better to wait till the atmosphere had been more completely cleared of the passions, prejudices, prepossessions, and even of some of the memories of the war—until men and events could be seen and criticised in a dryer light than now surrounds us. This question we will not, and are not competent to answer. However it be, Mr. Stillé is entitled to the credit of having furnished a calm, well written, and dignified memorial of the very noblest episode in our history;

and the task must to him have been made all the sweeter by the fact that he played no obscure or insignificant part in the great events which he describes. We call them great because, as we have already said, if they strike the imagination less forcibly than our military exploits, they reflect far more faithfully the noblest traits of the national character.

DEANE'S SMITH'S VIRGINIA.*

FEW names are so prominent in the romance of early American history as that of Captain John Smith, whose strange adventures as related in his narrative

> "Of moving accidents by flood and field,
> Of hairbreadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
> Of being taken by the insolent foe
> And sold to slavery; of [his] redemption thence,
> And portance in [his] travels' history,"

seem rather to belong to the domain of fiction than to the sober page of historic truth.

"A fugitive slave," says the historian of New England, "was to be the founder of Virginia." This bold, restless, and adventurous spirit was not only one of the most prominent actors in the settlement of the Colony of Jamestown, but the principal narrator of the events connected with its early history. Nor should we forget his connection with the early exploration of our own coast, that the name of New England was first given by him to this part of the country, and that his map of its coast far surpassed in correctness any that had preceded it.

It may be said that doubts have been raised as to the historical value of many of the statements in his narratives, and that the question has even been agitated whether Smith was really the author or compiler of the works to which his name is affixed; but from contemporary and other evidence it would appear that the events recorded in this tract are, at least in general, entitled to full credit. Allowance is certainly to be made for prejudices engendered by the opposition and enmity manifested towards the author by others among the colonists, but we have no sufficient reason to doubt the accuracy of the relation in other respects.

This first published account of the planting of the Jamestown Colony was printed in black-letter, the year after the settlement was made, under the title of "A Trve Relation of such occurrences and accidents of noate as hath hapned in Virginia since the first planting of that Collony which is now resident in the south part thereof, till the last return from thence. Written by Captain Smith Coronell of the said Collony to a worshipfull friend of his in England. London, printed for Iohn Tappe, and are to bee solde at the Greyhound in Paules-Church-yard, by W. W. 1608." The narrative includes a period of more than thirteen months, from the 26th of April, 1607, to the 2d of June, 1608.

Mr. Deane, in the preface, gives an interesting bibliographical account of the tract, of other contemporaneous narratives, and also of the original "Map of Virginia," by Smith, first issued in a small quarto volume at Oxford, in 1612; the first part of which, embracing a topographical description of the country, was written by him. An excellent photo-lithographic fac simile of this map is given in the reprint. The second part of the "Oxford-tract," as it is called, was compiled by "Richard Pots, Clarke of the Councell," from the narratives of several of the colonists, and the entire work was issued under the supervision of William Simons, D.D., "an Oxfordshire man," whom Mr. Bliss considers to have been at one time a resident in the settlement. The substance of the tract was republished in Smith's "Generall Historie," in 1624, and also by Purchas in the fourth volume of his "Pilgrimes," issued in the following year, an abstract having been printed in 1613, in the first edition of his "Pilgrimage," which also appeared in the subsequent editions of 1614, 1617, and 1626.

"That honorable gentleman, Master George Percy," the successor of Smith as temporary governor of the colony, wrote a narrative of the settlement of Virginia, a portion of which is printed by Purchas in the fourth volume of his "Pilgrimes," in 1625.

The American Antiquarian Society published for the first time in 1860, from copies made by direction of Mr. Bancroft, from the originals in the British State Paper Office, three papers by unknown authors, including a "Relatyon" of the discovery and exploration of James River, "A Description of the New-discovered River and Country of Virginia," and "A Brief Description of the People." These papers were edited by the Rev. Edward E. Hale.

"A Discourse of Virginia," by Edward Maria Winfield, the first president of the colony, was published in the same volume of *Archæologia Americana*, with an introduction and valuable notes by Mr. Deane, a copy having been procured by him from the original manuscript in the library of Lambeth Palace. This narrative is cited by Purchas in the margin of the second edition of his "Pilgrimage," in 1614.

These tracts comprise nearly all the authentic contemporaneous narratives of the first settlement of Virginia from which later writers have gathered the incidents and details of its early history.

The "Relation" of Smith notices very briefly the occurrences during the voyage, and the events following the arrival of the colonists at Cape Henry. Within a month afterwards we find him, in company with Captain Newport and twenty-two others, engaged in the exploration of James River. Passing Arsatecke (near the spot since famous as Dutch Gap) and Powhatan, "of which place their great emperor taketh his name," they reached the rapids near the present site of Richmond, where "the water falleth so rudely and with such a violence as not any boat can possibly passe." On their return to the fort they noticed a less friendly deportment on the part of the Indians, and the "hinde," or guide, who had been given them by the King of Arsatecke, suddenly "altered his resolution in going to the fort," and so left them. Their suspicions being aroused, they "repaired to the fort with all speed," where they learned that the natives, taking advantage of the defenceless condition of the colonists, had attacked them the day before, killing one, wounding many, and being at last only repulsed by the aid of the ships. As soon as possible the fort was put in a state of defence, amid the continued assaults of the enemy. Captain Newport sailed on the 22d of June, leaving a temporary supply of provisions, but pestilence and famine soon began their work in the colony; and on the 10th of September "there were about forty-six of our men dead," among whom was the navigator Bartholomew Gosnold. The suffering and mortality among the colonists will not fail to remind the reader of the condition of the Pilgrims at Plymouth during the first winter after their landing. In this season of gloom and discouragement, "the company," says Smith, "notwithstanding our misery, little ceased their mallice grudging and muttering, as at this time were most of our chiefest men either sicke or discontented, the rest being in such dispaire as they would rather starve and rot with idlenes than be perswaded to do anything for their owne reliefe without constraint." But mark the different spirit with which these trials were borne by the New England colonists, as recorded by Bradford. "In these hard and difficult beginnings," he writes, "they found some discontents and murmurings arise amongst some, and mutinous speeches and carriags in other, but they were soone quelled, and overcome by the wisdom, patience, and just and equall carrage of things by the Governour and better part, which clave faithfully together in the maine. . . In the time of most distress ther was but 6 or 7 sound persons, who, to their great comendations be it spoken, spared no pains night nor day . . . and all this willingly and cheerfully, without any grudging in the least."

After the deposition of Wingfield from the presidency at Jamestown, and the election of Captain Ratcliffe, their provision being nearly exhausted, the Indians brought them "great store both of corne and bread," and Smith gratefully records that "there came such aboundance of Fowles into the Rivers, as greatly refreshed our weake estates."

On one occasion, being attacked at disadvantage by the savages, Smith seized his "hinde," and "made him his barricado," but was overpowered by numbers, and made prisoner by the famous Opechancanagh. He was afterwards brought into the presence of Powhatan, who received him in barbarous state, "covered with a great covering of Rahaughcums" (raccoon skins), and attended by his chief men, "tenne in a rank, and behind them as many young women."

The remainder of the narrative is chiefly occupied in the relation of the hostile schemes of Powhatan and "that churlish and treacherous nation" with whom the colonists were so often brought in collision, and whose atrocious cruelty culminated at last in the massacre of 1622.

We congratulate the historical student that the labor of editing this reprint has fallen upon one so eminently qualified for the service by his previous archæological researches. The fidelity with which the task is accomplished appears as well in the valuable bibliographical information contained in the preface as in the copious explanatory notes with which the text is illustrated. Of the typographical execution of the work, it need only be said that it is among the best specimens of the many beautiful volumes bearing the imprint of Wilson & Sons. As this edition is "in no sense a fac-simile" of the original, we cannot, however, but regret that Mr. Deane should have thought best to retain the erroneous punctuation of the early tract, which is, to use his own expression, "as bad as it well can be," and often obscures the meaning of the author, although the more flagrant errors are corrected in the editorial notes.

* "A True Relation of Virginia. By Captain John Smith. With an Introduction and Notes, by Charles Deane." Boston: Wiggin & Lunt. 1866. 4to, pp. xlvii., v., 88.

NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

NUMBER VII.

I NOW proceed to offer a few observations on the etymology and definition of some words beginning with the first letter of the alphabet. I must premise, what has, perhaps, been sufficiently obvious already to those who have favored me with their attention, that an exhaustive critique upon the important work to which I so constantly refer is no part of the object of these papers. I have not sought for errors or omissions—I should have made but an indifferent harvest if I had—and I have resorted to what, I hope, is a not very culpable stratagem in using the title of this widely circulated and justly popular dictionary as a means of drawing attention to facts and thoughts which might otherwise fail to attract notice. The philological material I employ has been collected for other purposes than those of invidious or even suggestive criticism, and I send it forth in a desultory and inartificial form because I have neither the leisure nor the literary facilities which would be required to put it into a more effective and permanent shape. The number of words beginning with the letter *A*, to which my memory or my notes supply illustrations, is very small. The letter *A* may be called emphatically a Latin letter, for the proportion of words beginning with that vowel which are borrowed from Latin, either directly or through the Romance dialects, is almost tenfold as great as that of the words derived from any other source. The history and the meaning of words of this family are generally better known than those of vocables introduced from other tongues, and it is probable that other letters of the alphabet may furnish a larger amount of matter susceptible of interesting illustration. The etymological and grammatical statistics of the words beginning with *A* will form the subject of another paper.

AB.—The sap or juice of a tree. Harrison, in "Holinshed," I. p. 357, edition of 1807. Not in Webster. I have already expressed the opinion that, with the exception of technical terms of limited use, all really English words which occur in the printed works of our standard authors, of whatever period, should find a place in every dictionary professing completeness as a key to English literature. I will not go so far as to say that the editors of a dictionary are in all cases censurable for the omission of words which appear to be obsolete, and for which, as in this instance, only a single authority is produced; but this word has a certain etymological importance as a link in the chain of evidence which tends to prove the common origin of all the Aryan languages, and therefore should not be overlooked. It is identical with the Persian *ab*, water, liquid, and (in connection with various qualificatives) grape-juice, wine, sap, etc., etc. The O. N. word for flowing water, or river, is *á*, and many etymologists suppose that we have here the true primitive from which, by the help of prefixes and suffixes, *ab*, *aqua*, *sap*, and numerous other words of analogous radical signification, have been derived.

ABET.—The etymological deduction of this word is obscurely expressed, but the editors appear to suppose it to be the same as O. Fr., Pr., and Nor. Fr. *abeter*, *abetar*, to deceive, from *abet*, deceit, cunning, bait, lure, or M. L. *abettum*, incitement, all which they consider as "compounds" of A. S. *bætan*, to bridle or rein in, which again they identify with M. D. *beeten*, and H. G. *beizen*, to cause to bite (upon the bit), to incite, set on, to take wild fowl by means of hawks. No entirely satisfactory etymology has ever been proposed for this word, and that here suggested is scarcely more so than Wedgwood's derivation from *go bet!* an ejaculation of encouragement to dogs in the chase. The O. Fr. *abbêter*, to incite the dogs to follow the game, *bête*, is a possible source of the word, and the Fr. *abeter*, *abet*, to deceive, deceit (to make an ass of, etc.), are more likely to be connected with the same root than with A. S. *bætan*, D. *beeten*, or H. G. *beizen*. Examples of the development of opposite meanings from a common radical are, indeed, not very rare in the history of words; but something more than mere verbal resemblance is required to show a community of origin in vocables which have wholly diverse significations, and it is not easy to see how the sense of to incite or encourage could be deduced from a root signifying exactly the contrary, namely, to rein in or check. In fact, this etymology rests on a confusion between two entirely different A. S. words, viz., *bætan*, to bridle, and *bêten*, to better, mend, improve, restore, or compensate, and, in its familiar application to the household fire, to feed, to stir up, or incite, from which the figurative sense, to stimulate, encourage, or sustain, is readily deducible. As a question of historical etymology, the evidence tends to show that the M. L. *abettum*, *abettamentum*, *abbetator*—see Du Cange in vv. —and Anglo N. *abete*, are all products of English growth, and the derivation proposed by Skinner from A. S. *bêten* is the most probable hitherto suggested. This word has no etymological connection with *bætan*, to rein in, but is doubtless allied to the adverb and adjective *better*, on which point numerous authorities will be found in the note on *abet* in the American edition of the first volume of Wedgwood's "Dictionary of English Etymology." Though perhaps not strictly relevant to the question under discussion, it may not be out of place to observe here that I believe no example can be found in which the M. D. *beeten* has any other meaning than to alight from a horse or carriage, to descend (in one instance, in Waphene Martin, from heaven). It is, therefore, not certain that *beeten* is connected with A. S. *bætan*, H. G. *beizen*, though, inasmuch as before one alights from a horse he must check him or rein him in, it is probably the same word.

ABIDE.—The fourth signification assigned to this verb is: "To endure in its consequences." To me this definition conveys no meaning; but in the exemplification of this sense, cited from Milton, P. L., iv. 87,

> "Ay me! they little know
> How dearly I *abide* that boast so vain;
> Under what torments inwardly I groan,"

it is evidently an improper use of *abide* for *aby*, a confusion of which many instances can be cited from English literature, and which is still very common in colloquial language. In the first book of P. L., v. 385, the same great poet uses *abide* in a sense slightly different from any given by the editors of Webster:

> "The chief were those, who, from the pit of hell
> Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
> Their seats long after next the throne of God.
> . . . . . and durst *abide*
> Jehovah thundering out of Sion."

In this instance, and in the common phrase, "to *abide* the enemy," the notion of resistance is implied, and it means more than passively to wait for or endure.

ACCENT.—In a note to the first definition of *accent*, it is observed that many English words have both a primary and a secondary accent. It might very properly be added, that in several words, and among others in the numerals, *thírteen*, *fourteen*, *fífteen*, etc., which are all marked in the alphabet as uniformly accented on the first syllable, the stress of voice is really variable. In successive counting, we say *thírteen*, *fóurteen*, *fífteen*; but in many other cases we accent the last syllable, or sometimes pronounce both emphatically. In answer to the question, "How many guests were present at the dinner?" most persons would say, "There were *fourtéen*," or would, at least, pronounce both syllables with equal force.

ACCESSORY, in painting, is defined, after Elmes, as "anything that enters into a work of art without being indispensably necessary, as mere ornamental parts." This definition is wholly inaccurate. No master of composition in art introduces any object into a work as a "mere ornament," and any *accessory* which serves *only* to produce an effect of supposed embellishment is out of place, a superfluity which detracts from the merit of the picture, the group of statuary, or the relief. The battered copper vessels, old brooms, cobwebs, apple-parings, and the like, which the Flemish painters scatter so freely about their interiors, are certainly not *ornaments*; but they are very effective as illustrations of the domestic life of the personages represented Illustration is the proper office of the *accessory*, and all subordinate objects which do not render the action more intelligible—as, for instance, the filthy curs with which Paul Veronese so often profanes his otherwise noblest compositions—are deformities of it. The epaulets and swordknots of a military portrait are not introduced for the sake of the glitter, but to indicate the profession of the subject; they are explanatory, not "ornamental."

ACCOMMODATION.—Some recent and important uses of this word are omitted. In etymology, when the original or habitual spelling of a word is changed in accordance with a newly suggested derivation, it is said to be an *accommodation* of the orthography. Thus, in O. E. and Fr., *abominable* was often written *abhominable*, because the word was falsely supposed to be derived from *ab* and *homo*, and accordingly to mean something repugnant to humanity; and in some old German dialects the Greek and Latin *margarita*, a pearl, was used in the form *meergriot*, sea-gravel, or pebble, which was imagined to be the original descriptive appellation of the gem. In physiology, the process by which, when an organ is lost, mutilated, or otherwise impaired in efficiency, another becomes spontaneously fitted to perform the functions of the delinquent member, is called *accommodation*. This meaning is perhaps embraced in the first of Webster's definitions, but is more specific.

ACTON.—The only etymology suggested is the Fr. *acoton*. The *acton*, *hacketon*, or *haqueton* was a quilted jacket worn under a coat of mail, or breast and back plates, and—being thickly wadded or padded with *cotton*—sometimes instead of armor, for which it was not a bad substitute. A commentator on the dictionaries of John de Garlandia pointed out the word *cotton* as the root of *aketun* or *acton*, four hundred years ago, and there is little doubt that this is the true etymology. See Wedgwood's "Dictionary of English Etymology," Vol. I., American edition, p. 195.

G. P. M.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this Journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE SOUTHERN TRANSFORMATION.

The *New York Times*, which has for the last year steadily and faithfully represented the optimist view of the prospects of Southern society—preached up the good sense and resignation of the Southerners, and drawn glowing pictures of the field offered by the Southern States either to Northern labor or Northern capital—came out last week with a mournful confession that it has been all wrong; that the South is not a good field either for investment or for emigration; that few capitalists have taken their money there; that those who have are bringing it away again; and that as to emigrants, although the tide rushes into the Northwest in greater volume than perhaps ever before, the laborers who go to the South may almost be counted on one's fingers. As most men who had ever seriously considered the causes which lead capital to flow into a country, or which drive it out of a country, have foreseen this result ever since the South began, after the close of the war, to exhibit its real temper, the admission of the *Times* does not add much to our knowledge, and will cause very few people much surprise. Most of us knew, long before Andrew Johnson and his "policy" had been heard of, that to direct capital into a country, or make emigrants seek homes in it, it is not enough that its climate be mild or its soil fertile or its water privileges numerous. Some of the most fertile countries in the world, the most blessed in "sun and soil and station," are the least productive, the most scantily peopled, the most miserable. European Turkey might be the garden of Europe. There is, probably, no spot of earth, unless it be the prairies of Illinois, which offers the farmer so rich a yield with so little labor as the great plains of Southern Russia, and of Moldavia and Wallachia, and they contain less than a tenth of the population which they might maintain. The idea of emigrating to them would, however, be laughed at by the most hardly pressed peasant of the western countries, though land were offered him for nothing. It has never been found possible for the Russian Government to direct into its vast and fertile voids even a driblet of the German emigration, although they lie within a few hours of the German frontier. German emigrants, let them be ever so phlegmatic and ever so unenterprising, will face three thousand miles of ocean and as many miles of wilderness sooner than get within the clutches of Russian judges and Russian police and Russian drill-sergeants. In fact, we will not say the *one* thing that an emigrant desires—but the great thing, the thing without which all other things are but a mockery and a snare—is *security* against all dangers except those against which he can guard by his own courage or address. Men will face wild beasts, swollen rivers, trackless forests, disease, hunger, and even the attacks of savages, but they will not face bad government or a bad police—which is the worst feature of bad government—or the hostility of those on whom they have to depend for society or protection or co-operation.

It is evident to everybody that the prosperity of the South can only be restored by the aid of Northern capital, or by such a long course of industry and economy on the part of its own people as we have no reason to expect. But one generation cannot readily throw aside the habits of body and of mind bequeathed to it by five or six generations of ancestors. We hear now and then of Southerners bred in idleness and luxury who are putting their hands to the plough and working in their own fields; but isolated cases of this kind will not regenerate society, and we have yet to see whether gentlemen who have been driven to manual labor by an absolute want of the necessaries of life will continue their industry long after the acquisition of a fair supply of food and clothing. There were before the war thousands of young Southerners of the planting class who preferred—and their choice had the approbation of their friends and of the public—a life of poverty and dependence, of roistering, gambling, and roving from one friend's table to another, or a "shabby genteel" existence as doctors and lawyers, to any career, however tempting it might be pecuniarily, which would force them to engage in commerce. A certain proportion of these will, no doubt, now that labor is so much cheaper, and that the necessity for buying the laborer has passed away, take to farming, which they always considered the only legitimate pursuit for a "gentleman;" and many of them have, no doubt, saved enough from the wreck of the war to furnish them with a little capital. But the great body of them, we may be sure, cannot and will not become in our time the steady, saving, industrious men who raise nations out of bankruptcy and sweep from the soil the traces of fire and sword and flood. The South has gone through a great social revolution, it is true; but no great change—no such change in the character of a people as would be necessary to make the Southern men the restorers of their own ruined fortunes—has ever been witnessed in one generation. We can emancipate the negro, but we cannot make his master, by a stroke of the pen or stroke of the sword, a thrifty, hard-working, ingenious, persevering member of a "free society."

Expectations of this kind have been fostered by rattle-brained correspondents of some of the newspapers which support the President's "policy" and are anxious to show that Southern facts support Mr. Johnson's theories, and by "Southern gentlemen" of a literary turn who have taken of late to writing "moderate" and pseudo-philosophical letters to Northern journals; but no such expectations have any basis either in history or in human nature. Even individual character changes slowly; the character of communities more slowly still, and only under the long-continued application of a new class of motives and of influences. The French peasant of this year is a very different man from the peasant of 1766; but it is not the abolition of the monarchy or the overthrow of the noblesse which has made him so; it is seventy years of proprietorship, of equality, of security.

That Southern character has as yet undergone no essential modification we infer with confidence from the fact that, in spite of the poverty and desolation of the country, there is no evidence of any general desire to receive intelligent laborers from other countries, or any kind of labor except the least productive—that is, brute labor. Men who think, who have ambition, and who have ideas, aspirations, and theories, and who seek a higher standard of living—the kind of men, in short, who make modern society what it is at the North, in Prussia, and in France and England, and who are the great creators of wealth, are not only not encouraged to come, but, when they do come, are subjected to espionage and surveillance, at least—or, in other words, to those very vexations which make intelligent men leave despotic countries—and often to violence and outrage, which are infinitely more terrible than the worst persecutions of a despotic police. Most men, and all women, would far sooner run the risk of being tried by a military court and put in Spandau or Spielberg for wearing a particular kind of cockade, or for reading a particular book, than go to bed every night in fear of murder and arson at the hands of a mob composed of their own neighbors. Now, the state of public feeling at the South, on which this policy of its people is based, is the same state of feeling which prevailed before the war, and there can be no better proof that it is not the result of passing circumstances, but flows from the very character of the people, than the fact that slavery, which formerly furnished the excuse for it, has completely disappeared.

There is one other incident of Southern life which, trifling as it may seem, is not without value as an indication of character. The amusements of a people are often the very best sign we can have of their tone of thought, and of the ideas on which their manners are based. The Spanish bull-fight is a very good index of Spanish civilization. The horse-race and prize-ring give us a very fair notion of the stage of the progress reached by the English people as a whole. We have in the theatre and restaurant a key to the average Frenchman's philosophy of life. And we think we are not very far wrong when we say that we have in the revival of "tournaments" all over the South, which we now witness, an excellent measure of the amount of real progress which the people has made since the war or through the war. It is possible for a matured and highly-civilized community to love out-door amusements. There is nothing in tilting at a ring, cutting apples with a sword, or leaping hurdles on horseback, to lead one to doubt either the culture

or the good sense of the community which practises them. But any country in which it is the custom, in our day, to assemble in great crowds to watch men doing these things in broad daylight, in the midst of great public distress, dressed up in fantastic costumes, and calling themselves "disinherited knights," "knights of the sword," "knights of the lone star," and pretending to worship a young woman from a modest wooden house in the neighborhood as the "queen of love and beauty," and to regard the bestowal of a shabby theatrical coronet by her as the summit of earthly felicity, we need not have the least hesitation in pronouncing semi-civilized, as still in a stage much behind what a distinguished French writer calls a "vrai peuple moderne." And the instant revival of this custom after the close of the war we regard as a very strong argument against the notion that Southern society has undergone any real transformation—any such transformation as to warrant the expectation that it will henceforward tread the path of progress, moral and material, abreast with ourselves.

We think, on the contrary, that every year that we persist in believing, or in acting as if we believed, that the war has wiped out all differences between the North and South, and made the latter in all respects as we are, save in her poverty, the proofs of our mistake will accumulate, and we shall see at last that the real regeneration of the South means something more than letting the South alone. We have now, as the first, last, and greatest of our duties, to provide Southern society with *security*, as the very basis not simply of liberty, but of civilization. We must have security for the blacks, for Northern men, for men of all shades of opinion. If it be difficult at first to provide it, we must stay there till it is provided—until Southern men themselves get used to it and have acquired the habit of it, until political or religious or social dissent ceases to expose a man to violence or contumely or insult. It may take a long time to do this, but do it we must. And if we shirk doing it, there is every reason to fear that some years hence we may find ourselves face to face with a problem like that offered by Ireland or Jamaica, the reclamation of a moral and material wilderness, from which capital has fled, in which industry has died out, in which literature is extinct or barbarous, art almost unknown, science powerless, invention barren, life insecure, and property worthless.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

The *Saturday Review* has been quoting a "leading journal of New York" in support of its assertion that the intelligent public here is disgusted with universal suffrage, but maintains the same judicious silence touching the name of the journal in question which Dr. Charles Mackay used to maintain when he quoted the *Day Book* and the New York *Daily News* to show that the North was tired of the war.

There is no doubt that thousands of Americans, well-to-do in the world and of more than average intelligence, are at heart distrustful of universal suffrage; and, when talking to friends in whom they confide, are outspoken in their regret that so sweeping a measure was ever adopted. We are not sorry that these views have found public expression, for political creeds become too often lifeless forms when they cease to be subject to discussion; and if the doctrines of democracy be true, they will only gain a stronger foothold by dispute. For strictly practical purposes, as far as this country and the white race in it are concerned, the debate is scarcely more likely to have any effect than an argument in favor of abolishing railroads and going back to stage-coaches. Universal suffrage is established, and it would be little less easy to reduce the masses of voters to slavery than to deprive them of their votes. But in respect to the colored race in this country, the question is a practical one, and the theoretical belief of educated Americans has an important influence upon the discussion of the subject now going on in England.

For ourselves, we believe in the justice and expediency of universal suffrage, in its broadest sense, subject only to such qualifications as the unanimous sense of mankind imposes, and, in this country at any rate, where inability to read implies a voluntary degradation, to a reading qualification. In other words, we hold that it is best to allow every human being to vote, when a permanent citizen of the State, of sufficient age to enable him to enter into contracts, of sound mind, having means of support independent of the charity of the State, unstained with crime, and able to read, which means with us what ability to hear meant in an ancient Greek Republic.

It has been said that the arguments in favor of universal suffrage are mainly founded upon the assumption that evils may be made to balance each other, and that an argument thus conceding some evil as certain to result from the system, unless checked by other evils of an opposite tendency, is necessarily unsound. It is true that universal suffrage must be justified by such arguments; but it is equally true of every conceivable plan of government, and indeed of government itself. We support a broad electoral system upon the ground that the differing interests and prejudices of men may be relied upon to divide the poor as well as the rich, the ignorant as well as the wise, the foreign-born as well as the native. We admit that under such a system thousands of corrupt and knavish men, tens of thousands of bigoted and unreasoning men, and hundreds of thousands of half-ignorant men, will have votes. If this world were the kingdom of heaven, no doubt all these classes might be excluded from voting, and as a preliminary step they would first be excluded from the kingdom altogether. But this world is not the kingdom of heaven. These men are here, and cannot be shut out of human society. They exist in every class, and no possible test can be devised which would entirely exclude them from voting. A despot is, nine times out of ten, ignorant and bigoted; an oligarchy is bigoted, and generally corrupt; the ten-pound householders are found to be rotten with venality in England. What test shall be devised? A property qualification is the most common; but who will venture to say that this will secure the desired purity of administration? The test of a $50 rental has not secured for England a class of electors that can boast much superiority over our own. Raise it higher, and judge of the theory by its most complete application. What are the morals, the intellect, the public spirit, of the majority of men amongst us whose incomes exceed $50,000 a year? Wealthy men control our railroad corporations; what has been the degree of honor and regard for the public good with which these institutions have been managed? Shall we turn over our government to the refined and honorable gentlemen who own the largest interest in the Hudson River and the Eighth Avenue railroads?

The opponents of universal suffrage have a vague notion that by some ingenious arrangement they can select from among the mass of men a virtuous and intellectual class; but human nature is neither utterly bad nor absolutely good in any rank, station, or class. And no matter where the line may be drawn, the only security for the maintenance of justice is found in the adverse interests and feelings of men. This diversity of interest multiplies with every extension of the class to which a question is submitted; and, therefore, the greater the number of voters may be, the greater the chances for differences of opinion. It has been asserted that working-men will unite in support of measures intended for their benefit as a class, without regard to the welfare of other classes. If this were true, this country would, above all others, have afforded abundant evidence of the fact. Yet every politician knows that of the many attempts to organize special movements of this character, not one has been successful. Mechanics cannot be got to vote as a class any more than merchants. The poor, as such, do not vote together any more than the rich. The principal classes that do vote as such, in mass, are the Catholic Irish and the liquor dealers. The latter would not be excluded by a property qualification; the former constitute an anomaly in the body politic, being thoroughly clannish, and dividing their allegiance between Ireland and America. But anomalies will exist under any system, and must be endured until in time they pass away. One or two generations will, we hope, absorb the Irish among the mass of the people. Meanwhile it is wiser to look for counterbalancing forces, rather than to attempt any harsh exclusion of the race.

The burden of proof, as Mr. Gladstone courageously and truly said, is upon the advocates of exclusion. What is the difference in circumstances or character which shall fit one man to vote, while another is disqualified? Age, reason, education, permanency of residence, are rational tests, within reasonable limits. To require a high degree of

education would be as unwise as to exclude all men under fifty years of age; but a moderate test of this kind may be justified. Property tests are defended on the ground that, theoretically, most men having incomes of $1,000 a year are more intelligent and less purchasable than those having less. But it would be impracticable to carry on government upon so narrow a basis as this, and we presume no one could be found to advocate it. So high a test does not prevail even in England. And if materially lowered, its value is entirely lost. It is a remarkable fact that the only State which is ever carried by the mere force of money is one in which the payment of a tax is a condition of the elective franchise.

A low property qualification simply irritates those who are excluded, without materially influencing the result of an election, or improving the character of the government. A high one shuts out the majority of the community, and leads to a course of legislation in which the welfare of the many is sacrificed to the supposed interests of the few. It deprives the state of the great strength which is to be gained from a universal interest in public affairs among the people. It has never yet secured for a state a more efficient or more intelligent government than has been obtained under similar conditions by a democratic system.

Mr. Mill has strongly and justly urged the stimulating effect of universal suffrage upon the popular mind. All systems of exclusion leave a large part of the people in an unhealthy state of indifference to political contests, in which they can take no practical part. The activity of mind produced throughout all classes of society by an exciting election, the habit of considering public affairs, the occupation of the mind with matters of great scope, not having a merely selfish or local interest—these are educatory powers of immense value to the community. No system of restriction offers any compensation for their loss. It is quixotic to suppose that the higher classes, if entrusted with the exclusive power of government, will care for those who are beneath them so well as to compensate for the natural stagnation of mind among the excluded classes.

Much is said here and in England about the corruption, the personalities, and the violence of our political contests. But our political struggles are purity itself compared with an average English borough election. Our elections are steadily improving in respect to violence and personalities. Bad as they are, they are vastly better than they were sixty years ago, when property qualifications were universally attached to the elective franchise. There is no general deterioration outside of our cities and large towns, which present a special problem for consideration. We have too many "spread eagle" orators in Congress, and too many drunken statesmen; but forty years ago no other kind of oratory was thought of, and drunkenness was not an objection worth mentioning. The legislatures of former days were found to be corruptible enough, when any schemes were on foot that could afford to corrupt them; but wealth, and the profitable schemes that arise out of a general state of wealth, were not so common then. In short, here as everywhere else, the popular conception of "the good old times" is a miserable delusion. We have outgrown many evils, and are outgrowing others. Only, society remains as it always was, and for ages to come will be, full of vicious tendencies, purblind and unwise, even in its best estate and its highest classes.

We do not pretend to have replied to all the arguments against universal suffrage, or to have said all that can be said in its favor. We must recur to the subject again. Only, in order to avoid misapprehension, we do not mean to be understood as believing that every city or county, or even every little State, can be safely left to govern itself by universal suffrage, or by any form of suffrage. We advocate a broad suffrage upon a broad scale. In small districts there may be no force to counterbalance the elements of evil which we recognize in the system. We do not believe that either Sing Sing prison or the Sixth Ward of New York city is fit to govern itself. We doubt the wisdom of organizing States so small as Rhode Island or Delaware. But in a wide territory, with a large population, we believe that all the people may be safely trusted; while we do not believe that the Sixth Ward would be well governed if left to itself under any conceivable limitation of the right of suffrage.

ENGLAND.—RAILWAY SCANDALS—CONGRESSES—CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES—RITUALISM.

London, Oct. 18, 1866.

The great scandal of the day is the collapse of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway Company. It is worth spending a few words upon a catastrophe which drags some mysteries of the management of English railways into daylight in a somewhat startling form. The London, Chatham and Dover has long been celebrated or notorious for its reckless audacity. It is a small undertaking as compared with our greater lines. Like a precocious younger son of a great family, it has made a noise in the world entirely disproportioned to its years and stature. It has absorbed many smaller lines in the district through which it runs; it undertakes the chief management of the steamboat communication with France; it has pushed into the very heart of the West End and the City, forming part of the intricate labyrinth of metropolitan lines which it is next to impossible even for a Londoner to understand. The vigor with which it pushed its way had become proverbial. *Punch* had a vision of the London, Chatham and Dover occupying Westminster Hall as its terminus, pulling down St. Paul's as an obstruction, and extending its ramifications to the Pyramids and Constantinople. The singular thing was that, with all this superabundance of vital energy, its shares were steadily falling, and, at last, in the summer of this year, it became practically bankrupt. A committee of shareholders were appointed to investigate its affairs. They have just issued a report, and a controversy has thereupon arisen involving such a whirl of figures and accounts and intricate financial operations as makes the non-commercial observer giddy to contemplate. Out of the confused mass of accusations and recriminations and contradictions two or three results emerge which seem to be tolerably ascertained, and I may venture to lay them before your readers, promising, as I may well do, not to plunge too far into the chaos of confused figures, for I do not understand it myself any more than the shareholders or directors of the company. This much seems to be clear: The company have raised over sixteen millions sterling. Of this only ten millions have been expended upon the whole of the legitimate operations—buying land, engineering, compensation, law, and so forth. And what has become of the remaining six millions? It has been muddled away in some mysterious fashion upon interest, rebate, and various devices incidental to raising the capital. As a special instance of the dodges resorted to, the following seems to be the most prominent. Sir S. Morton Peto, who lately travelled in the United States as an English capitalist, and who is the head of a great firm of contractors, has been a kind of dry-nurse to the company. He has managed their financial operations, has contracted for the works, and seems to have been for some purposes the company itself, and for others its chief creditor or debtor. It was desired to raise a sum of £350,000 on debentures. In order to induce the public to subscribe, it was necessary that there should be a certain amount of capital subscribed as a security. Sir S. M. Peto, therefore, became a subscriber for shares to the amount of over £400,000, whilst, at the same time, he received a receipt for exactly the same sum on account of works executed. Thus no money actually passed. Sir S. M. Peto never paid one farthing of the sum, and the company did not pay a farthing to him. On the faith of this purely fictitious arrangement the oath required by law was taken that the shares had been paid up, and the money was borrowed. Thus, on certain parts of the line the whole money expended was that which had been raised on debentures on the faith of a purely imaginary guarantee to the creditors. The *Saturday Review* compares this ingeniously to a fraud lately perpetrated in a country village. Certain "navvies" half filled a gallon measure with water and asked a spirit-dealer for half a gallon of gin. When he had poured it into the measure they raised a quarrel about the price, and at last restored half a gallon—of course, of gin and water; walking off with the other half gallon of gin and water themselves. The fictitious gin in the gallon measure answered the same purpose as the fictitious capital of the railway company, by attracting the genuine article; but when navvies do such things we call it stealing; in railway companies it is known as financiering. A still more serious accusation is made against Sir S. M. Peto to the effect that a certain sum, over £300,000, was paid to him in order that he might apply it to the redemption of certain debts. Owing to the difficulties of last May only part of it was so applied, no account being given of the remainder. Sir S. M. Peto states that he has full securities, and sees "nothing reprehensible" in the transaction; showing that he has either a clearer or a much less penetrating vision than the rest of mankind.

The exposure has perhaps been made in time, and the railway company, which has really a fine and steadily developing district, may recover itself. Meanwhile, one characteristic feature in the proceedings is worth mentioning. Sir S. M. Peto is a man of some mark; he is prominent amongst the

Baptists, a religious man, and Liberal member of Parliament for the large town of Bristol. We will hope that he may clear his reputation. But there are many other men of the highest character on both sides; and even if they do not blacken each other, certainly both sides can hardly expect to emerge with unblemished honor. The chairman is a peer—a Lord Sondes—and one of the directors is a Lord Harris, another peer. These noblemen say that they supported the railway from public-spirited motives, because it came through the district in which their estates are situated. But why did they not find out and expose the malpractices? Because, as Lord Sondes pathetically remarked, he had "never been brought up to railway matters." And thus the two peers not unnaturally depended entirely upon their subordinate officers. This every one believes; but as peers are seldom "brought up to railway matters," why are they made chairmen of railway companies? Is it, as has been suggested, that an Englishman is always attracted by a peer, and will receive his speeches with "loud cheers" even when they announce the ruin of the undertaking? Or is it simply the more intelligible motive that a peer is supposed to be more honest because he has not been initiated into the tricks of finance? I must leave this problem unsettled, but, either way, the policy seems to be a bad one for shareholders, though the value of a peer, considered as a bait for the unwary, will be raised in the eyes of speculators. Certain it is that one of the incidental advantages of a seat in either house of Parliament is the value which it confers upon you as a possible director. There is a magic about the title of lord, or the letters M.P., of which the successful getters-up of companies are well aware, and from which the proprietors of those honors may, with a little dexterous manipulation, suck out no small advantage.

The Social Science Congress, of which I spoke to you in my last letter, has been pouring out upon us its annual floods of talk, and has had rivals in the Church Congress and the Wesleyan Congress. The great objection to these congresses is, that they are the resort of every one who has an impracticable crotchet which he cannot get ventilated elsewhere. Mr. Hare, for example, unweariedly preaches as to his elaborate scheme of suffrage, which, although supported by the great authority of Mr. Mill, and by other speculative politicians of less note, meets with invincible incredulity or indifference elsewhere. I confess that it seems strange to me that so profound a thinker as Mr. Mill should fancy that we are to be materially improved by a mechanical contrivance of this kind. However much you may shuffle the cards, they are only the same pack after all; and whether voting is to be "personal," as Mr. Hare says, or after our present fashion of districts, I do n't think it will make much difference to the political virtue of constituencies. I wish that it were so easy to make men virtuous. The Social Science philosophers, however, discussed matters of more interest; and perhaps the most interesting were those which bore upon the character, of which we are now hearing too much, of the British working-man. His calumniators and his flatterers both paint his character so much from imagination, that it is pleasant to reach a substantial footing of fact. I will, therefore, mention two points which were brought out at Manchester (where the congress was held), one of a depressing and the other of a very hopeful character. The first concerns our school system. Great efforts, as you know, have been made in England during the last thirty years to extend popular education; and, no doubt, much has been done. How much more still remains may be inferred from these facts: In country parishes there has always been the great difficulty that children leave school to work in the fields at so early an age as to forget all they have learnt; and although there are far greater facilities than formerly for education, it is doubted whether so many of the adults as formerly are able to read and write. As labor becomes more valuable, the temptation to take the children away from school seems to increase. In the great manufacturing towns, on the other hand, the rapid increase of population outstrips the efforts to increase the school accommodation. Efforts had been made in Manchester to obtain accurate statistics before the meeting of the congress. As a result, it was stated, and on apparently good authority, that whereas in 1834 there were 967 day scholars to every 10,000 inhabitants, there were in 1861 only 908 to the same number. Again, whereas there ought to be 104,000 children at school in Manchester, there are at day-schools only 55,000. There is something disheartening in these statistics, when it was really supposed that we were making some distinct progress. A discussion which took place about the same time in the Church Congress at York, will perhaps enlighten you as to one great cause of the difficulty. The congress, by the way, is simply a voluntary meeting of the Church of England clergy, on the plan of the Social Science Association, to talk about church matters. These gentlemen discussed education. The great cause of their wrathful excitement was what is known as the "conscience clause." This is a regulation providing, in effect, that when Government help is given to schools in parishes where there is no separate school belonging to a dissenting communion, the school so assisted shall undertake to teach the children of dissenters without offending their religious prejudices, or rather those of their parents. It will probably surprise you that there should be any need of such a regulation, or that any one should have the audacity to remonstrate against anything so reasonable. Yet the clergy, whilst half the population are scarcely educated at all, are wrangling over this concession as if it was the one matter of importance. For God's sake, one would say, educate the children in any creed that their parents will allow them to learn; if you can only persuade them to be educated at all. But as education in rural districts is practically in the hands of the clergy, we must expect them to attach absurd importance to the "mint and anise and cummin," until some stronger feeling is aroused in the country. A good democratic reform bill might give us the means of hastening the motion of these pastors, who would rather see their sheep starve than live upon unorthodox food.

The more cheering circumstance which I mentioned is the spread of the co-operative system in the North of England. There have been three separate stages in this movement, each presenting remarkable features. The first was the establishment of co-operative stores; which is, in fact, merely a combination of working-men to procure goods of all kinds without the intervention of the retail dealer. It enables them not only to obtain the best articles at wholesale prices, but encourages a ready-money system and gives many facilities for saving. The stores which were started by half-a-dozen poor mechanics at Rochdale have become large and flourishing establishments, and are daily spreading. There is even a "Civil Service Association" in London of this character, to which public officials of all classes belong. Its members get their groceries, or butcher's meat, or any article of ordinary consumption, some twenty per cent. cheaper than they can be bought in the shops. The great success of the stores at Rochdale encouraged them to start a cotton mill. It was built on a large scale, provided with the best machinery, entirely from the savings of members of an association started a few years before with a capital of a very few pounds, and opened just before the American war. It survived the cotton famine, when so many manufacturers broke down, and a second mill has now been opened. The capital of one of these societies is $1,000,000. It has nine grocery stores, seven butchers' stores, etc. There is a library of 6,000 volumes, and $870 a quarter is spent on the library alone. In the last three months the receipts of one company were $310,000, and of another $305,000. In the new cotton mill just opened there are 50,000 spindles and 600 looms. I mention these figures to give some notion of the scale of operations. Not only do these mills flourish commercially, but they provide schools, reading rooms, and libraries for their workmen, in whom a most remarkable improvement has been evident. This is very creditable to the energy of the really able men who started the Rochdale stores. There is, however, the difficulty that, however profitable such concerns may be when managed by men of more than usual ability, they can scarcely be expected always to contend successfully with certain inherent disadvantages. The command of one man is as useful in commerce as in an army; and unity of management may frequently enable the ordinary manufacturer to defeat his co-operative rivals, even though their individual laborers are more industrious and intelligent. The last form which the movement has taken is the most complete solution of this difficulty hitherto offered. The coal trade of the North had been specially injured by strikes. Amongst the most vigorous supporters of the masters were certain Messrs. Briggs. They became convinced that, on the old system, their business would be ultimately ruined. They therefore made an arrangement with their workmen. They converted the colliery into a company, of which they remained the principal shareholders, the other shares being offered to the men they employed. It was arranged that, after a certain rate of interest had been paid, any balance that remained was to go partly to the company and partly to the laborers, in proportion to the wages they had earned. The results of the first year have just been declared at a meeting where Mr. T. Hughes and Professor Fawcett made able addresses. The profits have increased from three or four per cent. on the capital to fifteen per cent., and the workmen have received a payment of five per cent. on the amount of their wages. This advantage has been gained chiefly by the additional stimulus to the industry and honesty of the workmen, all of whom have a direct interest in the success of the concern and in each other's labor. Besides this, it tends to remove the danger of the strikes, which had previously brought the business to the verge of ruin. If this success should prove to be lasting, it seems to establish a principle which, on its fuller development, would do much to help on the reconciliation between labor and capital. The same plan has been adopted, with similar success, by a very large firm of carpet manufacturers the Messrs. Crossley, of Leeds. Meanwhile the results of the old contest be-

tween workmen and employer have just been illustrated at Sheffield. A workman there ceased to belong to one of the trades unions, which are stronger at Sheffield than anywhere else in the kingdom. The result was that, according to a pleasant Sheffield custom, his house was blown up one night with gunpowder, the man and his family luckily escaping. No one knows anything of the criminal; and, though a reward of £100 has been offered, no informer has come forward. The secretary of the union writes to say that he thinks the attempt wicked (which is gratifying), and that he will offer £5 towards the discovery of the would-be assassin; but he takes care to add that he thinks the conduct of the man, in withdrawing from the union and accepting work when they ordered him not to work, almost equally wicked. This is a free country.

Apropos of the Church Congress, I may mention one curious circumstance. The "ritualist" movement, as it is called, in the Church of England has lately attracted much notice. It is a High Church movement, but less remarkable for its theology than for its attempt to excite interest in the services by the use of a gorgeous ritual like that of the Roman Catholic Church. These gentlemen held an exhibition of their clothes contemporaneously with the congress. They filled seven large rooms with copes and stoles and chasubles, and a variety of millinery with the names of which I am not acquainted. Some of it was old and interesting to antiquarians; some of it was exhibited by enterprising manufacturers; but a large part was actually in use in various parishes. This sort of display seems to most people very childish, and there is not one man of ability in the party; but it draws crowded houses. In some districts it excites intense disgust, and there have lately been riots in a country parish in consequence. The clergyman has been insulted during the service; he was knocked down in the street by a big ruffian, and his school-house was one night set on fire, the people turning out and looking on without offering to help. It is a pretty state of things altogether, and shows one blessing of a state church, when the clergyman is a fool and cannot be restrained in any way by the laity.

ART STUDY IN FRANCE.

FINISTERE, FRANCE, September, 1866.

"THERE is a better school than Paris," said César, "and that is France." He is always epigrammatical, and meant simply that it was getting hot, and he wanted to be in the country. Accordingly, we put up a little outfit (much more complete for clothing our ideas than our persons), and, rushing across the landscape for a night and a day, here we are, with Maud's lover, on the Breton strand—Breton, not Britain.

César's toilet colors for every event. I am constantly astonished—when I came to him once with some wampum he happened to have on moccasins. Now, he walks through Finistère (with a step much like the exit of a favorite tenor) in cavalry boots and sulphur breeches; he finds that nothing is so supporting to his elastic loins as the Breton cincture—a girdle like the Turkish, except that the stripes are lengthwise—while his body is covered with an idealization of the blouse—much stitching around the neck—and then such an explosive radiation of gathers that the garment confuses the eye like a firework, and seems now a vast windy ruff, now the short mantle of Mephistopheles. Upon the shoulders of this wonder he sets jauntily his excellent Roman face—a face of which I am never tired—full of drawing and meaning, and polarized with moustaches to which he has contrived, within two weeks, to give quite a Rubens aspiration. Flap the hat over all this, with its streaming scarlet thread, and you have the painter-errant all complete. His companion dresses in anything he can get, only insisting upon those amenities of *lingerie*—sweet peacemakers between skin and cloth or leather—which there is reason to believe are forgotten in the more decorative costume.

Young Frenchmen are teaching their age, as a sort of lesson in sociology, a very convenient recognition of the animal part of our nature, which they insist upon carrying quite on the surface, patent and unashamed; but I cannot explain in detail. The departments are traversed in the summer by hordes of Bohemians of every grade, who lead an existence, animally considered, the most glorious and healthful conceivable. It is a caprice; a vibration from land to sea, till the flower of each is cropped. When the lily is painted, the artist furls his canvas and goes to the violet of the ocean; and when the pottage of Esau is all sodden and eaten, he returns to the dwellers in ceiled houses and fluted boudoirs, and to affairs of honor with their brothers. Of course, there are always those inconvenient moralists, with talk of living for others, living to heaven, and the like; but the sun of revelation seems hardly to have risen for these centaurs. There is a sun of art. Somebody—there might be a Beecher left to do it—should write a parallel between the sons of the muse and the sons of grace. Indeed, there is some affinity between the saints and these undawned-on children of the isles. I have seen the large, superior stupor of either in the presence of some small chicanery, or when they have been rushed at with an Austrian defeat.

When I asked whither we had better go, César answered "Concarneau" so promptly that I questioned why; but my friend was insulted at that, and replied instantaneously, because it began with a C. I believe he chose the region, which he had never seen, on account of hearing that Bouguereau, an admiration of his, was visiting there. Bouguereau is the man who paints so happily the statuey woman, with an oleaginous baby or two; and he has been staying with a noted sardine-packer and pisciculturist in the little seaport.

At any rate, César felt himself safe from smelfungus and mundungus, whose air he cannot breathe.

For myself, I may confess it, I am a refugee from Artemus Ward and his generation. It had become a necessity to find some race not given to asking if I had a spare lay-figure "about my clothes," or swearing by the chevalier who sold his sick cow "to mother." I know now better than I did what an Americanism is, and the tone in some of our people that is intolerable to the old races. The wit that is merely disproportion, the journals that are merely paragraphs, had become odiousness inexpressible; and I fell with relief upon César, who, with all his grandiosities and Correggiosities, is constructed upon principles of wholesome human nature.

My guide must have had what Lucilla calls an "intimation," when he decided for Finistère.

There are Celtic cemeteries, Druid altars, a mouldy landscape full of bits, châteaux with conical towers pointing in different directions; no British tourists and fish-women.

It was at Concarneau I saw this coiffure. It was on a sardine-gutter: She had first let her hair stream, then tied on a dark calico skull-cap, then, gathering her tresses together, she had plastered them up the back of her head, over the cap, settling the ends on her moral organ, apparently with a tack. A narrow tiara of white goods stiffened with paper was applied to the forehead, and encircled the head as far back as it would go, or a little behind the ears; and a white tape, two inches wide, passed around the whole and met beneath the chin. Am I intelligible? The effect was rather Japanese. Her sabots, the roughest kind of canoes, had been finished with a red-hot instrument—literally *ironed* smooth—and retained the carbonized surface. She had other advantages. She had been sun-baked to a human brick. She was six feet high, broad in proportion, and had a sardine-trimming sisterhood of the same model, quite populating the place. They were not natives, but exotics—I should imagine from Benicia, where the boys attain such excessive development.

The artist, if he happens to speak the real aboriginal pre-Cæsarian Celto-Breton, will have no difficulty in making an arrangement with the best *genre* models in Europe at a franc an hour.

Last Sunday, at the Pardon of St. Leger—the name of a little chapel near the village of Riac—while the hollow around the church was quite covered with kneeling girls in white coifs who had been crowded out by the throng inside—there came experimenting down the declivity a procession of three astounding beggars. The blind led; it was an old man, bulbous, like so many of these unfortunate sedentaries, and he was bubbling with unctuous prayers for those who put centimes into his old hat. Catching at his skirt came the dumb—a huge, speechless woman in tatters of every color; over her neck straddled a happy baby, engaged with its toes in extreme satisfaction. Struggling at the end of a string came the halt, finishing the concatenation. She was a kind of an Elgin fragment. I had not the heart to reckon all her lesions and torsions, but I remember that one of her feet pointed backward, and that her nose was truncated like the Theseus!

"If there is anything in Italy better than that"—I was beginning, when César unpiped himself and gave out the oracle.

"These courtiers of poverty," said he, stripping down a foxglove, "painted reasonably well, would turn to fame and fortune."

Forty hours later we were studying from them, in a little deserted château-de-campagne we have found. Many a picturesque old Breton in the costume worn in England under Charles I., many a brown girl with her distaff, many a gypsy boy whose long hair, just chopped over the eyes, gives his thin Celtic face all the distinguished air of a Vandyke, will take it as a compliment to be invited to this extemporized studio.

Our friend the notaire had the keys, and consented to wink; so we threw down our painting-boxes in a good-sized upper room, and, opening the solitary window, draped the lower half with my blanket, whose deep tone, crowned with one changing catenary line of intense blue, is a Correggio picture in itself. By this simple arrangement we have a perfect studio light, which

falls cool and pure upon the model of the day—a model selected almost at random in a place where they all dress like a chorus in "Dinorah."

These somewhat earthy persons, thus unceremoniously caught up into the region of ideas, take the matter coolly. While we are busy with their pearliness or wooliness, and the Indian-red in their grays, they sit like Stonehenge in the assigned posture, and attend to the blue-bottles. There never were more accomplished sitters; the gentleman whom you see in every possible attitude in the vestibule of a village photographer is not more perfect in his study.

The country around is made expressly for a landscape artist. All is mouldy and ruinous. There are women in the fields and lumbering wheeled ploughs. There is plenty of *landes*, or heather, covered with boulders. Every village has its Druid monuments, dragged perforce into Christian service by a rude intaglio of a cross, and all designated by Breton names. Now it is a *menhir*, or upright monolith; now a *dolmen*, or altar; now a rocking-stone, rather hard to start and rather dreary when in motion; now a *carneillou*, or Celtic burying-ground, where the mourning savage, in the *ennui* of his unprofitable strength, has rolled all the boulders from the vicinity—and can do nothing more. Just now the wastes are blue with heather and the thickets sweet with honeysuckle. Upon unkind land, as we have been told by some of our deserving schoolmasters, the men of information (the impression on my mind is somehow like Hugh Miller), the plants all run to flowers.

The boulders, as arranged by the last glacier, are items in the scenery. Though reason swears they are primeval, imagination utterly refuses to believe in them much further back than the probable date of the lichens and ephemera about them. Those surrounding these guilty and ruinous old châteaux I should place at about the epoch of Louis Quinze. They are the most abandoned, corrupt old stones I ever saw, eaten to the very heart with parasites, crumbling with over-richness, their constitutions ruined with megrims and over-dressing. Whenever I see a corpulent old boulder sitting under an ash-tree, all in velvets of browns and purples—the richest costumes always on the most shapeless dowager—I can think of nothing but Montespan out of date in a convent.

The pollard oaks are not much better. Some hundreds of them form an avenue to the nearest *menhir*, which leans up, twenty-five feet high, out of the middle of the loneliest road in the vicinity. Its mate lies on its nose, incorporated in the next wall. The branches of these oaks are trimmed for firewood, the law protecting the principal shafts as fit for ship timber. Under the influence of constant trimming, the trunks rise up in the most fantastic posture, clothed with ivy and with their own short foliage. Gustave Doré is outdone in the fantasies played by these excessively self-conscious dwarfs. What is strangest, each is strictly national, very Frenchy, and very theatrical. If you doubt this, do but remember the waterside pollards of England, honest old waits, too candid for education; the utmost stretch of whose fancy goes in shaping a warty nose or so, fit to dip in a Yorkshire beer-can. These Gallic mummers, as I walk through them after sunset, stretch up around on tiptoe, wagging their secret-looking beards like the priests in Norma. They belong to that charming class of objects that are better seen the darker it gets; and I know, if I only wait until this moon wanes, I shall some night meet the Druidess herself, crowned with verbena, and veiled in black bobbinet, explaining to the listening heavens that *she was Norma*.

Art is scenic, and assimilates with this strange, intelligent landscape. It creeps, like the ivy, around the softest stones in the rottenest castles; and where they jabber from morning till night in this hideous *Celtic*, art finds the silence in which she can hear the hints and whispers of her gods.

Correspondence.

MR. HAMLIN AND THE REBEL DEBT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

In the speech made by the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, late Vice-President of the United States, at the Cooper Institute, in New York city, reported in the *Tribune*, Oct. 16, I find the following statement made, to w hich I desire to call attention. He is speaking about the assumption of the rebel debt:

"I want to give you a little history in this matter of assuming debt, which, I think, is very pertinent to the question. When senator of the United States, I saw placed upon the tables of the senators one day a little bill, according to my recollection of but two sections, providing that ten millions of dollars be paid to Texas, on condition that Texas would relinquish her title to all the land lying north of 36° 30′. She did not own any more of that soil than the devil owned of the kingdoms of the earth, when he took the Son of Man up the mount and promised them all to him on a certain occasion. The other provision of the bill was that, out of this ten millions of dollars, the State debt of Texas should first be paid. It was an abomination. [I pass over some irrelevant remarks and proceed.] At that precise period of time, a senator approached me and enquired if I held any of the Texas bonds. I said very frankly, 'No; and I do not want them.' 'They are not in the public market,' said he; 'but I can put you in a line where you can purchase $50,000 of them for five cents on the dollar, and it does not require any sagacity, Mr. Hamlin, for any man to see that when the Government assumes that debt, or agrees to pay Texas ten millions of dollars on condition that her debt is to be paid out of that ten millions of dollars, Texas bonds in the market will be worth dollar for dollar.' No; it did not require any sagacity to see that, and I could see, too, that the senator expected my vote to help to carry the infamous scheme. I held none of the Texas bonds. I gave the bill none of my votes; but I saw it pass, and I say here to-night that it was well understood that there were senators with hundreds of thousands of dollars of those bonds in their pockets."

Such, if correctly reported, is the statement which the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin made at that great meeting; and, from the knowledge I have of his public character, I am bound to believe the above bit of history to be true. And regarding it as such, I wish to ask a question, and, should it meet the eye of that gentleman, I should be pleased to see a response to it through the medium of your paper. During the passage of that "infamous scheme," as he characterized that bill, did Mr. Hamlin *do all in his power to expose the enormity of that fraud, swindle, robbery*, whatever rightful term may be given to it? If a "little bill" of "two sections" could be *got up and engineered* through the United States Senate, taking from the public Treasury $10,000,000 (a sum nearly equal to the whole government expenses for one year under the administration of John Quincy Adams), for the purpose of filling senators' pockets with gain, then as a nation we may well hang our heads and acknowledge that our public men are among the most corrupt and unprincipled of all people. We have evils enough in our country to contend against without a stimulant to *downright dishonest practices* from those who occupy seats in the high places of the Government. The above statement of Mr. Hamlin inflicts a foul blot upon the character of the United States Senate. It does so for this reason: No bill of such a character as he has above described could have passed that body without a *majority of members* present voting for it. And, if a majority of members actually did vote for it, knowing its swindling character, as he intimates many of them must have known, then the glory of our free institutions has waned and passed away. I think it is due to the cause of public morals for Mr. Hamlin to give to the public the *name of that man* who approached him with a *bribe for his vote*. All such characters should be put on a *black list*.

A Citizen who hates Robbery in every shape.

CRITICISM CRITICISED.

To the Editor of The Nation:

There is a paragraph of what I suppose is intended as criticism in Mr. Harrisse's recent and very elaborate work, "Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima," on a very unpretending little memoir of my own, "Monograph of Authors who have written on the Languages of Central America." It is as follows:

"The biographical notices are extracted from the 'Biblioteca' of Beristain, while many of the titles are derived not from an examination of the works themselves, but from the notices in Ramesal [Remesal] Vasquez, Cogolludo, Villiagutierre, De Souza, and similar sources."

It would seem from this that Mr. Harrisse, in the course of his researches, *discovered* where most of the materials for the "Monograph" were obtained. And the implication is clear that the author or compiler of the "Monograph" had sought to obtain undue credit by concealing the sources of his information. Yet the following distinct acknowledgment will be found on page xv. of the introduction to the "Monograph," and the probability is strong that Mr. Harrisse obtained *his* information precisely from this source and "not from an examination of the works themselves":

"A considerable part of this information has been derived from the 'Biblioteca Hispano-Americana Septentrional' of Don José Mariano Beristain de Souza, whose system of giving names and titles I have followed, as best adapted to my purpose. The remainder has been collected through personal investigation of a *few* of the religious and political archives of the country, and a careful collation of the chronicles of Remesal, Cogolludo, Villiagutierre, Juarros, and the biographical and other publications of the various religious orders."

A small matter; but then these are hypercritical days.

E. G. Squier.

New York, October, 1866.

THE "WORLD" AND THE "TRIBUNE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

While the justice of your strictures upon the violent language which the *Tribune* used toward Mr. Beecher after the publication of his Cleveland letter cannot fail to be acknowledged, it appears to one of your readers, at least, that far severer censure should be administered to the *World* for its recent gross violation of courtesy toward Senator Wilson. Mr. Wilson recently declared his intention of leading a Christian life and connected himself with one of the branches of the Christian Church, whereupon the *World* openly and repeatedly charges him with hypocrisy in making such professions while retaining a prominent position in the Republican party. Can the malignity of partisanship go further? To make the most sacred and delicate feelings of a gentleman who happens to be a political opponent a theme for coarse invective! To assume that all professions of religious principle on the part of active members of an opposing party are hypocritical! Such indelicacy and intolerance are certainly deserving of far severer reprehension than the application of an abusive epithet. It is not, perhaps, a matter of much importance to draw a comparison between the Republican and Democratic press in reference to their observance of the amenities of journalism. But yet it is pleasant for a Republican, on turning with disgust from the articles in the *World* just mentioned, to remember that when General McClellan made a public profession of religion, though the most exciting political campaign which our nation ever knew was at its height, the press of the opposing party did not fling out a single taunt, but maintained a respectful silence.

[We do not criticise the tone in which the *World* speaks of political opponents, for much the same reason that we do not call John Morrissey's attention to the delights of philosophy, or Commodore Vanderbilt's to the uses of adversity. There are amongst newspapers, as amongst tramps and criminals, hopeless cases.—ED. NATION.]

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The Nation.

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The Week.

OF the effects of the elections on Mr. Johnson nothing is yet known. In a recent despatch to the Governor of Texas, he expresses in vague terms his confidence that the people will in the end escape from the influence of "passion and prejudice," and complete the work of reconstruction—we presume, in the way he thinks it ought to be completed. It has been inferred from this by some that he is still rooted in his "policy," but this is perhaps going too far. He does not reason much, and we question if he even makes plans for the future; so that it is not at all improbable that by the time Congress meets he may have got sufficiently accustomed to the situation to accept it, without having formed any very definite conclusion as to what is his duty in the matter. He is one of the large class of demagogues who indulge in absurd professions of confidence in the infallibility of the people as long as the people agree with them, but, the minute they find themselves in the minority, become philosophers, "rise above the passions of the hour," twirl their thumbs in a pitying way over the "madness" of their opponents, and gaze calmly into the future, waiting for what they call "the dawning of a better day." The ranks of the Democratic party have produced a very large fry of wise men of this sort, who, six years ago, when they were in the ascendant, outraged decency and common sense by the abject submission with which they bowed down before majorities, but who now deliver speeches that read like extracts from Boethius on the Consolations of Philosophy. Mr. Johnson gazing down sorrowfully but hopefully on "the giddy multitude" would be a capital subject for a good caricaturist.

GENERAL SHERMAN and Mr. Campbell have been despatched to Mexico, not it seems as plenipotentiaries but reporters. They are to relate to Mr. Johnson what they see and hear, and he is then to make up his mind. They will probably see and hear a great deal, as the old factions seem to be growing strong and active in proportion to the fading of the imperial power. There will probably be a vigorous attempt made to oust Juarez unless we aid him, and if we aid him we shall have a very nice little job on our hands—neither more nor less than the reorganization of Mexican society and government. Considering the state of society and government in the Southwestern States of this Union, carping and captious people will probably say that Mr. Johnson might find something better to do, both for himself and the country.

IT appears that General Grant's order directing that offenders against life and property at the South, whom the civil authorities would neither arrest nor punish, should be dealt with by the military, has been revoked, and Northerners and freedmen have now no protection except such as Southern sheriffs choose to afford—which is simply none at all. The accounts received here of the state of things in the Southwest are very shocking, and there seems little hope for improvement unless Congress takes the whole matter of reconstruction into its own hands, and begins from the beginning. Mr. Johnson has so utterly botched it, and his talk and the talk of the Northern Conservatives have produced such an unfortunate effect on the Southern mind, that we begin to doubt very much whether his work can be made to furnish even a foundation for something better. In the meantime, society at the South is made every day more and more difficult to reclaim or reorganize by the spectacle of crime and outrage going unpunished. The faith of both blacks and whites in the existence of either law or government is necessarily shaken by the absence of all manifestations of their authority.

THE country districts seem to have been much shocked by the election of Mr. John Morrissey to the Fortieth Congress. We trust they will try to keep their indignation alive for a month or two, and show enough of it to force their representatives into expelling that gentleman from the House of Representatives whenever he takes his seat. If he is allowed to sit, Congress will disgrace itself and disgrace us all; and there need be no difficulty in getting rid of him. The House need have no hesitation in resolving that an ex-convict or the keeper of a gambling hell is an unfit person to sit in Congress, and turn Morrissey out under the resolution. Mr. Greeley has laid it down, in what Artemus Ward would call his "sarkastakul" way, that Morrissey, being a good specimen of his constituents, is a proper man to represent them; but, if this be a good rule, we must have representatives for all classes, and the burglars and grog-shop keepers and the criminal population of the country generally are entitled to send delegates to Congress who will fairly express the views of their constituents on property, marriage, and other human institutions.

STEPHENS, C. O. I. R., is said to have left the country, and to be on his way to Ireland to fling the sunburst to the breeze before New Year's day. By the time he is once more in jail, if he is really on his way thither, the Cisatlantic Fenians will be getting ready for fighting in Canada, for they intend to begin operations as soon as the ice breaks up, and that will be in February. Firms in Maiden Lane, they say, might tell of large quantities of buttons that are manufacturing for the Fenian army, each one of them ornamented with the Irish harp; and several large clothing houses are busily making the Fenian uniform, which consists of blue pantaloons with a green worsted cord down the outside seam of each leg, green blouse, blue cap with a green band, and, over all, the United States overcoat. Thirty thousand of these suits have been contracted for, and will be delivered on or before December 1. By the first day of February fifty thousand arms, breech-loaders, will be ready for the soldiery. Who is to lead the army? Two men—one a general officer who fought under, the other a general officer who fought against, Sherman in the West. If it will at all relieve the fears of the Canadians, and we presume they are familiar with the past history of the Brotherhood, we may add that these uniforms are to be furnished to the rank and file at the rate of $12 apiece, and the money

is to be paid in at headquarters; so these dreadful notes of preparation, if our opinion goes for anything, certainly mean greenbacks for "the leading Irishmen of America" and other shrewd "centres" and "organizers," and probably mean no more.

THE Government commission appointed to enquire into the cause of the loss of the *Evening Star* have made their report, from which it appears that the ship was lost because the captain had not men enough to rig up a drag, and there was no carpenter to repair the covering of the hatchways. The report is a good one, but its greatest beauty is that nothing more will ever be heard about it. The owners of the ship, probably, read it with the same calm with which they would peruse a paper on sorghum, read by Horace Greeley at the American Institute, or some such place. If it has made any impression on them at all, it is probably one of faint admiration at the skill of the commission in finding out the cause of the disaster.

THE *Evening Post* took exception last week to an article of ours appearing in THE NATION of November 1, in which we expressed the opinion that the adoption of the amendment would not be a final settlement—that the party at the North who seek to base legislation as far as possible on the rules of abstract justice and morality would not be satisfied, but would keep agitating, and that their agitation would convulse the country as that of the anti-slavery men did, and would continue until the last trace of political discrimination based on color was removed from our laws. The *Post* considers this very "inconsiderate writing," and seems in some strange way to have arrived at the conclusion that we were proposing some very wild and revolutionary proceeding. We recommended nothing except the legal, regular, and constitutional adoption of certain principles of government which all intelligent observers see plainly are, either by peaceable reform or by violent revolution, triumphing in every civilized country. In other words, we recommended the "enactment of God's law," for the very good reason given by Daniel Webster—"that none other would stand." We generally agree with the *Post* as to the proper limits of the province of government, but we do not agree with it in thinking that those limits are well ascertained or can be traced by the aid of a general rule. The *Post* and Mr. Beecher have lately been led by this theory of theirs into some very deep mire, and we predict they will find it deeper the further they wade. The *Post*, by a too common rhetorical device, makes us answerable for the misdeeds and shortcomings of Congress by calling the majority "THE NATION'S men." We might with just as much justice call Fernando Wood and John Morrissey "the *Post's* men."

SWEET sixteen is not always particularly sweet in the school-room, and we suppose the girl who was whipped in Cambridge some months since very probably deserved it. It is not, although the *World* disagrees with us on this point, a case which calls for the establishment of a white young ladies' bureau in the nigger-loving State, with armies of the paid minions of power as officials. It does, however, call upon parents and school committees to decide each for themselves this question: whether refractory scholars shall be expelled from school for impudence or disobedience, or be, on occasion, whipped and suffered to go on with their education. Most parents, no doubt, admit that physical force is in the last resort properly to be used by themselves; and once concede, as most parents do, that children must be educated, and that the parent's place in that work must be filled by the teacher, and you have to grant the teacher also the use of physical force. But these are elementary principles. Generally one man in each school-district spends a part of his time kicking against them, and leads some young woman a dreadful life of tears and notes to the nearest committee-man for protection. But juries usually take upon themselves to extinguish him. The jury who tried the Cambridge school-master have just acquitted him.

TEXAS, as well as Georgia, has rejected the constitutional amendment with every appearance of unanimity. But Judge Reagan, and we suppose there is no more influential Texan, has written a letter which we take to be as good an indication of the course that politics may pursue in that State as that furnished by the action of the Legislature. His plan is an original one. He opposes the amendment, but has the sense to see and to say that the North must in some way be satisfied, or a worse thing than the amendment may come upon the South. He would have Texas admit the principle of negro suffrage, and immediately grant the franchise to a certain class of negroes. This being done, and other good things in behalf of that race being done, he thinks it probable that Congress would not insist upon its present plan,but might restore Texas to its practical relations with the Union without diminishing the number of its representatives. Judge Reagan's scheme does him credit. There is nothing in it of Jenkins's stupidity, and he is not so well satisfied as Alexander H. Stephens that Samson may be tied up tight with small dry withes; but we confess we do not look for its adoption, and, the Georgia and the Texas Legislatures to the contrary notwithstanding, still less do we give up the expectation of seeing the amendment adopted.

THE Legislature of Georgia has formally and emphatically rejected the constitutional amendment, and done so in resolutions which contain a very full and candid reassertion of the old State-rights doctrine. This might be a sensible proceeding if the North regarded this doctrine as still an open question, to be decided either by arguing or voting; but it was, for all purposes of discussion, so effectually closed by the war that one finds it difficult to characterize the men who now revive it as an answer to the Northern offer of peace and reunion. In fact, the conduct of the Georgia Legislature simply confirms the doubts we expressed in our last number as to the depth of the Southern transformation. The institutions of the people are changed, but their minds do not seem to be. How much time and suffering it would save if the Milledgeville wiseacres could bring themselves to perceive that the *theory* on which the North fought and the South resisted is now of no sort of consequence, any more than the theory on which Louis XVI. held his throne; that the North will not argue any more, and that, right or wrong, logical or illogical, whether the South be in or out of the Union, it must either come into it or stay in it on the same terms as New York. The Southern philosophers keep telling us what Webster said twenty years ago, and what Congress voted in 1860; but the answer to all this may be given in the words of Molière's maid—"Hippocrate dira ce qu'il lui plaira, mais le cocher est mort."

THE present unsettled and almost restless state of Europe is proof that the treaty of Prague was premature both for the parties that contracted it and for the French Emperor who compelled it. Italy alone seems to have obtained substantially what she was seeking, and, calmly awaiting the execution of the September convention, watches the departure of such rats as Francis II. from the sinking and all but engulfed Papacy. Elsewhere there is a general groping about for new alliances. Napoleon, who has no stomach for studying with the Duc d'Aumale the "balance-sheet of France"—for the past year or the past fifteen—and is withal busy in making Chassepot rifles for German targets, lends an uncertain support to Austria against her vanquisher, and dreams of a Franco-American alliance, based on respectful adhesion to the Monroe doctrine, that shall detach Russia from the great republic. Russia, meanwhile, forms a marriage connection with Denmark that might, if such things affected the polity of nations as they did a century ago, bring England and the Empire into intimate relations, and speedily, if there were any truth in the rumor that Prussia and Sweden are conspiring against the small domain of King Christian. As for Prussia, she is, between Bismark and the King, so little consistent that the attorney-general has instituted a prosecution against Deputy Twesten for words spoken in Parliament in behalf of the constitutional right which the King had asked to be pardoned for violating by precipitating and carrying on the late war, although the accused was foremost in supporting the bill of indemnity.

WHEN Earl Derby, Lord Stanley, and the London *Times* unite, as they have done, in expressing the desirableness of settling the *Alabama*

claims, and even in admitting something more than a show of justice in our demands, it would seem as if the matter were in a fair way for adjustment. It would be amusing, except that the spectacle has become rather stale by repetition, to see the *Times* borrowing the very arguments which, when uttered from this side of the water, it used to ridicule. Probably just such a paragraph as the following could be clipped from one of Mr. Bemis's pamphlets:

"If the dictates of justice be doubtful, those of policy are clear. Great Britain has everything to gain by the adoption of a code whereby a weaker maritime power may be restrained from equipping *Alabamas* in American ports. Our navy may or may not be the most powerful in the world, but, if it were ten times as powerful as it is, it could not protect our commercial marine against privateers built anywhere and commissioned nowhere."

JOHN BRIGHT has delivered a noble speech at the Reform banquet in Dublin, in which he urged, with his almost unrivalled eloquence, the view which all sensible and sagacious men have taken for half a century, that the true remedy for Irish wrongs is to be found in the overthrow of class government in England. The plan of insurrection has been fairly tried during the last five hundred years, and has fully failed, and the disparity of the opposing forces becomes every year greater. A formidable rising in Ireland would put every Irish Protestant, and every Englishman if need be, under arms, and would end in its suppression amidst scenes of bloodshed and cruelty for which there are few parallels in history. Therefore we hold that those who incite the poor Irish into anything of the kind, unless undertaken in conjunction with a first-class foreign power, are, whether they do or do not know what they are talking about, guilty of a great crime. England is not just now considered very formidable on the Continent; but, England fairly roused, against statesmen and soldiers of the calibre of James Stephens and "President" Roberts, backed by half-armed peasants, who does not know what the result would be?

AUSTRIA, finally, clings with traditional obstinacy to her old ideas and her freshest hatred; refuses to convoke the Hungarian Diet on the plea of dreading the cholera, which has quite disappeared; appoints Von Beust foreign minister in spite of his recent connection with Saxony and his known offensiveness to Prussia, and in spite of the protestations of her best friends and advisers; appoints also a governor of Gallicia who has Polish sympathies, in contempt of the goodwill of Russia; and altogether behaves like one who has no appreciation either of his duty or of the near contingencies of the future. She makes no preparation for the Eastern question, which is probably uppermost in Napoleon's mind, though France is more remote from the scene of controversy. Even England, it is said—meaning, of course, the Tory ministry of Earl Derby—is prompt to prejudice the Sultan against French diplomacy, to which it attributes the action of Ismail Pacha in endowing Egypt with a constitutional form of government, after the French model, with hardly any reference to Constantinople. To all these apprehensions and jealousies of her neighbors Austria seems utterly indifferent, and she will find in the end, if her empire survive so long, that an equal indifference to her will have been shown in casting lots for "the sick man's raiment."

TERRIBLE damage has been done in France by the late inundations, thousands of families being left destitute. An appeal has been made to this country for aid for the sufferers, and the French Consul-General has undertaken to receive subscriptions. We trust the appeal may meet with a response; but the fact of its having been made warrants us in making the observation that half the sum which has been spent during the last five years even in "beautifying" Paris, or which is spent every year in the maintenance of an enormous army, would not only provide for those who have been ruined by the inundations, but such embankments and plantations of trees as would render such widespread devastation impossible hereafter. The most shocking extravagance has been developed at Paris, too, by the lavish expenditure in mere luxury and frivolity of taxes contributed by the very unfortunates whom we are now asked to help.

THE FREEDMEN.

THE Bureau has recently extended its operations in procuring employment for the large number of freedmen congregated in certain localities. Under the direction of the Assistant Commissioner of the District of Columbia, offices have been recently opened in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Boston, Providence, and other points in the North and West. Large numbers of freed people are constantly being shipped to good homes, in accordance with the requisitions of these offices. In one day forty were sent to Michigan. Great difficulty is sometimes experienced in trying to persuade them to go North or West, and many prefer to remain where they are, eking out a miserable existence in poverty and squalor, alleging that they know nothing of the country, or that they dread the cold. These, however, constitute but a small proportion of the whole.

—During the quarter ending September 30th, 23,857 rations were issued to whites, and 20,200 to colored persons, in the State of Arkansas. In the same State 29 murders of freedmen were reported during the months of July and August. As not more than half the State is districted and occupied by agents, it is fair to suppose that this does not embrace all that occurred. General Sprague, the Assistant Commissioner, says:

"From the number of murders committed some idea can be formed of other atrocities and outrages perpetrated upon freedmen. All these things are untouched by the civil authorities. They necessarily tend to make freedmen suspicious of the whites, and give them a feeling of insecurity, and thus render them less efficient and faithful as laborers. Under the old system of slavery the negro was forced to do the will of his master; it seems now never to enter into the calculation of the white race here to govern the freedman by just laws and appeals to his interests, as is the case with white laborers elsewhere. For instance, if a negro abuses in any way the privilege of carrying arms, the whites in the vicinity are disposed to rise at once and disarm all blacks, the vicious and peaceful alike, thus forcing them to band together in self-defence. If a freedman is wronged, no matter how outrageously, he cannot get redress at civil law. This is emphatically true of a great portion of the State."

The experiment of appointing civilian agents of the Bureau in Arkansas has proved unsuccessful, and such agents have been relieved from duty with few exceptions. The season has been unfavorable for the cotton crop. The cholera has prevailed to some extent, but is abating.

—Five murders of freedmen are reported by an agent of the American and Union Freedman's Commission in Troupe and Heard counties, Georgia. Nearly all of these were committed by a party of men who go about the country disguised, with blackened faces, and are known as the "Black Cavalry." Several of these scoundrels, arrested by the military in Heard County and turned over to the civil authorities, have been held to bail in ridiculously small amounts.

—During the month of September, 9,347 rations were issued to whites and 31,728 to freedmen in the State of Georgia; and in South Carolina during the same time 198,043 to whites and 93,917 to freed people. A very great increase in the number of schools in South Carolina is anticipated during the coming winter, provided the associations of the North will furnish necessary teachers.

—The Board of Missions for the Freedmen, of the Protestant Episcopal Church in South Carolina, have purchased the U. S. Marine Hospital on Franklin Street, Charleston, in order to establish there a school and orphan home for their charge. The recipients of this charity are to be confined to no particular sect. The President, Andrew Johnson, has contributed a check of $1,000, and gentlemen in New York have added $500. The indebtedness on the building is $8,000. The Charleston *Courier* is of the opinion that the President's contribution is "a much more substantial and lasting token of friendship to the colored race than all the violent harangues of mad fanatics . . . in favor of universal suffrage."

—A plan to entice negroes to Peru, where they would be placed upon the footing of coolies and reduced to practical serfdom, has been exposed by Secretary Seward.

—In Concordia Parish, La., 42,000 acres of land which were put to cotton will yield but about 7,000 bales.

—One hundred and fifty unemployed freedmen were sent to Mississippi, one day last week, from the vicinity of Lynchburg, Va.

Notes.

LITERARY.

RUMORS have been circulating in some journals that Prof. Francis J. Child, of Cambridge, had *discovered* the long-lost manuscript of Bishop Percy's "Reliques," and was to edit it for publication. This report is somewhat exaggerated and distorted. The manuscript volume from which Percy took much of his "Reliques" has been well known to be in the possession of one of the grandchildren of the bishop. He had several times refused either to sell or to print it, but has finally consented, for a consideration, to allow an accurate copy of it to be taken for publication. The manuscript is in a very bad condition. It is badly written in bad ink on bad paper, and is much mutilated. About one half of the first fifty pages are torn off—said to have been taken by a servant to light a fire. It is a book of 521 pages and contains 191 pieces, partly ballads and partly other interesting matter. It is a great deal to get hold of these originals of some of the best old English ballads, which, even in their altered and "improved" form, are so ringing. The study of ballad literature awakened by Bishop Percy's book, in spite of the strong condemnation by Dr. Johnson of these "frivolous and rude songs," has been productive of the best effects on English poetry. It was one of the first attacks on the reign of classic stupidity. The Percy MS. is to be published by the Early English Text Society, under the editorship of some of its members. Professor Child has consented to edit a portion of it. The reprint will not be in the regular series of the society, on account of the expense of procuring the MS., but a separate subscription will be opened for it.

—We spoke last week of the large importations of foreign books. Since then we have received the catalogues of Mr. J. W. Bouton and of Messrs. Mohun & Ebbs, both of which show a fine selection of valuable illustrated books. At Bouton's are: a copy of the "Galerie du Palais Pitti," proof before letter; a proof copy of "Raphael's Frescoes in the Vatican;" the Naples edition of the "Museo Borbonico," with the three supplemental volumes; Claude's "Liber Veritatis;" Rogers's "Italy," with the engravings after Turner, each printed on a full page, and many others of equal value. There can be found, also, the new and enlarged edition of Payne Knight's "Discourse on the Worship of Priapus." Messrs. Mohun & Ebbs have made a specialty of works illustrated by Doré, but they have also a good selection of other books, among which we notice a fine set of old English chronicles, including the reprint of Lord Berners's "Froissart," a rare book; Halliwell's Shakespeare, of which all the remaining copies have been imported; and the Percy Society publications. There are at least four sets of these valuable reprints for sale in New York, and also sets of the publications of the Shakespeare and Camden Societies.

—At the recent sale of the private library of T. H. Morrell, Esq., by Messrs. Bangs, Merwin & Co., of this city, we note the following prices for a few of the gems of the collection: "Symmes's Fight at Piggwacket," 32 pages, published in Boston 1725, bound in levant by Bedford, $165; "First New York Directory," 82 pages, in morocco, $100; "Dunlap's History of the Arts of Design," 2 vols. extended to 4, and illustrated with 197 inserted plates and autographs, $80; "The Cow Chace," by Major André, 22 pages, $36; "Proceedings of the Court-Martial for the Trial of Major André," fine copy, uncut, $26; "Barlow's Columbiad," 4to, uncut, $25; "Burk's History of Virginia," 4 vols., do., $90; "Coddington's Demonstration of True Love," morocco, $40; "Memoirs of Mrs. Coghlan," 1795, uncut, $28; "Davies's Sermon on a Good Soldier," 24 pages, 1755, $18; "Life of Edmund Kean," with 53 inserted plates, full morocco (text inlaid to folio), $65; "Dunlap's Tragedy of André," New York, 1798, $20; "Bucaniers of America," London, 1684, fine copy, $20; "The Federalist," 2 vols., first edition, uncut, $32; "Findlay's Whiskey Insurrection," 1796, uncut, $19 50; "Freneau's Poems," with 54 inserted plates, large paper, $42 50; "Garden's Anecdotes," 3 vols., 50 inserted plates, $52; "Heath's Memoirs," 88 inserted plates, $35; "Higginson's Election Sermon," 1663, 24 pages, fine binding, $48; "Memorial of Washington Irving," 90 plates inserted, $65; "Dobeira's Life of Marion," extra plates, $30; "Josselyn's Voyages to New England, 1674, $32 50; "Lawson's History of Carolina," 1718, $21; "Lechford's Newes from New England," 1642, $45; "Portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots," 77 inserted plates, and richly bound, $110; "Mason's Pequot War," 1736, full morocco, $51; "Mather's Bostonian Ebenezer," 82 pages, 1698, $40; "Mather's Magnalia," folio, full calf, $37 50; "Mather's Tryals of the Witches," 1693, fine copy, $50; "Monarde's Joyful Newes out of the Newe Foun Worlde," black letter, 1577, fine copy, $46. The *magnum opus* of the sale was a copy of "Irving's Life of Washington," in 5 vols. 4to, extended to 10 vols., superbly bound and illustrated with 1,200 inserted plates. This was taken at the upset price of $200 a volume, or $2,000 for the set, by a wealthy collector of this city. The illustrations of this superb book comprised portraits of nearly every prominent character connected with the Revolution, including 145 different portraits of Washington and numerous autographs, original drawings, etc., of excessive rarity.

—Messrs. Bell & Daldy, of London, announce that they have ready for publication a complete revised edition of the "Aldine Edition of the English Poets," originally published by Pickering. In the new issue the texts have all undergone revision by competent editors, the errors have been corrected, and new illustrative matter has been added. The edition of Chaucer promises to be very good. It is prepared by Richard Morris, who has done the best work for the Early English Text and the Philological Societies, and who brings a competent knowledge of early English to bear on the text. To settle the text of Chaucer is a work of great difficulty and labor, so corrupt is it; and scholars need, what Messrs. Macmillan & Co. long ago promised them, an edition in which *all* the variations of the text are printed in notes, as in editions of the Greek and Latin classics. Mr. Morris does not attempt this. We are happy to hear that the same gentleman will publish in a few months a "Reading Book of Early English," for the use of schools—a book of great usefulness.

—The University of Cambridge has just filled the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Grote, by electing the Rev. Frederick D. Maurice professor of "casuistry, moral philosophy, and moral theology." Mr. Maurice, though an Oxford man, was chosen over ten Cambridge competitors. The university has done itself great credit in electing one of the foremost English metaphysicians and theologians, when we consider that he was once turned out of his professorship at King's College, London, by the Low Church party, on account of alleged heresy. He has long been the leader of the Broad Church party, and has been distinguished for his activity for the interests of the working-man, more especially in his efforts for the establishment of the Working-men's and Queen's Colleges, London.

—The number of translations from the ancient classics recently published is a striking feature in modern English literature. There have been lately translations of Homer in every variety of metre, the latest version being that of Sir John F. W. Herschel in hexameters. He has succeeded in writing some very good lines, and in giving as good a version of some parts of his author as can be in that metre. Sir John, however, dares boldly to say, what many have thought, that Homer can be improved upon. Accordingly, he has omitted many of the often repeated epithets, and in some cases has inserted new ones of his own, distinguishing them, however, by italics. A comparison of the recent translations will, we think, convince any one that none of the metres used are sufficient to express the whole of Homer. If we could bring ourselves to allow a version in which the metre was varied according to the occasion, we should have a better rendering of the whole. The "Æneid" of Virgil, after having been long neglected, has just been translated into verse by Professor Conington, of Oxford, well known as an accurate editor and excellent commentator on the classics, and also by his translation of the odes of Horace. The metre he uses is the ballad metre of Scott and Byron, especially resembling that used in the "Lord of the Isles." This metre readily lends itself to long catalogues of names as well as to rapid description, and is thus peculiarly suitable to Virgil, which is to be read rapidly. Even those who object to the metre as not grand, and as calling up the associations of a different age, when they read the flowing verse, begin to doubt whether, on the principle that "whate'er is best administered is best," Professor Con-

ington has not chosen the right metre.. The translation is unusually close and accurate, and always expresses the sense of the original, being often exegetical, as it were. Few translators bring to their work so much knowledge of the text as Professor Conington, and few have so carefully weighed the meaning of every word. He has, without doubt, produced one of the best translations that the English language can boast, and one that will make Virgil a popular author. We understand it is to be republished in this country by Messrs. Scribner & Co. A new translation of Thucydides has lately been published, and a version of the "Peace" of Aristophanes is announced.

—A book is about to be published by Didier, of Paris, that cannot fail to attract the attention of the political and the literary world. It is the "Political Correspondence" of the former president of the council at Turin, who, after Novara, saved at the same time the national independence and the constitutional liberty of his country, and who, with Count Cavour, was the chief author of the emancipation of Italy, the Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio. His correspondence, written in French, embraces the important period of Italian regeneration, from 1847 to 1865. It contains very unexpected judgments on the men and affairs of Italy and France, and all the celebrated names of contemporary politics appear in turn under the writer's pen. The Roman question is treated of in all its details, and it is especially interesting at this time, when the convention of September, 1864, is expiring, to know what was the idea of this great statesman with regard to the definite solution of this problem. On this point he was of different opinions from Cavour. The correspondence is edited by M. Eugène Rendu, who has explained the text by notes and documents, and added a sketch of the life of d'Azeglio. He speaks with the double authority of a man long devoted to the Italian cause and of an intimate friend of the marquis.

—The theatrical year of Paris has begun with another great success of M. Victorien Sardou. He treats of country life this time, and shows up the little intrigues of a village, and the petty annoyances to which unpopular residents are subjected; the grossness and rudeness of country life being a wholesome shock for a Parisian audience. In "Nos Bons Villageois" he has succeeded, where George Sand failed just before with her "Le Don Juan de Village."

—The Chinese, who invented the mariner's compass, gunpowder, printing, and visiting cards before us, reached four centuries ago the point where we are to-day as regards novel-writing. Even then they demanded an exact representation of life, and permitted only exaggeration enough to distinguish the hero from the persons among whom he moved. To guard the writer effectually from external influence and from personal popularity, they refused to recognize him. They wished to praise the work and not the author. Romances were rarely entered on the catalogues of the great Chinese libraries, and then only by a number. Two of the best of these old novels, which the Chinese admire, but whose author they do not know, have recently been translated into French by M. Stanislas Julien—"Yu-kiao-li," or "The Two Cousins," and "P'ing-chan-ling-yen," or "The Two Literary Young Girls." Both treat of a literary life, both end in suitable marriages. The heroes get to this happiness through difficulties of all kinds, but always naturally managed. The stories are simple and without pretence, with a little learning and much poetry. The characters are consistent, not finished with all the little touches used by Western novelists; but they live and act, and are easily understood. We see Chinamen in them, and, therefore, we learn more about Chinese life, even of the present day, than from the tales and accounts of travellers. The Abbé Huc can tell us much less than this unknown writer whom M. Julien introduces to us.

MASSON'S RECENT BRITISH PHILOSOPHY.*

With the true metaphysician the real motive of his pursuit is, of course, his belief in its success and in the value of the truths, as such, which he aims to establish. But, in addition to this motive, many minds discover a certain dignity and absolute worth in the pursuit itself—in the exercise of powers which, though they should fail of their end, are regarded as the noblest and the most distinctive of the tendencies native to the human mind. To this somewhat sentimental view of the value of metaphysical studies, Sir William Hamilton gave his powerful support, and his disciple, Mr. Masson, urges it in apology for his review. The "greatest and most characteristic merit of Sir William Hamilton among his contemporaries consisted," according to Mr. Masson, "in his having been, while he lived, the most ardent and impassioned devotee of the useless within Great Britain." Mr. Masson does not tell us whether Hamilton has since his death been surpassed in this excellence; but on no point in metaphysics does Mr. Masson himself take a more decided stand than on this its claim to be a very ennobling pursuit. Of a nation which should cease to care for metaphysics, he says that it "has the mark of the beast upon it, and is going the way of all brutality."

On more specific points of metaphysical doctrine, Mr. Masson's opinions are not so distinctly set forth. He manifests, however, a certain affection for transcendentalism, and a confidence that there is something in it. But his aim in this volume is not so much to set forth his own opinions as to sketch the relations of the different philosophical systems that have been most influential in Great Britain during the past thirty years, with reference chiefly to the writings of Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Mill, and Mr. Carlyle.

For this purpose he lays down, first, a scheme for the classification of possible metaphysical opinions, following Sir William Hamilton's method, and, for the most part, adopting Hamilton's divisions and nomenclature. An admiring imitator of Hamilton's emphatic style, he divides and defines with a firmness, rather than a fineness, of discrimination. Starting with an *à priori* scheme of possible metaphysical opinions, he tries the doctrines of his three philosophers by it, and assigns them to their appropriate classes. A convenient original feature in his scheme enables him to accomplish this with considerable success. He distinguishes three forms of metaphysical belief, or three generic grounds of difference in philosophical opinion. A philosopher's opinions may belong to his "psychological theory," to his "cosmological conception," or to his "ontological faith." If his opinion is given in answer to the question, "Is any portion of our knowledge of a different origin from the rest, and of a different degree of validity in consequence of that different origin?" or "Are there any notions, principles, or elements in our minds which could never have been fabricated out of any amount of experience, but must have been bedded in the very structure of the mind itself?"—then his opinion will be the philosopher's "psychological theory," and he will be an "empiricist" or a "transcendentalist," according as he answers these questions in the negative or affirmative.

The most curious and original part of Mr. Masson's scheme is the doctrine that the philosopher's "cosmological conception" may be quite independent of his "psychological theory;" that, in fact, any one may have a very distinct "cosmological conception" without any "psychological theory" at all. "A psychological theory" is a learned luxury, but every one has some sort of "cosmological conception" which is bodied forth in his sensuous image of the universe as a whole, and made up of his ideas of religion and history and the eternal verities of the world.

Philosophers are fundamentally divided, as to their "cosmological conceptions," into realists and idealists, and subdivided into "materialistic realists" and "dualistic realists;" or "natural realists," on one hand, and into "constructive idealists" and "pure idealists," on the other. These four subdivisions are flanked by two extreme classes of opinion: nihilism or non-substantialism, on one hand, and pantheism or the "absolute identity" doctrine, on the other. These extreme classes involve, however, ontological considerations, and depend on the third generic ground of difference in philosophical opinion—on the philosopher's "ontological faith."

Ontology means the science of the supernatural, of the non-phenomenal. Can there be such a science? This question admits, according to Mr. Masson, of a division into two: "Is there a supernatural, and can the supernatural be known?" By the great majority of philosophers these questions are answered in the order in which Mr. Masson puts them: the first in the affirmative and the second in the negative; though it is a puzzle to the sceptic to understand how men can confess a belief in anything of which they profess themselves utterly ignorant. But Mr. Masson offers an ingenious explanation. "Ontological faith," when it exists, depends not on evidence of any kind—the word faith connotes that—but on the existence in the philosopher of what Mr. Masson calls, euphemistically, "the ontological passion," "the rage of ontology," or "the sentiment of ontology." "What has genius been," he exclaims, "what has religious propagandism been, but a metaphysical drunkenness?" In its manifestation this passion appears to us very nearly akin to what, in the modern sense of the word, is expressed

* "Recent British Philosophy: A Review, with criticisms; including some comments on Mr. Mill's answer to Sir William Hamilton. By David Masson." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866.

by "dogmatism." A dogmatist is one who is fond of strong assertions, who concludes with his will, and reaches his conclusion by going to it when he finds no power, natural or supernatural, by which the mountain can be forced to come to him. But Mr. Masson appears innocently unconscious of this synonym.

By the help of the "ontological passion" and his scheme of classification he discovers the relations between the opinions of his three philosophers, especially between those of Hamilton and Mill, "one of whom may be described as a transcendental natural realist, forswearing speculative ontology, but with much of the ontological passion in his temper; and the other as an empirical idealist, also repudiating ontology, but doing so with the ease of one in whom the ontological feeling was at any rate suppressed or languid."

The earlier chapters of Mr. Masson's book, which had gone to press before the publication of Mill's "Examination of Hamilton," anticipate two of Mr. Mill's principal criticisms. The apparent discrepancy between Hamilton's philosophy of the conditioned, or doctrine of relative knowledge, and his natural realism, or doctrine of the immediate perception of the primary qualities of matter, is explained by Mr. Masson by referring the former to Hamilton's ontological doctrine, and the latter to his "cosmological conception;" and the apparent inconsistency of Hamilton's philosophy of the conditioned with his theological positions is explained, as we have seen, by the degree to which he was possessed with the "ontological passion."

"Transcendental natural realism in Hamilton, announcing itself as anti-ontological but with strong theological sympathies, and empirical, constructive idealism in Mill, also announcing itself as anti-ontological, but consenting to leave the main theological questions open on pretty strict conditions—such," it seems to Mr. Masson, "were the two philosophical angels that began to contend formally for the soul of Britain about thirty years ago, and that are still contending for as much of it as has not in the meantime transported itself beyond the reach of either." Whether any of it has done so, and how much, and where it has gone, are matters which Mr. Masson proceeds to discuss in his chapter on "the effects of recent scientific conceptions on philosophy." Having in this chapter got off the scaffolding of his classification, he appears to us to have fallen into the most bewildering confusion. That part of the soul of Britain which appears to him to have got beyond the reach of traditional differences in philosophy, has done so, it seems to us, by confounding them with the vaguer scientific speculations which, according to Mr. Masson, have wrought this great change.

The idea that the world existed for innumerable ages without sentient life; that this life was gradually developed until it appeared in the full splendor of the human soul; that the earth and its history are but accidents in a grander cosmos, and that it and the cosmos are destined to an ultimate and universal collapse, to be refunded into a new homogeneous nebula, and to furnish elements to a new creation—this evolution from nebula, and this dissolution into nebula, repeated without end, making sentient life, the animal nature, and the human mind only phases of a continuous evolution—such ideas, our author thinks, make metaphysics stand aghast. What becomes of *à priori* and *à posteriori*, of transcendentalism and empiricism, when everything is a product and at the same time a factor; when nothing is primordial but nebula, and nebula neither matter nor mind, but the undifferentiated root of both? But Mr. Masson's faith in transcendentalism, as he understands it, is proof against this new phase of thought. He thinks that under these new scientific conceptions transcendentalism and empiricism go a neck-and-neck race back through the ages, but that transcendentalism will get ahead at the nebula.

Now, in all this Mr. Masson has confused the philosophical dogma of an *à priori* determination of knowledge with the doctrine of heredity, the doctrine, to wit, that dispositions, tendencies to action, and perhaps, also, certain elements of knowledge, are derived by birth from the characters and mental powers of progenitors. He explicitly identifies the two by affirming that the doctrine of heredity is inconsistent with empiricism in philosophy. For this confusion he is probably indebted to Mr. Spencer, to whom the world owes the introduction in philosophy of these confounding scientific conceptions. Mr. Spencer and Mr. Masson do not appear to be aware that, by "an *à priori* ground of knowledge," no reference is meant in philosophy to physical or physiological antecedency or causation, but only to the logical grounds of belief, or to the evidence of certain general propositions. The principal question of philosophy is, whether any general truth is known by any mind except in consequence—the evidential consequence—of particular experiences, or else deductively. If it could be made out that certain general elements of knowledge are born in any mind in consequence of particular experiences in its progenitors, this would still be empiricism, and Mr. Spencer therefore professes empiricism, though he does not appear to know it. For transcendentalism maintains that certain so-called *à priori* elements of knowledge or general truths *could not* be vouched for by any amount of particular experience; and it is non-essential whether this experience be in the offspring or in its progenitors, even back to the nebula. Mr. Spencer and Mr. Masson have, therefore, got beyond the reach of "the two philosophical angels" only by getting confused by their scientific conceptions.

These nebulous conceptions have also dimmed Mr. Masson's vision of another metaphysical doctrine, that of the cosmothetic idealists, as Hamilton called them, or, as Mr. Masson prefers to call them, the constructive idealists. Either he was misled by his own terminology, or for some other reason, he has assumed that the idealism of the majority of philosophers, including Mr. Mill, presupposed the existence of a perceiving mind to constitute a cosmos. To constitute a *conceived* cosmos, or the cosmos *as known*, it is undoubtedly necessary that a mind should exist to know it, or to be aware of its effects upon mind; but that the contemplation of such a mind is necessary to the absolute existence of a cosmos can be inferred from nothing in the doctrine of idealism; and it is only inferable, so far as we can see, from the connotation of the name which Mr. Masson gives to the more common form of the doctrine—from the name *constructive* idealism. He is puzzled to conceive how, on the idealist's theory, the world could have had a progress and a history prior to its development of a perceiving mind, except, perhaps, in the mind of its Creator, who might be supposed to "have continued the necessary contemplation."

We had before supposed that the scientific conceptions, which appear to have befogged our author, had not attained to such a degree of nebulosity as to represent the universe at any time as of a nature incompatible with the existence of a perceiving mind, however unfit it may have been for the sustenance of the animal body with its perceptive organs; and we imagined that the history of the progress contemplated in these conceptions was one which was conceived as it would have appeared had it really existed and had minds existed to perceive it. But if the regress towards the nebula carry us back towards a state of things which would have been not only inhospitable but also incompatible with a distinct mental existence, then we confess that either idealism or else these scientific conceptions are much at fault. But, inasmuch as these are still conceptions, however indistinct, we cannot hesitate to give credit to idealism rather than to such self-annihilating thoughts. Thoughts of a state of things in which thought was impossible must be very transcendental indeed.

Independently of the perturbing influence of modern scientific conceptions, Mr. Masson's account of recent British philosophy is not free from confusion. In revising in his last chapter his classification of Mill's opinions as set forth in the "Examination" of Hamilton's doctrines, Mr. Masson ventures to maintain that Mr. Mill's empiricism is inconsistent with the position of the positivists, that the main theological questions should be open questions in the most advanced school of philosophy. He "can see no interpretation of Mr. Mill's fundamental principle of empiricism, according to which those questions of a supernatural, which he would keep open, ought not to be, at once and for ever, *closed* questions."

A question is closed when we have a knowledge precluding the possibility of evidence to the contrary, or where we are ignorant beyond the possibility of enlightenment. An ontological knowledge of the supernatural, or even of the natural—that is, a knowledge of anything existing by itself and independently of its effects on us—is, according to the experiential philosophy, a closed question. But a phenomenal knowledge of the supernatural is nevertheless a question still open until it be shown, beyond the possibility of rational or well-founded doubt, that the law of causation is, or is not, universal, and that absolute personal agency or free undetermined voluntary actions have, or have not, determined at any time the order or constitution of nature—difficult questions, it is true, but still open ones. Mr. Masson implicitly identifies theology with ontology—the supernatural with the non-phenomenal—and thus implicitly denies that anything can be known of the supernatural, unless it be known absolutely, or in itself. This is to stake all religious enquiry on the truth of transcendental ontology, a position which Mr. Masson, as a liberal historian of philosophy, cannot affirm as the final conclusion of his enquiry, or as warranted by any reasons he has advanced.

THE NEW BIGLOW PAPERS.*

WITHOUT doubt, the four living American poets who fill the highest places are Emerson, Bryant, Longfellow, and Lowell. Dr. Holmes, of course, has to be mentioned when talk is made of American poetic literature, and so have Mr. Bayard Taylor, Mr. Stoddard, Mr. Read, Mr. Stedman, and

* "The Biglow Papers. Second Series. James Russell Lowell." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16mo, pp. 258.

Mr. Aldrich. Whittier is in a class above these; Brownell is to be ranked above most of them; and there are Willson and Howells, whose names, to be sure, are yet to be made, but who must not be omitted. For Emerson, as a philosopher, no one anticipates long remembrance; but, as a poet, it will indeed be long before his sweet and deep thoughts are let sink into forgetfulness. Bryant has written some beautiful and some eloquent poetry: not much of it is of a fashion that soon passes away—it is enduring, like an unvisited mountain. Longfellow, most admired of all, has written very many very pretty poems. As for Lowell, we do not propose to prove here (what we nevertheless hold to be not difficult of proof) that of all these writers he may be rated, all things considered, as the first.

What one of his literary contemporaries, though each may have some gift or grace in larger measure than he, makes the reader feel so strong a sense of being face to face with a superior man—a man really of genius? Is there any one of them to whom we so readily surrender ourselves as feeling the charm of a fine, high nature, the easy power of an intellect so clear, so acute—at once tender, delicate, and of masculine strength and energy, the attraction of a heart so honest, so warm and wide open and genial? Genial is a word that, justly enough, has been getting into disrepute. Latterly it has been the religion of numbers of self-satisfied people to be "genial," and disbelieve in Jesus; and geniality, like "earnestness" and "devotedness," when it gets itself incorporated into a creed, and preached and praised and knowingly and wilfully practised, becomes rather offensive in itself and in the word expressing it. But it must, we suppose, be used in describing a generally-beloved satirist—a man who, though anybody might hate him, for anybody might be afraid of him as an enemy, has made everybody his friend. His worst enemy, we dare say, dislikes him for no fault but this, that he writes too little. It seems like a great fault, too, we may remark in passing, when we know the little time, properly to be measured by hours, in which such poems as "Sir Launfal" and "The Fable for Critics" were produced. When some men lose time, the world's time, too, is lost, and the world's work is later done. We content ourselves now with the assertion that the merits of none of our best men are such as entitle him to be set above the author of "Fireside Travels," of the political and critical essays that have enriched the "Atlantic Monthly" and the "North American Review," of the "Biglow Papers," and of the "Commemoration Ode," a poem which we do not call the best poetry in that kind of this century, because we remember that one of Wordsworth's.

It is in his character of a satirical and humorous poet that we now have to do with him, for a second series of the famous "Biglow Papers" is just put forth. Certainly no one will gainsay us when we say that in this particular walk no one can be for a moment compared to Lowell. First and last, hundreds of people have attempted the portraiture of the Yankee; but, notwithstanding these pictures, numerous *ad nauseam*, of the Plymouth Rock Yankee of oratory; of the patriot-spy order of 1776 Yankee; of the grovelling, Southerner's Yankee, morbidly acquisitive, who talks through his nose and is sharp enough to cut anything and everything in the world except his own fingers; of the British tourist's and Sam Slick Yankee, who is morbidly inquisitive and an impossible compound of shrewdness, conceit, ignorance, all the dialects spoken between Maine and Texas, together with enough of exclusively English book-English to show him born not of observation but of books; notwithstanding all these and many more, the Yankee would still be awaiting the true artist if it were not for Professor Lowell—if Hosea Biglow had not been drawn for us, and Parson Wilbur, and Mr. Birdofredum Sawin—the Honorable B. F. Sawin now, as we are pleased to see. We congratulate him that he no longer helps to sit round the red-hot cylinder stove in the country store in Jaalam and listen to the reading of the Boston *Post*, which bodily and mental exercise, so far as our recollection goes, was the occupation of the Sawins of 1848. He has gone up higher.

Of Mr. Sawin Mr. Lowell says, in the account which he gives us of the origin of the poems, that he invented him as "a mouth-piece of the mere drollery," "the clown of my little puppet-show." "I meant to embody in him," he says, "that half-conscious *un*morality which I had noticed as the recoil in gross natures from a puritanism that still strove to keep in its creed the intense savor which had long gone out of its faith and life." We may add that he has embodied in the worthless rascal some of that mixture of good and evil, of amusing and popular qualities with the loosest principles and total want of character which, in spite of our better judgment, makes Birdofredum not a person that we would sweepingly anathematize. Besides, when he was fool enough to march for the halls of the Montezumas in Caleb Cushing's brigade, he had six ribs broken, one leg was amputated, one arm shot off, and four fingers on the remaining hand were also carried away. Afterwards he was tarred and feathered by a party of Southern gentlemen, and was married by a Southern lady; so that the reader finally comes to look upon the sins of what is left of Sawin with an eye of kindness. Much may be forgiven him for his description of his latest piece of wickedness—his deliberately indulging a hope at a Southern camp-meeting, and coolly getting converted for the sake of marrying the widow Shannon. He gives a very fair abstract of the sermon that was blessed to him:

> "I don't purtend to foller him, but give ye jes' the heads;
> For pulpit ellerkence, you know, 'most ollers kin' o' spreads.
>
> Ham's seed wuz gin to us in chairge, an' should n't we be li'ble
> In Kingdom Come, ef we kep' back their priv'lege in the Bible?
> The cusses an' the promerses make one gret chain, an' ef
> You snake one link out here, one there, how much on 't ud be lef'?
> All things wuz gin to man for 's use, his sarvice, an' delight;
> An' don't the Greek an' Hebrew words thet mean a man mean white?
> Ain't it belittlin' the Good Book in all its proudes' features
> To think 't wuz wrote for black an' brown an' 'lasses-colored creaturs,
> Thet could n' read it, ef they would, nor ain't by lor allowed to,
> But ough' to take wut we think suits their naturs, an' be proud to?
> An' then, agin, wut airthly use? Nor 't warn't our fault, in so fur
> Ez Yankee skippers would keep on a-totin' on 'em over.
> 'T improved the whites by savin' 'em from ary need o' wurkin',
> An' kep' the blacks from bein' lost thru idleness an' shirkin';
> We took to 'em ez nat'ral ez a barn-owl doos to mice;
> An' hed our hull time on our hands to keep us out o' vice.
> Where 'd their soles go tu, like to know, ef we should let 'em ketch
> Freeknowledgism an' Fourierism an' Speritoolism an' sech?
> When Satan sets himself to work to raise his very bes' muss,
> He scatters roun' onscriptur'l views relatin' to Ones'mus.
> You 'd ough' to seen, though, how his facs an' argymunce an' figgers,
> Drawed tears o' real conviction from a lot o' pen'tent niggers!
> It warn't like Wilbur's meetin', where you 're shet up in a pew,
> Your dickeys sorrin' off your ears, an' bilin' to be thru;
> Ther' wuz a tent clost by thet hed a kag o' sunthin' in it,
> Where you could go, ef you wuz dry, an' damp ye in a minute;
> An' ef you did dror off a spell, ther' wuz n't no occasion
> To lose the thread, because, ye see, he bellered like all Bashan.
> It 's dry work follerin argymunce, an so, 'twix' this an' thet,
> I felt conviction weighin' down somehow inside my hat;
> It growed an' growed like Jonah's gourd, a kin' o' whirlin' ketched me,
> Ontil I fin'lly clean giv out an' owned up thet he 'd fetched me;
> An' when nine tenths o' th' perrish took to tumblin' roun' an' hollerin',
> I did n' fin' no gret in th' way o' turnin' tu an' follerin'.
> Soon ez Miss S. see thet, sez she, '*Thet 's* wut I call wuth seein'!
> *Thet 's* actin' like a reas'nable an' intellectle bein'!'
> An' so we fin'lly made it up, concluded to hitch hosses,
> An' here I be 'n my ellermunt among creation's bosses;
> Arter I'd drawed sech heaps o' blanks, Fortin at last hez sent a prize,
> An' chose me for a shinin' light o' missionary entaprise."

Of the clergyman among his *dramatis personæ* Mr. Lowell tells us that, needing "on occasion to rise above the level of mere *patois*," he for that purpose "conceived the Rev. Mr. Wilbur, who should express the more cautious element of the New England character and its pedantry, as Mr. Biglow "should serve for its homely common sense, vivified and heated by conscience." And Mr. Wilbur, it may be added, also well represents the common sort and the average degree of culture among the better educated New Englanders of twenty years ago. Perhaps he may be called a fair representative of it as it exists to-day, though we should say not; and Mr. Lowell, too, has now killed him off and buried him under a Latin epitaph—a thing which the typical New England clergyman of to-day would hardly prepare for his own use, and which would hardly be prepared for him. Of Mr. Biglow Mr. Lowell says also: "Thinking the Mexican war—as I think it still—a national crime committed in behoof of slavery, our common sin, and wishing to put the feeling of those who thought as I did in a way that would tell, I imagined to myself such an up-country man as I had often seen at anti-slavery gatherings, capable of district-school English, but always instinctively falling back into the natural stronghold of his homely dialect when heated to the point of self-forgetfulness." With this object in view, but without any definite plan and with only one of his three principal personages invented, the first of the "Biglow Papers" was written more than twenty years ago. But very soon Parson Wilbur appeared, and then, by-and-by, the immoral Sawin, who may be properly described in Mr. Biglow's own language as a "shif'less kin' o' poor cuss," with not much back head and no front head to speak of, and no top head at all, but for whose acquaintance, nevertheless, we are all extremely thankful.

Everybody knows that the poems were a complete success from the beginning, and at once gave their author the highest place among living satirical and humorous writers; and everybody who is old enough can remember some Freesoiler, perhaps not too literate, of those days—some not hopeful supporter of John P. Hale and subscriber to the *Liberator*—who had Hosea's verses by heart and was full of delight at the advent of a new champion against the hosts of Democracy and Whiggism.

We have said that it is only with himself Mr. Lowell can be compared. Tried by the former series, this series will probably be put in the second place, because there is more poetry in this one than in that. Great as was the success achieved by the author in the creation of such characters as the parson, the Yankee farmer, and the New Englander turned loafer—characters so life-life and, in the main, so true to nature—so good as individuals and as types that we do not know where in our literature to look for three others that excel them—great as was the success in this particular achieved in the first series, there seems to us to have been a blemish there which we

also find in this series. Mr. Lowell must be mistaken; the Rev. Homer Wilbur never wrote those imitative newspaper notices prefixed to the work. And we doubt if he is the author of that essay upon the newspaper which the first series contains, and which seems to us rather an effort of some clever disciple of Professor Teufelsdröckh than of the pastor of the First Church in Jaalam. But, in the second series this fault is found, as it seems to us, in the poems themselves. Mr. Lowell's authority is great; probably no man is so well informed upon all that relates to the real character of the New Englanders, but a passage in his preface makes us bold to express an opinion formed before the preface was printed. Mr. Biglow says now things as good, as characteristic as he said in 1845; his natural force seems to have not abated; but he is now sometimes Mr. Lowell. It is only a too fastidious taste, we think, that would say Mr. Lowell had in any passages "seemed to vulgarize a deep and sacred conviction" by expressing it in the dialect; no one will deny that "high and even refined sentiment may coexist with the shrewder and more comic elements of the Yankee character," and, of course, be expressed in Yankee speech. It may. Usually, however it does not, and we suppose there is none of the readers of that fine poem, for instance, written when his publisher, who probably thought he knew very well the limits of his power, asked him to "please be funny," who has not felt doubtful if some of those stanzas were not far above what Mr. Lowell had taught us to expect from Mr. Biglow, and who has not, at any rate, felt sorry that thoughts so fine were not arrayed with the utmost nobleness.

GUSTAVE DORÉ UNDER FAVORABLE CIRCUMSTANCES.*

It is with many disadvantages to contend against that M. Doré has become an illustrator of literature in general. His choice or his destiny has led him to make pictures for books of almost every kind, for the "Contes Drôlatiques" and Rabelais, "Baron Munchausen" and "Croque-Mitaine," Gerard's "Lion Hunting" and Mayne Reid's "Desert Home," Perrault's Fairy Tales, "Don Quixote," Dante's "Inferno," and the Bible. Of the enormous number of wood-cuts that have been made from his designs, perhaps nine-tenths are in illustration of books, and the only notable exceptions hitherto have been such works as the "History of Russia," where the inventions are wholly his own, and the "Wandering Jew," where he had only the suggestions of a short, rhymed legend. Now, book illustrations may either lend a new life and meaning to the ideas of the text, while having an independent existence of their own, or they may translate the author's words into pictorial expression, or they may be illustrations in name only, and anything but illustrations in fact—

"Like those with which Chapman obscured Holy Writ,"

and Doré after him. Of the great host of Gustave Doré's book pictures, the greater part seem to us to belong to the third class. The "Contes Drôlatiques" may be called well illustrated; and so may the Legends of Jaufre and Fierabras, if one forgets all about the Middle Ages except their coarseness and grotesqueness. The braggadocio "Chasse aux Lions" is as well bragged in picture as in prose; and the "King of the Mountains" is cleverly rendered by a mild sort of caricature, not unlike the book's original flavor. The "Wandering Jew," whether it be an illustrated book or not, is a real and striking success—to our mind the best thing that Doré has done in his chosen line, and a work which will remain when much else shall have passed away. But the later works, the most important and most celebrated, those which have been demanded of him by "enterprising publishers" since he has had a reputation, are not illustrations, whatever else they may be. Any one who loves "Don Quixote" or the "Inferno" will keep away from sight of M. Doré's pictures. Any one who misunderstands those books, who thinks the one a farce and the other a melodrama, will be helped to a deeper ignorance by means of the engraved commentary. And if any one wants his children to learn to feel deeply and heartily enjoy what is really great, Cervantes' pathos or Dante's tenderness, he must keep away from their minds the influence of the coarse insensibility of Doré.

There is some of this artist's work that is wholly his own, and it is in that that his really peculiar powers are better seen. His wild fancy is absurdly out of place in attempting to conform itself to grandeur and gracefulness. That thought of his cannot be found which will harmonize with the thought of a poet. His work shows no sympathy with pathetic, or quiet, or delicate feeling. His lines indicate a distaste for the highest beauty, and an indifference to all. But as far as energy and dash, and power of rapid and changeful design, and a real delight in and feeling for the ghastly can lift an artist, so high M. Doré has attained. The merit of the "Wandering Jew" designs is in this, that, having a fierce legend ready-made to his hand, he has told it yet more fiercely and strongly in his drawings, feeling heartily all the joy there is in contemplation of the terrible and unknown. The merit of the little scrawls in the "Contes Drôlatiques" is many-sided, but is, chiefly in the frankness and willing coarseness, comically put. And in these and in some other of the book illustrations there is to be noticed an actuality of motion and life rather unusual in dealings with former times or even with our own; the lance, deep in the wounded knight's shoulder, lifts him clear out of his stirrups, bending with his weight; the lady's train, held by a page, catches the wind like a flag, and almost takes the page off his feet. There is no attempt to make the scenes probable or possible, no attempt at exact antiquarianism, only an irresistible love of rapid motion and violent shocks, and a delight in making fun of romantic legends.

These likings and abilities, with a ready wit, and, as we have said, great fertileness of fancy, are M. Doré's capital as an artist. Much might be made of it. We regret the more his mistaken attempts to illustrate the Bible and stately poems and works of deep feeling, because he robs himself of his own charm, while he parodies his author. The two large lithographs, representing the ascent and the fatal descent of the Matterhorn, which have been hanging in Mohun & Ebbs's window all the autumn, are not great art, but are worth a great many plates of the Sainte Bible. And the twelve plates whose general title accompanies this article, next to the "Juif Errant," are the best thing we can offer any one who may wish to know what Doré can do.

The pictures are very unequal in merit and importance. They are curiously illustrative of their author's powers and weaknesses. The first is the story of Andromeda. The first thought in this picture is a good one; she is chained against the face of a rock to seaward, her white form gleaming, to be seen from far out at sea, offered and thrust forward for sacrifice. The sea-monster is ugly and loathsome enough, hardly terrible; but there is a suggested stony horror in the doomed beast's eyes, as he turns them up toward the Gorgon shield, very well imagined. Perseus' figure is quite badly drawn, and very inadequate. Andromeda is not in the contortions of horrible fear which might be expected of Doré, but rather calm about it, perfectly sure that Perseus will save her, fearing only that the beast may catch one of her feet before he turns wholly into stone. The water that washes over him is turned into stone already.

"La Sorcière" is cheap melodrama, unworthy of a moment's notice, except for common effects of landscape.

"Naufrage au Port" is excellent. There is a huge frozen lake or stretch of river, skaters figuring about upon it, a capital distant landscape of sloping hills and naked trees, and in the foreground a long line of sliders have all come to grief together, soldiers and ragged boys tumbling headlong one over the other, like bricks in a row. This might well be painted. Perhaps it has been; but if not, it is a picture ready to go into color, and on canvas.

"Au Fond des Bois" is mere rubbish, indescribably weak and puerile, old stock mythological indecency of the flattest sort. The nymphs are plump young women in various attitudes of uneasy slumber, perhaps as annoyed by tickling blades of grass; and yet if they were all the life in the picture it would be better and less hackneyed.

No. 5 is called "Rira Bien qui Rira le Dernier." (He laughs best who laughs last.) Seven small boys are robbing a vineyard, by moonlight and lantern light, regardless of a wooden soldier scarecrow or scareboy, which one of them taunts, and unconscious of the approaching gendarme. The attitudes are full of spirit and purpose, and the foreground is full of fine drawing, both of figure and foliage.

Nos. 6 and 7 are very disagreeable pictures, illustrating "Hop-o'-my-thumb." They almost repeat two of the plates in the large volume of Perrault's Fairy Tales. They are about as good as those were.

No. 8 is another good one, and full of incident. It is called "Entre Ciel et Terre," and is an epic of kite-flying. Far below you is Strasburg City, fortifications and town, but nearer is the grass-grown glacis, the smooth field outside the trenches, on which field all the idlers are walking and flying kites. The air is full of the kites. Most of them are prosperous, but one is diving hopelessly, and through one a big bird has flown—bang!—making a great ragged hole. The hero is an unfortunate frog, tied by one long leg to the end of the tail of a kite which is not in the picture—cruel enough; but the artist has had a thought of pity for him, and a stork is sweeping toward him with open beak. There will be a dreadful "scrimmage" in another moment, when the stork has swallowed the frog and can't get loose from the kite, and kite and stork flap and flutter together. The incidents be-

* "L'Album de Gustave Doré." Paris: Gonpil et Cie. Imported by Mohun & Ebbs.

low—boys raising kites, people looking up, a soldier and woman playing cards or making love, while another soldier pries into their affairs—all are capital, and there is wonderful skill in their arrangement and delineation.

No. 9 is "Le Dernier Banquet." A great grain-sack is open at the mouth and nine mice are feasting, ranged in circle, with their tails hanging down. Other corn-sacks lie about, and over one of them rises, like a rising moon, the head of a great cat, pricked ears and wide open eyes.

No. 10 is "Seville"—just a Spanish woman in a balcony. Even if this had never been done before, it would be stupid enough now, with no color to help it, nothing but black eyes and lace mantilla.

No. 11 is one of the best—"Deux Mères." The human mother is a savage, black, but hardly a negress, and two lusty children are climbing about her and seeking her breast. The feline mother is crouched upon the bank beneath which the former is seated, a leopard as big as a royal tiger, with three cubs, all four intent on the rival family below. It is possible that South America was intended, and a family of jaguars.

And No. 12 is "Le Clairon Jean Robellet"—an episode in the French campaign in Mexico. It is spirited; but spirited French battle-pieces are a common form of art, and Doré himself has drawn many.

This really interesting publication is well worth its moderate price, even if one tears up at once Nos. 2, 4, 6, 7, and 10. It is possible that it may be a sort of serial, to appear semi-occasionally. If so, there is no doubt that M. Doré's portfolio and fertile brain contain a hundred pictures as good as the best of these. He has been called—aptly enough—the Moloch of art. But it is quite possible to prove, from his existing works, that that is not a final ranking of him. And it is quite possible for him to reach a higher rank as an artist than he has ever yet attained to.

HERALDRY IN AMERICA.*

ADMITTING that there is a popular indifference on the subject, and that the principle underlying the system is inconsistent with a well-known clause in the Declaration of Independence, there are, nevertheless, several good reasons for the publication in this country of an elementary manual on heraldry, and these we find so well stated in Mr. Whitmore's useful little work that we cannot do better than reproduce them.

The New England Historic Genealogical Society, which has given the chief impulse to these researches, decided recently to commence the publication of all existing specimens of coats-of-arms used in the Eastern States prior to the Revolution; but, unfortunately, the heraldic learning of the parties chiefly interested proved to be so meagre that it was found necessary to publish a brief manual on heraldry for their information. No existing work being considered perfect in method or matter, Mr. Whitmore undertook the present volume, which, although it is modestly styled by him a compilation, will not suffer by comparison with any similar elementary work in the language. With the exception of a rather superficial "Handbook of Heraldry," published some years since by T. W. Gwilt Mapleson, it is the first treatise on the subject produced by an American author.

So much for the reasons on account of which the book was undertaken, and which to those specially interested in genealogical enquiries will appear sufficient. To the general community of readers it presents, in addition, the elements of a science which has been influential in forming modern society abroad, which is intimately connected with Gothic architecture and the arts of design, and which is so associated with history and imaginative literature that some knowledge of it is essential to a complete education. "Many of the terms of heraldry," says our author, "have become familiar expressions; many of the best English authors employ words which are intelligible only to those acquainted with the rudiments at least of this science;" and he might have added that among contemporary writers no one has made a more felicitous use than Tennyson of this species of phraseology.

During the connection of the North American colonies with the mother country, the use of coats-of-arms was tolerably common among us, particularly in the middle and southern colonies, where a landed aristocracy was early established; but subsequently to the Revolution, and during the early part of the present century, such emblems fell into almost total desuetude. Of late years, with increasing wealth, has arisen the desire of reviving armorial bearings, and to the foolish and inconsiderate manner in which such desire has been gratified, may be ascribed the prejudice attaching to modern heraldry.

For the clear manner in which it shows the difficulties that beset the searcher for armorial bearings, Mr. Whitmore's volume is to be commended. In this respect it operates as a direct discouragement to reasonable people to pursue the subject, and an intelligent study of heraldry would doubtless reconcile nine persons out of ten to imitate the practice of Sydney Smith's ancestors, who, having no seals, used to stamp their letters with their thumb-nails. It would, moreover, tend to prevent some awkward mistakes occasionally noticeable in those ignorantly meddling with heraldic emblems An amusing instance occurring to us is that of a milliner in a well-travelled thoroughfare of this city, who has exhibited, in place of a sign-board, a metallic shield of heraldic form with a bend *sinister*, on which her name and occupation are engraved. The purport of this particular charge was doubtless unsuspected by the person exhibiting it, who desired probably to produce a novel and attractive form of business sign, and had no intention of aspersing the character of her mother or any other of her ancestors.

If it be contrary to good taste and good morals to assume arms which belong to others, what shall be said of the practice, not very common now, it is to be hoped, of inventing them? The bare possibility of a period arriving when each citizen of this great republic shall have his separate coat-of-arms, of domestic manufacture, opens so wide a field of conjecture that, if for no other reason, the practice ought to be forthwith discouraged, and the most effectual means of bringing it into disrepute is to ascertain what the rules of heraldry really are, and to what degree it may be adopted as a system in this country. According to Mr. Whitmore, the practice of making up coats-of-arms from uncertain evidence, or without any evidence whatever, was common during the last century in New England, and probably elsewhere in the colonies, and he gives some curious examples of semi-fictitious, or wholly fictitious coats executed by Boston engravers. If it be possible that persons are still foolish enough to seek such spurious bearings, and engravers venal enough to furnish them, let it be proclaimed, once for all, that there is no one in these United States technically competent to devise or assign new coats-of-arms, to be borne by individuals, and none certainly who have the right to receive them. "Heraldry," says our author, in conclusion, "here becomes the assistant of the genealogist, and, so soon as our local historians become familiar with the significations of heraldic devices, we may expect a great addition to our knowledge of the use of arms here. With this increase of familiarity with the science we may also expect a more scrupulous attention to its laws, and a decrease of the ridiculous assumptions which have thrown an undeserved stigma on American heraldry."

Curious Questions. By Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D. (J. J. O'Connor & Co.)—The author of this book is a Catholic clergyman, and the "Curious Questions" he discusses, "What is Science?" "What Relation has Philosophy to other Sciences?" "What is the Criterion of Certitude?" etc., etc. There are eighteen of these questions in all, and they concern the very weightiest problems and theorems of the universe, many of them touching on points over which the wisest and acutest of mankind have for thousands of years labored in vain. When we say that Dr. Brann solves them all, to his own satisfaction, in a small octavo of 292 pages, our readers will readily perceive that he is not a philosopher to be lightly and irreverently handled in the columns of a weekly periodical. He gives, as one of the reasons for writing the book, his perception of "the errors into which American writers fall from a lack of just principles, from a defect in their primary education." Americans ought to be very much obliged to him for the pains he has taken to supply a foundation for their philosophy; but we feel bound to remark that Dr. Brann's book reveals, in a very full measure, those very defects with which third-rate American writers are so often and so justly charged—confidence about things which are doubtful, and ignorance of things that are well established. He is, however, evidently fairly read in the history of philosophy, but not so well as in patristic theology. That his Greek is rusty, we judge from the fact that he talks of "*the γνωθε σεαυτον*" as a synonym for self-knowledge, and declares the intellect of a young man of philosophic training to be in possession of "*the δος που στὰ* of Archimedes," which is very like talking of liberty as "*the* give-me-liberty of Patrick Henry." He is, however, very liberal for a man of his school, and writes in a clear and forcible style. When we mention that the conclusions to which his philosophy leads him are those of Kant and Fichte, and Schelling and Cousin and all their followers "aim at the destruction of civil government, the right of justice, and the law of God and of man," and that "the opposers of the temporal power of the Pope are either bigots or infidels, or vain and paltry theorizers, or corrupt politicians or Machiavellian statesmen, or restless demagogues," and that the movement to open the professions to woman "is but another way to worship sensualism," and that, in fact, "modern society"—that is, all society not governed by the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli—is thoroughly "paganized" and immoral, the women vicious, the men liars and infidels and cheats, our readers will perceive that Dr. Brann is not a person who has learned either to think or to write, and that all time spent in discussion with him would be time wasted. But we recommend the book to the perusal of those who want to know the kind of philosophy, both mental and moral and political, which a very large proportion of our population is now learning from the only teachers to whom they wholly give either their ears or their hearts.

* "The Elements of Heraldry. By William H. Whitmore." New York: W. J. Widdleton. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1866.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE NORTHERN ELECTIONS.

MR. JOHNSON has now seen the groundswell of popular indignation of which he has so unweariedly discoursed since February last. It has not, indeed, been quite of the kind which he predicted; in fact, the popular tide on which he counted so much has overwhelmed him and all his schemes. The conductor of the train, as Mr. Seward so felicitously termed him, has found out that the train has run over him, instead of his having run away with it.

The elections are now over, and it is possible to state with tolerable clearness the aggregate results. They are well worth attention. The following table shows the majorities given in all the Northern States this year, in round numbers:

REPUBLICAN MAJORITIES IN NORTHERN STATES, 1866.

Maine,	27,500
New Hampshire,	4,500
Vermont,	22,000
Massachusetts,	60,000
Rhode Island,	5,000
Connecticut,	500
New York,	14,000
New Jersey,	1,000
Pennsylvania,	17,000
Ohio,	43,000
Indiana,	14,000
Illinois,	60,000
Michigan,	30,000
Wisconsin,	25,000
Iowa,	40,000
Minnesota,	10,000
Kansas,	15,000
Nevada,	1,000
Oregon,	500
California,	15,000
Total,	405,000

The same States gave Mr. Lincoln in 1864 a smaller majority, even including the soldiers' votes. Excluding these, his majority in the North was less than 300,000; and with them it was only 395,000. Moreover, the Republican majorities in November are relatively larger than those given in October; and the largest majorities are given in the States polling the fullest votes.

This is the most decisive and emphatic victory ever won in American politics. Not only is the majority the largest ever given in the same section of country, but it is given upon the largest vote ever polled. In every State which has voted this fall, except Vermont, Massachusetts, and California (in which last only county officers were chosen), more votes have been recorded than at the last Presidential election. Such an event has not happened at any election intermediate to the choice of a President for twenty-eight years. The vote of 1838 exceeded that of 1836, simply because the Presidential election of 1836 went almost by default. But the election of 1864 drew out a heavy vote; yet it has been outdone this year. Under all the circumstances, this is an unprecedented occurrence; and it demonstrates that the elections this year have stirred up the nation more thoroughly than any that have ever before taken place. Nothing could add to the weight, the force, the earnestness, the intensity of this determination of the people. The prodigious majorities of New York and Brooklyn in the other direction, amounting to nearly 57,000, have only served to show the tremendous force of the country districts, which have given 72,000 majority for Congress; a gain of nearly 24,000 over Mr. Lincoln's majority in 1864.

What, then, is the meaning of this impressive popular demonstration? It is not surprising that upon this point there should be some difference of opinion, since the battle was fought upon different grounds in various places. But we think that all reasonable men can unite upon a few leading points as at least forming a portion of the verdict.

The first point which has unquestionably been passed upon is, that the people will not trust the South, or its ally, the Democratic party of the North, to rule in our government. The second is, that the South shall not be restored unconditionally to its privileges in the Union. The third is, that Congress, and not the Executive, is to name the conditions of restoration. The fourth, that the conditions already proposed are abundantly liberal to the South. A large majority of the successful party undoubtedly favor universal suffrage, but that question has been left by the people to the decision of Congress. If the terms already proposed by Congress are rejected, we are well satisfied that the country will sustain it in any course it may adopt to secure equal suffrage throughout the South. The readiness of Illinois to accept and enforce the judgment of Congress upon this subject, whatever it may be, appears to us as clear as the desire of Massachusetts for a judgment in favor of equal suffrage.

The conceit of the men who, supposing themselves to be leaders of the people, undertook to transfer the Republican party to Mr. Johnson, or at any rate to ruin it if they could not control it, has received a terrible rebuke. The places in which Messrs. Seward, Randall, and Doolittle live have all largely increased their majorities for the Republican party; while those in which Messrs. McCulloch and Browning live have largely reduced their Democratic majorities; and all the States from which these gentlemen come have gone heavily against their policy.

The future action of the President under this decisive defeat is, of course, a matter of general speculation. Every present indication points to an obstinate continuance of his recent policy. He still makes removals and appointments in the interest of the Democratic-Conservative party; and his latest utterance half indicates that he looks upon the popular verdict as one founded upon "passion and prejudice," which must speedily be modified. No one is better qualified by experience to judge of passion and prejudice than Mr. Johnson, for they are the staple of his own political sentiments. But some friend might suggest to him that the "prejudices" of the people may possibly last as long as his own; and that their "passions" may be too strong to allow of their waiting for a settlement of the great national problem until 1869, which is the earliest period at which Mr. Johnson's policy can, even in his own conceit, have any chance for success.

The Republican party holds power by a new tenure, having received such marks of public confidence as have never been given before to any party in this land. No party was ever before so nearly betrayed by its leaders, and none ever bore betrayal so well. The Whig party was overwhelmed in 1842 by the treachery of a President totally destitute of personal strength; and was killed in 1852 by the lukewarmness of its President and the defection of Mr. Webster's friends. The Republican party has faced the whole power of its own Administration, the influence of its most overrated statesman, the machinations of its most wily politician, the timid counsels of its alarmed friends, and has successfully defied them all.

The splendor of its victory should not, however, blind the party to its increased responsibility or to the perils which it must yet pass. It is evident that New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and one or two other States are not held by invincible majorities. The necessity for wisdom and caution is as great as ever, while the duty of unflinching courage is greater than ever. The Southern question *must* be dealt with boldly and settled finally within the next two years. It *should* be settled within six months. The people are ready to have an end put to further controversy as to the foundations of our national structure, in order that the work of rebuilding may go on. And more than ever we believe that the truest policy for all interests, and the truest humanity towards the white population of the South, which may otherwise be led on to destruction by its insane advisers, demand the prompt and complete establishment of equal suffrage as the basis of reconstruction, or, if anybody likes the phrase better, the removal of all political distinctions based on the color of the skin.

THE GERMANS AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

WHETHER the Germans of this city deserted the Republican party in considerable numbers at the last election by way of avenging themselves on the authors of the obnoxious excise law, is still, and probably will remain, a matter of dispute for some time to come. We know of no way of deciding it with certainty except by a minute examination of the German voters on oath. The leading German Republicans deny it, and the *Tribune* asserts it—and supports its assertion with some show of proof, derived from a comparison of the vote this year with that of former years in certain wards. But, however it be, we confess we do not think the Republican leaders are exactly in a position to get very angry over it. Few Americans would enjoy passing their Sunday afternoons in a lager-bier garden or saloon, and we wish very much the Germans shared their distaste for it; but we nevertheless understand perfectly how it is that very good men amongst the latter consider a legal prohibition levelled against it an unwarrantable and vexatious interference with their liberties. Americans, Englishmen, and Scotchmen are apt to forget that their ideas as to the proper mode of observing the Sabbath are not shared by the rest of Christendom—not even by Protestant Christendom—and that excellent men of other nations, whose piety and learning it would be very absurd for us to doubt, consider a great many things proper on that day which we are bred up to look upon as downright wickedness. In Berlin, for instance, doctors of divinity go to beer-gardens on Sunday, and, what is worse, smoke and drink beer in them, and meet their friends in them; and if there are persons who maintain that Prussia is a less moral, less religious, or less enlightened community than ours, one that fears God less, we think they would find it difficult to make out their case. We do not recommend this practice for adoption either to our clergymen or our laymen, because, with our manners, our training, and our surroundings, a great many things that are perfectly harmless in Prussia would be both mischievous and sinful here. Every man's first duty is to live up to his own standard of right, let the standard of others be what it may. But we do think that, in judging the morality of other men's conduct, and weighing the reasonableness or unreasonableness of their unwillingness to have it regulated and controlled by legislation, their education and antecedents have to be taken into account. What should we think of an attempt to force us, under a heavy penalty, to eat only fish on Friday? And yet we are satisfied that to the mass of Germans our shutting up their beer-gardens on Sunday seems an interference with their personal rights just as obnoxious and unjustifiable.

It is, of course, lamentable that they do not see the insignificance and evanescence of evils or inconveniences of this kind, compared with those with which we are threatened by the reconstruction policy of Mr. Johnson, or by the continued supremacy of the "ring" in this city. A German workman voting for Hoffman—voting for the corruption and baseness which take the bread out of his children's mouths, and condemn him and them to live in filthy rooms at rents which ought to give him a snug house to himself—is a most depressing and even irritating spectacle. We regret, too, most heartily, that all Germans cannot be brought to see what most of the educated Germans here do see, that the peculiarities and traditions and beliefs which have produced the legislation which they find so obnoxious, are the very things which have contributed most powerfully to make America the safe and happy refuge which they have found it. There is something to most continental Europeans very repulsive in the Puritan code of morals; but Germans, of all men, ought not to forget that it is to that code—to the strong, self-restrained character which it has formed, to the ideas which it has infused into the national life, and to the noble discontent with self and with the world which it has bred, and to the magnificent confidence in the future which it cherishes, that this country, in which, with all its faults, they have found so much to comfort and console them, owes most of its greatness, most even of its material prosperity, and will, as we firmly believe, owe at last its salvation from the thousand dangers which still beset it. The liberty of drinking beer where and when one pleases, may, to a man who has been bred in it, be a very valuable possession; but "the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely," is a still more precious one. Give a man this, and he need care but little who withholds all the others, for they are sure, if worth winning, to be won at last.

But we feel bound to add that, if there be anything arising out of the late canvass well calculated to excite disgust, it is the reproaches now heaped on the German deserters from the Republican party by the very men who, from first to last, sought to win the votes of the Fenians by playing on *their* ignorance and pandering to *their* passions. We have seldom been more surprised than when, for instance, we lighted on the following passage in the *Tribune* of last Friday, in an article on this very subject:

"Of course, Germans, like others, are at perfect liberty to vote as they see fit, and for such reasons as to them shall seem fit. We claim only the right to report facts and to comment on them. The Germans who voted for Lincoln and Fenton in 1864 are not dissatisfied with him, nor with Congress, nor averse to 'Radicalism;' but many of them *are* hostile to any legislation which limits festivity and jollity, music and lager, on Sundays. And most of their journals studiously conceal from their readers the fact that our laws have, from time immemorial, prohibited public amusements and social tippling on Sundays; so there is nothing in the Excise act of last winter which has not been in substance the law of our State for generations. The Sunday liquor traffic in our city has always been under the ban of the law. It has prospered and increased because the law was disregarded. *What the lager Germans demand is that the law shall now be either subverted or not enforced.* And, if a majority shall be found to agree with them, they will doubtless have their own way. But, if they should see fit to say, 'True, we are a minority; but we can so act politically at the polls *as to coerce the majority to submit to our demand*,' we should not consider such action creditable to them, nor accordant with the spirit of free institutions."

Here we see the Germans soundly rated for seeking the repeal of a law which they consider obnoxious, in the only proper and legal way, by voting against its authors, and by the very journal which, for the last three months, has been trying to persuade the Irish that they had been foully outraged because they were prevented from founding a foreign government on American soil, and were compelled to obey that most just and necessary law, whose validity and propriety no civilized man has ever disputed, which forbids private citizens to organize military expeditions against friendly states. A German is to be held up to reprobation because he is restive under his exclusion from a place of Sunday amusements which neither his parents, nor his church, nor his conscience forbids him attending; while an Irishman is to be folded to the bosom, like a stricken deer, and wept over as what Howard, the proclamation-forger, called the "monumental sufferer of the nineteenth century," because the naughty President won't let him rob and murder a little in Canada. The best cause the world ever saw would not thrive under advocacy of this sort, and, we will add, would not deserve to thrive under it.

THE DOWNIEVILLE SWINDLE.

THE collapse of the Downieville Gold Mining Company affords a fresh illustration of the gullibility of Wall Street, and ought to point a moral for the benefit of unwary capitalists. The concern has not been many months in existence, but the stock, having been placed upon the list of the Mining Board, and having been manipulated with skill by its promoters, is perhaps better known than that of more substantial enterprises.

Whether there is any such property as the Downieville gold mine may, perhaps, be a question. The chances are, however, mines are so cheap in Colorado, that the contrivers of this swindle did really buy a mine by way of giving color to their scheme. They then issued 300,000 shares of stock, and sold some of them at an upset price, it is said, of thirty cents a share. This done, they succeeded in getting the stock placed on the list of the Mining and Petroleum Board, which institution, by the way, may congratulate itself upon having afforded facilities for more swindles than any other concern in the country.

Thus far, all was plain sailing. The ship was launched. The question now was, how was any money to be made by the voyage. In the case of the Napoleon Oil Company, which is still before the courts, the contrivers managed to induce a number of Wall-Street speculators to sell the stock short, and then by withdrawing all the shares from the market, compelled the sellers to settle at a heavy loss. This was a good style of swindle. But it was too fresh in men's memories to be repeated with any prospect of success. The Downieville party resorted

to another device. Day by day they ran up the price of their stock. From 30 cents a share it rose to $1, then to $2, then to $3. Astounding reports of the prosperity of the mine and of the large increase of profits derived from new methods of working the ores were widely circulated. At the same time they instructed a certain number of brokers in the Board to "turn" the stock—that is to say, to sell it for cash, and buy it back on time. So large were the differences allowed for money—as much as 5 per cent. a month being freely paid—that quite a number of men of means caught at the bait. Sensible men of business fight shy of investments which promise an inordinate yield. But in Wall Street, with money a drug at 5 per cent. per annum, there are always greedy simpletons who will run risks for the sake of 5 per cent. a month. It was on this fact the Downieville party relied.

At first the contracts made were duly fulfilled. Capitalists who had "turned" Downieville at $1 50, and had afterwards felt some nervousness about the operation, were agreeably surprised by the punctuality with which the stock was paid for at maturity of the options. Men who had lent $1 on the stock when it was selling at $1 50, got their money back on the day it was due, with the full amount of usurious interest. People began to say that, after all, the concern might not prove a swindle. So when the price rose to $2 50 to $3, there were quite a number of brokers with means who were not unwilling to lend on it at the rate of $1 50 to $2 a share. It might have been remarked, had any one watched the operation closely, that at this stage of the proceedings the two or three substantial men who were known to be identified with the concern ceased to make contracts in their own name for the purchase of the stock on time, and that all such contracts were executed by minor brokers who had no responsibility. But this was not generally noticed. By the first week of November the schemers had succeeded in pledging a very large number of shares of Downieville as security for loans, and contracts were pending in the Mining Board for the purchase, on time, of many thousands more. The schemers had, perhaps, bled the Street to the tune of $100,000—perhaps more. This was deemed enough.

On 6th November, the orders to buy Downieville at the Board, which had never come from any one outside of the original schemers, were withdrawn. Parties who wanted to sell could find no market. And the truth flashing upon the minds of operators, sales were forced, and the stock fell from $2 85 to 30 cents in a day. Simultaneously, the parties who had borrowed money on the security of the stock, and the brokers who had been employed to sell it for cash and buy it back on time, declared that they had no money and could not fulfil their contracts. Thus the bankers who had lent on the stock, and the operators who had sold it on time, for the sake of the usurious interest allowed, were robbed in a day of the whole amount of money invested.

The matter took the usual course. Several of the parties implicated are in Eldridge-Street Jail. Whether anything can be proved against them is very doubtful. Under the usury law the lenders on Downieville have probably no claim either for interest or principal. But it will be a pity if the scandal be suffered to blow over without an attempt to get at the substantial men who occupied the background throughout this nefarious affair, and who, doubtless, have pocketed the lion's share of the plunder. Even if there were no impediment on the ground of money, there is probably nothing to be collected from the petty brokers who were the instruments of the real schemers; but they might be compelled to divulge the names of their principals, and a thorough *exposé* of these might be useful.

We trust the collapse of the Downieville Company may not prove the "beginning of the end" with the Colorado mining shares. A good deal of Eastern money has been put into these mines, and it would be a pity if it were all lost. At the same time, it would be rash, in view of present facts and prospects, to advise further investments in that region. There is ore there, certainly—fine veins—and with proper processes a good deal of metal has been got out, and more will come. But it remains to be demonstrated that the best of these mines, such as the Consolidated Gregory and the Smith and Parmelee, can produce a dollar's worth of metal at a less cost than one dollar in specie; while it is shrewdly suspected that it costs most of the companies at least $1 25 to produce $1. At this rate the final result is inevitable. As Micawber used to say: "Income, twenty shillings; expenditure, nineteen and sixpence; net result, happiness; but—income, twenty shillings; expenditure, twenty-one; net result, misery;" so of mines. They may yield $100,000 a month of the very finest silver or gold; but if it costs them $105,000 to get it, their owners will, sooner or later, be ruined to a dead certainty.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, Oct. 26, 1866.

THE Imperial family have returned from Biarritz to St. Cloud, all its members, it is said, in excellent health. Dr. Blanche, the renowned physician of the private madhouse of Charenton, who has gone to Miramar to attend the Empress of Mexico, sends to the Empress Eugénie, as well as to the King of the Belgians, a daily telegraphic bulletin of the state of his patient. It is difficult to get at the truth respecting the state of royal and imperial personages; but it is said that the physicians in attendance on the Empress Charlotte consider that her recovery will probably be slow. By the last accounts she was calmer, had slept, and had begun to eat. It seems that the house-steward of Miramar, during the period of its occupation by the Archduke Maximilian, remained in the town on the departure of his master for Mexico, and opened a restaurant on its outskirts. To this restaurant the unfortunate Empress repaired on her arrival, and begged Zelinka and his wife (who is the cook of the establishment) to send her, every day, food cooked by themselves, and that no other hands should have touched, adding that she dared not take any food offered to her by those about her, and especially by her Mexican servants, as they would poison her. "I am really hungry," said the Empress, "and suffering from want of food." The Count of Flanders is at Miramar, and the Queen of the Belgians is going thither shortly. The Empress Charlotte occupies the ground floor of the villa—said to be the most beautiful residence of Europe—looking out, over a fine terrace, upon the sea. Great prostration seems to have succeeded to the excitement which marked the beginning of her illness. She lies still, with her eyes closed, and seems to be almost always asleep. The Emperor Maximilian, who adores his wife, will doubtless feel his horizon to be more heavily overshadowed by this illness than by all the other disappointments and anxieties of his not very enviable position.

The journals of Paris, in the present dearth of any subject of general interest, have taken to quarrelling among themselves in the persons of their editors and principal writers. As these quarrels are generally preceded by an active cross-fire of notes, which are published in full by both parties to the quarrel, and lead to a duel, which, with the statements of the respective seconds, furnish matter for no end of "copy," they are a godsend to the press; but these hostilities of sword, pistol, and pen have been growing so common of late, that the whole thing is rapidly becoming a bore; but we are not, apparently, at the end of this sort of exhibition. The rapid success of *La Liberté*—the new and popular penny paper set up by M. Emile de Girardin, in which Baron de Brisse publishes daily the skeleton-dinner which sets half the mouths of Paris watering—induced M. de Villemessant, the well-known editor of the *Figaro*, to set up a rival paper at the same price. This paper, the success of which has equalled, if it has not surpassed, that of *La Liberté*, has just published, in large type, under the heading of "A Simple Question addressed to M. Emile de Girardin," a request to that gentleman to be good enough to inform it of the number of its issue—seeing that, while "M. de Girardin stated it to be, a few months ago, 48,000, envious people declare it to be under 12,000." Out of this "simple question" is sure to grow a pretty little quarrel, with all its usual accompaniments and results, that will give matter for the printers and the public for a week or two to come. The belligerent humor of the Paris press has given the *Charivari* a good subject for quizzing; and *Cham*, in the last number of that favorite print, gives a capital caricature, representing a confabulation between three journalists, who are sitting dolefully together at an editorial table, their faces patched up with plasters and bandages, their arms in slings, one of whom says to the others, "I do n't know what may be your opinion, gentlemen; but, for my part, I think we have done enough of this sort of work, and that we might now, instead of fighting, begin to set our subscribers by the ears instead of ourselves!"

M. de Thouvenel, one of the most liberal and progressive of the Ministers of Foreign Affairs under the Second Empire, has just succumbed, at the comparatively early age of forty-eight, to an asthma that had rendered the last few years of his life a perpetual martyrdom. The death of his wife, a year ago, of consumption seems to have been his death-warrant. The Emperor has lost in him a sagacious and devoted counsellor, and the cause of progress an enlightened defender. He was buried on Monday last at the cost of the state, with all the pomp usual here in public funerals. All Paris

turned out to witness the transportation of the body from the Palace of the Luxembourg, which the deceased statesman inhabited in right of his post as Grand Referendary of the Senate, to the Church of St. Sulpice, where the absolution was pronounced by the Archbishop of Paris, and whence it was conveyed to the railway station for Metz, where it will be interred beside the mortal remains of his wife.

A celebrity of the First Empire, M. Léger, the tailor who made for the great warrior the famous grey overcoat inseparably connected with the memory of his campaigns, has just died at the age of nearly a hundred years, rich and respected, at his pleasant estate at Ville d'Avray, in the neighborhood of St. Cloud. He made a liberal use of the large fortune he had amassed in his trade, was of active habits and jovial temper, and was never ill until a few days before his decease. He was preparing to celebrate next Sunday the completion of his ninety-ninth year, when he was suddenly taken ill, and shortly afterwards expired.

The brilliant success of Victorien Sardou's new drama, "Our Worthy Villagers," has set other pens at work to calculate the probable yield, in solid coin, of this new triumph of the persevering author of so many striking works, disdained at first and since acclaimed with so much enthusiasm. Supposing the new piece to go through one hundred nights, as it is pretty sure to do, these hundred nights will give an average receipt of 4,000 francs, making a total of 400,000 francs. The twelve per cent. of "author's rights" would thus amount to 24,000 francs, which sum, joined to the 5,000 francs paid down when a piece is accepted, the proceeds of the "author's tickets," a second payment of 5,000 francs at the fiftieth representation, the sale of the manuscript, and the amount of "author's rights" from all the provincial theatres giving the piece, will bring up the total of the author's gains to about 100,000 francs, or $20,000, honorably won from the pockets of the public.

The handsome and eccentric descendant of the Bonapartes, so widely known as the Countess Marie de Solms, now setting up as the "properest of the proper" under the name of the ex-prime minister whom she has married, has prolonged her stay in this rainy and foggy city, where, as usual, she contrives to get herself talked about. Her vanity has, however, been the means of giving to the public a very charming letter addressed to her, when in the high-tide of her beauty, by the unfortunate poet Gérard de Nerval, whose suicide, in the latter years of the reign of Louis Philippe, caused so profound a sensation in this luxurious and frivolous capital, for it was known that the poet had been driven to desperation by want and hunger, which his proud and sensitive nature had induced him to keep a secret from his friends. In this letter the poet tells the young beauty of seventeen that he had discovered, that day, a family in such utter destitution that he had given them "all he possessed, forty *sous* and an overcoat," and that he had promised them that a fair and beautiful fairy, greater than all the great people of the earth, would come to see them, and would give them food, raiment, clothing, and kind words, and begs her to fulfil his promise by "blessing them with the light of her large black eyes and her kindly smile." The grace and charm of this letter are admirable in their way, and as the lady is generous and charitable, she doubtless rewarded the tropes of the poet by fulfilling his promises. The same fascinating personage went, a few days ago, to the famous man-dressmaker, Worth, and told him that she had heard much of his skill and taste, and should regret to leave Paris without taking with her a costume of his creating. The celebrated *artiste*, who greatly prefers using his talents for handsome women than for ugly ones, examined his visitor for a moment, and appeared to make up his mind that she "would do." "What shall I make you?" he murmured, musingly, as he studied the lady with a view to effects. "I have it!" he continued, with a burst of languid enthusiasm. "You shall be *a poet's dream!* Yes; your beauty is just of that character; I shall make you 'a poet's dream.' Come to me, this evening, dressed for a ball and with all your diamonds. I shall receive you in this boudoir. You adore flowers? I was sure of it. The room shall be transformed into a grove of rare exotics, with tiny jets of flame, like glow-worms, shining between the leaves. You will move about like a fairy princess in her bower; and I shall watch you, hidden behind the flowers, and wait for an inspiration!" No doubt that Worth will have caught "an inspiration" that will be realized in some very beautiful and becoming costume; and no doubt, also, that Madame Ratazzi will have to pay a pretty heavy "equivalent" that will compensate the artist of the Rue de la Paix for his triple outlay of flowers, gas, and flattery!

Thérésa, Patti, and Lagrua are getting over their colds, to the joy of their admirers; the various branches of the Rothschilds have held a family congress at Vienna; and Colonel Stodard, the unrivalled conjuror, is coming here from London.

The revival of Glück's masterpiece, "Alceste," meets with a general, if not enthusiastic, approval. The fact is that fashions change, even in the realms of art; and the music which charmed our great-great-grandmothers does not always charm their descendants in an equal degree. Conscious of a certain coolness in the admiration excited by works that have formerly passed for *chef-d'œuvres*, one is tempted to wonder whether to future generations the sublimity of Beethoven, the beauty of Mozart or Rossini, may possibly seem antiquated, tame, or thin? At all events the old *maestro*, whose sole journeyings are between his villa at Passy and his apartment at the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, is the object not only of artistic homage and of popular ovations, but of royal and imperial favors, to which, however, he is far from attaching any undue importance. Thus he has just received from the Czar, in addition to the many orders bestowed on him by crowned "fountains of honor," the knighthood of Alexander Nevsky, which compliment brings with it a yearly pension of 1,000 roubles. The same combination of honor and profit has also been bestowed on the composer Ricci, the choregraphic genius St. Léon, and the skilful *librettisti*, Solera and Piave.

While honors come thickly to the green old age of the author of so many masterpieces, the infatuated young King of Bavaria, whose passion for Dr. Wagner and his "music of the future" seems to lead him into fresh absurdities daily, has bestowed on the declared enemy of all the musical geniuses of the past, from Rameau to Rossini, a cane surmounted with a golden swan, set with diamonds; a *souvenir* of the adventures of the hero of the most discordant of Wagner's "operas," which brings up to about a quarter of a million of florins the sum total of the "*petits cadeaux*" bestowed by the eccentric young monarch on the would-be "reformer of the musical abominations" of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, and the Italians. Besides which misplaced munificence, Maximilian II. has defrayed, from his privy purse (by no means a heavy one), the expenses of bringing out Wagner's "Lohengrin," amounting to the pretty little sum of 80,000 florins, and those of bringing out the "Tristan and Isolde" of the same cacophonist, amounting to a sum still more considerable. A curious verification of the proverb that "every dog has his day," is the fact that even the Wagnerian barkings and howlings find their admirers!

"WHY WE HAVE NO SATURDAY REVIEWS."

Mr. Richard Grant White discusses this question in a recent number of the "Galaxy," but fails, we think, to give it a complete or satisfactory answer. He has, doubtless, hit on some of the reasons which have prevented the appearance in this country ere now of a periodical of the character and pretensions of the *Saturday Review*; but he has left the principal one, in our opinion, unnoticed. It is quite true, for instance, that serious obstacles to the success of any such publication are offered by the wideness of the area over which persons of cultivation are scattered, the absence of a literary metropolis, and the insatiable demands made on the time and thoughts of all men of ability by law, politics, and commerce. The small price paid by publishers for contributions, which he also mentions, we think of very little importance. If publishers do not pay enough for articles, it is because it does not pay them to pay more. They are but retailers, and they give the manufacturers simply what the demand on the part of their customers justifies them in giving.

We think we can throw a little more light on this momentous theme—for momentous it is if we are to judge from the amount of talk there has been expended on it by that very small class who have ever seen the *Saturday Review* or know what it is. We shall commence by stating that, in our opinion, the grand and in itself sufficient reason why the American public has not had a *Saturday Review* before now is that it has not wanted one. Those who have done most of the lamenting over the absence of a weekly paper of this description have always taken for granted that there existed a demand for it on the part of the public: this we pronounce to be a baseless assumption. Mr. White asserts that this demand has existed and does exist, but the native manufacturers have not been able to supply it, and consequently readers have betaken themselves to the English article, and he mentions that the call "at all the intellectual centres of the country for the first-rate weekly papers of London—the *Saturday Review*, the *Spectator*, *Athenæum*, etc.—is so large that one firm lives chiefly by importing these papers to supply that demand." How a man of Mr. White's knowledge of the literary taste of the community ever got such a notion as this into his head it is difficult to see. We have always held, when listening to the prevalent groanings for a *Saturday Review* or *Spectator*, that, if either of these papers was published in the United States, it would not circulate one thousand copies. As it is, in spite of the craving for them at "the intellectual centres," the firm which Mr. White supposes to "live

chiefly by importing them," imports less than two hundred *Saturday Reviews*, and less than one hundred *Spectators*, although it supplies Boston; and, in fact, it may be safely said that the total circulation of the *Saturday Review* and *Spectator* together in the whole United States does not reach 500 copies. So easy is it for vague and erroneous impressions to get afloat. Mr. White talks of this as a "large and increasing demand" for the imported article, and ascribes it, in part at least, to "the failure of the native production." But the demand is not large—it is very small; and it is not increasing. If we subtract from the two hundred copies of the *Saturday Review* the number taken by expatriated Britons and news-rooms, we should probably find that such was the dissatisfaction of the American public with "the native production" that it had furiously ordered about eighty copies of the first-class English weeklies to supply the intellectual needs of a population of 20,000,000.

We, for our part, are firmly convinced that when the American public, or any other public, can bring into the market what political economists call "an effective demand" for first-class periodicals, it will get them. That it has not wanted first-class foreign weeklies we conclude, with the utmost confidence, from the fact that, although such papers have been in existence for twenty or thirty years, it has not bought them, and does not buy them. That it has not wanted first-class native weeklies we infer, with equal certainty, from the fact that there are none in existence; or perhaps we may be allowed to say, after the proper amount of simpering and blushing, that there were none in existence till THE NATION was started.

The shortcomings of authors and publishers on which Mr. White comments have, we think, very little to do with the matter. The circulation of the *Saturday Review* or *Spectator*, even in England, would here be considered very small. It *is* very small, and we question very much whether either of these papers derives any profit worth speaking of from its sales. It is the advertisements that keep them afloat and enrich the proprietors; and the income of the *Saturday Review* from this source is very large, although most of its advertisements are crowded into pages which readers never cut. It is, nevertheless, able to ask almost any price it pleases, and finds it cheerfully paid. If a journal of similar circulation here were to ask for advertisements at such rates, it would either be laughed at or have to receive them as a great favor, probably accompanied by a request for a supplementary puff in the editorial columns, such as "religious" weeklies accord to good customers. The reason of this is not far to seek. In aristocratic countries, traders of all kinds rely rather on few sales at high prices than large sales at low prices. They therefore address their advertisements to a small wealthy class, and in selecting the paper in which they put them they consider rather the social position and tastes of its readers than their number—in other words, their quality rather than their quantity. In England the wealthy class is the cultivated class. In other words, the first-class weeklies are more read by the great buyers of books, jewelry, clothes, and all luxuries than any other paper except the *Times*. The *Star* or *Daily Telegraph* has probably six times the circulation of the *Saturday Review;* but it probably does not receive one-tenth as much for its advertisements. Here the converse of this rule prevails. All advertising is paid for in strict proportion to the number of eyes the paper reaches, no matter what may be the position of those to whom the eyes belong. How hardly this bears on papers which address themselves mainly or solely to the cultivated class, we need not point out, all the more as the cultivated class in America is by no means the wealthiest of the community. Our large fortunes are too frequently in the hands of men whose reading, from their youth up, has rarely carried them beyond the daily papers.

There is, of course, greater difficulty in securing good writing, such as first-class weeklies call for, here than in England, and for various reasons, which we have only time to glance at. The English universities turn out every year as fair a proportion of dunces and blockheads as any institutions of their size in the world. But they also turn out a great number of young men of remarkable maturity of mind as well as cultivation—a much greater number, we imagine, than American colleges. These young men mostly go into the church or to the bar; in either case they have, during the best years of their life, a superabundance of leisure. A man is very successful at the English bar who begins to creep into practice at forty. An American lawyer is by that time near being a grandfather and beginning to be worn out with work and to occupy himself with the investment of a snug fortune. The Englishman passes the golden fifteen years of his prime in waiting, hoping, dining out, and talking. He is surrounded by a very complex society, composed of several classes, differing in habits, manners, and tone of thought, and he lives amongst people who go into company as a pursuit, and are constantly occupied with the consideration of their relations to other people of the same set, and of the various means by which "social position" is won, or kept, or lost. The result is that he can hardly help speculating constantly on social phenomena, trifling often, but generally interesting, and produces "social articles" which constitute so much of the attraction of the *Spectator* and *Saturday Review*, and for which we sigh so often, and sigh in vain, in our own papers. The social experience even of our middle-aged men is very small, and our society has been hitherto too monotonous in its coloring and outline to furnish food for anything but very general reflection.

The charge which Mr. White dwells on a good deal, that American authors do not write well for American periodicals because they are not paid enough, we think has far more sound than substance. Writers are not well enough paid; but the fault is not with the publishers, but the public, as we have said already. We cannot agree with Mr. White that writers of articles for periodicals should be paid at the same rate as men bringing the same amount of time or ability to the practice of the law. The practice of the law requires special and peculiar training; the practice of literature needs only such training as any man may get incidentally in the course of a general education. A lawyer, too, is not paid simply for his time or for the use of his brain. He is paid for his character, his experience, and for incurring tremendous responsibility, such as no literary man knows anything about. Bad writing is, no doubt, an offence against society, which every man should avoid committing if his circumstances and his education will permit him; but it cannot be compared to the offence of betraying a client or mismanaging his business through negligence or ignorance or incapacity. Writers—even the best writers—are not paid in England at the same rate as lawyers. Thackeray never received nearly as much money in his most successful year as Bethell, or Thesiger, or Cairns received year after year as his regular income, to say nothing of the official honors, which are in England part, and a large part, of a successful lawyer's reward.

The real reason, as we believe—or, at least, the great reason—why we have not hitherto had journals of the literary standing of the first-class English weeklies, has been much the same as the reason why we have not until very recently had any poets or historians or essayists or scientific men to compare to those of European countries. It was neither the small pay, nor the size of the republic, nor the absence of a literary metropolis that deprived us of them, but the fact that the Revolution left this country in a colonial condition, intellectually as well as in other ways, out of which it has ever since been working, although traces of it are still to be found. But we are making pretty rapid progress, and we predict that Mr. White will live to see the day not when, as some wiseacres expect, America will have a new and peculiar literature of its own, and even an astronomy and pure mathematics of its own, but when it will contribute its share to the literary and scientific stock of the civilized world—and that, too, a very important share—and when, though it will not have a *Saturday Review*, it will have "first-class weeklies" that will be honest—which the *Saturday Review* is not—as well-written as the *Saturday Review*, and charged with some better mission than preaching the humbug of everything but material comfort and literary finish. We have already a large number of scientific and literary men whose opinions in their respective fields are as valuable as those of any men in Europe, and who are as well able to express them; and there can be no indelicacy in saying that, as far as THE NATION is concerned, it has never found the least difficulty in getting them to contribute to its columns, although it has never offered them even such fees as lawyers of the first rank are accustomed to receive for even winking at their clients.

UNEXAMPLED MUNIFICENCE.

THERE is something truly royal in Mr. Peabody's munificence, and yet royal is not a good enough word to characterize the large-hearted, free-handed generosity which is contributing so wisely to the endowment of American institutions of learning. Kings have rarely had so much wealth at their disposal, and still more rarely have they had the wisdom and the will to plan as Mr. Peabody has done for the benefit of future generations.

Years ago, when his public gifts in this country began, Mr. Peabody announced this sentiment: "Education, a debt due from the present to future generations." This debt he is now paying with all the fidelity of an honorable merchant whose liberality is commensurate with his vast acquisitions.

The month of October, 1866, will henceforward be memorable as the month of his great endowments. One day we hear of him in Danvers, Mass., receiving the thanks of the citizens of his native place for the libraries he has there established. Not long previous we were told of his erecting a memorial church in Georgetown, and establishing another library in Thetford, Vermont, with both of which towns he was connected by peculiar ties. Then the newspapers informed us that he had given the sum of $25,000 to

that excellent and famous classical school in Andover, Phillips Academy. A few days later he visits Cambridge and endows a new department in the time-honored university with $150,000. He is next at New Haven, where he bestows upon Yale College an equal sum for a museum of natural history. Before the close of the month he is in Baltimore witnessing the opening of the Peabody Institute, and adding half a million of dollars to the sum of like amount which he had previously bestowed. We doubt whether the annals of learning or of benevolence in any land record so many wise and generous gifts from a single source. We hope such liberality will be known as AMERICAN.

Mr. Peabody's twin-gifts to the two oldest colleges of this country are peculiarly gratifying to the friends of learning. At Cambridge, where already so many institutions are clustered, he has added another jewel to the crown, providing in all future time for the study of American archæology and ethnology. Sixty thousand dollars of his gift are to be set apart as a building fund, and, when it reaches the amount of $100,000, it is to be expended in the erection of a museum for the collections which are meanwhile to be made. Half of the remaining $90,000 is to be devoted to a professorship of American archæology, and the remaining half is to be employed in the collection of antiquities and books pertaining to the early races of the American continent. This is a most welcome gift to all who are interested in the early history of this continent. At New Haven there has been for years one of the best cabinets of minerals in the country, and considerable collections have been made in zoölogy and paleontology; but there has been no suitable place for the exhibition of these cabinets. Mr. Peabody now gives to Yale College $100,000 for the immediate erection of a museum of natural history, and $20,000 to accumulate as a building fund for the enlargement of the same. He also gives $30,000, the income of which is to be expended in the increase and care of the collections in geology, mineralogy, and zoölogy. This supplies a want at Yale College which has long been felt by all who are interested in natural science. All the scientific departments of the university will be incalculably benefited by this foundation. There is one peculiarity of these gifts worthy of especial comment. The donations are not encumbered by any trivial or notional conditions. They are almost untrammelled. Only such indications are given of the founder's wishes as will ensure the execution of his general design. But his plans are protected by establishing both at Cambridge and New Haven, independent of the college corporation, a board of trustees who are especially charged with the organization and maintenance of the proposed institutions. This secures (so far as it can be secured in future) the personal interest of a body of trustees who will not be overwhelmed, as college corporations are destined to be, by the multitude of their trusts, but who will, in all probability, have the peculiar taste and disposition essential to the wise control of the Peabody foundations. Thus, at Cambridge, the Peabody trustees are Robert C. Winthrop, Charles F. Adams, Francis Peabody, Stephen Salisbury, Asa Gray, Jeffries Wyman, and George Peabody Russell; and, as their places become vacant by death or resignation, the presidents of the Massachusetts Historical Society, the American Antiquarian Society, the Essex Institute, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and the Boston Society of Natural History are to be *ex-officio* members of the board.

At New Haven the Peabody trustees are James D. Dana, James Dixon, Robert C. Winthrop, Benjamin Silliman, George J. Brush, Othniel C. Marsh, and George P. Wetmore. Whenever a vacancy occurs, the governor of Connecticut is to become, *ex-officio*, a trustee, and the other vacancies are to be filled by a vote of the remaining trustees, provided that not more than four of them shall at any time be members of the faculty of Yale College. We regard the mode in which these special boards of trustees are constituted as eminently wise and worthy of imitation in other large bequests to literary institutions.

The organization of the Peabody Institute at Baltimore has often been stated, and we need not dwell upon it at present. The library, the courses of lectures, the gallery of art, and the Academy of Music, when they all become real, will constitute a city athenæum to which the country can show no parallel.

Fine Arts.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

I.

THIS Annual Fall Exhibition was opened on Wednesday, the 7th. The collection of this year is unusual in this, that it includes many pictures by artists whose work is seldom exhibited here. It is probable that there has never been a work by Mr. Whistler publicly shown in America before, although for several years his extraordinary pictures have attracted so much attention and caused so much controversy in Europe. It is probable that there are no other original works by D. G. Rossetti in this country than the two water-colored drawings now in the East Gallery, although Rossetti, as chief of the original "Pre-Raphaelites," and of the present great and national school which has been formed by them and their followers, occupies a place in contemporary art-history equal in importance to that of any living painter. There are not many original Turners in this country, and the few there are do not get into public galleries. We do not remember that any drawing or picture of his best time has ever been exhibited here before the vignette water-color drawing, No. 231. Samuel Prout is, as little known to Americans as Turner by any original work; and here are two Prout drawings. There is a large picture by the younger Leslie, a rising man. There are two water-colors by Clarkson Stanfield and one by Copley Fielding; other two by David Cox. And the catalogue says there are a Gainsborough and an Eastlake, which, at this writing, we have not seen. So much for the Englishmen, and, short as the list may seem, it is even remarkably rich for a New York collection; for the caterers to the "metropolitan" public do not furnish it with much English art. Our people are supposed, we do not know why or with what show of reason, to care little or nothing for any art but modern—yes, contemporary—French pictures. Mr. Pilgeram's collection at the Tenth-Street gallery a few months ago contained a few English pictures, but not of first-rate importance, and even they were soon removed from the walls to make room for *exigeants* French canvases, and panels. The English exhibitions of '59 and '60 were valuable, indeed, but have never been followed up. And even these failed to show to us anything of Rossetti's, or anything by Turner so valuable as the "Edinburgh" before us. Besides the foreign pictures, however, the energetic officers of the Artists' Fund Society have got together some domestic rarities. How long is it since anything by either of the Hills has been exhibited? Too long, at all events; and here are five drawings by J. W. Hill and four by his son. It was worth having an exhibition, just to bring these nine drawings together from Brooklyn and Troy and New York. One of Washington Allston's most interesting pictures is here, and the catalogue mentions three portraits by Gilbert Stuart, which we have not seen.

It is partly the catalogue's fault that it is hard to learn what there is in this collection. There is no index at the end, and every one who wants to study the collection in earnest must make one for himself. It is to be wished that the New York artists and people, in their zeal for French art, would copy the French in some of their dealings with art, and particularly their way of getting up catalogues. A great many copies of the Salon catalogue come here every year, and it is a wonder they never fall into the hands of the makers of our shabby pamphlets. Our arrangement, numbering in regular progression around each gallery in order, and printing the list to correspond, is in many respects more convenient than the French classification; but our system absolutely requires an index of exhibitors, with the numbers of their exhibited works, and any system would require a large reduction in the number of typographical and other blunders.

There has been an attempt, this year, to form a really valuable collection of water-color drawings. The East Gallery has been given up to them; but they fill it and overrun, and half as many as get in are accommodated outside in the corridor. This we hope to see fixed, the permanent custom for our exhibitions. Oil paintings and water-color drawings ought never to be hung side by side in these crowded galleries; they injure each other's effect. And certainly we ought not to have any more exhibitions without water-color drawings, as a few years ago were common.

The display of sculpture is extraordinarily scanty; and there are very few pencil or pen-and-ink or other uncolored drawings. Two etchings by Mr. R. S. Gifford we notice in the corridor.

Leaving the exhibition until next week, we notice, only, the still unfinished interior, the block capitals not yet carved, and the bare, tinted walls. The high prices of all things connected with building are doing harm here, as in many other places and in many other ways. But this beautiful building ought to be finished, and that forthwith.

PICTURES ELSEWHERE.

Mr. Homer has nothing at the Artists' Fund Exhibition, and that is a great pity; but three pictures of his may be seen at Mr. Avery's rooms in Broadway. They are all three very sketchy, rapidly painted in the "broadest" manner, and we are sorry to see Mr. Homer's work *always* so slap-dash. If he ever paints more thoroughly nowadays, the more thorough work does not come to the public view. But all these three, and more particularly the one called "The Waverley Oaks," are full of power and the evidences of power. Here is a painter, his pictures say, who can set down what he im-

agines; can draw as well as think, and paint as well as dream; and who sees, moreover, much in common things that generally passes unseen or half seen. He is almost a colorist, just misses it, indeed, and, there is reason to hope, will not miss it long. In "The Waverley Oaks," two girls, who are but a small part of the picture, and who are dressed in the fashionable costume of the day, and who are not more brilliant in color or more perfectly painted than other parts of the picture, are yet the picture, taking proper precedence over the landscape, not because the landscape is subordinated, but because it is necessarily subordinate in the presence of human figures equally well painted with itself. These pictures, it should be remembered, are slight and unfinished studies in oil color; it is, as we have hinted, of questionable propriety to exhibit them as for sale. But the painter's power over his subject is as noticeable in these studies as it could be in more finished work. There is, we think, an error in the drawing of one of the figures in the croquet study, but yet how *well* the same figure is drawn, how powerfully—how the body is recognized inside the preposterous and unnatural dress! Indeed, as regards costume alone, these pictures ought to be taken care of, that our descendants may see how the incredible female dress of the present day actually did look, when worn by active young women. And for the beauty of the pictures, it could hardly have been supposed that the out-door dress of fashionable young ladies could have been made to "look so well in a picture."

At Goupil's are some pictures very much more important than the few French pictures at the Artists' Fund Exhibition. One of these has long been known here by its photograph—Louis Knaus's "Départ pour la Danse." The engraving of the same artist's picture, "The Christening," is even better known. In both these, and in other pictures of his, as, for instance, the "Mountebank," there is an almost melodramatic unity of action. The people are all looking at the baby, as the old curé takes it in his arms, until one tires of their monotonous attention. And in this, all the town is pouring out to the green where the dancing is to be, until one longs to see somebody at a window, left behind, or going the other way. But it is amusing to see how many and how various incidents the artist has fancied to enforce his one thought, the single thought of his picture, going to dance, even the sober geese uncertain which way to go, and two of them frightened by tumbling boys into taking the way of the lively procession. The picture is one of those which are almost perfectly well rendered by the photograph, which retains nearly all there is valuable in the original.

Dieffenbach is said to have been a pupil of Knaus, and his picture, now at Goupil's, though inferior to the one just described, is of the same general character. It is "The Wedding Eve," and the scene is in Hesse, or thereabouts, in Central Germany. It is interesting as a record of customs and costume, which are soon to pass away before advancing uniformity and city fashions.

There is here a Meissonier, one of the few painted in a bolder style than his usual microscopic elaboration. It is a scene in some royal or great noble's ante-chamber, a gentleman waiting for an interview, restless, his hand on the high, carved wooden mantel, and his foot on the fender. It might be D'Artagnan in "The Vicomte de Bragelonne," but that he was not in the habit of "faire antichambre." The surroundings are very interesting, and the picture is full of color and an unusually favorable specimen of its class.

The Gérome has disappeared, and perhaps, when it comes back again, there will be another Gérome on exhibition. We are promised a new exhibition at Tenth Street of pictures sent out by Mr. Gambart's house, under Mr. Pilgeram's direction.

At the Derby Gallery is a huge picture called the "Heroes of the Republic," by Mr. H. Balling, representing General Grant and twenty-six other "generals," all on horseback, and cantering somewhither. The portraits are tolerably faithful, so far as we know the originals. In other respects the picture does not require notice.

Correspondence.

GENERAL BUTLER AND HIS APPLE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

I *pared* that apple. Do you *ever* eat apples or eggs without paring?

Fastidiously yours,

BENJ. F. BUTLER.

Lowell, Nov. 12, 1866.

[We never do. We hold the act in great horror, and are relieved to find that General Butler has not been guilty of it. We were misled into accusing him of it by the phraseology of the reporter, which described the general as having simply "cut" the apple, but we never supposed that it was more than an inadvertence into which he fell in the heat of debate.—Ed. Nation.]

DORÉ'S BIBLE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

I find in your valuable paper of November 1 an error which I consider of some importance to correct, the more so, as I have found the same mistake in several papers, and I have reason to believe that the public is *intentionally* misled by some unscrupulous parties that want to take advantage of it. I refer to the original editions of Doré's Bible, with French text. A new imprint, with the addition of two new plates, and still more carefully printed on even better paper than the first edition, is now publishing at the old price, one hundred dollars for the whole work. I keep a full supply of these editions constantly on hand, and I regret most sincerely, for the honor of the trade, that extravagant prices have been asked and obtained under false pretences.

Yours respectfully,

F. W. Christern.

863 Broadway, November 5, 1866.

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The Nation.

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The Week.

THE rumors about the probable course of the President are numerous and conflicting. He has had "conferences" of some length of late with Chief-Justice Chase and other "traitors," who certainly never approved of the "policy," and it is inferred from this, with some show of reason, that he is still "open to conviction." It is hoped, too, that the heavy *douche* of the elections may have cleared his brain a little and led him to view the situation with a somewhat steadier gaze than a week or two ago. Of course, all this is possible and even not improbable, but Mr. Johnson's training and the structure of his mind are such as to make it very unsafe to attempt to calculate what he will do under any given circumstances. The majority against him is, perhaps, the phenomenon he can best understand, and which will produce most effect on him. It may either induce him to remain passive hereafter—which would be unfortunate, as he has done mischief which he is bound to undo—or it may make him modify his "policy," but still insist on having a policy, which would also be unfortunate, as it would protract the conflict between him and Congress. The talk of his proclaiming universal amnesty in return for impartial suffrage is very foolish talk, and we hope does not originate with him. He has no power to make any such arrangement, and if he had ought not to make it, as it would settle only one of the very important points in the controversy between the Union and the revolted States.

WE suppose the last appearance of Mr. Johnson's party has been made. Not at the polls, but in a meeting of the National Union Committee at Washington—a body appointed by the Doolittle Convention of August last, and which has recently terminated its own existence by dispersing in a melancholy way. The business of its last session was to raise $30,000, in order that certain debts might be paid, and the plan proposed was to tax the clerks in the departments; but some of the clerks in some of the departments had already been pained by finding a sheriff's officer in possession of the room and furniture of a little Johnson Club which they had formed among themselves; so that mode of raising funds could not be adopted. There is a peculiar fitness in the fact that certain wealthy Democrats are to be besought to pay the debts of the deceased. The Democrats may not have killed him, as the Washington *Republican* in sorrow and anger insists; but, at any rate, he was a faithful and humble servant to the Democrats. Since the time of John Tyler, when has there been, and, except him, when has there ever been in our political history, a deader failure than the one made by Mr. Johnson, Mr. Weed, and their subordinates, in trying to get up a third party when the people had made up their minds to have but two? Indeed, we may as well not except John Tyler's.

AMONGST the signs of Mr. Johnson's conversion which are just now spoken of is his refusal to listen any longer to Democratic applications for offices. Delegations of office-seekers and their friends calling attention to the state of the post-office in their neighborhood are now every day sent away sorrowful. This is very well as far as it goes. If Mr. Johnson had only thought of it two months ago!

PROVOST-MARSHAL GENERAL FRY has just printed a report in two volumes. Probably no man ever, at the same time, had so much to do with figures and hated them so much. He had quarrels with almost every governor of a loyal State, in reference to quotas and naval enlistments, and seemed never to know just what he meant himself or just what they meant. Massachusetts, for example, should have furnished, under all calls, 139,095 men. She was made to furnish 158,380, or not far from 20,000 more than she ought. But the State, probably, cared not very much for that. Every Massachusetts man may feel proud that out of 1,292 substitutes put into the field by men not liable to draft, Massachusetts alone sent 586! We have before called attention to the proportionate mortality among the troops from various States, and shown that of all the groups of States the New England group suffered most from deaths in battle as well as deaths from disease. But one of the New England States lost a greater percentage of her soldiers than Massachusetts. Vermont lost 58 men in every hundred, Massachusetts lost 48. Kansas, a child of New England, alone of all the States excelled these two, losing 61 men in each hundred, and of all her able-bodied men she sent more than half to the front.

MR. CYRUS FIELD was fêted by the Chamber of Commerce and by the Century Club last week, by way of acknowledgment of his services in the Cable enterprise. He gave in his speech a history of his labors, and a more interesting or genuinely romantic narrative is rarely told by a merchant to merchants. The probability is that the next generation will be much more impressed by it than we are, as the thing has come upon us so gradually, and after so many disappointments, that we have never since 1857, or even then, been able to look at the whole enterprise at once.

THE New York *World* has announced during the past week that we have reached in politics a complete "dead-lock." The South will not accept the amendment, and the North can neither make it accept it nor pass it without its consent; and the President can neither make the South yield nor the North yield, nor yield himself. Moreover, until the amendment is adopted the North can do absolutely nothing. But situations like this are not novel. The North has already had some experience of this kind of embarrassment. In 1860 it found itself inalmost a similar "fix." The South had no right to secede; but, according to all the Democratic lawyers, nobody had any right to prevent it. The President had the right to enforce the laws; but had no right to use force to arrest the law-breakers. The North had the right to save the Union; but no right to meddle with those who were destroying it, and so on. The muddle was, logically considered, a perfect beauty. Then, when the question of abolishing slavery came up, there were the same difficulties. As a military leader, the President had a

right to emancipate the slaves; as a civil ruler, he had not; but he could neither be wholly one nor wholly the other. He might issue a military proclamation; but it had to be constitutionally sound; and then, although he might morally liberate the slaves, physically, we were told, they would remain "held and firmly bound." The upshot of it all was that the North, in a spirit of the wildest indifference to the reasoning of Democratic sages, put down the rebellion and abolished slavery. It of course lost all character as a logician; but then it saved the nation. We suspect if the present "dead-lock" should happen to last too long, the Free States will find a similar issue from their embarrassment. They will with the greatest absurdity reorganize the South, and with the greatest illegality restore peace and good government; and with the greatest pigheadedness and stupidity peruse calmly the noble demonstrations of their folly which the Democratic press is sure to furnish.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *World* writes from Boston that "it is well known in that city that General Butler has for several days past been closeted with Governor Bullock and laboring with his excellency to have General Schouler removed, on the ground that he has all along been a Johnson man, and that Massachusetts cannot permit such a character about the State House." Despatches of this kind frequently come from "Our Washington Correspondent," representing that So-and-so was "closeted all day" with the President, trying to induce him to cut off the head of this collector or that postmaster. We have often wondered whether editors who pay for this kind of thing ever consider the extreme absurdity of it. Two grown men, of average education and ability, can in two hours, or at most three, if secured from all interruption, fully discuss all the merits and demerits as a politician of either General Schouler or any other official in the country. If General Butler was not able to say his say about Schouler in one day, he is not the man we take him for; or if, after hearing him on this great subject for a whole day, Governor Bullock expressed his willingness to "sit under him" for two days more, it must be that the governor is either duller of comprehension or has less confidence in his own powers than any other man we ever heard of.

THE *Tribune* continues to discipline its employees in public. It is evidently thoroughly purging its floor. This time it is an unfortunate reporter named Miller who has been "discharged" ("dismissed" is, as Tony Weller would say, "a more tenderer word") for attempting to edit the paper, when he was only employed to collect news for it. If these acts of wholesome severity will only bring the true nature of the distinction clearly before the mind of all the reporters in the country, the *Tribune* will have acquired a fresh claim to the gratitude of the public. If the editor will turn his awful eye, however, on some of the longer descriptive and narrative passages by which the journal is occasionally adorned, we are satisfied other culprits would soon be dragged to the whipping-post. We are not in favor of undue haste, however. All great reforms must be made slowly if their results are to be lasting.

GENERAL PILE, the successful opponent of the Hon. John Hogan for a seat in the Fortieth Congress, was charged by the Missouri *Republican*, just on the eve of the election, with being an embezzler and a thief. There was no truth in the charge, but at the late day when it was made its refutation could hardly be effective in the canvass. We commend the general's example to every candidate, whether Democratic or Republican, who in his own person suffers from what is the curse of American political journalism. He has brought suit against the *Republican* for $50,000. We fear his best chance of getting anything lies in the fact that the whole administration of the law in Missouri is in the hands of a party bitterly opposed to the *Republican*, and which itself has proved its ability to call names.

THE Raleigh *Standard* speaks of some three or four hundred persons from counties west of Raleigh who last week passed through that city on their way to the North-western States. And this is neither the beginning nor the end of a movement which is depriving North Carolina of some of her best citizens. North Carolina is not the most illiberal of the Southern States either, and there are more men within her boundaries who are quite poor men and yet not white slaves than in almost any of the States south of the Potomac. But these men cannot live at home. It may be true that just after the surrender of Lee and Johnston these people, who flattered themselves that the United States was their friend, were too exultant over their old enemies; they may even, in some cases, have retaliated upon them the sufferings of the preceding four years. But all that is now at an end, and the Union men of the central portion of the State are leaving their homes and seeking new. Gov. Worth's organ says that the emigration is caused by the "fears which have been excited by the declarations of the Radicals." Evidently, then, they believe in the Irish maxim of avoiding danger by meeting it half-way, and would appear to show more courage than when they were dragged, bound hand and foot, into the Confederate armies. It will be long before the more senseless of the Southern politicians will either see or seek what is the true interest of their or of any country—freedom of opinion and speech, respect for labor, legislation, so far as it may be, based on justice, "the queen of the virtues and the only durable policy of men and nations."

BRIGHAM YOUNG, preaching the other day in what the Mormons call a bowery, invited the attention of his hearers to the text which says, "In that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, We will eat our own bread and wear our own apparel, only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach." "The Government of the United States," the elder continued, "do not intend that that prophecy shall be fulfilled, and the Lord Almighty means that it shall." So the Mormons in Utah, according to all accounts, have established a system of the most odious terrorism in support of their peculiar faith, and the intention of the United States that all its citizens shall peacefully enjoy all their rights of person and property certainly does not seem to be particularly well carried out. The Mormons will allow no Gentile to preëmpt land, as under the law of the United States he may. The settler must take his chance of being shot, as Brassfield was, and as Robinson has just been, and flung into the River Jordan, or ordered out of the Territory within so many hours or days—the order being enforced by a pistol held to the head of the Gentile while he writes out a promise of obedience. Brassfield was killed in the chief street of Salt Lake City, and, when the shot was fired that killed him, was walking beside the U. S. Marshal. He had married a wife from among the wives of some Mormon harem. Dr. Robinson, another Gentile, obnoxious to all true Mormons, was murdered in cold blood within a few yards of his own house—the agent in the assassination probably being some deluded fanatic employed by his spiritual masters. Polygamy may be all very well; but as long as the United States finds it necessary to keep a force in Utah to prevent the general body of its citizens there resident from being massacred or expelled, it would seem that something further might be done and measures be taken that would put a stop to this murder of individuals and the insolent tyranny of "President" Young. Why the state of affairs in Utah is not a disgrace to Congress, we do not know.

"ADMIRAL" SEMMES'S paper has come to an untimely end. We believe he steadfastly refuses, meanwhile, to resign the judgeship of probate, in spite of the urgent solicitations of his fellow-citizens, who found in the perusal of the Mobile *Gazette* nothing like compensation for the inconvenience of being unable to prove their ancestors' wills—Mr. Johnson, as our readers know, having refused to allow the "admiral" to enter on the discharge of his judicial functions. Before the paper expired, however, the "admiral" paid his respects to the writers for the Northern press who have been ridiculing and abusing him. He explained at some length the secret of the hostility of these gentlemen to him—which is, it appears, their rage and envy at seeing a true "Southern gentleman" seated in the editorial chair and defending a high-toned and unfortunate people against their malignant slanders and abuse. The vulgar dogs were chagrined beyond measure by seeing the power with which the "admiral" wielded the weapon they had disgraced, and so took to calling him a "pirate" and other bad names. The *Gazette* has gone down in a blaze of glory. The writing in it was of the same high Corinthian beauty as the "admiral's" journal of his sea-roving, and that of most Southern novels and biographies.

It is said that Mr. Seward is again urgently pressing for payment of the *Alabama* claims, and he has certainly very seriously frightened some English tourists with whom he talked on the subject. The probabilities are very strong that if he manages the matter with as much patience and discretion as he has exhibited heretofore, he will get the money without much trouble. The London *Times* now devotes several columns a week to supplying Lord Stanley with reasons for agreeing to pay it; and unless this should last too long, it would be doing an injury to the cause of morality to put a stop to it, as a more instructive exhibition of the folly as well as wickedness of the course pursued by the *Times* during the war than is now afforded by the contrast between its present reasoning and its teaching of three years ago, is rarely witnessed. Unless Mr. Seward can supply more "improving reading" himself, he ought not to interfere just yet.

The most prominent point of interest in the English news is the increasing excitement about the case of Governor Eyre, whom the Jamaica committee have fully resolved to indict for murder. All, or nearly all, the distinguished men in the kingdom are ranging themselves on one side or other, Tennyson, amongst others of less note, subscribing to the Eyre Defence Fund, an occurrence which Mr. J. M. Ludlow pronounces "a public calamity." There is something sad as well as amusing in the reflection that foremost amongst Eyre's supporters are the most violent assailants of Generals Butler, Neill, and Turchin. They exhausted their vocabulary in abusing these gentlemen for having, under pressure of what they considered necessity, and when surrounded by a powerful and infuriated enemy, put men to death without trial, but, curiously enough, refuse consent not only to Gov. Eyre's punishment, but even to the submission to a judge and jury of the question whether he has acted illegally or not. The only defender the governor has found in this country so far is the New York *World*, which a few days ago whitewashed him in rolling periods.

The news from Spain seems to indicate the near approach of an attempt to convert the government into an absolute monarchy of the sixteenth-century stamp. The Queen is forty years old, and has become a "devotee," as women in southern countries are apt to do at that age; has put her conscience, both in matters secular and matters religious, in the hands of her confessor, Father Claret, who is endeavoring to revive the régime of Philip II. The newspapers have been suppressed; martial law proclaimed; thousands of people imprisoned or transported, and whatever of secularization there was in Spanish institutions is being removed to make way for sacerdotal government, and a *coup d'état* formally abolishing the Cortez is daily expected. The move is a bold one, but its failure is tolerably certain. Its excesses will kill it; and it will probably, though at the cost of much suffering to individuals, be the means of raising the Spanish people finally into the family of "modern nations." It is doubtful whether anything less violent would have sufficed to rouse Spaniards into progress; and if it does suffice, it will be another signal illustration of the extent to which the excesses of the reactionary party aid in its overthrow.

The Pope has issued an allocution upon the condition and prospects of the Church, in which he denounces what he calls the "Sub-Alpine Government," meaning the Kingdom of Italy, in that sonorous vituperation for which Papal documents are famous, but the ludicrousness of which is partly due to the fact that we generally see only the translations from the Latin. The missive consists mainly of a fierce denunciation of all Italian reforms, such as the secularization of church property, the abolition of monasteries, the institution of civil marriage, "which," says his Holiness, "has been productive of a concubinage that is perfectly scandalous," and which, we may be allowed to add, if it has "produced" more concubinage in Italy than sacramental marriage, deserves all the reprobation he can bestow on it. In fact, there is hardly any feature which distinguishes what is called modern from mediæval society on which his Holiness does not empty the vials of his wrath. Perhaps the most curious thing of the epistle is his reiterated assertion of the necessity of territorial sovereignty to the liberty of the head of the Church side by side with professions of the profoundest faith in the efficacy of the Divine protection.

THE FREEDMEN.

The following instances have been cited to prove that South Carolina is sincerely desirous to execute judgment impartially among her citizens, according to her late professions. In the Pickens district, a white woman was arraigned for infanticide, together with a negro, the reputed father. The latter was acquitted of being accessory, as the testimony was insufficient to substantiate the general opinion of his guilt. In Newberry district, a white man was convicted by negro testimony of the murder of a negro; and in Anderson district, a white man was convicted of burglary on the premises of a negro, who was also the chief witness for the prosecution. The sentences in these cases are not reported. An unprecedented amount of criminal business occupied, it is remarked, the Court of General Sessions lately held for one week at Anderson—a sign that the day of plantation law is at an end. The sentences are worth reproducing here:

Whites.—Moses Lackey, horse-stealing, to be hung; John Smart, grand larceny, three years' imprisonment; Robert Todd, malicious trespass, fined ten dollars and costs.

Freedmen.—Henry Cheatham, murder, to be hung; John Smith, grand larceny (on claiming the benefit of clergy), three years' imprisonment; Allen Reeve, sheep-stealing, six months' imprisonment and hard labor alternate weeks; Tony Jennings and Isham Carter, grand larceny, same sentence as foregoing; Tony McCully, obstructing railway, six months' imprisonment and five hundred dollars cash down, or five hundred days extra in jail; Clara Bailey, petit larceny, three months' imprisonment and hard labor.

—The following is the text of that portion of the pastoral letter of the Second Plenary Council of the Catholic Church lately held in Baltimore which relates to the freedmen:

"We must all feel, beloved brethren, that in some manner a new and most extensive field of charity and devotedness has been opened to us by the emancipation of the immense slave population of the South. We could have wished that, in accordance with the action of the Catholic Church in past ages in regard to the serfs of Europe, a more gradual system of emancipation could have been adopted, so that they might have been in some measure prepared to make a better use of their freedom than they are likely to do now. Still, the evils which must necessarily attend upon the sudden liberation of so large a multitude, with their peculiar dispositions and habits, only make the appeal to our Christian charity and zeal presented by their forlorn condition the more forcible and imperative.

"We urge upon the clergy and people of our charge the most generous co-operation with the plans which may be adopted by the bishops of the diocese in which they are, to extend to them that Christian education and moral restraint which they so much stand in need of. Our only regret in regard to this matter is that our means and opportunity of spreading over them the protecting and salutary influences of our holy religion are so restricted."

—The self-respect exhibited by the freedmen of the South is certain to receive in time its proper tribute even from the mouths of those who predicted their utter demoralization under liberty. And this is a quality, evidently, that does not belong to races doomed to an early extinction. The Charlotte (N. C.) *Times* speaks of a well-dressed procession of over eight hundred colored persons that followed in the funeral of the late elder Byrd Taylor, of the Methodist Church, as one of the largest of the kind ever witnessed in that city, "and, we may say, one of the most orderly." It goes on to say:

"The former slaves in this community, as a general rule, are respectful and polite to the whites, and act so as to cause their former masters to take a deep interest in their welfare. They have several schools, and are making progress in education and the arts of civilized life, and, so far from throwing obstructions in their way, everything is done to assist and advance them."

So a Virginia paper tells of the "very considerable crowd" that preferred a concert of the "Black Swan" to a circus performance. "We saw," says the editor, "but few white persons in attendance. The audience, composed as it was almost wholly of negroes, applauded frequently, but behaved with the utmost decorum."

—General Foster's report for October presents, on the whole, a satisfactory view of affairs in Florida. Only at two points has it been necessary to send troops to assist the officers of the Bureau. The close of the working season has brought with it numerous cases for arbitration. The education of the blacks is progressing under the most favorable auspices, the whites being even desirous of seeing the freedmen educated and their schools prosperous. The people—*i. e.*, the voters—are greatly interested in politics, and side warmly with the President. Provisions are scarce, and taxes must wait for the cotton to come in.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. Dawson & Brothers, of Montreal, announce the speedy publication of "A Manual of British-American Bibliography" by Mr. Henry J. Morgan. The book will contain the titles of all works or pamphlets relating to the history and affairs of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, Prince Rupert's Land, Vancouver's Island, and British Columbia published since the time of their discovery and first settlement up to the present day. There will be also a list of British-American authors, writers, and journalists, accompanied by short biographical notices and a record of their works and writings, with critical remarks. Apparently the work intends to exhaust its subject.

—Prof. William D. Whitney, of Yale College, is about to send to Germany the American offerings for the "Bopp-Stiftung," instituted in memorial of the publication of Bopp's "Comparative Grammar" and intended to form a fund to advance the study of comparative philology. If there are any more persons who wish to increase the contributions from America, which have been shamefully small, less than those of many a town in Germany, let them communicate at once with Professor Whitney.

—The Fenian song, "The Wearing of the Green," has suggested to Mr. John Esten Cooke a title for a collection of sketches of character and adventure in the late rebellion. He calls it "Wearing of the Gray" (an article is needed to make it grammatical), and in it gives graphic portraits of Stuart, Hampton, Ashby, Mosby, and other Confederate leaders, as well as minute accounts of some of the later scenes of the war. Mr. Cooke was the chief of Gen. Stuart's staff, and is known by a "Life of Stonewall Jackson" and a war-novel, "Surry of Eagle's Nest." Some of these sketches were originally published in the New York *World*. The book is to be published by Messrs. E. B. Treat & Co.

—Mr. James E. Munson, the official stenographer of the Surrogate's Court of New York, has in press a new instruction book in phonography and reporting entitled "The Complete Phonographer." This work has for some time been looked for by short-hand writers with considerable interest, as it will embody all the latest improvements of the art. It will be published on Monday, November 26, by Robert H. Johnson & Co., 64 Nassau Street.

—The University crews of Yale and Harvard will probably be glad to hear that they need no longer be restricted to a raw beefsteak and oatmeal diet. So, at least, Mr. Archibald McLaren says in his book, "Training, in Theory and Practice," just published by Macmillan. Not only are his theories of diet for rowing and walking new, and much at variance with the arbitrary rules laid down by ignorant trainers, but he objects to the ordinary methods of becoming athletic. The chest, he says, is the first thing to be considered, and he finds that that is not improved, but absolutely injured, by constant rowing. In selecting crews, mere muscular force of arms or willingness to train should not alone be considered, but the general condition of the body and its capacity for improvement. A minimum of thirty-six inches is indispensable to the chest of every good oarsman. Before our college students can equal the English university clubs in rowing they must train more scientifically than they have hitherto done, and Mr. McLaren's little volume will help them to it.

—Still another translation of Homer has been published; this time by Professor John Stuart Blackie, of Edinburgh, and the labor of twelve years. Professor Blackie aims at something more than a mere translation; he makes that, indeed, the centre-piece of his work, which is intended to represent faithfully the minstrel character of Homer, and to bring out every trait and touch of old Hellenic life and feeling with a discriminating preference. He prefixes to this a series of dissertations on the characteristics and growth of early Hellenic poetry, and adds a continuous commentary on the poem, to direct the reader's attention to the peculiarities of old Hellenic faith and life, successively, as they occur in the poem. He begins by praising the translation of Pope as a poem, and goes on to say that Homer, in English verse, can, and should be, in many respects, better than the original. The metre chosen is the fourteen-syllabled measure, used before by Chapman, for which a variety of reasons is given. In many cases, by a skilful use of rhymes in the line, he has succeeded in producing a good imitation of the Homeric sound and swing. The celebrated line,

"βῆ δ' ἀχέων παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,"

is thus translated:

"But silent went to the billowy beach of the vast and voiceful sea,"

which, with some amplification, gives the sense and the rhyme of the original. In a similar way is treated the familiar line:

"δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχεα ἐπ' αὐτῷ."

"With heavy sound he smote the ground, and his armor rattled o'er him."

Professor Blackie seems to have worked over every line with equal care, and has produced a thoroughly Homeric translation.

—There will shortly be published, under the superintendence of the Master of the Rolls, all the extant records of the English guilds. This will be of great service to students of English history during the mediæval period, for only one book exists on guilds—a German one—which consists principally of conjecture, with a very slight substratum of fact. These records give a complete picture of the daily and holiday life of an English tradesman in the Middle Ages, as they contain full particulars of dress, amusements, and the regulations of trade.

—At the approaching Paris Exhibition there is to be shown a collection of the finest specimens of French printing and bookbinding. M. Firmin Didot, the Duc d'Aumale, and other distinguished collectors have promised to contribute, and copies of the first edition of Jacques de Thou, 1582, and of the first edition of Montaigne's works, 1595, once the property of Queen Elizabeth, have already been offered.

SCIENTIFIC.

English and American Ordnance Compared.—The largest Armstrong gun yet made has the same weight of metal, namely, 22 tons, as the 15-inch Rodman, or Dahlgren, gun, which is the heaviest gun in the American service. The English gun is made of welded coils of wrought-iron, and is rifled; the American gun is made of cast-iron, and is a smooth-bore. A vessel which can carry the Rodman gun can carry the Armstrong gun. Which of these two guns is the more effective?

1. *Charge of powder:* Armstrong gun, 100 lbs.; Rodman gun, 50 lbs. The powder used in the English gun is the best of powder; that used in the American gun is purposely prepared in such a manner that it shall burn slowly.

2. *Initial velocity:* Armstrong gun, 1,420–1,460 feet per second, with 100 lbs. powder and 580 lb. shot; Rodman gun, 1,114 feet per second, with 50 lbs. powder and 450 lb. shot. The charge of powder which the Armstrong gun can bear being double what the American gun can endure, the initial velocity of the heavier English shot fired from a rifled gun is considerably greater than that of the lighter American shot fired from a smooth-bore. Of course, the range of the rifled gun is immensely greater than that of the smooth-bore.

3. *Accuracy:* The Armstrong gun has shown an accuracy which no smooth-bore gun can approach. In a series of firings made to determine the accuracy of the gun, the lateral deviation of the 510 lb. shot at 4,000 yards varied from nothing to a maximum of four yards. The charge of powder used was 70 lbs. There is some good evidence on record touching the accuracy, or rather want of accuracy, of the Rodman smooth-bores. In his elaborate report on the bombardment of Fort Pulaski, General Gilmore states distinctly his conclusions as to the value of smooth-bores for breaching purposes; they are as follows: 1. At ranges less than 700 yards, light smooth-bores are inferior to rifles; while heavy smooth-bores are advantageous either alone or in combination with rifles. 2. At ranges greater than 700 yards, rifled guns are superior to *any* smooth-bores. 3. For ranges over 1,000 yards, smooth-bores should be "*scrupulously excluded.*" The reason for excluding smooth-bores from batteries at a distance from the object to be hit greater than 1,000 yards is, that at such ranges it is impossible to hit

anything with a shot from a smooth-bore gun. The immense superiority of the wrought-iron rifled gun, which can strike effectively a hostile ship, or a hostile battery, at a distance of 4,000 yards, over the cast-iron smooth-bore, which is absolutely useless at a range above 1,000 yards, is painfully apparent.

4. *Work:* In order to give a distinct idea of the work of which the Armstrong gun is capable, it will be necessary to quote Captain Noble's description of the *Hercules* target, the strongest target ever fired at at Shoeburyness. The upper half of this target was faced with a wrought-iron plate 9 inches thick, and the lower half with a similar plate 8 inches thick. Behind both plates was a compact backing, consisting of 12-inch timber laid horizontally, and divided by four horizontal iron plates placed edgewise. This backing rested against a skin of two 3-inch plates. The whole of this structure was secured to iron ribs 10 inches deep, with vertical timber worked in between them. Behind the ribs were 18 inches of solid timber, confined by 7-inch iron ribs, inside all, and an iron skin. Exclusive of the 7-inch inside ribs, this target was 4 feet thick. The Armstrong gun, firing 580 lb. shot of steel or chilled iron, with 100 lbs. of powder, has repeatedly penetrated this target at a distance of 200 yards, and so effectually that portions of some of the shot passed completely through the target into the space behind it. In contrast with this fact, let us place the significant fact, mentioned in the last note on ordnance and armor printed in The Nation (No. 70), that the American 15-inch gun was unable, in the fight of Mobile Bay, to pierce the sides of the *Tennessee*, protected by only 6 inches of iron and 30 inches of wood, although the range was only 10 feet. This result is just what we should expect from the comparative charges of powder employed. It is easy to understand that 100 lbs. of powder should do more than 50 lbs. Meanwhile, where is the Parrott gun, the only heavy American rifled gun, with its *bursting* charge of 10 lbs. of powder?

Captain Noble proves conclusively, from the English tables of experimental firings, and from the calculations he has based thereon, that the American 15-inch gun, firing 480 lb. *steel* shot (and we have no such efficient projectile), with 50 lb. charges, the heaviest the gun will bear, is incapable of piercing the *Lord Warden* target—a target which represents a wooden vessel, protected by one iron plate 4½ inches thick, 16½ inches of timber, and an inner iron skin 1¼ inches thick. This target is readily pierced at a range not exceeding 1,000 yards by an English wrought-iron, muzzle-loading, 9-inch rifled gun, weighing only 12 tons, and firing a steel shot of 221 lbs., with a charge of 44 lbs. of powder. Since the publication of Captain Noble's comprehensive report, a new set of experiments has shown that a target composed of 18 inches of solid teak, covered in front with a solid plate of iron 8 inches thick, and strengthened at the back by an inner skin of ¾-inch iron, can be completely pierced by a 250 lb. shell of Palliser's chilled iron, fired with a charge of 44 lbs. of powder from a 9-inch wrought-iron rifled gun. This 9-inch gun, weighing about 12 tons, is therefore very much more effective than our 15-inch gun, which weighs 22 tons.

The defenders of cast-iron guns have a theory that an enemy's vessel is to be best destroyed or disabled by firing against its sides shot which are unable to penetrate, but which will "rack," the vessel. Before the days of armor, it was thought best to send shells *into* an enemy's vessel, there to kill men and dismount guns. It would have been better, according to this "racking" theory, to throw balls against, not through, the wooden walls, in order to *jar* the sides of the vessel to pieces. The absurdity of the theory is manifest. It gives up all chances of destroying the propelling machinery, blowing up boilers and magazines, and creating leaks below the water-line; it abandons the idea of exploding shells among the enemy's crew and guns, and relies upon heavy concussions against the vessel's sides. The reliance is a very feeble one. The *Tennessee* was hammered as thoroughly as any vessel could be, and not injured. Especially is this "racking" theory absurd when applied to ordnance intended for forts which protect harbors or roadsteads. There certainly would be no time to "rack" a strong iron-clad to pieces while she was steaming by a fort, but she might very easily be "punched" with fatal effect.

The opponents of rifled heavy guns have often asserted that these guns were soon disabled by usage—that the bore was "scoured out" by the hardened projectiles employed in them. There seems to be no foundation whatever for this assertion. The 600 lb. Armstrong gun has been fired more than 150 times without sustaining the least injury, or being perceptibly altered in any respect. This is explicitly stated by the officers who superintended the testing of the gun. The English have a very large number of rifled guns in service, and no credible complaint of their "scouring out" has ever been made. The question of the expediency of rifling heavy guns is, however, one entirely distinct from the question of the best material for guns—cast or wrought iron. Smooth-bores, to fire a round projectile, may be made of wrought-iron, and such guns would be greatly more durable and more effective than smooth-bores made of cast-iron; it would simply be necessary that the gun should be built up of wrought-iron coils, around a hard core of steel or cast-iron.

The high cost of wrought-iron guns is sometimes urged as an argument for the use of cast-iron. The question of expense, however, is the last one to be considered in an enquiry of this nature. On the day of battle, at the critical moment in preparation for which guns are made, an effective gun which sinks the enemy's ship is cheap whatever its cost; while an impotent gun, which imperils the national honor or safety, is dear at any price. Captain Noble, moreover, maintains that the total cost of gun, carriage, and 100 rounds of ammunition, is very nearly the same for the 9-inch, 12-ton, wrought-iron, rifled English gun, and the 15-inch, 22-ton, cast-iron, smooth-bore American gun. As we have seen above, the English gun is much the more effective of the two.

Although the whole influence of our Government before and during the war, and even to the present moment, has been given for smooth-bore cast-iron ordnance, firing cast-iron projectiles, yet there is at least one high official who has perceived that the American ordnance is wholly unworthy of a nation which claims to be especially ingenious, practical, and alive to the progress of the mechanical arts. Indeed, cast-iron ordnance has come to be called American ordnance, an unpleasant fact for any one who is sensitive for American reputation. We may congratulate ourselves, then, on the decided opinion expressed so long ago as the 25th of January, 1864, by Assistant-Secretary Fox, in the report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War: "My opinion is, that we have got to come to wrought-iron or steel guns, and abandon cast-iron."

EDUCATIONAL.

On the 29th and 30th of October ult. there was a meeting held in Chicago of the presidents of the colleges of Illinois. Out of fifteen presidents nine were present, and formed an association called the Illinois State Collegiate Association. They discussed many important topics connected with collegiate education. Among these topics were the propriety of asking their State to aid these colleges, and the best method of disposing of the agricultural college grant of land made by Congress. They also considered the subject of shorter or special or practical courses of study in colleges, and the propriety of educating the youth of both sexes in the same colleges.

Upon the subject of special courses of study they appear to have been unanimous as to the necessity of introducing such into all colleges. But they insist that these should not be *shorter*. They ought to be equal in value and time to the classical course, and should entitle to the same degrees. As to the agricultural college fund, they seem to think that the existing colleges could make it more useful by combining under a board of regents and using their present endowments to teach the other studies and this to teach agriculture alone, than by putting the whole into one great college. As to asking for State aid, they merely expressed their opinion that the State would aid itself by aiding them. They adjourned the question of educating the sexes together.

MR. WALKER'S SCIENCE OF WEALTH.*

There are two great schools of political doctrine. The one looks upon man as a being to be taken care of; the other, as a being able to take care of himself. The one is the school of restriction, absolutism, despotism, and

* "The Science of Wealth. A Manual of Political Economy. Embracing the Laws of Trade, Currency, and Finance. By Amasa Walker, Lecturer on Political Economy in Amherst College." Boston. 1866. 8vo, pp. 478.

slavery. The other is the school of personal liberty and equal rights. The latter has, we regret to say, very few thorough-going disciples. We have, indeed, plenty ready to maintain the capacity of man for self-government as an abstract proposition; but they are far from willing to put the doctrine, with all its logical consequences, into practice. Some uphold it stoutly, universally (provided that you limit its application to the Caucasian race). But we never find a party—and rarely a man—who thinks the human individual can safely be trusted with any other than a partial and qualified freedom. The doctrine of universal freedom is left for radicals and other iconoclasts ahead of the age.

While we cannot include Mr. Amasa Walker in this category, we must give him the credit of belonging to the school of freedom, inasmuch as he does not maintain that man needs the assistance of legislatures to get rich, and will do divers very foolish things unless restrained by act of Congress. The precision of his ideas and the correctness of his reasoning are in strong contrast to the great mass of our politico-economical literature, and we may safely say that our country has produced no work on the subject which is better worth reading. He lacks Wayland's clearness of style and felicity of expression, and this is the principal defect in the work. Not that he is positively obscure. He is not. But if there is any subject in which complete transparency of expression is of the first importance, it is political economy. Compelled to reason with mathematical exactness, and make questions of mathematical intricacy plain to the general reader, the political economist must fail to convince unless his style is as clear as his subject is abstruse.

Next to expelling from the ranks of its recognized cultivators all writers whose ideas are more than half a century behind the age, the great want of political economy is a logical arrangement of its parts. Mr. Walker adopts the usual divisions of production, distribution, exchange, and consumption, only interchanging the second and third. This division is equivalent to none at all. Exchange belongs to production as much as transportation does. Before a hat reaches its final destination on the head of its owner, it must be *made, transported,* and *sold;* and several sales and transportations may alternate. Why put the latter operation into the same class with that of making and not the former? We see no reason except the fancy of writers. At one time production was thought to be complete when the raw material of an article was produced. But it was soon found that no line could be drawn between raw material and finished product. Then it was completed when the article was fit to use in respect to its internal constitution, whether it was in the right place or not. This is still Mr. Carey's notion, who, notwithstanding the age in which he lives, maintains that a barrel of flour is really as valuable in Iowa as in Paris, the difference in price arising only from the cost of transportation. We may maintain, in reply, that the flour is as valuable in the form of wheat as in that of flour, the difference arising only from the cost of grinding. Political economists now see that production is not complete until the loaf of bread is in the hands of the eater, and we suspect that, before many years, they will see that it is not complete until he has actually eaten it.

The classification is not only fanciful, but it lacks logical order. We cannot understand profits on capital, distribution, or rent until we understand the laws which regulate the rate of interest. But, in the usual division, interest is the last of the three. This looseness of ideas proceeds mainly from viewing the science as a physical one, in which the classifications and definitions are to be chemical or industrial, instead of a moral one in which they are to have reference solely to the human mind. That the latter is the true view cannot, we conceive, be contested. Let us look at the most commonplace manifestation of the science, the market price of goods. What is the market price of flour on any given day? Clearly it is only the price which certain individuals choose to give and certain others to take on that day. It is a record of human actions, not of physical facts. Why these actions? The wants and the opinions of the actors. The want of flour by the one party, the want of money by the other, and the opinion of both about the price of flour in future days and in other places.

Here we find our ideas obstructed by the *pons asinorum* of metaphysicians, the notion that the acts of a free agent like man cannot be the subject of exact law and scientific prediction. This fallacy seems to seize the race the moment it begins to reason abstractly about human freedom and responsibility. See, for instance, Professor Goldwin Smith on the study of history. We have had volumes—nay, libraries—of reasoning of which this fallacy was the basis; and every generation brings forth its disputants to impale each other on the horns of the imaginary dilemma, one side maintaining that man is not free because all his acts are the subject of exact law, the other that his acts are not the subject of exact law because he is free. It fortunately happens that the fallacious character of such reasoning is plain to the commonest understanding when applied to any concrete case. What, for instance, should we think of such a conversation as this between a philosopher and a bank director:

Philosopher.—"Don't trust your president. He is just as likely as not to leave for Europe to-night with all the funds he can steal."

Director.—"Why, sir, he is incapable of such an act!"

"Incapable? Not at all, sir. If he were, he would not be a free agent, and would not be entitled to the slightest character for honesty, because he would act honestly merely because he was incapable of acting otherwise. But you know he is a free agent, therefore you cannot predict what he will do; therefore, for aught any one can know, he is just as likely to go to Europe with everything he can carry as he is to go home. Moreover, the police, being also free agents, are under no necessity to stop him, and are, therefore, just as likely to abet as to obstruct him."

Any one who can see the fallacy of this reasoning can see that there is no real detraction from human freedom in defining political economy as part of the general science which infers the actions of men from their characters and the conditions in which they are placed—the particular boundaries being fixed not so much by exact logical definition as by our power of predicting acts. It has reference to wealth simply because those acts of which wealth is the object are almost the only ones we can reduce to exact general laws. As political economists find their definitions to fail, they are driven to introduce the moral element into them more and more, and they will never find them entirely satisfactory until they are arranged with sole reference to the relations of the things defined to human emotions. LABOR will then be looked upon as the efforts of man to satisfy his desires. WEALTH will be the instruments of gratification. VALUE will be intensity of desire. CAPITAL will be that portion of wealth from the enjoyment of which the owner is *abstaining* for the sake of an *increased* future gratification. The divisions of political economy will probably be: (1) Description of the different kinds of labor (production, transportation, exchange, consumption); (2) Description of the different kinds of wealth (capital, natural agents, money, etc.); (3) Investigation of the laws of value (profits, distribution, rent, interest, etc.)

While in his general ideas of the definition and fundamental nature of the science Mr. Walker is in advance of most of his contemporaries, he has not built solidly on the foundation we should like to see underlie the science, either in his definitions, classification, or arrangement. Indeed, his work was not written with the view of anything very novel in this respect. His specialty is "the currency," and this he has treated at considerable length. His doctrine is the old one, that banks should be obliged to keep a gold dollar in their vaults for every dollar note they have in circulation. Of late years this policy has been considered as founded on exploded ideas; and, indeed, as a rigid system it cannot be sustained. At the same time no thinking business man doubts that our fault has lain altogether in the opposite direction, that of allowing excessive issues of paper money without adequate provision for redemption. Moreover, we apprehend that the popular idea that a bank-note currency effects a great saving in the capital necessary for exchange has very little foundation in fact; and that, if we calculate the cost of building and running Adam Smith's well-worn "highway through the air," we shall find very little gained by it to the world. Mr. Walker's weakest point here is that he overdoes the matter. We question whether any human institution or policy sustained by the sensible men of a generation is subject to more than two, or, in extreme cases, three or four sound logical objections. Mr. Walker, therefore, weakens his point when he raises five distinct objections to a "mixed currency." Only the second is very forcible. But his exposure of the popular fallacies respecting currency is very good, and we commend it to the careful consideration of every citizen who fears disaster from a suppression of bank paper.

A BATCH OF POETRY.*

POETRY truly has created for us new heavens and a new earth—

> "Blessings be on them and eternal praise;
> The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
> Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."

But the better land of some poets does sometimes seem like that believed in by the Six Nations, into which no man could enter with any hope of happi-

* "Records of the Heart. E. A. Lewis." New York: D. Appleton & Co. London: H. G. Bohn.
"Thermopsis: The Hot Weather. J. C. Pickett."
"Old Age and Its Miseries. J. C. Pickett."
"Canadian Poems. J. T. Breeze."
"Retaliation."
"The True Church. Theodore Tilton." J. B. Lippincott & Co.
"The King's Ring. Theodore Tilton." Hurd & Houghton.

ness till his head had been broken open, and all his brains carefully removed. A review of these books—most of them—we can justify on no better plea than that we are willing our readers should share the feelings with which we have gone through them. Besides, it is well enough to know the boundaries of human nature on all sides. And it was of prodigious offences against morality only that Sir Thomas Browne was speaking when he deprecated the enlarging of the theory of human wickedness. It is about monstrous crimes he would have us keep silence. Who will be so bold as to say that, if shockingly bad poets had never been held up to notice in reviews, there would have been less of bad poetry written? Neither direct nor indirect encouragement was ever necessary; and we may be allowed to suppose that the ungentle craft has even diminished the number of poetasters, if only by giving some of them honest employment. Mrs. Estelle A. Lewis is the author, and we miss our guess if she is not in reality the publisher also, of a most sumptuous quarto of four hundred and twenty pages, gorgeous with purple and gold, with tinted paper, and with "illustrations," as the title-page says, "by the best artists." The illustrations are full-page pictures of "Zenel," of Estelle herself, of "Emilie," "Adaline's Reverie," "Sappho," and other subjects of which the best artists are excessively fond. Lastly, the book bursts on the literary world from New York and London simultaneously. Altogether, why may we not speak of Estelle and her advent in these words of her own? They are to be found in "The Mexican Express," which is not a newspaper, but a piece of poetry about that news agency, as we understand it, which Moses Y. Beach established twenty-odd years ago, when he nearly broke the hearts of James Gordon Bennett and Horace Greeley:

"Triumph fills high her golden chalice,
Bonfires greet Glory's car,
As the aurora borealis
Welcomes some new-born star."

"The Mexican Express" is printed on p. 222, and, as Mr. Squeers says, "Here 's richness." For it is only turning to p. 225 that we find these lines, which we quote from "The First Ship to America":

"The sinking sun on the deep sea gazed
Till his red-eye with mist was dazed;
The youthful moon her spy-glass raised
The strange, mysterious craft to view,
That o'er the Indian waters flew;
The savage left his wigwam door,
And stood amazed upon the shore.
'What may it be?' the red man cried,
'That flaps its white wings o'er the tide.
A huge canoe sent by the great Chemaniton?
Are these the souls of Indian races
Returning with white lily faces?
They are, they are!' And to the strand
He flew with a brother's outstretched hand.
But ah! no brother's hand he pressed—
He clasped the serpent to his breast."

"The moon's spy-glass" is good. The serpent was the worm of the still, an injurious keg of the fire-water of the pale-face. It is at some such subtle meaning, we suppose, that the italics hint. Or is it merely that abstinence from italics is a species of Roman virtue to which women cannot attain?

There are four hundred and twenty pages in the book, and we could wish for space in which to print more quotations—to print, for example, the verses "To a Lawyer who was not at my Soirée, According to Promise," or to lay before our readers some records of hearts which seem to have gone through more in the way of wounds and blight and wringing, more real out-and-out anguish, than almost any one would believe, if he did not read it. But for a final extract, what Mr. Pickett, in his Gothic way, would call a "finish finial," here is the poem before the one to the lawyer:

"When erst I roamed with May and Ellie,
They used to call me little Stellie;
To which, elate with love and hope,
I bounded like the antelope,
But when I grew too large to play
And gave the world a tender lay."

Mr. Pickett is in the Post-office Department at Washington, and seems to have written two poems: "Thermopsis: The Hot Weather," and "Old Age and its Miseries." Moreover, he has been "Plenipotentiary to Ecuador," and "Chargé d'Affaires to Peru." In outward appearance, the children of his muse, and the pampered offspring of Mrs. Lewis's pen, are at the two extremes of the social scale. He publishes thin pamphlets. Our readers will, however, prefer his verses to hers. From the "Old Age and its Miseries" we quote this passage, in which the author mentions other builders of the lofty rhyme, makes a critical remark or two, and patriotically refuses his assent to a literary judgment passed by Judah P. Benjamin, who is not a patriot nor a Christian, and whose views of poetical excellence are certainly open to suspicion. "And from Judah *toto cælo* I dissent," he says; but we give the whole passage:

"Could I build up the noble verse Miltonic,
Or emulate the glowing strains Byronic;
Of Pope, Cowper, Campbell, Crabbe, Coleridge, Scott,
Dryden, Southey, Wordsworth, Moore, and a large lot
Besides, whom for want of room I name not,
Although Mrs. Hemans must not be forgot;
And here at home many of great and growing fame,
Many a rever'd and highly honor'd name;
Sigourney, Bryant, Halleck, Whittier, Drake,
With many more that a galaxy make,
In which galaxy I should place Janvier,
Of sweetest singers the confest compeer.
In it too is *Longus Comes*, as the *Times*
Of London calls that builder of grand rhymes
Whom his compatriots Longfellow call—
Among the first, some think the first of all.
But mention must be made of Tennyson,
Whose name rhymes well with the word "benison."
Judah P. Benjamin, the Confederate,
Asserted of the British laureate
(Tennyson), that he was God's own poet,
Which if he is all mankind should know it.
Such phrase as this is hyperbolical,
And little merited or not at all;
It seems to be *tant soit peu* irreverent,
And from Judah *toto cælo* I dissent."

Campbell is mentioned a little more particularly in "Thermopsis:"

"Alas! that smiles should ever leave the female face
Where naturally we look for loveliness and grace.
A woman's smiles, all know who rightly prize her,
Is of this world a potent civilizer.
Her smiles do more than all appliances
To win the savage, man, to due compliances.
Vivent les doux sourires des aimables dames;
They are of life the great elixir and the balm.
'The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sighed till woman smiled.'
These are Campbell's lines, as ev'ry one will know;
'T is not within my competency to write so;
I have not the art nor the pretension,
Lack *νοῦς* (Greek for *gumption*) and lack invention.

Whilst I write thus I grow enthusiastic,
But find the heat by odds too drastic.
Where shall I catch a little moving air?
I'll try the Capitol—our rulers now are there."

Mr. J. T. Breeze's "Canadian Poems" are dingier and cheaper in appearance than even Mr. Pickett's. They remind one of the cheerless, earliest dawn of literature in an ungenial clime. In colony times, on our side of the line, our press used to send out similar forlorn little stitched sheets of most sordid appearance, and dreadfully apt, with us, to be sermons and occasional discourses. We may brag a little now of having advanced from that pinching spring into a warmer season; but our Canadian friends must still, we suppose, gather the eye-bright and wake-robin for their poetical wreaths, and look with the eye of faith only upon gayer flowers. "The Falls of Niagara," it will surprise no one to learn, is the title of one of the poems. The other is called "The Saughanash Shore," and the author dedicates them to "W. S. Griffin, Wesleyan Minister at Port Hope." There is a little classicism in the poetry—Dodona, Olympus, Hellas, and so forth—and, of course, the red man of the primeval forest hunts on shore and skims the surface of the water with his noiseless paddle to a considerable extent. If we are not mistaken, the burning of the *Caroline* also figures in these colonial verses. We must charge the poems generally with Cimmerian obscurity:

"When brothers war'd with brothers on the plain,
The waves of anger high raging in their breast,
When cannons roar'd, and swords were glittering bright,
And armies marching to the field of blood,
Then on thy breast was moving like a swan
A vessel, watching for the foeman's spear;
They met, then cannon roared their thunder;
One curse the other by the bid of man,
Flame greets the flame upon the vessel's breast,
Niagara's roar laugh at the paltry sound,
Bids her draw nigh with all her wrath,
To exchange her thunders with Niagara's roar;
Down towards the brink the burning vessel went,
Grieved at the threat, moves on to burn,
And spend its wrath to dry Niagara's waves.
Niagara calmly took her by the throat,
And flung her headlong to the hell below,
As God took Satan and his army vast,
Who moved to pluck the sceptre from his hand,
Nor gave her power to see from whence she fell.
Columbia's sons, oh, can ye love Niagara
For this sad deed, and yet ye come from far,
Fond of display, to worship at her shrine."

There is a tremendous story told of certain tribes, the chief of one of which seems to have killed the son of the other, and cooked his heart, and given it to the young brave's father to eat, and then exulted over him for having been thus beguiled; upon which the other chief kills the son of the former chief. Says he:

"I tore his heart with my own hand,
And shed his life-blood o'er the land;"

and then invites the previous murderer to be present at a great feast, in which he also, without knowing it, eats freely of the heart of his noble boy, while the "semetrical limbs" are served up in various ways to other members of the hostile tribe. We knew that the haughty Micmac or noble Tuscarora was not particular about his eating, and would boil wood-rats with his ears of corn, and grunt complacently over roast squirrels whose intestines

had not been drawn; but the two treats above described are certainly bad enough. By-and-by they seem to be eating dog. We do not make out very well what it is that afterwards takes place among these dwellers by the Saughanash; but here follows Mr. Breeze's account of a part of it. We break it off short, for the first full-stop is at an indefinite distance ahead:

"This said, the listening audience cheered the burning eloquence they heard,
And swore by every object dear that they should never flinch or fear,
Until their foes should all retire before their valiant hearts of fire.
They bent the bow, and strung it well, a fearful pile of dry wood fell.
They killed the dogs, and feasted high, they danced the ring and sent a spy
To wa ch the cruel foeman nigh, their foes were in the distant wood.
Thirsting in vengeance for their blood their councils held, plans were laid
To lay the Mohawk with the dead, knowing they nestled on the isle,
They sent a spy expert in guile, and when the sun's last ray had shone,
The Mohawks laid their proud heads down, and left a squaw of subtle eye
To watch the motion of the spy, and give a loud alarm, should they
Attempt to hunt them as their prey; three of the Mississaugney's crew
Came paddling in their birch canoe, and seeing all in slumber deep,
As they did o'er their pillows peep, they tore their foe's canoe so wide,
Disabling each to breast the tide; return in pride of heart to tell
What they had each accomplished well; this swelled their breasts with joy of heart,
In pride they o'er the billows start, their chief upon his council call;
Few words were said, and then they all pressed proudly to the distant goal.
Meanwhile the squaw did them alarm, that they had seen some cruel form
Who had returned in pride array, a distance o'er the troubled bay,
The chief awake and cast his eye around to every ambush nigh"—

"Retaliation" is written by a young man, who says, "If the Muses, or any of their friends, will be so troublesome as to make one think that he can write, it is only just retaliation that they should see what he has written." The cruelty of the *lex talionis* is not disputed. A man's friends may, of course, deserve a good deal in the way of misuse; but ought one to inflict, even upon his best adviser, such lines as these?

"Daughter of midnight,
Where once was thy heart,
Strike! and not emptily
Sounds seem to start.

"Ending at midnight,
Away the worlds roll,—
Goest thou blerily?
Look to thy soul!"

Only a mother's love, we should say, could endure this other. Mountains are treated of, and "Let 's Fling Away Sorrow" is the title of the verses:

"Heaven-ent'ring and hoary,
And sunlit with glory,
The mountain a-cends in its pride;
But valleys sustain it,
And even regain it,
So gradually climbing its side:
Then fl ng away sorrow,
And give to to-morrow,"

and so forth and so forth.

But we are bound to say that this author—we do not know even his name; but we take him to be a very young man—does not always write so foolishly as this; does sometimes write well. Why need the youthful Pope have been ashamed of these lines which follow? They are from a poem addressed to a certain sculptor, and compare his art to that of the writer:

"*You* the first art, the youngest *I* pursue,
Whose pen combines the b ush and chisel, too;
Must on the blank its airy fancies lay,
But finish them by what it takes away."

And certainly there is something good in these lines, which imitate the despised decasyllabics of masters now too little imitated. They are from a poem which was written in memory of the author's mother, and which, in the main, expresses with naturalness a strain of natural feeling:

"But why, 'mid all that kindness e'er approved,
Why is my breast with such revulsions moved?
She is not dead! my mother still remains,
Calls at my heart, and answers through my veins.
Ye gentle bearers! all your steps retrace,
Return my mother to her son's embrace!
Come back! ye miss the path; this way it lies!
'This way,' I cry; 'This way,' you grave replies.
Life from my heart at that ich sound has sped:
Return, ye bearers, bury both your dead!"

The author of "Retaliation" may condemn himself, we should not condemn him, to the writing of album-verses for the young women of his acquaintance. It is not high praise, but we willingly praise him as a person capable of better things.

"The True Church" is a good-looking, flat quarto, written by Mr. Theodore Tilton, and illustrated by Granville Perkins. The bard, "roaming astray" on a "Sabbath morn," meets a "Pilgrim," not a believer in the Westminster Catechism, and walks with him past several churches, or church edifices, seeking for the true church. The Roman Catholic Mr. Tilton considers "the falsest Church of all." Of the Church of England he says, "It profits not to tarry here," the reason why being—the dogmatical assertion is Mr. Tilton's and not ours—that it

"—— covers with a shielding phrase,
The living sins of present days."

The next church may be the Methodist Episcopal, the Dutch Reformed, the Presbyterian of the Old or New School, or the Baptist. It is stigmatized as being merely "a sect of men," which churches in this world, we may say, are apt to be—

"And sects that lock their doors in pride,
Shut God and half his saints outside."

The Orthodox or Congregational Church fares better than the others, but the Pilgrim, who vanishes in a blaze of light, leaves this final word with the seeker:

"The one true Church thou shalt not seek."

"Seek thou for evermore, instead,
To find the one true Christ, its Head."

And this is the gist of the poem. We would add, for fear any one may be misled by a certain vagueness which may, perhaps, be inseparable from the extremely lofty way of thinking on these subjects, that it might be well to have what aid is possible in the search. There is a promise attaching to the gathering together of even two or three in that pursuit.

"The King's Ring" is another poem of Mr. Tilton's, not so long even as "The True Church," and handsomely printed in colors. "Even this shall pass away" is the burden of the song. That motto the Eastern king has engraved upon his signet, and looking upon it in various conjunctures of circumstances, he is admonished of the transitoriness of pleasure, wealth, and fame, and how the love of woman also passes away, if not before, then at any rate when death removes the body to the grave and the flesh is consumed by the worm. But pain, too, he is reminded—pain and death, they likewise have an end, and thus remembering, the monarch dies in comfort, the ring having made a philosopher of him. Both of these last two books, if not for all time, are at least well got up for a day. Indeed, for New Year's as well as Christmas. We suppose they may very well be bought in the holiday season.

NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

NUMBER VIII.

ADMIRAL.—It is now very generally agreed that the Arabic *emir* is the principal element in this word, but etymologists have distressed themselves to little purpose in trying to account for the final syllable. The editors of Webster repeat the error of Wedgwood and others, who suppose it to be the article *al*, in such combinations as *emir-al bahr*, commander of the sea, *emir-al moslemin*, commander of the faithful, and the like, where it means *of the*, and performs the functions of a genitive determinative. A little enquiry into the European history of the word makes the origin of this syllable plain. ADMIRAL was not, as the editors of Webster mistakenly suppose, "introduced into Europe by the Genoese or Venetians in the twelfth or thirteenth century," but by the Byzantine Greeks in the forms αμηραῖος and αμηρᾶς at least as early as the eighth century. A Genoese or a Venetian, in Italianizing these words, would write *ammiraglio*, or in the Latin of the Middle Ages, *amiralius*, and the introduction of the *l* was purely a regular euphonic change. For the same reason the Catalan made the final letters *ll*, which has the sound of *l mouillée;* but as the Spaniards were more familiar with the Arabic origin of the word, they wrote the *first* syllable *al*, thus reintroducing the Arabic article *al* at the beginning, and so giving the word *almiral*, or, as afterwards, *almirante*, a form corresponding to *al emir*, *the* commander. The *d* in the first syllable of our English *admiral* is a case of *accommodation*, arising from the supposition that the first syllable *am*, in the Italian *ammiraglio*, was, as in so many other instances, a softening of the Latin prefix *ad*. Milton knew better, and wrote *ammiral*. See the note on *admiral* in American edition of Wedgwood. It is worth noticing that, though the Greeks began with a near approach to the Arabic *emir* or *ameer*, yet, after the occupation of the Morea by the French and Catalans, they adopted the Frank form, and wrote the word αμιραλης and αμιραλιος.

ADOBE, an unburnt brick dried in the sun. This noun is referred to the Sp. verb *adobar*, to dress or prepare. We cannot deny that a verb of so general a meaning and so wide application as *adobar*, and its cognates in the other Romance tongues, *might*, in passing into a noun, possibly be confined to a meaning as specific and limited as that of *adobe*, but this is highly improbable. The root of *adobar* has never been even probably suggested. (See Wedgwood, American edition, under *dub.*) It may be Oriental, and if *adobe* is derived from it, the change of class and meaning took place before either verb or noun was naturalized in Europe, for the Arabic name of the *adobe*, or unburnt brick, is (with the article) *attoba*, and there is no doubt that the Spaniards took the word, in its noun form, directly from their Moorish conquerors. (See Constancio, Dic. Port., s.v.; also Engelmann, Glossaire des Mots Espagnols et Portugais dérivés de l'Arabe, p. 7.)

AFFIX is defined: "A syllable or letter added at the end of a word; a

suffix; a postfix." This definition makes *affix* synonymous with *suffix*; but the word, as used by Professor Haldeman, not to mention other high authorities, is a generic term embracing both the *prefix* and the *suffix*. He thus describes the *affix*: "*Affixes* are additions to roots, stems, and words, serving to modify their meaning and use. They are of two kinds—*prefixes*, those at the beginning, and *suffixes*, those at the end, of the word-bases to which they are affixed" [attached]. (Haldeman, Affixes in their Origin and Application, p. 27.)

AFFORD.—The derivation of this word through the French from L. *forum*, a market, is plausible, and has been well sustained by Wedgwood; but it wants historical evidence, and the examples cited from Pecock in the note to the American edition of Wedgwood are not easily reconciled with this etymology, but seem rather to connect *afford* with *worth*.

AFTERWARD.—In this, and in other adverbs with the same terminal element or suffix, the editors, erroneously in my opinion, prefer the form in *d* to that in *s*. That such has become the prevalent usage there is no doubt; but this is one of those changes arbitrarily made by grammarians, and, therefore, resting on no sufficient authority. The argument seems to be thus: *S* final is the sign of the plural and of the possessive case. An adverb has neither plural nor possessive case. *Argal*, etc., etc., Q. E. D. It is true that in Anglo-Saxon many nouns were employed in the genitive case adverbially, that is, absolutely or without a regimen, and several such continued in use for some time after the creation of a distinctive English literature. We now employ an objective with a preposition instead of these genitival forms, and, with the exception of *needs*, *betimes*, *anights*, and perhaps *now a-days*, it is doubtful whether any such construction survives. The final *s* having become a sign that a singular noun, used absolutely, had passed into the class of adverbs, the same sign was applied to adjectives, not as a genitive, but as an adverbial, ending, and thus the adjectives *backward*, *forward*, *eastward*, *westward*, *upward*, *downward*, and many others, became adverbs by affixing the *s*. This is one of those rare cases where a new grammatical form has been, if not actually developed, at least widely extended in its application, within the historical period; for the use of *s* as an adverbial sign is by no means frequent in Anglo-Saxon, and it seems to belong to the later phases of the language. In early English, it was very generally, though by no means universally, applied to the adjectives above mentioned when used as adverbs, and it was finally affixed to prepositional adverbs, as *hereabouts*, *whereabouts*, and even to ordinary adverbs, as *whence*, *since*, etc. In popular speech, the true authority in language, this form is almost universal to this day; and no man, whose mother tongue has not been spoiled by grammaticasters, says: *Afterward* I went to such a place; I looked *upward*, and the like, except when he is in his "Sabba' day clothes," or feels himself otherwise constrained to talk pedantically. The history of this affix is substantially the same in the cognate languages, where its use is very general, coxcombical reformers not having striven to suppress it, though some theorists explain it as a case of ellipsis, some genitive noun with which the adjective once agreed having been dropped. There is, however, a much better reason for retaining this form in English than in the other Gothic dialects, because *ward* is still an adjectival ending with us, while, if it ever existed as such in them, it has disappeared, and they have only the adverb in *wärts*. Hence, in English, it serves an important purpose of grammatical distinction, and ought not to be rejected barely because most people who *write* English do not know how to *speak* it.

ALLODIUM.—The use of the root of this word and its derivations in the Scandinavian languages implies the notion of long possession, or prescription, as the foundation of the right of property, and thus we have an etymological confirmation of Chalmers's theory of property.

ALP.—On both slopes of these great mountains, the general, one may almost say, exclusive, meaning of this word is not mountain, but mountain pasture, and from the great comparative importance of these pastures in the rural economy of mountaineers, they are likely to have secured a specific name much earlier than the snowy peaks which overhang them. In conversing with strangers, the Swiss, Piedmontese, and Tyrolese peasants talk of the *Alps*, among themselves of the *mountains*, or of this or that peak or needle, and *Alps* is rarely used as the collective name of the chain. Hence, the primary meaning of *alp* is, probably, a hill pasture, and the application of the word to the mountains which divide the Italian peninsula from Northern Europe, by Servius and other Latin writers, is only one of those instances of ignorance so common among the Romans with respect to the meaning and etymology of foreign words.

ANDIRON.—The etymology adopted by the editors of Webster is neither phonetically nor historically probable, but it must be allowed that it is not easy to suggest a less objectionable derivation. See, however, Wedgwood and the note of the American editor.

ANGER.—The editors say: "It is impossible to derive this word in a direct way from A.-S. *ange*, though it is akin to it." If by this is meant that such a derivation is against historical evidence, I am not prepared to contest the proposition, but I do not admit that it is etymologically impossible. The Swedish *ånger* goes far to show that E. *anger* might come from A.-S. *ange*.

ARGALI.—Omitted. This is the Oriental name of a wild sheep much resembling the bighorn or Rocky Mountain sheep of our own continent. It has been long and often applied to the latter in America (though sometimes also to the Rocky Mountain goat, an antelope), and certainly ought to find a place in every comprehensive American vocabulary. Though it is an anticipation, it is not altogether impertinent to remark here that the more familiar name of this sheep, *bighorn*, is also wanting in its place in the alphabet, though it is found under *sheep*, where few would look for it.

ARVEL.—A funeral. Said to be from Welsh *wylo*, to weep, and *ar*, over. This word is commonly defined as above in the dictionaries, but I can find no example where it is at all clear that such is its meaning; and, in most of the cases I have met with, its apparent signification is that of funeral-feast. The custom of giving an entertainment at funerals was universal with all the Northern nations; and so essential a part of the last obsequies was it that the O. N. verb *at erfa*, to inherit, signifies, also, to give a funeral feast. I am inclined to think the Danish *Arveöl*, heir-ale (conf. bridal, bride-ale), a more probable source of the word than that suggested by the editors.

ATLAS.—Signification 5, a silk satin manufactured in the East. This word is not distinguished in derivation from the common *atlas*, which is of classic origin, by the editors. It is, however, a Turkish word signifying plain, even; and is applied to satin with a smooth surface to distinguish it from figured stuffs or those presenting inequalities of texture.

AVERAGE.—In the most familiar sense of this word it is probable enough that the derivation adopted by the editors, M. L. *averare*, *averagium*, may be the true one; but maritime *average* is pretty certainly of a different, and very probably Oriental, origin. This question is examined at length in the notes to the American edition of Wedgwood, under *average*.

AVOIRDUPOIS, from Fr. *avoir*, to have, and *du poids*, weight. *Avoirdupois* is, indeed, derived from these two elements; but it is historically certain that *avoir*, *aver*, has not in this combination the sense ascribed to it In several of the O. F. dialects, *aver* meant goods, merchandise, and the term *aver de poids* was currently applied to all goods sold by certain standard *weight* and not by measure. Thus Joinville, "Life of St. Louis," p. 109, informing us that the spices of the East were blown into the Nile from the trees in the terrestrial Paradise, and fished up from the water with nets by the Egyptians, says: "Si treuvent en leur royz cel *avoir de poiz* que l'en aporte en ceste terre, c'est à savoir gingimbre, rubarbe, lignaloecy et canele," etc. A corresponding phrase was used also in other languages. A Flemish tariff of the fourteenth century, printed in the appendix to De Klerk's "Brabantsche Yeesten," Vol. II., p. 433, distinguishes *goet van gewichten*, weight-goods from cloths, which, of course, were sold by measure. The same phrase occurs in Italian. Thus, in an old report on foreign commerce printed in Sauli, "Colonia di Galata," Vol. II., p. 245, we have, in reference to the duties imposed at Constantinople: "Di tutto *avere di peso* che si pesa a cantaro [by the hundred weight] si paga Lib. 3 per decina di cantaro." I cite these examples, because they are, so far as I know, new to the discussion. Others will be found in Du Cange, under *Averium*, and they might be greatly multiplied. This term, having become the generic designation of goods sold by a certain weight, was afterwards transferred to the particular standard by which such goods were weighed, in contradistinction from the precious metals, gems, etc., which were sold by troy weight.

AWARD.—From Fr. *garder*, *warder*, to observe, look, etc. Wedgwood makes this a very plausible etymology; but I find an example in Danish which throws some doubt upon it. According to Molbech, "Glossarium," I., p. 55, a Danish document of the year 1470 uses *award* in the sense of appraisal. Another passage of the same document employs *word* in apparently the same meaning, and the verbal form *wrdhe* (wurdhe) for appraised. These words readily connect themselves with *worth*, which may be the true source of *award*, a judgment turning, in most cases, on the estimation or appraisal of the value or *worth* of material objects.

AWNING.—Referred to A.-S. *helan*, *helian*, to cover, or some of its cognates. This derivation is without historical support or historical probability. *Awning* appears to have been recently introduced into English, while M. L. *auvanna*, *envanna*, which, as well as probably Fr. *auvent*, I believe to be the same word, have been current for centuries. (See Wedgwood under *awning*, and the note of the American editor.)

G. P. M.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this Journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE LAST DEMOCRATIC EXPEDIENT.

THE most influential Democratic papers all over the country, led on by the Chicago *Times*, have begun to roar like young lions for "impartial suffrage." Nothing short of this, it now appears, will make their minds easy. "The Massachusetts system," which admits every man to the polls who is neither a criminal nor pauper, and can give fair proof of his intelligence, is, according to the Boston *Post*, a system which commends itself to every reasonable mind. The *Post* wants, therefore, to see it adopted all over the country. The Democrats are prepared for negro voting, provided it be guarded from abuse by an educational or property test. Now, we have read able demonstrations—we remember seeing one within the past year from the pen of one of the most accomplished "Conservatives" in the country—that negro voting brings after it, as an inevitable consequence, "the admission of negroes to the dinner table and the marriage bed." The old Democratic question, "Would you like your daughter to marry a nigger?" has lost none of its force. It is just as much a "poser" as it ever was. It would still wring from most Radicals a reluctant but decided negative. Whatever objections lay to the black man as a son-in-law lie to him still. Whatever made his presence at fashionable dinner parties or in the front pews of fashionable churches undesirable makes it undesirable still. And yet here we have the conservative, fastidious, constitutional Democratic party calling for negro suffrage. Political equality, as they have told us over and over, means social equality; therefore, in calling for impartial suffrage, they are asking us to do the accursed thing—eat, drink, and intermarry with the descendants of Ham.

Nor is this the worst of the course they are urging on us. Men may be forgiven if in times of great distress they submit to social humiliations. Even the old French nobles were sometimes driven by poverty to engage in trade, or "*déroger*," as they called it in the lingo of the period. The unfortunate who meditated this step met the other nobles of his province, told them the sorrowful truth, and gave up his sword, to be returned to him whenever he chose to abandon the ledger and day-book and properly purify himself. Even in England, "the spirit of the age," as the general need of money is sometimes called, is driving scions of noble houses to take refuge from "the arrows of outrageous fortune" behind the counter. A son of the Duke of Argyll has turned wine merchant, and his example will probably be followed by many another younger son. When the framework of society is thus rudely shaken all over the world, the general resignation of American Democrats to negro sons-in-law, and the presence of negroes at their dinner parties, need excite no great surprise.

But, unhappily, this proposal to admit negroes to social and political equality is not, we have been often assured on the same high authority, a matter to be decided on simply secular grounds. It is not a matter simply of human interest or convenience. The condition of the negro is not a thing which lawgivers have the sole right to regulate on considerations of policy or convenience. We have the authority of the most erudite, pious, and enlightened members of the Democratic party for stating that the subjection of the negro to the white man, political as well as social, was decreed by the Almighty as a punishment for the sins of Ham, from whom the blacks are well known to be descended. Therefore, in whipping, working, and selling them at the South, and in shutting them out at the North from all the professions and from all the higher callings—in condemning them by law and custom to the lowest walks of life—we were simply doing what the moon does in rising or water in running down hill—obeying a law of the universe, acting as the agents of the Supreme Power in executing one of its immutable decrees; so that what the party now asks us to do is not simply to take to "low company," but to sin against heaven. Our "social position" we may damage if we please without damaging our soul. A gentleman may marry his cook or a young lady a hod-carrier, and remain a very virtuous person; but if we marry or give dinner parties to black people, well knowing that we have been forbidden by Providence to do either, we are guilty of something far worse than a breach of propriety. Bishop Hopkins and the members of the "Society for the Diffusion of Political Information" made the nation acquainted, in the winter of 1862–3, with its duty in this matter in words of solemn and penetrating eloquence, although we had then given no greater evidence of our guilty tendency than our determination to fight slaveholders, and although most Democrats at that period still adhered to their old faith with unfaltering courage. Now, however, that leading Democratic newspapers are found openly advocating an organized departure from the truth—a deliberate and preconcerted plunge into iniquity—we trust that these gentlemen will again lift up their voices. Right is right, however circumstances or men may change.

So much for the teaching of the Chicago *Times* from a moral and religious point of view. Viewed from the political standpoint, we can hardly bestow on it any greater commendation. The growth of a party round an idea is the only legitimate growth—it is the only sort of growth that the moral sentiment of the community will tolerate. A certain policy, or, in other words, the embodiment of certain ideas in legislation, commends itself, by degrees, to the minds of large numbers of citizens. They desire to see certain abuses corrected or certain improvements effected. To give force to their efforts, they come together, effect an organization, and become a "party," and struggle for power. But it is the previous possession of ideas which justifies their struggle for power. They have to be able to say: "We seek to control the government, that we may put an end to this evil, or effect that good." If they cannot say this, if they cannot show that they are standing on some principle, they cease to be a party and become simply a faction, or, in other words, an organized pest and nuisance, from which every honest man is bound to withdraw all countenance.

Now, the Chicago *Times*, and the other papers which have followed its lead, confess that their reason for taking up negro suffrage is that the elections have left the Democratic party without either principles or policy. Some of the measures for the support of which the party rose into existence, such as decentralization, rotation in office, and general democratization—if we may be allowed the word—of everybody and everything without rhyme, reason, or consideration, have been carried. Free trade, which it once supported, it has abandoned. Slavery, the protection and extension of which it has fought for during the last twenty years, is dead. The party lived for three years after the death of slavery on opposition to the war; the war has ended in victory. Since the peace it has supported existence by insisting upon it that the South was entitled to come back into the Union without conditions, the North being estopped by its own declarations from imposing any conditions, and the South being estopped neither by its own declarations nor anybody else's from claiming anything it pleased. The elections have shown, however, that all logic is wasted on the North, and that the South will have to comply or stay out. The Democrats, therefore, announce now that they have failed in all their undertakings, and that unless they can find an idea, or a policy, in some nook or corner, the party must perish. Well, perish it must. As soon as a party announces that it has nothing of its own left to struggle for, that it retains none of the principles which called it into existence, it announces that its mission is ended, and that it has no further excuse for existing. The spectacle of a political organization looking about for some "cry" that will enable it to regain power, is a most immoral and disgraceful one, and one which no public, of average virtue or intelligence, will tolerate.

It must be remembered that the negro suffrage, "or impartial suffrage," is not, and cannot become, part of the democratic line of operations. It is not a legitimate result of any of its teachings, and is not developed by its creed. Up to the present moment the party has followed a plain, logical, and consistent course. It was natural and logical that a pro-slavery man should oppose the war, and that an opponent of the war should favor the admission of the South without conditions; but it is not either natural or logical that a friend of negro slavery should call for negro suffrage. All the arguments by

which slavery was ever defended may be used against the admission of negroes to the franchise.

If, however, the country were disposed to pass over the outrageous impudence and inconsistency of a cry for impartial suffrage from the friends of a "white man's" government, it could not get over the fact that the means by which the Democratic journals propose to secure negro suffrage leave the main question between the North and South still untouched. The concession of the franchise to the negroes by amendments to the State constitutions would settle nothing and satisfy nobody; and yet this is the way the Chicago *Times* proposes to have it done. In the first place, if it were done now, it would be looked on by the entire North as simply an expedient for getting into Congress. It would offer no guarantee against the subsequent repeal of the measure when the occasion which led to it had passed away. None of those who are interested in the question of reconstruction, mainly for the sake of the blacks, would give five cents for rights which had no better security than Southern promises. In the second place, it would not satisfy those to whom the question of the competency of the North to impose conditions of readmission possesses the highest constitutional importance. To them the concession of negro suffrage by State conventions is of no sort of consequence. It may indicate the desire of the South to get back into its old place, or the growth of a higher feeling of justice and humanity, or of a sounder view of political expediency; but whether it indicated one or all of these, it would leave the main question unsettled—the question whether the Congress now sitting, and which has carried on the war, is or is not the true Government of the United States; and, if it is, whether it has the exclusive right and power to impose on an enemy, strong enough to wage a four years' war, and whose hostility is not only unabated, but gloried in, such conditions of peace and reunion as it may deem necessary for the public safety.

If the South gave every black on its soil two votes, of its own mere motion, and yet left the above question unanswered, we have no hesitation in saying that the peace would still be the veriest mockery by which a nation was ever cheated. For negro suffrage, it ought to be well understood, is not enough. There is no use in offering it to the North as a sign of submission. We must have it granted in such a way that the faith of the whole nation shall be pledged for its permanence. And, even then, it would still be insufficient. We must have it placed on record, for the warning and instruction of all future generations, that a rebellion in this country is not simply a process outside the law for settling a legal controversy—which when over leaves the rebels where they stood before they drew the sword—a kind of bloody demurrer, which does not prevent the party from "pleading over" after judgment has gone against him; but a real war, attended with all the incidents and conditions of war, and that its suppression leaves the victor not only master of the field but master of the situation, and bound by the most solemn of obligations to see to it that the conflict neither impairs the national vitality nor shakes the popular confidence in the national stability.

PRIMARY ELECTIONS.

When the millions of electors who lately cast their votes approached the polls on the morning of election, they found, as a general rule, only two sets of candidates for whom it was of the slightest use to vote. As nearly three-sevenths of the voters would not under any circumstances support Republicans, and nearly four-sevenths would not in any case support Democrats, it is obvious that, as a general rule, all questions of personal fitness, or of preference between men as such, had been decided before election day. Certainly this was the case with more than nine-tenths of the voters. They voted for certain men, not because they preferred them, but because they preferred the party which nominated them. In this there is nothing wrong, nothing which is not necessary; and we mention it only to call attention to the fact that half the business of the election is settled before the polls are opened, and thus to impress upon our readers the vast importance of the preliminary processes by which the popular choice among men is determined. The destiny of the last eighteen months, with all their trials and humiliations, was not settled by the general election of November, 1864, but by certain operations six months earlier.

The machinery by which the selection of candidates is usually arranged in the Northern States consists of primary elections; that is, of elections held within the ranks of each party, and managed without any control on the part of the State. At these elections, delegates are chosen to conventions, which nominate candidates on each side, who are thenceforth called "regular."

When we consider the vast importance of having good and faithful men to carry out a good platform of principles, it does not seem too much to say that these primary elections are fully as important as the public elections which follow them. The public elections of 1864 decided that Andrew Johnson should be Vice-President rather than George H. Pendleton; but the primary elections in the single State of New York had previously decided that Andrew Johnson should be preferred to Hannibal Hamlin. Subsequent events have shown that the earlier decision was by far the more important of the two.

The nature and working of these primary elections are, therefore, matters of deep interest to every thoughtful and patriotic citizen. No one who studies politics at all should fail to study the operation of this branch of political machinery.

We do not pretend to know much about primary elections in the rural districts, or even in other cities than New York and Brooklyn; but, judging from what we hear, and from the visible fruits of the system in the country at large, we should say that a picture drawn from the reality in New York would be recognized by politicians in nearly all other cities, and even in many country villages, as not unlike scenes familiar to them.

The Democratic party retains the primary election in all its pristine glory, such as it was fifteen years ago in both the great parties of the day. The election is held in the lowest groggery of the ward. A mob of vagabonds surround the door, and, well supplied with liquor by the candidates, vote just as many times each as they can crowd their way to and from the poll during the time fixed for the election. Thus a collection of two or three hundred patriots will easily cast six or eight hundred votes. The inspectors, if experienced in their business, never object to a vote. Why should they? Why irritate a true Democrat, bent upon exercising his franchise three or four times over, when a milder remedy may be found? A clever inspector knows better. When he comes to count the votes, his sleeve is filled with ballots of the right sort, and after emptying these upon the table, he adroitly sweeps a few score of obnoxious ballots into his lap. As the three inspectors are almost invariably united in interest, it is obvious that they can do effective work in this way. But a yet neater method has been in use for some years at a number of polls. The inspectors shut out the unwashed and tipsy crowd of voters, sit for an hour or two over their whiskey and cigars, and, without going through the ridiculous form of counting the votes, return the numbers in such manner as seems to them most for the good of the party, and best calculated to replenish their purses.

The non-counting method has sometimes a more decent appearance than the other. Thus, we have frequently known from 4,000 to 7,000 votes to be polled at a hotly-contested primary election, in a ward where the party never polled more than 2,500 votes at a public election, and where less than 500 voters of the ward ever attended the primary elections. The renowned William Poole, Esq., who went to an untimely grave eleven years ago, deeply lamented by a wide circle of friends, was a master of this style of high art. He took hold of the Whig cause in the Ninth Ward of New York, in 1850, and at once raised the vote at the primary election to over 5,000. Very strangely, the candidate thus nominated received, at the general election a month later, only about 250 votes, and suffered ignominious defeat.

The Republican party, however, undertook at an early day, and in good faith, to provide checks against fraud at elections. All voters are required to be registered at least one week before the election, and sufficient publicity is secured to ensure that the votes shall be counted after some fashion. Let us then attend (in the spirit) a Republican primary election in the —th Ward, and see what happens there.

The first thing that strikes us is the vast accession of Fenians to the Republican ranks. Such a long array of Hibernians must surely overwhelm the Democracy with defeat. With them are joined a host of those unwashed and unkempt Americans whom we, in our ignorance,

had fancied to be natural opponents of the party. We find that, contrary to our supposition, these are not only Republicans, but the most enthusiastic of Republicans, if the number of votes which each man can give is any proof of his enthusiasm. The old custom of changing a man's hat or coat before sending him up to vote a second time is obsolete, and as soon as he has voted, he takes his place at the foot of the line, and resumes his march to the ballot-box with a fresh name and residence, but without any attempt at disguise. A wretched-looking object, from whom all decent men shrink for fear of increasing their acquaintance with entomology, boldly announces his name as Mr. R——, one of the wealthiest citizens of the ward, and the friendly inspectors pass him with a nod. Mr. R——, and indeed some hundreds of others whose names are called off, would be greatly astonished to learn the next morning that they had voted at the primary election. But all is fair on such occasions, and the large majority for the successful ticket is conclusive evidence of the regularity of the proceedings.

There are a few districts in which, by great efforts made under favorable circumstances, primary elections are kept in decent order. But, as a rule, these elections are controlled, in both New York and Brooklyn, by the worst elements of the Republican party; and the only check upon the nomination of the worst men is the fear of risking an election. Where this fear is removed, as in the case of an election for supervisor in New York, the nominees of the Republican party have for some years past been quite as corrupt as their Democratic opponents.

Many projects for the reform of this system have been set on foot, but all have thus far proved lamentable failures. It is possible that by legalizing primary elections, as has been done in California, holding them under the direction of sworn inspectors, and punishing fraud by criminal process, some improvement might be effected in these elections, so far at least as the Republican party is concerned. But even this is very problematical. The Southern method of self-nomination, or the method of nominating by public requisitions, signed by the electors, would really do more to promote purity in the elections than any possible improvement in the primary system. The latter plan has been adopted with remarkable success in several quarters where the corruption of the Republican managers had become intolerable; but it is, of course, objected to on the ground that it throws power into the hands of the adverse party, by risking perpetual divisions, without acknowledging any common arbiter. Our impression is that the price is not too dear to pay for so great a blessing as the purification of the party, and the elevation of politics to the sphere of respectable morality. As at present managed, the interior work of politics is sickening beyond expression to every man of Christian or even fairly moral sentiments. Nearly every such man in these two cities has thrown up the business in disgust, and both parties are rapidly descending into common corruption. What is the certainty of party victory compared with the evils to which this system is leading us?

THE EIGHT-HOUR DELUSION.

This grand scheme for the elevation of the working classes—meaning persons who work with their hands—which some of the more visionary of their own number devised some time ago, and which they have since found plenty of demagogues to take up and agitate, is still kept before the public. It was made an issue in the late election in this city, and, for aught we know, in Massachusetts, where the movement for growing rich faster by working less received some time ago the aid of Mr. Wendell Phillips. We hear of it still in various parts of the country, and it will probably not die out till one or more States have been impoverished by trying it. A few words more about it may, therefore, not come amiss.

As a rule, no person should *overtax* his usual average strength. To this rule, however, the common sense of mankind admits very numerous exceptions. Physicians in times of general sickness, nurses, watchmen, and night workmen, soldiers in battle or on forced marches, sailors in storms, firemen, lawyers trying important causes—these are only a few cases out of many in which duty frequently and imperiously requires men to exert themselves beyond what a due regard to their best physical condition would admit. There are also other cases in which there may be no especial danger of overtaxing the strength, but where the nature of the occupation absolutely requires a greater number of hours' labor than would be desirable. Under this head may be included ordinary domestic employments. A woman, for example, must take care of her family, often without much regard to hours of labor; for a man's breakfast must be cooked before he can eat it.

Having set aside all these, we then come to persons of ordinary average strength, laboring under normal conditions—doing, in fact, the great day's work of the nation. Now, the whole thing becomes a matter of sound practical judgment, rather than of any theory. It is for the interest of the nation to see to it that its laborers do not work too much. It is equally for its interest to see that they do not work too little. If we work too much, we thereby deteriorate our great middle class, the strength and vitality of the nation. For in this country it will be admitted that the laboring class is the true middle class, to which we must look as the fountain of physical vigor. If, on the other hand, we work too little, we thereby impoverish the country, and all grow poor together. We must keep our people in full physical vigor by proper limitation of labor. We must keep a full flow of courage and animal spirits by a proper amount of recreation. We must keep up a healthy moral and intellectual condition by a proper amount of culture. In these days everybody understands that fourteen or fifteen hours' labor a day for the ordinary day's work is unwise and uneconomical. Most persons would admit that six or seven hours' labor was equally so. After considerable discussion of the subject at various times, ten hours has been fixed upon as, in most cases, a proper limit. In some of the States this is fixed by law as the day's work in mechanical and manufacturing occupations, subject to change by special contract. In some kinds of employment, a somewhat longer time has been fixed by usage; but ten hours is so generally the limit that it may fairly be taken as the rule. A demand is now made, ostensibly in the interest of the workmen, that the legal day's work shall be eight hours.

Probably a considerable number might be found who would say, no matter how little we work provided we get full pay; but the fact that the fundamental law of life and well-being requires some labor, is now too well understood to need special argument. That apparent full pay is not *real* full pay we will endeavor to show. We are safe, however, in admitting that eight hours' labor is sufficient to preserve bodily health. Whether it is sufficient for moral welfare is not so clear, but will, of course, depend much on how the remaining time is to be spent.

On the other hand, we do not learn either from statistics or observation that ten hours' labor is prejudicial to health, unless in exceptional cases, and under very unfavorable conditions. These will be found to be either cases analogous to those before mentioned, which must be thrown out of the account, or cases where sanitary laws are disregarded, and to which sanitary remedies must be applied. Our vital statistics show that labor, as at present organized, is peculiarly favorable to longevity, and this under a system requiring an average of more than ten hours, and among a class of people very neglectful of sanitary requirements. This is certainly true of all open-air employments. In regard to manufacturing operations, some might question the correctness of the above statement, but, we think, upon consideration it will be found to be true. Tables of statistics need to be considered with reference to their subject matter, and a neglect of this has led to very erroneous conclusions respecting the healthfulness of some occupations. For example, suppose we read, in a table of vital statistics, that the average age at which students in colleges die is twenty-one years, we might infer that the life of a student in college was a very unhealthy one; but when we come to consider that at the age of twenty-three or twenty-four students in colleges cease to be such, and that to die at all, *as students*, they must die before reaching that age, the fallacy of the inference is very apparent.

Entirely analogous to this is the conclusion which has sometimes, perhaps generally, been drawn from vital statistics in regard to operatives in factories. These operatives are, for the most part, young persons; many are children, or little more than children. The women, who constitute the larger portion, marry, in the majority of cases, before they reach the age of thirty; and many of the men, after a few

years' successful labor, use their earnings in buying small farms or establishing themselves in other occupations where they can be more independent. So that, having only comparatively young persons to take from, deaths in those occupations must necessarily represent a low average age. Now, bearing these facts in mind, we believe that examination will show no very material difference between in-door and out-door labor as at present arranged. Granting, then, that ten hours of labor can be performed without danger of physical deterioration, does it leave time enough for recreation and for moral and mental culture? Ten hours' labor and eight hours' sleep leave six to be devoted to these purposes and to daily meals. The average time devoted to meals by our laboring people is probably less than one hour. If we could lengthen that time to two hours, or say one and a half, it would be better for us all. This leaves four and a half hours for recreation and culture. In estimating our needs in this direction, we must take into account that the ten hours of labor have been spent in a manner requiring comparatively slight mental exertion and affording a large amount of physical exercise. The rule here to be adopted, then, is entirely different from that in case of persons occupying their time in mental effort without physical exertion. The muscles need only cessation from labor. The mind needs only healthful employment, and should be fresh and vigorous for whatever it chooses to undertake. As to the sufficiency of time, all who know what can be accomplished by one or two hours a day of regular study will agree that few need complain on that score. Chancellor Kent has said that, in compiling his voluminous works, he seldom labored more than four hours a day; and other similar examples are to be found in abundance. We will only further refer to the fact that the most which has ever been accomplished among operatives in the way of literary culture has been done at Lowell, Massachusetts, at a time when the average hours of labor were more than ten, and, if we mistake not, more than twelve. We think, also, that the experiments of Price in England go to show the same result, though we have not the statements before us.

On the general question of the probable moral and intellectual advantage of more leisure hours, we will simply refer, in addition, to every intelligent observer to the manner in which day-laborers and operatives now spend their leisure time.

Now, what do the persons desiring this change expect to get? Do they not expect to get the same amount of physical comfort and enjoyment—that is, food, clothing, books, pictures, sight-seeing, car-travelling, etc.; in short, of all the comforts and luxuries of life—for eight hours' work that they now get for ten? And if they clearly understood that by an inevitable law the eight hours' work then would bring no more of these things than the eight hours' work now will, would they not at once and for ever cease to desire the change—nay, fight against it? It is perfectly demonstrable that eight hours' labor under the proposed system will not bring the workman what ten hours' labor does now; in fact, the mere statement of the proposition would seem almost enough to show that such an expectation is not reasonable. Persons who do so expect are apparently misled by measuring their labor solely by money, instead of by what the money will bring. They say in effect: I now get two dollars for ten hours' work; I shall then get two dollars for eight hours' work; so I am just as well off, and have two hours more to use as I please.

Now, suppose A. is a shoemaker. He now makes a pair of shoes in a day, for which labor he gets two dollars. On the eight-hour plan, it will take him a day and a quarter, and he will receive two dollars and a half. This adds fifty cents to the price of the shoes. B., who, under the old system, got his shoes for one day's work, finds that he must now work a day and a quarter to pay for them, as shoes have advanced fifty cents in price. B., on the other hand, we will suppose, is a knife-maker. He also gets two dollars a day, but it takes a day and a quarter under the eight-hour system to make the same knives that he made in a day under the ten-hour system. So, when A. comes to buy his knives, he must pay two dollars and a half for what used to cost him two dollars, as knives have advanced. In short, each one, though receiving nominally the same wages, has lost his two hours a day labor, and will be twenty per cent. poorer at the end of the year. And this illustration, which is perfectly fair and clear, and covers the whole ground of loss and gain, is just as good as a hundred. We often see it asserted that, under the eight-hour system, as much work would be done in eight hours as there is now in ten; but every workman knows that to be nonsense. So much for the effect on the individual. Now as to the aggregate of all this—its effect on the nation.

The daily wages of people in this country to be affected by such a change as the one proposed are probably not less than ten million dollars a day. Here, then, is a clear loss of twenty per cent., or two millions a day, to the productive power or wealth of the country; equal to six hundred millions a year, or about one-fourth of our whole national debt. This seems immense, but it is probably within the truth. There are other points of importance connected with the topic, such as the great relative loss in case we, as a nation, should reduce our working hours while other nations do not; increasing thereby the relative price of wages here, and driving business and employment from us to them; also the difficulty of regulating matters of this sort by legislation. But these points cannot be dwelt upon at present. It is, however, greatly to be regretted that this question should be made in any way a political party matter.

There are always in every party plenty of demagogues, incapable of fully comprehending such questions, or, worse than that, totally indifferent as to the real good of anybody but themselves, who are willing to promise anything and take up any new idea for the sake of votes. And the more of such men any party contains at any particular time, the less fit is it at that time to be constituted the exponent and standard-bearer of ideas bearing on the welfare of men. Nevertheless, the discussion of these matters is a favorable sign, and must lead to a good result. The first step is, the earnest desire on the part of the workman to better his condition. That once existing, he will soon learn to distinguish true methods from false.

ENGLAND.—THE RITUALISTS—VOLUNTEERS—THE IRISH QUESTION.

London, Nov. 1, 1866.

About this time of year there is generally an outburst of indignation in the *Times*. The objects of the popular wrath are various. Sometimes it is an attack upon the bad arrangements of railways; sometimes an assault upon the state of London drains, or the charges for cabs, or the customs of watering-places, or the badness of sermons, or fifty other subjects which have been the topics of unavailing complaints any time these twenty years. The persons who take up the chorus of indignation vary according to circumstances; but the loudest and most indignant fraction of society is that which habitually signs itself *Paterfamilias*. On the present occasion *Paterfamilias* has got hold of a topic which seems to be unusually fruitful, and he has been descanting with more than his usual eloquence and energy. The subject of his invectives is the party of whose fantastic tricks I had occasion to make mention in my last letter, the so-called Ritualists. The gentlemen who pass by that name have lately been rendering themselves extremely conspicuous, and must, I presume, have made considerable progress amongst the clergy and a certain fraction—not a very large fraction—of the laity. To describe them shortly, they are the best imitation of the Roman Catholic system that can be got up in the Church of England, and the imitation is, in many respects, surprisingly good. The old Oxford Tractarians had apparently died out; the ablest of their leaders, Dr. Newman and his friends, had gone over to the Church of Rome; others had been frightened back into propriety by the secession of their leaders; and things were going on pretty quietly in the theological as in the political world. But it seems that the party, though apparently dead, had really left the seeds of a fresh growth behind them. The University of Oxford, which, for some reason, is the centre of all theological movement in England, began to show symptoms of a new fermentation. The first person who scandalized the steady-going Protestants was a Mr. Lyne, otherwise known as Brother Ignatius. He set up a kind of Anglican monastery at Norwich. The monks managed to quarrel with each other; a variety of scandals came to light, and the whole concern came to grief amidst general laughter. But Mr. Lyne was only one of a large number of youthful enthusiasts who have been making themselves conspicuous all over England. There are now many churches in London—nominally Protestant—where the service is a mere travesty of Roman Catholic ceremonies. The officiating clergy apparel themselves in all kinds of ecclesiastical millinery. They are arrayed in gorgeous colors, in copes and chasubles and dalmatics and stoles, and fifty more articles whose names I do not venture to transcribe. The walls are hung with pictures. The

altar—for they hold it profane to call it communion-table—is covered with flowers and ornamented with candles. It has, indeed, been decided that the candles may not be lighted; a decision which calls to mind the decision of Chief-Justice Ear in the great case of Nose *versus* Eyes, as reported by Cowper, viz.:

> "That whenever the nose put his spectacles on,
> By daylight or candle-light, eyes shall be shut."

However, there are the candles, lighted or extinct. The priest—he scorns the name of minister—bows and crosses himself after the approved fashion. The service is chanted and intoned. White-robed choristers march in solemn procession down the aisles; and the whole affair is as like a Roman Catholic service "as my fingers is to my fingers." The services "draw" immensely in London, as any new sight is sure to draw in a town of three million inhabitants; and it is as difficult to get a pew at a Ritualist church as a box at the most fashionable theatre. If this mere mummery were all, it might be fitly treated with simple laughter; but there is something more serious behind, which explains and perhaps justifies the wrath of *Paterfamilias*. To understand this, any of your readers who have a taste for bad logic and verbose investigations into ecclesiastical antiquities may refer to a book called "The Church and the World," which is to the Ritualists what "Essays and Reviews" was to the Broad Church party. As, however, I cannot conscientiously recommend its perusal to any one not professionally compelled to the study, I will mention one of the most striking articles. A lady describes her personal experience in an article somewhat after the fashion of Dr. Newman's "Apologia"—infinitely inferior, I need hardly add, in ability. Amongst other things, she mentions that she had an offer of marriage. She doubted whether to accept it, because by doing so her sincerity in refusing to go over to Rome might, as it happened, have been rendered doubtful. She therefore applied to an English clergyman, who directed her to pray that if she decided wrongly she might have a severe illness; hereupon she accepted the gentleman, and, she significantly adds, has never had an hour's health since. The article, I should mention, is anonymous. Now, it is this kind of interference with family relations which very properly excites the wrath of *Paterfamilias*. The Anglican clergy, so far, that is, as this portion of them are concerned, are endeavoring to set themselves up in the place of the old confessors. They aspire to be directors of our consciences, to hear confessions, to administer absolution, and to inflict penance. It is, indeed, only a small minority which has at present joined this extreme party; and I do not think, for many reasons, that their numbers will increase very rapidly. Amongst other reasons, one is that they have not, so far as appears, a single man of any real ability amongst them. Anything poorer than the "Church and the World" has not been published for a long time. The laity, so far as my experience goes, look on with feelings varying between amused and indignant contempt. There are, of course, a certain number of ladies among the upper classes who are attracted by the ceremonial and by the discipline. There are many Anglican—for I must not call them Protestant—sisterhoods, who resemble Catholic nuns in almost every respect. As nurses in our hospitals, they have done much good; although it is a pity that real charity cannot be freed from the superstitious environments which excite, and not without cause, the public prejudice.

Little as I think of the intellectual merits of the new sect, it is not improbable that this constant effort of the Church of England clergy to put on the authority as well as the clothes of their Romanist predecessors, may ultimately lead to some important results. Some of our most liberal newspapers advocate legislation; they maintain that the practices should be forbidden, or that the present form of episcopal ordination, which seems to countenance the claim to sacerdotal sanctity, should be altered. It is very improbable that anything of the kind will be attempted. There is a palpable danger in narrowing the State Church, which already excludes a very large minority of the nation. Most laymen are in favor of making it as comprehensive as possible. But then occurs the difficulty, that if we allow clergymen of extreme opinions to hold livings, they will probably diverge widely from the general sense of their parishioners. In one case, we increase the number of dissenters; in the other, the number of discordant elements within the Church. That this will in time lead to serious difficulties is, I think, certain. The present movement will most likely fade away—partly from the imbecility of most of its supporters, partly from the extreme difficulty which they already find in straining the Thirty-nine Articles wide enough to admit their own semi-Romanist views.

As I have mentioned the "Church and the World," I may in passing mention the manifesto of the extreme opposite party, the followers of M. Comte, contained in a series of essays called "International Policy." As a genuine patriot, I hardly like to notice them, for they are chiefly filled with denunciations of the traditional English policy towards other countries, and especially towards India, China, and the uncivilized races. I take comfort, however, in the reflection that M. Comte and his disciples are equally hard upon the United States; which they consider (if you will excuse my mentioning such a heresy) to be nothing better than a big excrescence, carrying out English ideas. The fact was that Comte wrote when the United States had made less noise in the world than at present; and that the Positivist creed seems to be as inelastic as any of its theological rivals. I mention the book, however, for another reason. Any one who wishes to understand the present tendencies of English opinion, as represented by its ablest young men, must take notice of the Positivists. The thorough-going believers in M. Comte are indeed far from numerous, but those who avow their belief in his creed are far less numerous than those who, in many respects, silently sympathize with it. It undoubtedly leavens the creed of a very great number of our ablest men amongst the rising generation. There are seven contributors to "International Policy." Five of them, I think, are members of Oriel College, one of the most distinguished of the Oxford colleges; and they are all men of decided ability, and fair representatives of the more thoughtful students of Oxford. Of the essays themselves, those by Mr. Harrison and Mr. Bridges, upon the French alliance and China, are really worth reading in themselves; the others, except as an illustration of a particular set of party opinions, are not so remarkable. It is a suggestive fact, that the university which turns out the Ritualist type of clergymen also produces a race of thinkers of the most diametrically opposite character. I may mention, as bearing upon the character of the universities, that Cambridge has just done itself honor by electing Mr. Maurice to a professorship of moral philosophy. It shows a commendably liberal spirit. Ten years ago it would have caused far more feeling, for Mr. Maurice was then held to be on the extreme verge of orthodoxy. Now it excites little remark, except amongst the most bigoted partisans, for Mr. Maurice has been fairly distanced by the Essayists and Reviewers, and others who have knocked a good many holes in the old rigid limits of orthodox belief.

To turn from these theological topics, the principal event of the last fortnight has been the visit of the English volunteers to Belgium. About twelve hundred of them went over to the great shooting-match which is held in Brussels. Our volunteers distinguished themselves at the longer ranges (five and six hundred yards), to which they are much better accustomed than the foreign riflemen. Since 1859, indeed, when the movement first began, rifle-shooting has become a very popular amusement and has been brought to considerable perfection. It is rather difficult to keep the volunteers up to their work in the matter of drilling, and I cannot say what may be their value in a military point of view. As marksmen, however, their merits are undeniable. The practice was considerably interfered with at Brussels by the superabundant hospitality of the King and people. The volunteers appear, according to the papers, to have been fraternizing with the *braves Belges* to an unparalleled extent. They were constantly parading amidst cries of *vive l'Angleterre*, and returning three cheers for Belgium; and being marched off to drink champagne with their hosts, and afterwards gathering for balls and concerts, and public meetings and presentations of prizes or addresses, until I should think that straight walking, to say nothing of straight shooting, must have become difficult. The culminating point of the proceedings was a grand dinner given by the King to the English volunteers and to certain other foreign riflemen. The dinner had, I presume, a strong family likeness to other dinners, and the records of the number of bottles of wine drunk and of the eloquence into which the same was converted, are not worth noticing more particularly. The magnificent language in which these events have been commemorated by the British penny-a-liner may (to use one of his favorite phrases) be more easily imagined than described. That twelve hundred Englishmen should go over to Brussels to shoot for prizes, and should employ a large part of their holiday in drinking the healths of their entertainers, and having their healths drunk in return, is not, perhaps, a very remarkable circumstance. The intended moral, however, of these demonstrations is not without significance. In the general overhauling of the map of Europe, Louis Napoleon is supposed to keep an eye upon Belgium. In the violent contests between the liberals and the clerical party there, it is always possible that the weaker side might attempt a national suicide by calling in the French. The Emperor has been profuse in his protestations that he feels nothing but good-will towards the Belgian people and dynasty—and there is, of course, no reason for anticipating any immediate difficulty. But these are bad times for small states in Europe, and the Belgians naturally have their anxieties. The exuberant demonstrations of a national alliance may therefore imply—so far as such demonstrations imply anything—that in case of danger Belgium might hope for an ally in England. It is, however, useless to speculate upon

the value of after-dinner speeches and cheers in view of such an uncertain contingency.

An alliance of a different kind is beginning to make its appearance in the political world. Mr. Bright's reform tour has now led him to Dublin, where our eminent Quaker has been meeting Roman Catholic bishops and members of Parliament, with a view to forming a cordial alliance between English radicals and Irish democrats. The great difficulty in the way of such an alliance has always been that it was impossible to depend upon the Irish party. They threw themselves, in obedience to the orders of their priests, upon one side or the other alternately. During the last session of Parliament they drew nearer to the extreme reformers. Mr. Bright made one of his very noblest speeches upon the Irish question. Mr. Mill expressed very similar opinions; and there seems to be an understanding that the thorough-going reformers shall make the questions of the Irish Church and land tenure part of their programme. At a public dinner given to Mr. Bright he made a speech in this sense, which was of course eloquent, but marked by more studied moderation than usual. The O'Donoghue presided, and spoke to the same effect. This gentleman is as nearly a Fenian as a member of the English House of Commons can well be. Besides the distinction of being called "The" instead of "Mr.," he is descended from I know not how many Irish kings, and is about the handsomest man in the House of Commons. He is a remarkably eloquent speaker; I doubt whether, in manner and voice, even Mr. Bright can be called his superior; and even when he expresses the most extreme opinions, is listened to respectfully in the House of Commons. A genuine alliance with the party he represents would strengthen our reformers for next session, and the first-fruits have already been seen in the election of a radical member for Tipperary by an unexpectedly large majority. There is a report, and on good authority, that Mr. Disraeli has persuaded the Conservative ministry to agree to concede household suffrage. It is certain that Mr. Disraeli carefully avoided attacking the principle of lowering the suffrage last session, and confined his arguments to the unfairness of the Government redistribution of seats. I think it highly probable, therefore, that the Tory leaders will propose some decided increase of the constituencies. Whether they can carry their party with them is another question.

I send you some interesting figures which have just appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, illustrative of the purity of the borough of Lancaster, which includes a country district. The "freemen" of the town have a right to vote by birth. The householders are those who occupy a house rented at £10:

		Bribed.			Per cent.
Freemen in town,.....	623	374	Percentage bribed of	freemen,	62
do. in country,.....	357	251	" "	householders,	21
			" "	upper classes,	7
	980	625	" "	tradesmen,	11
Householders, ...	439	92	" "	inn-keepers,	35
			" "	shop-keepers,	57
Total number of electors,	1,419	717	" "	farmers,	69
			" "	artisans,	76
			" "	small farmers,	80
			" "	laborers,	89

"Bribed" means *proved* to have been bribed before a Parliamentary commission.

Fine Arts.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

II.

Mr. G. H. Boughton has two pictures in this exhibition, and one at Mr. Avery's rooms. The two at the Academy are Nos. 188, in the North Gallery, and 379, in the South. We shall have to repair—so far, at least, as concerns the pictures most demanding notice—the grave defect of the catalogue, and point those pictures out. "Hester Prynne and Little Pearl" is full of true and poetical feeling. If it is called an illustration of "The Scarlet Letter," it is rightly so called; a worthy illustration; one that helps the book in a way that illustrations are not apt to help; an illustration that sends one home with enlarged ideas of the grand romance itself and a desire to read it through again forthwith. Nor is that slight praise, for one can easily count up the illustrations that have given any new charm to the works they are born of. The story of "The Scarlet Letter" is told in the two admirably imagined, admirably rendered two who form the centre of the picture. In Cruikshank's "Life of Sir John Falstaff" the frontispiece is a portrait of the knight, and is inscribed "Drawn by William Shakespeare; etched by George Cruikshank." That is good; or one might say, in such another case, Created by Shakespeare, or Hawthorne; portrayed by Cruikshank, or Boughton. For it amounts to portrait painting; and to this, that Mr. Boughton has perfectly seen what kind of woman this sufferer was, and has given us her likeness. The accessories, too—the scene, the last house in the village street and open country beyond, the heavily framed house itself, and the solid timber being worked for some future building, suggesting the days when men still built in a common-sense way. The other figures in the picture, of grown men who look, and children who mock, at the forlorn pair, are admirably imagined. No. 379 is also very charming: an old and a young Breton woman who are going through the light snow to "Early Mass, Christmas Morning, in Brittany." The rapid advance in technical skill shown in Mr. Boughton's work is very delightful to see. He does not often indulge in *tours de force*, but his quiet pictures seem to prove that he has very subtle powers of drawing. He paints, too, in a quiet and efficient way—all his own, we were about to add, but it is not wholly his own. It is rarely that we meet anything so effective as the painting of the dimly seen church in No. 379, every important detail shown to be there, but none clearly seen, all done by honest, straightforward painting. And so it is that the only regret we have to express is that these pictures do not show us color loved for its own sake. Well as they are painted, they are not painted in the best way. Indeed, color, properly so called, is not in them at all. Not that Mr. Boughton does not love color; most probably he does, and will prove it hereafter.

Few of the figure painters have done like Mr. Boughton, and sent their more important pictures. Mr. Hennessy has only one besides his contribution to the Fund, and that one, No. 388, "By the Seaside," is of a single figure. It is an interesting little picture, and the landscape has much merit; but, after all, why discuss such insufficient manifestations of a painter's strength and spirit? Mr. Hennessy has only just begun to show us what he can do. The question of last May, suggested by his large picture, "Drifting," is not answered yet. The really interesting little study before us now is only a study, and a clever one. Mr. Hennessy is on the road to success of some kind. The painting is better this fall than last spring, and that is progress; the feeling is nothing this fall compared with last spring, and that is not necessarily retrogression. The rocky cliff is certainly admirable. If it is true, as we hear it said, that there will soon be an exhibition of this painter's works by themselves, the absence of more valuable work of his from this collection will be the less to be regretted.

Of Mr. S. J. Gray's pictures this year, that which we find the best is, strangely, his contribution to the Fund sale. "The Sisters" is a picture of a baby asleep on her sleeping sister's shoulder, and that is all; but it is one of the most interesting pictures Mr. Gray has shown the world. "On the Brink," 408, is just a study, and not very successful. No. 218, "The Contest for the Bouquet," is, apparently, a portrait group, very formal and wholly inartistic. There is not much advance from year to year in this painter's rather monotonous work.

Mr. Eastman Johnson has only "A Study," No. 149. It is a study to purpose, one of the steps toward completion of those admirable pictures we know him by—his scenes of country life in New England. This little picture affords no opportunity to add anything to former expressions of the high estimation in which we hold all this painter's work.

It is a curious study to compare with the works of living painters of the human figure this by Washington Allston, "Spalatro's Vision of the Bloody Hand." It is probably one of the two or three best Allstons that exist. Much of the reputation he gained, and the more rational part of the admiration his work still commands among people of real cultivation, is founded upon less than half a dozen pictures as good or nearly as good as this. The style and treatment are strangely obsolete; they belong to a time as completely passed away as the Middle Ages. Professor Morse's great "Hercules," in the place of honor in the South Gallery, is not more antiquated than this "Spalatro."

Mr. J. F. Weir, whose large picture in last spring's exhibition was so interesting and meritorious, has only one little canvas, and that one in the gift collection. It is called, like Mr. Johnson's, "A Study," and is, like that, a study of a single human figure. This must be one of those iron-founders of Mr. Parrott's West Point Foundry, who were, we thought, rather caricatured than truly portrayed in the large picture. As often happens in such cases, the study of an individual man is better than the abstract idea of such men, as seen in the resultant work. As to the quality of Mr. Weir's painting, there is much to be said that we could only hint at last spring; but this little picture affords no proper opportunity for such discussion. His pictures are full of matter and meaning, but are yet not wholly successful pictures; why and wherein they fail, we cannot rightly consider now.

PICTURES ON EXHIBITION.

At Mr. Knoedler's Goupil Gallery there are some new pictures, just come in and soon to go again; opened since the writing of our paper of last week

and to disappear into private galleries in a very few days. Of all these, one of the best worth studying is a remarkable landscape by Courbet; the same Courbet whose pictures in the Cadart collection at the Derby Gallery last March were so much talked about and so little looked at. Those pictures made evident great though misused powers in the painter. But there was nothing in them to lead us to expect from him such a landscape as this. If, contrary to expectation, it should remain yet a little while in the gallery where it now is, we may speak of it again.

There is a large picture by Bouguereau, his contribution to the Paris Salon of last spring. It is as simple in subject as works by this painter which we have noticed before; a peasant mother holding her baby in both arms, while the child raises its hand to her ear-ring and cheek. The figures are life-size; the costume is delightful and beautifully painted; the flesh has the wonderful transparency and beauty of which this painter has the secret. While we should regret to see many painters following in this walk of art, more such pictures to be publicly seen in America would do us all great good. It is not great and immortal art, but it "looks that way" at least in thus far, that it is calm and grave, and deals in a stately manner with the human form, nowadays a rather neglected subject of art.

"The Meissonier" we mentioned last week is still in the gallery, and every one should see it. It is admirable in its peculiar way, and worth study on account of its extraordinary technical excellence.

The large Knaus picture is there also, and another and smaller picture by the same artist has been and gone, of a mother (presumably) holding the baby, at which an old maid looks with interest and contempt at once, and a young girl with rapture. It is not a picture of the first importance.

There was a sale of pictures on Saturday last at Messrs. Leeds & Miner's new gallery, corner of Twelfth Street and Broadway. The catalogue was made up of pictures by Mr. Eugene Benson and Mr. Winslow Homer, and a preface to it announced that both these gentlemen are about to sail for Europe, where they propose making a long stay. So far as Mr. Homer is concerned, we are sorry to hear it. His work is delightful and strengthening, and promises much; and although it may well be improved in many respects by residence and study abroad, it is much more likely to be injured. Mr. Homer can trust himself further than most of our younger painters; but the mere fact of his desiring to go to France and study shows that he will put himself under the influence of surroundings and teachings of which we have a great dread. Concerning his pictures which were sold the other night, the more important of them were old friends. The "Brush Harrow" was there, and the admirable "Veteran in a New Field," which we hope brought a thousand dollars, hasty and slight as it is; and the "Waverley Oaks," noticed last week. There were nineteen pictures of his, but some of them were very small, and valuable mainly as curiosities or illustrations of practice. If Mr. Homer learns to finish some of his pictures, so much will be a gain from his studies abroad.

Correspondence.

MR. MOON FOR THE LAST TIME.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Mr. Moon has written again to the *Round Table*, "*to base upon those errors such teaching* as may be useful to students of the English language." I do not often find writers acknowledging that their teaching is based on errors. When Mr. Moon, therefore, avows that it is his "purpose" thus to base his teaching, I gladly call attention to his honesty. And after reading his article, I am ready to admit that he accomplishes his purpose. His criticism is upon "the proper use of the *articles* (article?) '*a*' and '*an*.'" He has spread over two columns of the *Round Table* that which, so far as his statements are correct, might have been as clearly expressed in one-half the space, and which, so far as matter is concerned, is very trivial, and familiar to every school-boy. I do not intend to notice all the blunders which he has crowded into his essay. To do so would require much more space in your valuable journal than you are prepared to devote to such a subject. His very first sentence contains a blunder, "I *finished* the first criticism in this series *by* commenting," *etc.* He blunders in the use of the preposition "*by*." "*Commenting*" was not the agent or instrument *by* which he finished his criticism. He should say: "I finished the first criticism in this series *with* a comment," *etc.*

In the next sentence he says, "and *incur for myself* the charge of prolixity." Why does he add "*for myself*" to "*incur*"? The word incur necessarily contains the idea expressed by "*for myself*." He shows here, as he frequently shows elsewhere, a failure to apprehend the entire meaning of a word. He uses "*firstly*" because he fails to discern the adverbial meaning in "*first*." Such a failure to appreciate the meaning of words is one of the most fruitful sources of vulgarisms. It naturally gives rise to tautologies, of which there are several instances in Mr. Moon's essay: *e. g.*, "for, as I *previously* said;" "'*An*' becomes '*a*' before a *consonant sound*," *etc.* In the first of these instances, Mr. Moon apparently forgets that the past tense necessarily expresses the idea contained in the word *previously*. In the second instance, it would be sufficient to say "'*An*' becomes '*a*' before a consonant."

How singularly Mr. Moon uses that word "*consonant!*" Does he not fall into a serious error? "'*An*' becomes '*a*' before a *consonant* sound." "Consonant" means "harmonizing together," "accordant." A "consonant sound" is, therefore, an *harmonious* sound. Mr. Moon should say "*the sound of a consonant*;" or, as we Americans express it, "*a consonantal sound*."

Notice the inelegance of this sentence: "The converse of *that is what is* really the fact." Its construction resembles closely that of the slang saying: "That 's what 's the matter."

Mr. Moon writes: "We use '*one*' when we *speak numerically*, and wish to signify that there are not more than one; whereas we use either '*a*' or '*an*' when we wish to emphasize not the *number* but the *description* of the thing spoken of." What does he mean by "*speaking numerically*"? Probably "*speaking with reference to number*." Mr. Moon's phrase absolutely means nothing. He might as well say that a man *speaks classically* because he *speaks with reference to the classics*.

The entire sentence should be much more compact than it is. A sentence two-thirds as long as Mr. Moon's would express the idea quite as clearly: "We use '*one*' when we signify that there is but one; whereas we use '*an*' or '*a*' when we wish *not* to emphasize the number."

Mr. Moon writes, "But were our question *to be*, 'Is chess,' etc.?" Here he incorrectly brings in the idea of futurity, as will appear if we compare the sentence, "If the question were *to be*" with the sentence "If the question were." Mr. Moon should have omitted the infinitive "*to be*."

I come now to a sentence which is one of Mr. Moon's most characteristic sentences; perhaps, also, it is one of his most erroneous sentences: "It is a curious fact, mentioned in a recent number of the *Athenæum*, that we English alone of all nations, ancient or modern, have a *bonâ fide* article which is distinct from '*one*,' though contracted from '*one*,' and meaning '*one*.'" Before I proceed to consider the various faults in this sentence, let me mention that the whole assertion is untrue, because the American nation has the same article as the English nation, and therefore the English nation does not stand *alone* in this respect. "*We English* . . . have a *bonâ fide* article." What part of speech is "*English*" in this sentence? It looks like a noun in apposition with "*we*;" but can it be that? "*English*" used as a noun has two meanings—"the English nation" and "the English language." With the last meaning it is used without the article, *e. g.*, "He speaks English." But when it denotes the nation or people, it must be preceded by the definite article or by a demonstrative pronoun. We say, "*The English* are a literary, or a modest, people;" we cannot say, "*English* are a literary people." If I say, "I like English," I am understood to speak of the language and not of the people. So, then, "*English*," being an adjective, not a noun, is misused here. Mr. Moon should say, "*We Englishmen*," or "*We, the English people*," or better, dropping the pronoun, "*The English nation*."

"*Alone of all nations*." The phrase "*of all nations*" is properly used only in denoting a comparison, after a superlative, *e. g.*, "the greatest of all nations;" or it is used after a numeral. Mr. Moon uses it in neither of these two ways, and therefore he misuses it. Would it not be better to say: "alone *among* all nations?"

"Ancient *or* modern." The conjunction "*or*" treacherously leads Mr. Moon into a singular error. He divides the nations into two classes, ancient nations and modern nations, and asserts that, in *either* of these classes, the English is the only nation which has a *bonâ fide* article. The English is the *only one of the ancient nations!* If Mr. Moon had used "*and*" instead of "*or*," and by this means had brought all nations, ancient and modern, into one class, England, as one of the modern nations, might have been included in that class.

"Have a *bonâ fide* article." It is always best to avoid using Latin or Greek phrases. If, however, we do employ one of them, we should do so with the utmost care. Mr. Moon here uses a Latin phrase meaning "*in good faith*" as an adjective modifying "*article*." This is certainly an error. The phrase "*bonâ fide*" should be added only to the nouns "*subscription*," "*contract*," "*agreement*," and others of a similar signification; that is, expressing some act or action which the words "*in good faith*" may properly modify. If Mr. Moon's use of the phrase were to be generally adopted, we

should soon find grocers advertising *bonâ fide* sugar; druggists, *bonâ fide* bark; and others, *bonâ fide* articles of commerce of every kind.

Mr. Moon (to look again at the whole sentence) would have expressed the whole truth clearly if, instead of writing as he did, he had written thus: "It is a curious fact, mentioned in a recent number of the *Athenæum*, that the English is the only one of all languages, ancient and modern, which has a genuine article distinct from '*an*,'" *etc.*

I have marked several other sentences in Mr. Moon's extraordinary production, but I can just mention only two of them. He says, "It is *the using it* before the word 'most.'" Murray says, "The present participle, with the definite article *the* before it, becomes a substantive, and *must have the preposition 'of' after it.*"

But I cannot expect to reach the end of Mr. Moon's blunders. It must be apparent to my readers that he is a very slovenly writer, as well as thinker, and in the least possible degree fit to be a teacher of American youth. I cannot but think what a pity it is that he did not live in the days of Lindley Murray; for one of his criticisms would have furnished the stout-hearted grammarian with a very convenient supply of "instances of false syntax, promiscuously disposed." It is with a feeling of great relief that I bid him a final good-by, and I presume that THE NATION will join me in the farewell and share with me the relief it brings. S.

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The Week.

The rumors of the President's having determined to submit to the popular decision and govern his conduct accordingly, increase in number, if they do not gain strength, as the meeting of Congress draws near. They probably have some foundation. It is pleasant to learn from the correspondent of a Mobile paper, who seems well informed, that Mr. Johnson does not anticipate a "physical collision" with Congress this winter, although he does not disguise his apprehensions that an attempt will be made to impeach him. As regards the impeachment, we fear a great deal of very valuable time will be spent in discussing it in the House—the reorganization of the South and the regulation of the currency meanwhile lying neglected. Some tremendous speeches are doubtless in preparation on the origin, rise, and progress of impeachments, beginning at the first recorded Olympiad, and coming down by way of Ancient Egypt, Republican Rome, Moorish Spain, and Modern England to our own day and country. We hope the public is ready.

It has been decided in the courts in New York that whether a man is "colored" or white is a question of fact, which must be submitted to a jury. Juries, however, at common law have always been in the habit of deciding by hearing testimony. A verdict based on ocular inspection only would be a new thing, though we do not well see what objection can be urged to it. The curious spectacle will be witnessed in a few days in this city, therefore, of twelve adult men—all, no doubt, with business to attend to—examining the hair of an apparently white man to see whether it is too curly to allow of his sharing in the government of a democratic republic. We believe there is no charge for admission.

Gen. Butler lectured on Saturday evening, at Brooklyn, to a large audience, and without the smallest interruption. The New York *World*, every day for a week before the lecture, reminded the gentlemen with whom the General had that pleasant little interview in front of the City Hall a fortnight ago of the terms in which he spoke of them, and suggested that they would of course attend the lecture and get an explanation. One of the curious results of our good police system is, however, that occasions on which a riot is expected to take place are now generally remarkable for their quiet and decorum. Instigations to commit violence of course attract the attention of the police as well as of the rowdies, and the latter lose all interest in proceedings at which the former are expected to be present. The *World's* appeals to the mob marked, we think, as low a point as any journal in this country has yet reached. The *Herald's* instigations to breaches of the peace in old times always had a touch of buffoonery in them, which made mischief impossible; but the *World's* were as skilful, malignant, and cold-blooded probably as any ever printed. The condition of the Democratic press in the *very* last days of the party, whenever they come, will be very interesting as a study of morbid anatomy.

General Butler's lecture was, as usual, very telling, and bristled with points. He was, we were glad to see, very emphatic in his declaration that education ought to accompany the ballot, and that the franchise in the hands of ignorant men was like a club in the hands of a blind Samson. The discourse was, however, mainly directed to the question of impeachment. He simply fortified the positions with which the public is already familiar, showing by several precedents that improper language would of itself form a good ground for impeachment. But on the most important point of all, the *expediency* of impeaching the President, he said little or nothing. The higher the position of a functionary, the greater the delicacy and difficulty of bringing him to trial. What would be a good case against a judge might be a very poor case against the President; and the case against Mr. Johnson is rendered all the harder to deal with by the fact that two-fifths of the people of the United States highly approve of his conduct. A trial for the use of bad language would, under such circumstances, be either a farce or a revolution; and unless the public and Congress are much less sensible than we take them to be, General Butler's and Wendell Phillips's elaborate indictments will simply prove fine pieces of rhetoric. It would be hard just now to turn Mr. Johnson to worse account than to impeach him.

If the promoters of the Woman's Rights movement are wise, they will avoid tacking on the "Eight Hour Labor" cause to their own, as Miss Anthony seems disposed to do. The greatest difficulty Miss Anthony and her fellow-laborers have to encounter is the popular belief that they are wild visionaries. They should try to overcome this by the strict sobriety both of their arguments and of their language. A very large and formidable body of the public will never be won over to "female suffrage" until they are satisfied that the introduction of women into the political arena will infuse more good sense and honesty into political life. If female voters and orators are simply going to swell the crowd of people who vote without thinking or harangue without knowing what they are talking about, the majority, we fear, will for a long time to come content itself with the services of "white males" at the polls. For these reasons, amongst others, we were very sorry to see in one of the resolutions of the late convention a declaration that the "genius of the nineteenth century had been insulted by a clause in the Constitutional Amendment." Phrases of this sort amuse many, but convince or touch nobody. Language is not a clay-pipe to blow gaudy bubbles through, but an instrument for the expression of thought.

The question, "Why have we no *Saturday Review?*" which we recently treated in The Nation, has been answered by the Boston *Advertiser*, and the discussion, which we have never considered very profit-

able, has thus been closed. After summing up with judicial gravity what Mr. Grant White said on one side and what THE NATION said on the other, the *Advertiser* informs us that both are wrong, and that the real reason why there is no *Saturday Review* in America is that nobody has started one! We honestly confess we are somewhat vexed at our stupidity in not having lighted on this solution of the problem ourselves. We beg to call the attention of the writer in the *Advertiser* to Mr. Peter Cooper's important discovery, announced in his enquiry into the origin of the differences of opinion between Mr. Johnson and Mr. Sumner, viz., that in seeking to account for special phenomena you must "begin by admitting that every effect must have a cause adequate to its production." It has occurred to us that a combination of Mr. Cooper's method with the *Advertiser's* method would produce a philosophical solvent of extraordinary power. Any mystery that resisted its application would be pretty sure to be past finding out.

GENERAL SHERMAN has gone to Mexico, accompanied by Mr. Clarke. The *Times* and *Tribune* have been discussing through the week what he is gone for, but both deny stoutly that they know anything about it, which is a great relief to the public, which was getting a little muddled by the controversy. We shall have some light from the Message and documents in a few days, but probably not all we need. The policy of the Administration up to the departure of the French army may be one thing; that which it means to pursue after the departure of the French, another.

MR. GREELEY is much spoken of for the senatorship, and is warmly supported by the *New York Times*, and this, under all the circumstances, is a very affecting incident of the canvass. Mr. Greeley modestly announces that if he is sent he will go, and will do his duty as well as he knows how, but will not ask people to vote for him. The question of fitness being a complex one, made up partly of a man's titles to reward, and partly of his merits, it is somewhat difficult to say what the value of Mr. Greeley's claims to the senatorship really are. There is hardly a doubt that in the Senate he would not have a particle of influence, and, neither his mind nor his oratory being of the deliberative order, he would hardly add much weight to the senatorial judgment. On the other hand, he would be unswervingly honest, and would "expose" a good many people and things; and there is little question that as regards moral effect on the community, the bestowal of the senatorship on a man like him, as a reward for long and faithful adherence to principle, would have a very good effect. The Senate chamber has hardly yet come to be a Valhalla for the reception of deserving heroes, however; and if it be a place for honest, accomplished, clear-headed, and high-minded men to bring their learning, intellect, and reflection to bear on national affairs, there can be no comparison between Mr. Greeley and Mr. G. W. Curtis.

CHICAGO has very nearly completed the latest of the many enterprises which have made her name a proverb for energy and public spirit. Considered in a pecuniary light, the Lake tunnel for supplying the citizens with pure water may be a less valuable work than several others in which the corporation has been engaged, as, for instance, the raising the level of the whole lower part of the city from four to eight feet, the deepening and widening of the Chicago creek and making it the commodious Chicago River, the formation of the new harbor and the tunnels beneath the river. But this latest engineering feat is certainly the most striking that even Chicago has performed—always excepting the city's astounding growth, within the memory of men still young, from a fur-trader's settlement round a frontier fort, from a population of thirty souls in 1825, to a splendid city of two hundred thousand inhabitants in 1866. Briefly, this tunnel may be described as two perpendicular shafts, one on shore and one far out in the lake, connected by a circular brick-lined passage-way, two miles long. The shore shaft is seventy-seven feet deep, and for the first thirty feet is lined with iron; for the rest of the way, through the hard blue clay, it is lined with brick. The other shaft is sixty-six feet deep, and is an iron cylinder, of which thirty-six feet are sunk in the clay and thirty feet are in the water, but surrounded by a heavy wooden protective structure, which soon will be replaced by a structure of stone. Not a single accident has marked the progress of this great work—one of the wonders of the world. It has been nearly three years in building, and its expense, when all bills are paid, will hardly be far from a milllion of dollars—a less sum than the water-works of any other great American city have cost.

THE extreme folly of "the able Richmond press" is almost inconceivable by an ordinary mind. At any rate, most men outside of Virginia, not connected by blood or marriage with the highly metaphorical Indian, would need, as aids to the imagination, the editorial articles themselves, visible before them in black and white, before they could believe that bombast and wilful stupidity could be carried so far by native American citizens. The efforts of the [Edwin] "Forest-born Demosthenes," who does the double-leaded writing for the Richmond *Times*, are almost equal to those of Pollard himself; and as for Polardus, "Speechisque articulisque hominum quis fortior ullus?" The *Times* writer recently declares as follows: "With all the light of the past, and the warning vigils of the future [cries of Hi! Hi!] gleaming fearfully athwart our path, we would take a czar or emperor to-day sooner than a government, etc., etc., etc. Those of us who are not fools or knaves, will readily admit what present events are drifting us to, etc., etc., etc. As soon as Congress shall have consummated its plans of political absolutism, some man, in or outside of it, will seize and hold all the power which he may very justly deem he has as much right to as they have, etc., etc." Somebody, we suppose, must like this sort of thing, or the astute chevalier who manages the *Times* would not print it; but that anybody should like it except the father of it seems impossible.

A CERTAIN man by the name of "Simon"—his other name we take to be Tappertit—has been bringing his penetrating eye to bear upon the poor Connecticut politicians, and has given the result of his observation in a letter to the New York *Times*—to the *Times*, luckily for Simon, and not to the *Tribune*, which latter journal would remorselessly take the bread out of his mouth if he were to try to edit it when he was hired merely to get news for it. This is how Simon says up and Simon says down: "Colonel Deming is a statesman; Governor Hawley is not." We admit the infallibility of Simon; but we would suggest that Governor Hawley never made a speech upon General Grant and Cambyses and the Pharaohs and other allegories on the banks of the Nile, and Colonel Deming, if we understood him, did. "Among the most ambitious," says the correspondent, "is Calvin Day, Esq., of Hartford; but the fact is, nobody wants him"—and Day's light goes out at once, quenched in darkness. Nor is Mr. H. M. Cleveland in "Simon's" good graces; and of Mr. Bowen, of the *Independent*, he says: "Were I in Mr. Cleveland's place and wanted the nomination, I would give him [Bowen] quite a sum if he would stop his endeavors. As it is, he has already killed him [Cleveland] off, if he were not dead before the attempt of Mr. Bowen was made in his behalf." This is the way in which he touches off the character of G. W. Phillips: "He has been on all sides of every question. No one has ever charged him with being untrue or insincere to himself." And this is Simon's conception of the character and conduct of Mr. P. T. Barnum, whose secret heart Simon appears able to read in the Great Showman's eye:

"The next says, if I had not got Senator Foster to do a favor for me with the President—a very especial favor—and then, had I not turned it against Foster, on the ground that Foster secured from President Johnson what Senators Morgan and Harris could not, and therefore Foster must have been a Johnson man (and so I told every Republican member); if I had not used this circumstance against Mr. Foster, and by so doing lost my manhood, Ferry could not have been elected."

We have not space to follow Simon into his italicized but (of course) disinterested remarks about the feeling of Connecticut in regard to lenity to late rebels and ballots for the negroes. We sincerely wish some of the men who have been made to cower under his dreadful lash and quail beneath his eye would sue him for libel, if only that we might find out who he is.

From the discussions in the Paris press and in correspondence from the Continent, an alliance between Prussia and Russia would seem to have been fairly concluded and almost published. But as yet no one can produce direct evidence of a connection which is, to be sure, by no means improbable, if to dislike the same thing is the proof of friendship. Austria has sought neither to be reconciled to her late antagonist nor to gain favor with Russia, and it is quite natural she should be looked upon with distrust by both. Forgetting that France is actively renewing her military organization in consequence of Prussia's successes, some writers are at pains to show that a Franco-Prussian alliance were rather to have been expected, from the democratic affinities of the two nations; the fact being, as it seems to us, that a progressive and truly national sovereign like Alexander II. may be a much more congenial bed-fellow than a democratic society subjected to irresponsible despotism. If the armament of Russia, now going on as extensively as that of France, is justly regarded by the latter as a menace in reference to the Eastern question, it by no means follows that Napoleon can console himself with adopting Austria. In any great difference between him and the rest of the Continent, the German people, under whatever name or rule, are practically one; and Austria's proximity to the scene of future difficulties is no equivalent for her internal weakness and her political fatuity.

According to all accounts, the British Government is fully alive to the emergency foretold by Mr. Head-Centre Stephens in his last public speech in this country. If, as he then asserted, the Fenian rebellion would be renewed before the close of the year, he will have no chance to complain that he was not taken at his word. Decided steps have been taken towards garrisoning Ireland against the imminent outbreak, and already the arrests of suspected persons and the seizure of arms have begun again. It is possible that the weapons collected by Mr. Stephens during his sojourn here, together with his own body, may by this time have been smuggled into the fermenting island; but as we have never been shown the naval resources of the "Irish Republic"—which to our mind constitute an important element in the overthrow of the British Empire—we shall continue to be as incredulous of success as heretofore, and to hope and believe that the way to the redemption of Ireland is that pointed out in Dublin by Mr. Bright—an intelligent alliance with the Reform movement across the Channel.

One of the current humors of the Paris stage is the character of a Swiss "admiral." But the little republic whose inland situation is thus made a jest is seriously disposed, it is said, to establish a marine—always with the permission of the great maritime powers, to whom she has made her humble suit. France and England are, of course, the first to be heard from, and it is doubtful enough if they will concede to a territory without a port the belligerent privileges of seaboard nations. The civil war in this country sufficiently demonstrated the disadvantages, for countries with a vast commerce especially, of tolerating a flag which, indeed, represented salt water, but was forced to seek an issue as well as a refuge in foreign harbors. The question which Switzerland raises affects the balance not of Europe only, but of both hemispheres; and those whose interests are most at stake will probably decide that the sea is a common heritage only for those peoples that dwell upon it and can show dockyards as well as freight.

The Commission for the "Revision of the Neutrality Laws" is now sitting in London. It has gradually dawned on the English mind that the code under which the *Alabama* sailed might prove excessively inconvenient, and that the sooner it was amended, the better. But there is, of course, no chance of getting this country to accept the amendment unless all outstanding claims for damage done by the *Alabama* and other rebel privateers are first satisfied. Therefore the *Alabama* case "has been reopened," and we shall probably witness its settlement in the course of the winter. It would have been very hard to convince the British public in the year 1864, when Mr. Laird was boasting in Parliament, amidst the plaudits of the Tories, of his share in fitting out the privateer, that he would prove such an expensive luxury.

THE FREEDMEN.

On the 19th inst. there was a large meeting of the colored people of the District in support of negro suffrage, and to aid in bringing the subject before Congress at the coming session. Senator Harlan and Judge Edmonds were among the speakers. On the 22d, the Pennsylvania branch of the Freedmans Union Commission held a meeting in the Philadelphia Academy of Music, at which Chief-Justice Chase presided and spoke. Alluding to his early connection with the movement while at the head of the Treasury, he said:

"There is a high propriety, as it seems to me, that those of us who have taken part in this work in the beginning should continue to take part in it; and I see nothing inconsistent in any relation which any person can hold to the Government with taking an active part in this work; and I wish to say here, and now, once and for all, that all who wish to comment and censure may comment and censure, that when I find myself in any position incompatible with labor for the poor, the needy, and the oppressed, that position shall not hold me."

General Howard, Judge Bond, and Rev. Lyman C. Abbott also urged the claims of the Commission upon the public. On the 23d, the Baltimore Association for the Moral and Educational Improvement of the Colored People held its second annual meeting and presented its report for the past year. It had expended $10,000 beyond its receipts in keeping in operation 73 schools, with 74 teachers and 7,000 pupils. Most of the teachers are colored, and the colored people of the counties contributed $6,000 towards maintaining them. Addresses were made by Judge Bond, General Howard, and Archibald Sterling, Jr.

—General Foster reports Judge Long, of Florida, as saying, in his charge to the Grand Jury, that he feared the people of America would some day prefer the government of a king to that of the authors of the Civil Rights Bill. The freedmen, on their part, are availing themselves of the Homestead Law, and from August 26 to October 31 had entered 30,000 acres.

—Judge Magruder, of the circuit court of Anne Arundel County, Md., whose adverse decision upon the Civil Rights Bill and consequent refusal of negro testimony we have already noticed, was taken on the 24th before U. S. Commissioner Brooks, on the charge of violating the provisions of the act. The judge declined an examination, and gave bonds to await the action of the U. S. Grand Jury in December.

—A judge in Lexington, Va., is reported to have discharged one of General Lee's students, who had pursued and fatally shot a negro for the alleged insult of standing when ordered to move on—the student being, at the time, in conversation with a young negro girl in a manner to excite suspicion of his motives. The laws of Virginia, said the judge, have always recognized the difference between whites and blacks, and permit the former to protect themselves from the insults of the latter.

—The Secretary of War, under the act of Congress passed last session, has appointed Colonel W. H. Stewart, W. Flynn, and Washington A. Miller a commission to award compensation to loyal slaveowners of Maryland whose slaves were drafted into the army.

—Some negroes, who murdered a white woman and her daughter near Orangeburg, S.C., were hung on the 10th by the citizens, and a telegram states that "the freedmen of the vicinity were so incensed against the perpetrators of the outrage that they wanted to burn the murderers, but were prevented by the whites." We do not feel that this statement is incredible, but we shall not be in haste to accept it.

—The case of Gen. John M. Palmer, accused of felony in abetting the escape of a slave woman, under his General Order No. 30, which was dismissed in the circuit court of Jefferson County because, in the meantime, the Constitutional Amendment had been adopted, and the alleged slave become a free woman, has been remanded by the Kentucky Court of Appeals for further proceedings. The logic of the bench that makes this decision is of a sort that reflects little credit on the State. "No jurist or enlightened man," says the court, "could doubt that, in a prosecution for horse-stealing, the death of the stolen horse after the theft could not prevent a judgment of conviction according to the then existing law. And the parallelism between that case and this is complete in principle and reason." A little less burning of school-houses would perhaps produce an enlightenment which would find the pretended analogy a very miserable pretence indeed.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt are about to issue a volume of poems by a new poet, Mr. Robert Kelley Weeks, a young man who has published very little, but has long been known to a small circle of friends as the writer of some beautiful short poems. They are all dramatic lyrics, thoughtful rather than sentimental, and give promise that in time Mr. Weeks may aspire to a fair position in the poetic literature of the country. The same publishers have nearly through the press a revised edition of Martin's translation of "King René's Daughter," from the Danish of Henrik Hertz. This exquisite imaginative drama is the most beautiful poem of any Danish writer, and fitly begins the series of translations of the great poems of various nations that Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt purpose to issue. It will be followed soon by a translation of Tegner's "Frithiofs-Saga," revised by Bayard Taylor. Announcements are also made by the same house of the "Journal of Maurice de Guérin," translated by G. Thomson Fisher, with Matthew Arnold's essay and Sainte-Beuve's memoir; and of "The Letters and Literary Remains of Maurice de Guérin," by the same translator. New volumes are being added to the set of Thackeray in claret cloth; and Kingsley's works are being published in the same style. The same firm have also in press a translation from the French of Marteilhe, "Autobiography of a French Protestant Condemned to the Galleys for the sake of his Religion." It is a *bonâ fide* account of the life of a persecuted Protestant in the galleys of Dunkirk, from 1700 to 1713, when he was finally liberated by the interference of the British Government. The story is told in a simple way, and Michelet calls it "a book of the first order, distinguished by the charming *naïveté* of the recital, by its angelic sweetness, written as if between earth and heaven." The translation of Virgil's "Æneid" by Professor Conington, and Sir John Herschel's translation of the "Iliad," which we mentioned two weeks ago, are to be immediately published by Mr. W. J. Widdleton.

—The "Memoirs and Letters of Madame Riedesel" relate to the interesting period of the Revolutionary war which included the campaign of Burgoyne in Northern New York, and his subsequent defeat at Saratoga. A translation of her memoirs was published in 1827, but has been long out of print. This translation was not only very incorrect in many passages, but omitted nearly forty pages of the original German edition. Mr. William L. Stone, one of the editors of the *Journal of Commerce*, and the author of the "Life and Times of Sir William Johnson," is, therefore, about to publish a revised translation, with notes and comments, and a portrait of Madame Riedesel. It will form the sixth volume of "Munsell's Series of Local American History," and will be of about three hundred pages octavo. Mr. Stone is also busy over a translation of the "Life and Writings of General Riedesel," edited at Berlin, in 1856, by Max Elking. This contains Riedesel's military and personal journal during his residence in America, and many letters from Washington, Gates, Burgoyne, and others, that have never been published in English. It will form one of the same series.

—The materials for American history are now becoming so abundant, and the importance of a correct knowledge of various minute points in our political and constitutional history being so manifest, it is high time that American history should be taught more carefully and specifically in our schools and colleges. As the growing nation struggles against the bonds of a constitution that is with difficulty adjustable to its new conditions, it becomes important that all should carefully study the formation and spirit of that instrument. With this view it was proposed, a year ago, to give the Memorial of Yale College to those who fell in the war the shape of a library and professorship of American history. The majority of the committee on the Memorial, however, decided on a building of some kind. It is not too late now for some wealthy man to make such a memorial, not only of the war but of himself, by establishing a professorship of American history in one or more of our leading colleges. The benefits derived from it in a single generation would more than repay the expense of the foundation.

—Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, who esteems himself capable of writing three biographies at once, has published one of them, "Charles Townshend, Wit and Statesman," and has effectually damaged the reputation which the "Life of Sterne" left him. No book purporting to be historical has been recently published so abounding in great and unpardonable blunders. There are few dates in the book, and of those few nearly every one is wrong. Not even the year of Townshend's death is correctly given. Names are continually misspelled, and persons are confused with each other in the most shocking manner, and are made to intrigue long after they were dead. In one sentence of four lines there are six errors. Nor are the mistakes of history and chronology redeemed by wit. The book is as dull as it is erroneous. The specimens of Charles Townshend's wit show that it was generally coarse and ungentlemanly, and often indecent. One of his best sayings was that about the shadowy Duc de Nivernois, as "the preliminaries of a man sent over to arrange the preliminaries of a peace." The man who, by taxing America just a hundred years ago, lost Great Britain her most prosperous colony, deserved a better account of his life than the trash of Mr. Fitzgerald.

—A writer in Trübner's "American and Oriental Literary Record" gives a very unfavorable account of the three public libraries of Caracas, Venezuela. The National Library contains about 5,000 volumes, and is in the Franciscan convent. The books are in a bad state, being eaten with insects and in great confusion. The present librarian knows no language but Spanish. He has a monthly salary of $50, but has received no pay for two years. It is feared that he will be reduced to the necessities of previous librarians, who sold part of the books in order to support themselves while taking care of the remainder. The Library of the University was founded by Dr. José Vargas, and is a really valuable collection of books on natural history and medical science. It contains a little over 4,000 volumes, and has no catalogue. The Library of the Seminary is a collection of theological works, all of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, some being of bibliographical interest. It has no catalogue and no librarian.

—Mr. S. Baring-Gould, to whom we were not long ago indebted for a pleasant volume on "Were-Wolves," has lately published another on similar subjects, under the title of "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages." Only four of the twelve "myths" in the volume belong specially to the Middle Ages, and some are not real myths, but mere falsehoods or exaggerations. His talk is, however, very pleasant, though many of his theories have been broached before, and he is not the first, as he thinks himself to be, to show the antiquity of the stories of Tell or of Gellert. The myth of the Man in the Moon, commonly supposed to be founded on the story of the unfortunate Hebrew who was stoned to death for gathering sticks on the Sabbath, is traced by Mr. Gould to the Scandinavian mythology. Mani, the moon, stole two children from their parents, and carried them up to heaven. Their names were Hjuki and Bil. They had been drawing water from the well Byrgir, and had the pole and the bucket with them. The Swedish peasantry, to this day, explain the spots in the moon as representing a boy and girl carrying a pail of water between them. In the well-known nursery-rhyme, Jack and Gill are Hjuki and Bil, and their consecutive tumbles, the vanishing of one moon-spot after another as the moon wanes. Mr. Gould seems to have some doubt whether the story of the Wandering Jew may not be true. He mentions the last authentic appearance of the wanderer as in 1721. "Cagliostro allowed it to be inferred that he was the Wandering Jew, and on suddenly coming upon a statue of Christ uttered a mysteriously accented Ha!" A writer in the *Athenæum* mentions the appearance, in London, at various times between 1818 and 1830, of a handsomely-featured Jew, fair-haired and bare-headed, who glided through the streets looking intently on a little book he held in his hands, never stopping, or going into any house, who was believed by very many to be the one to whom had been spoken the awful words: "Tarry thou till I come." Mr. Gould's account of the Mountain of Venus, and the legend of Tannhäuser, will explain to many the obscurities of Mr. Swinburne's "Laus Veneris."

SCIENTIFIC.

SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE IN COURTS OF LAW.—In the year 1862 a committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science recommended that "by a legislative act judges should be empowered, on application from a suitor, in causes of a technical character, to convene skilled assessors, the number of whom should not exceed three, and who should give their opinions truly on the statements of the witnesses, in such manner as they shall be required by the judge previous to his adjudication of the cause." Upon this recommendation no legislative action has ever been taken. The association renewed the agitation of the subject, and appointed a new committee, which, at the meeting held at Nottingham, in August last, presented their report. The name of the chairman of this committee, Prof. Williamson, of London, one of the most distinguished of living chemists, lends additional weight to the forcible and convincing language of the report. We give the substance of the paper.

Having simply declared the fact, now everywhere admitted, that the character and functions of one class of witnesses have of late years undergone an important development, which has removed the members of this class from the position of ordinary witnesses, the report dwells upon the fact that no judicial provision has as yet been made to meet this altered condition of things.

These new witnesses may be described as *active witnesses*—for the novelty in their functions consists in the practice of collecting, by active exertions, facts which are favorable to one conclusion upon the questions at issue, and even making experimental researches for the discovery of new facts which may be favorable to that side. Yet, in the eye of the law, the new witnesses do not differ in the least degree from other witnesses.

An impartial witness goes into court to depose to such facts as he may know pertaining to the question under investigation, and he is bound to state those facts in as accurate and straightforward a manner as possible, and to avoid shaping his statements with a view of promoting one conclusion or verdict more than another. But an active witness, when he undertakes to give evidence upon any question, need not be possessed, at the moment when he is retained, of any specific information bearing upon the question at issue. He receives statements and information from persons who are interested in particular conclusions, and he receives no information from the opposite party. But with his mind thus prepared with facts on one side of the question, he frequently sets to work to verify these facts experimentally, or to find new facts of a like tendency. His opportunities of collecting facts for the trial are one-sided, and his facts are mainly in favor of one particular view of the case—the view which he has been employed to support. So well is this partiality of the evidence of scientific witnesses felt and acknowledged, that the more conscientious witnesses, and probably most scientific witnesses, would decline to give evidence at the request of a party whose cause they considered unjust. They know that their efforts would tend to increase his chances of success, and they decline to promote a claim which they consider to be wrong. By thus acting, these conscientious witnesses usurp the functions of the judge, for they decide the case in their own minds, and either strive to further what they consider a just conclusion, or refuse to aid what they consider an unjust one. If his position in a trial were not of necessity one-sided, and if he did not consider himself bound to support the side upon which he is employed, a scientific or active witness would have no motive for passing an opinion upon the subject at issue before consenting to give evidence. His very attempt to decide beforehand what the true end should be, shows that he is aware of being necessarily partial. Under the present system, every scientific witness must either allow chance to decide which side he will aid by his exertions, or else he must prejudge, in his own mind, the question at issue, and then strive to carry out this verdict by employing his energies on behalf of the conclusion which he considers true. He is compelled to be a partisan, and tries to avoid being the partisan of falsehood.

As a remedy for this manifestly improper condition of affairs, the committee suggests that there might be conferred upon the judge the power of appointing, in his own behalf, several scientific witnesses, or umpires, in addition to the witnesses engaged by each party in the suit. These judicial witnesses would hear the evidence adduced on each side; they would be empowered to require the witnesses on each side to show them the experimental or other proofs of their statements, and they would report to the court all corrections of statements made by the partial witnesses which they might deem requisite, as well as all other facts of which they might be cognizant bearing on the question at issue. The functions of these judicial witnesses would, of course, be confined to particulars of evidence. They would have no concern with questions of law, and would accordingly be precluded from summing up the particulars of evidence in view of any conclusion, unless called upon by the judge so to sum up any part of the evidence. The presence of these judicial witnesses could not fail to act as a wholesome check, tending to prevent loose and inaccurate statements upon the part of partial witnesses. Another remedy suggested by the committee consists in the appointment by the judge of assessors competent to advise him respecting the evidence given by the ordinary witnesses. Whichever plan may be adopted, however, the committee is decidedly of opinion that the great development of manufacturing industry which has taken place of late years necessitates the presence in courts of law of men cognizant of the principles involved in the processes which come under consideration, and skilled in the art of eliciting information concerning them by experiment, but that the action of these partial, inventing witnesses requires some check of the kind above described.

MILMAN'S HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE FIRST THREE CENTURIES.*

DEAN MILMAN has lived so long himself that he is able to give a new lease of life to his literary progeny. He has put forth, in his old age, a new edition of his "History of the Jews," in which he has had the opportunity to introduce notices of a series of writers from Ewald to Bishop Colenso, who, since the first issue of that work, have trodden the same field. Now we have in a revised form the "History of Christianity" during that most interesting period, the first three centuries. Milman's merits, as well as faults, as a historian of the Church are quite obvious. His reading is very extensive, and generally accurate. In descriptive power he excels at least most writers in his department of literature. In his spirit he is eminently candid and liberal-minded. He was once thought by many to be somewhat too free in his treatment of personages and themes in Scriptural history, and somewhat rationalistic in his opinions. But later theological developments of a much more startling character have tended to deliver him from this reproach, if not to place him in the camp of the conservatives. But with all his good qualities, Milman is not a deep-thinking historian. He often looks at persons and things from the outside. For characters which depart much from the beaten track he manifests no profound sympathy, and for this reason fails to understand them. This defect is conspicuous in the best of his works—the "History of Latin Christianity." One has only to compare his account of St. Louis of France, or of Hildebrand, with parallel passages in Neander, to convince himself of the justice of our remark. To Milman the extravagances of a man of genius like Tertullian are the only thing seen. He deals with him, in the notes on Gibbon and elsewhere, as Hallam deals with Luther, and as men who pass the limits of virtuous respectability are apt to be treated by those who, whatever may be their learning or their liberality, lack penetrative insight and humor. Milman's comments on Marcion in the work before us (vol. ii., p. 80) are characteristic. "With Marcion," he says, "all was hard, cold, implacable antagonism." There is an entire absence of any deep and genial appreciation of this earnest man, who simply erred in following out a one-sided principle, a half-truth, to its extreme consequences, and who, to Neander, is the most attractive of all the heresiarchs. In a note, Milman observes that of all the paradoxes of his dear friend Bunsen, his ascription of the "Epistle to Diognetus" to Marcion was the most baseless. But Bunsen's theory in regard to this gem of the early post-apostolic literature, though it is probably unfounded, is not absurd, as Milman would have us think; for the "Epistle to Diognetus" is thoroughly anti-Judaic in its tone. In truth, the essential peculiarity of Marcion, Milman fails to discern; and this is only one example among many of the same kind.

It is creditable to the venerable dean that he is not inattentive to new

* "The History of Christianity, from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire. By Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's." In 3 vols. A new and revised edition. New York: W. J. Widdleton. 1866.

discussions and to fresh contributions to knowledge. Occasionally he continues to attach weight to authorities which have lost their credit. He refers with compliments to Matter's work on Gnosticism (as does Mr. Buckle, and, if we remember right, Lecky in his "History of Rationalism"); but Matter's work is little better than a worthless romance. In a writer so ambitious as Buckle, of whom it were vain to expect exactness of knowledge in any one department, such mistakes are not so surprising; but they are noteworthy blemishes in the work of a scholar generally so accurate as Milman is. Our author expresses disappointment in Renan's "Life of Christ," from which he has derived nothing new. He claims not to have neglected or closed his eyes "against the labors of what are called the Tübingen school." "I trust," he adds, "that it is from no blind, stubborn, or presumptuous prejudice that I read Baur and his disciples with wonder and admiration at their industry, sagacity, ingenuity, but without conviction." We do not perceive that, in the body of the work, the views of the Tübingen school are anywhere subjected to examination. The narrative is carried forward just as if these remarkable discussions had never taken place. There are found, however, notices of Strauss and of other German authors of the negative school. But these notices and observations are like a new piece of cloth on an old garment. The original work and the later additions have no close coherence. Indeed, the work would need to be wholly rewritten, if proper account were to be taken of the more recent enquiries and controversies. In an appendix to one of his chapters (vol. i., p. 118) there is a review of Strauss's "Earlier Life of Jesus." But the theory of Strauss is not very fully or very correctly stated, and the replication loses force from the partial misapprehension of the adversary's position. Another appended essay, on the "Origin of the Gospels," is of more interest. Milman does not favor the hypothesis of a single original Gospel, either oral or written, lying at the basis of the first three of the canon; but supposes that there were many fragmentary narratives of the life and teaching of Jesus scattered among the various Christian communities; and that from these the first three Gospels, shortly before the capture of Jerusalem by Titus, were compiled. Strangely, and contrary to the almost universal view of scholars of all creeds, he gives a like early date to the Gospel of John (vol. i., p. 121). We cannot follow him into the province of interpretation. We simply mention that he attributes the so-called demoniacal possessions to natural causes, such as produce like diseases at the present day, and he refers to Neander as agreeing with this view; but Neander does not express himself so decidedly on this point, as the reader will see by referring to the last edition of his "Leben Jesu," p. 237 *seq.*

If the work before us fails to satisfy the student who is bent on fully exploring this obscure portion of ecclesiastical history, and if it does not equal the profound treatises on the same subject of Neander and of some other writers, it is yet a very readable and, in its way, a highly valuable history. Most persons would probably gain more vivid impressions of early Christian history from Milman than from the best German authors who have traversed the same ground. He supplies the pictorial element in which they are apt to be so deficient. For example, if we have not a precise statement of the doctrine of Arius, we have at least a picture of his person, as well as a lively account of the commotion of which he was the occasion. It would be a wrong inference from these criticisms if it were supposed that we set a low value upon the labors of a writer so truly learned and so catholic in his judgments as is the venerable Dean of St. Paul's. As concerns the style of composition, we are inclined to give the preference to the present work in comparison with the other productions of the author. We are generally pleased with his vivacity, even if it does not always seem spontaneous. Of all the living writers with whom we are acquainted, he is most fond of parentheses. In the "History of Latin Christianity" they are everywhere injected into the midst of the sentences, which are thus not unfrequently rendered clumsy and inelegant. A partiality for the Latin side of the language is also a prominent feature in Milman's style; and in this, as in some other traits, he shows the influence of Gibbon, whose great work he so assiduously studied.

We will only add that, in point of external beauty, these volumes from the publishing house of Widdleton leave nothing to be desired.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.*

Our pencil has marked so many wise or witty passages in this wise and witty little treatise, that in sheer despair of a judicious selection we quote scarcely any of them. We beg our readers to seek for themselves, and especially beseech the lovers of fun not to overlook the chapter headed "Ideals," where, for the sake of the comparison, they will find Tennyson's peerless Isabel set side by side on the shelf with that shocking white squaw of Mr. Coventry Patmore, Jane, who is to be scolded "till she cries."

In the meantime, let us take up some of our author's topics and say our own say upon them. With her statement, that "'the education of a lady' ought to mean the highest and the finest culture of the time," we agree without a word of qualification. But, in order that ladies should cease to be so ill-educated as too many of them now are, it seems to us the first step is that they should cease to be so ill—"not to put too fine a point upon it"—as too many of them now are. What possible energy or steadfastness of mental effort is reasonably to be expected of a creature who is too feeble to sit up all day, or to take a walk from which a fine child of six years old might come back fresh and merry, without being the worse for it for a week? Why should the "delicate females" of these United States be in this plight? Why, indeed, should our gentlewomen be, in point of health, *delicate* females at all? The fact of their wealth, where they have it, is no reason or excuse; for there are probably no finer domestic animals in the country than some of those reared by rich men with all the appliances and means of riches; and the wise use of money for man, woman, or beast is a means of health, just as truly as the unwise abuse of money is a means of disease. It is common to lay the blame on the wretched constitutions of the mothers of the "delicate females;" but all their brothers have mothers just as much as they, and many of our young gentlemen can walk, think, and study, and thrive upon all. On this matter we have our own theory; but we have not room here to expound it.

Miss Davies disposes pretty summarily of the—sometimes rather impertinently propounded—recommendation that ladies should find their joy in taking their own cooking and needlework upon themselves, and away from the Irishwomen and negresses, who, in that case, could do nothing better than beg or starve. Here, again, we agree with her. Let those men who prefer the society of cooks by all means seek it; but as those men by no means include all gentlemen, so it does by no means follow that all gentlewomen should be turned into cooks. In general, the proper business of a *well-to-do* housekeeping gentlewoman is not to do the work, but to oversee the workers of a household.

It is, however, curious to see how such women are divided, by nature or education, into essential administrators and essential menials. The essential menial, whether with a kitchen full of servants or with one emptied of them by her maladministration, must always have her own hands cumbered about much serving. The essential administrator "can," as we have heard said of a certain fascinating woman of society in a city not far off, "lie on her sick bed and direct the whole house."

A mistress does, to be sure, need to know how household work should be done; but she need not always practise what she knows, except when circumstances point it out as the best thing she can do. Sewing, for instance, is a very convenient kind of work for a mother or older sister to take up and throw down at need in families, and at times when small children are running about, whose little frequent questions and wants might be made by any more engrossing and interesting occupation to appear a troublesome interruption. But if a woman, whose time is at her own disposal, who is or ought to be educated, and whose expenses are provided for, chooses, out of parsimony or mere vanity, to spend her time in making and mending her own clothes, her choice of a calling strikes us as little more dignified or praiseworthy than her brother's would be should he devote his days to acting as his own tailor.

Times have changed, as Miss Davies well explains, and are all the time changing. For the last eighteen hundred years, at least, they have been changing, on the whole, for the better. We could not bring any of the "good old" ones back if we would, and most surely we would not if we could. Those who extol them should remember—and it would bear rather hard on some of the extollers if they did remember—that when Nausicaa was her own washerwoman and Penelope her own weaver, Ulysses likewise was his own cabinetmaker. One rhythm ran through a household; so, according to Mr. Ruskin, it ought in our days; and, so far as that goes, Ruskin, thou reasonest well. Probably no one of the above-mentioned classic trio could read or write. Probably, again, if they had not been washing, weaving, or cabinetmaking, they would have been doing something worse. As it was, Penelope had anything but a well-ordered family, and neglected even her absent husband's poor dog to that degree that, when at last its master came back, it was not fit for him to pat. Certainly they had no "freedmen's aid," hospitals, nor old men's nor old women's homes to busy themselves with; and, as they were not Christians, perhaps it did not very much signify to them how their poor neighbors fared for want of the wages which they ought to have put them in the way of earning.

* "The Higher Education of Women. By Emily Davies." London and New York: Alexander Strahan. 1866.

Those who are saddened and disheartened by the view of the position of woman at present, and imagine her still quite in the "beggarly elements," may find much encouragement in looking back into Sydney Smith's description of her position fifty-six years ago, in his article on "Female Education" in the "Edinburgh Review." Unless he exaggerated, almost incredible progress has been made within half a century. And there is one class among ourselves for whom the late war has done more, perhaps, than even for the negroes, and that is our gentlewomen. The experience of the last five years has discovered and developed in them noble and various powers for the service of their country and race. It has proved to them and to their friends, in a manner far more unanswerable and indisputable than any merely theoretical and conjectural argument, by the irresistible eloquence of deeds, their capacity to direct, obey, and act singly or in combination with one another, and with men.

But still there is a good deal of cant kept afloat for their benefit which might be passed over as unworthy of notice if it were not that the absence of contradiction sometimes gets itself popularly accepted as confirmation. Those who would remand them indiscriminately to mechanical occupations argue virtually, we suppose, that women who are, by their circumstances, set free from the necessity of manual labor, ought still to confine themselves to manual labor, lest other women, not thus set free, should refuse manual labor as ungenteel. But this is a scheme for the annihilation of snobbishness, by the offering of human sacrifices to snobbishness, with a vengeance. Besides, if it proves anything, it proves too much. If it proves that Mrs. Double-star, the astronomer's wife, with a yearly income of five thousand dollars, should, as a Christian woman, sweep and scour, lest Mrs. Baker, the mechanic's wife, with an income of five hundred, should decline, in like manner, to "make the room and the action fine," does it not prove that, by the same rule, Mr. Double-star, as a Christian man, ought to screw up his telescope and lock up his quadrant, and go to mixing and kneading, for fear Mr. Baker next should spurn that mode of serving his kin and kind, and so all the poor dear little Bakers should come to grief? As well might Mrs. Double-star take it upon her to enact sumptuary laws. She—poor lady!—needs almost every moment she can spare from her baby—and from the oversight of the excellent servants whom she never fails to attract and attach to herself—to keep Double-star out of brain-fevers. She has to help him through with his calculations, and then playfully to tempt him out to take long airings with her afoot in every kind of weather. She hates walking and dotes on riding; but at the present rates of livery-stables, and at the rate, in other respects, at which Double-star chooses to live, they cannot afford horses. Why may she not demand that Mrs. Baker, who is never so happy as when her husband drives her out of an afternoon in his wagon, nor so unhappy as when he gives her his monthly bills to cast up, should do likewise? Pshaw! To each condition, its sufferings and its privileges. Given that Mrs. Double-star and Mrs. Baker are right-minded matrons, they will concern themselves much less with the question of what is or is not genteel, than with doing each her duty in the state to which she is called, and will think no such duty either too great or too small to be done. It is this spirit which constitutes the true republicanism of the commonwealth of Christ, into which every one, rich or poor, who has not entered is a bondman or bondwoman unto this day.

Our author points out, shrewdly enough, the reason why some fathers cannot understand the hardship of having "very little to do." The reason is, that they themselves feel only the opposite hardship of having too much to do. The difference between themselves and their daughters is much like that between people who fast gladly, because they have eaten too large a dinner, and people who fast sorrowfully because they have no dinner to eat. And in many cases the pain must be beyond that of mere *ennui*. It must be a bitter thing to any human being who feels within the workings of the honorable ambition which comes of honorable birth, or which is rained down by the stars sometimes upon cradles wherein one would look for it the least—beings possessed of, or at any rate supposing themselves possessed of, powers not inferior to those of the average of their fellow-men—to see all the prizes of this world set just beyond their reach by the fashions of this world—nothing more! Cant will not satisfy such a being. It cannot. We think it should not.

Of the weakest points of Miss Davies's book, one appears to us to be probably owing to some of the customs of her own country—we mean her recommendation that girls should be herded together in boarding-houses around public schools. Now, it is bad enough for boys to be separated from their own families, but, we should suppose, worse for girls. To attempt to educate a woman away from home, is like attempting to educate a surgeon aloof from the hospital or a soldier apart from the camp.

The other *weakest points* probably come of haste, and perhaps a little unconscious special pleading. We allude now to some of her remarks on the professional education of women, especially as they bear on the medical education of women. That such women as are qualified by conscientiousness, refinement, general ability, and particular aptitude to do credit to the noble and solemnly responsible profession of the physician, should to the utmost be assisted and encouraged to enter it, no one can have at heart more than ourselves. "But," to borrow some of Miss Davies's own words, "supposing that, either through want of energy or perseverance, or *from any other deficiency* [the italics are our own] women" of an inferior stamp "should take a low place in the professional ranks," we should fear that the very reverse of "the object of their education, . . . to make them useful laborers," would be "attained," and that "society . . . would have" every "reason to complain."

Notwithstanding, with few qualifications we desire again, in conclusion, cordially to commend to the consideration of our readers this remarkably racy, brave, and *fresh-airy* little essay, and to assure them that within its small compass it strikes the chords of lofty, deep, and rich strains of thought.

ALGER'S DOCTRINE OF A FUTURE LIFE.*

This is the fourth edition of a book that was published three years ago. Considering the size of the volume and its cost, the time, too, of its first appearance—the most exciting period of our civil war—this success is very remarkable. It is to be ascribed primarily to the fascination of the subject, which perpetually allures and baffles the mind. To a less degree, it is due to the florid exuberance of the style, which scholarly readers will call excessive, but which pleases the majority by satisfying their passion for imagery and color. But we are disposed to impute a large measure of the popularity the book has attained to the extraordinary fidelity of treatment that appears on every page. It is a work of astonishing elaboration. The bibliography alone cost months of toil, and is a monument in its way. The main work is the result of no less than twelve years of patient, unremitted labor. The extent of reading indicated in the notes and references is vast, but the amount of reflection displayed in the text is even more remarkable.

The labor of revising such a book thoroughly, as Mr. Alger has done, must have been considerable; for when first published it bore the marks of the different epochs of scholarship through which the author's mind passed; the intellectual line was not level from first to last, and there were traces of inconsistency such as might have been expected in the course of a maturing intellect. To correct such faults, to tone the work up to the same speculative key, to smooth away inequalities, to remove blemishes of expression, was to make it in some respects a new book and a much better one.

There is a great deal more in the work than is indicated in its title. As a history of the views respecting the future life that have been held by the various peoples of the earth, from the remotest antiquity until now, it is comprehensive and thorough. Not only is every great historical faith described in full, but every shade of opinion that prevailed in the outskirts of humanity is presented: the beliefs of the barbarian and the savage, of the Scandinavians and Druids, as well as of the Etruscans, Egyptians, Persians, and Hebrews. The doctrines of the Brahmins and the Buddhists, the fancies of the Rabbins, the equally strange fancies of the Christian Fathers, are delineated with wonderful minuteness of care. The New Testament teachings are critically considered, and the several theories suggested by the apostles are firmly, truthfully, but reverently noted. To many this will be the most novel and instructive portion of the work; it is certainly the boldest portion, for it takes for granted at the outset, and completely vindicates, a position which will startle the unreflecting, and perhaps shock the uninstructed—namely, that the New Testament teaching on this great matter is neither so uniform nor so plain as people imagine.

But a mere record of beliefs, however accurate and complete, is the smallest part of what Mr. Alger undertakes. He aims at presenting the grounds of evidence in fact, or experience, on which the several opinions may have rested, and at giving the arguments by which they may be supported. That he has always done this successfully, we will not say; but he has done it ingeniously, sagaciously, with transparent sincerity of intention, and with a minuteness of suggestion that is exhaustive. To find the beginnings of separate beliefs is no easy task; to find them historically is difficult; but to find them scientifically is all but impossible. Still, the investigation is useful in more respects than one, and not its least use is in promoting charity towards various opinions. If Mr. Alger's uncompromising faithfulness to truth were not matched by an equally uncompromising faithfulness to char-

* "A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life; with a complete Bibliography. By Wm. R. Alger." 1 vol. 8vo. Widdleton.

ity, some might quarrel with him for dealing so freely with modes of speculation that are popular in high places; but it would be ungracious to quarrel with a man who gives many and good reasons for every opinion he ventures, and who stops short when he comes to the end of his legitimate inference. The peril of dogmatism in matters of this kind is immense. The author cannot but have convictions of his own, and he must tread carefully, for the whole ground he traverses is covered thickly with convictions as dear to others as his are to him; his feet may get entangled at any moment in sectarian meshes made of human heart-strings. If he looks at them too anxiously, he will not go on. Mr. Alger prefers not to look at them anxiously, and he consequently escapes unhurt himself and inflicts less laceration on the speculative cobwebs in his path than might have been expected. No fault can be found with him on the score of narrowness, or of credulity, nor yet of incredulity. The spirituality of his own faith places him far above critical and dogmatical prejudice, and the rational character of the evidence on which he holds it makes him gentle with all believers and with all unbelievers. The spirit of the book is very noble; the blending of absolute freedom of mind with earnest faith of soul, the mingling of complete tolerance with complete conviction, is as rare as it is beautiful.

To the critical scholar the most interesting chapters will be those on the New Testament doctrines. The historical student will enjoy more the chapters on the "Ethnic" and on the "Christian" thoughts concerning a future life—by Christian meaning the doctrines of the fathers, the creeds of the Middle Ages, and the modern beliefs. The philosophic reader will be attracted, and, we will venture to say, engaged, yes, even fascinated, by the curious dissertations on the "Metempsychosis," "The Resurrection of the Flesh," "The Critical History of the Idea of Hell," "The Recognition of Friends in a Future Life," "The Local Fate of Man in the Astronomic Universe," "The Critical History of Disbelief in a Future Life," and "The Morality of the Doctrine of a Future Life." The last three essays are exceedingly curious in thought and valuable in instruction. An inconsiderable place is given to modern spiritualism, too inconsiderable, we think, considering how large a place it occupies in the thoughts of our generation, but all that is said of it is said appreciatingly. The author might excuse himself for having said no more on the plea that the faith had not yet become historical, and was too crude and chaotic at present to be judicially treated.

As we read Mr. Alger's work, two impressions are made with great distinctness on the mind. One is the infinite variety of speculations concerning the future existence; the other is the persistency of the belief through all the variations of conjecture. Perhaps the strongest thing to be urged in favor of the belief in immortality is the stubborn hold it has on the race in spite of the intellectual aberrations of mankind. It has certainly taxed very severely the intelligence, the affections, and even the moral sense of men under some of the forms that have prevailed. It has been associated with gloom and horror, with dismal wastes and hopeless dungeons, with the outer darkness and with unquenchable flames. It has seemed to contradict the visible facts of existence; it has often defied common sense and ordinary reason. It has been wild, visionary, grotesque, preposterous, and revolting. It has been related to theories that were repugnant to the sympathies of the heart. Yet it has been cherished with a depth of fidelity that has been given to no other article of faith. More fiercely tested than any, it has more firmly endured. It seems to have had more disbelievers in Christendom than out of it. It is one of the universal, abiding, organic productions of humanity. Mr. Alger shows us how it becomes sublimated in the course of centuries as it passes from race to race, but he shows us that, instead of becoming weaker, it probably grows stronger and loftier as the mind of man expands.

WHITTIER'S PROSE WORKS.*

These two volumes from the chief publishers of elegant literature in this country are a deserved tribute to one who has stood forth for the last thirty-five years as an uncompromising advocate of unpopular views, and one among the first half-dozen American poets. They embrace a large variety of subjects, and yet do not cover a wide field. Mr. Whittier has been a good historical student, and the last two centuries have furnished him chiefly with the materials for his writings. He has an eye always upon the poetical uses which may be made of legends and quaint historical incidents, and he shows great fondness for the earlier history of New England. He finds a congenial field in the days of witchcraft and Quaker persecutions, and in delineating the quaint religious life of the Puritans. His "Margaret Smith's Journal" is devoted to this work, and a most charming chronicle it is of that earlier life. There is love and courtship to make it light and playful, but it is deeply colored with the bright, fervent faith of a pious young maiden, and tinctured with some of the tenderest and most charming descriptions of New England scenery which yet exist in literature. We owe Mr. Whittier a great debt of gratitude for this journal. It is really something of a creative work. It is a beautiful historical painting, not too minute, but giving us just the picture which the imagination fills out to completeness. This is the best of his prose writings.

We should, perhaps, rank his "Summer with Dr. Singletary" as the next best, and this, too, is a sketch of New England life in the fashion of a story, but hardly even that. The pictures here given are exquisite. They remind one, at times, of the pastoral scenes in "Thorndale," in which you take in the delicious fragrance of English country life. Mr. Whittier evidently delights in this kind of writing, and it seems to us most in harmony with his genius. It is that to which both his poetry and prose is most largely devoted. He is not a deep or profound writer. His prose is the reflection or counterpart of his poetry. It is pictures, not thoughts; images, not ideas, which most abound in his most pleasing writings. This is true of a large class of his poetry; this, indeed, is what makes him a poet; this leads him to write those most beautiful ballads—those simple, winning poems. And this makes his lighter writings his best. He is by conviction a man of strong opinions; he is by nature a poet and genius; and his poetical genius runs in this vein. The essays, such as "Utopian Schemes," "The Great Ipswich Fright," "The Scottish Reformers," "The Training," "Hamlet among the Graves," and "Patucket Falls," are what win us most to our author, of his shorter papers. We name these also as specimens of his best writings.

There is a large class of semi-biographical papers which seem to be of less merit. They were newspaper articles, and were evidently hurriedly written, and do not show special skill or excellence of any kind. Some of them, as that on Thomas Elwood, are very interesting. They all show the author's interest in those who, like himself, have stood up bravely for popular liberty; but there is no special merit in them. Others have done the same thing much better. Were it not for the author's pleasant chit-chat about them, so pleasant that the reader is beguiled by it, they would not seem readable. A certain charm of style alone makes them good, in spite of very obvious defects. We presume Mr. Whittier would be the first to own their incompleteness. But some of them are such as all admirers of brave men will linger over with deep feeling—such as the sketch of William Leggett and Nathaniel Peabody Rogers—though all will regret that Mr. Whittier has not told us more concerning them.

The poorest part of these volumes is certain attempts at literary criticism, in which Mr. Whittier cuts no better figure than Washington Irving. He has not the mind for it. Poets are seldom critics, and critics are seldom poets, though they may have poetical feeling. These papers might well have been omitted in a collective edition of his writings. And in the same class, though of more merit, are a few political papers, such as "Thomas Carlyle on the Slave Question," which have seen their day, and which have no value but as showing the author's political creed, which has been sufficiently declared elsewhere.

The merits of Mr. Whittier's volumes may be briefly stated as follows: They are pleasant sketches of manners and customs of the olden time; they are lively, playful pictures of historical events; they are full of romance and poetical feeling; they amuse and fascinate the young; they are free from any exceptional tendencies; they are, like Irving's prose, the papers to delight the whole home circle on a winter's evening, and to train us all to love the true, the beautiful, the good. The style is clear, simple, bright, picturesque, healthy. It imitates no one, but is the author's own, and completely under the command of his will. It reminds you of Addison, but is more earnest, and perhaps more playful.

But Mr. Whittier never forgets that he is a Quaker. He lingers most lovingly over his beloved saints in drab, and one gets the suspicion of a slight narrowness of religious sentiment when they are brought upon the stage so often. With his method of showing them off we have no quarrel; and they are a good sort of saints—but there were and are saints of other names. We find, too, at times, a slight bitterness toward the Established Church, in England, which does not seem suitable to such genial pages.

Taken as a whole, however, these volumes are a real addition to our literature, and an excellent testimony to the admirable qualities of head and heart which have made Mr. Whittier so highly esteemed by friend and foe. And as a man, we feel that he is far above and beyond his writings. Certainly, he has done a noble work in his day, second to none; and he has a deeper and more profound life which he has not largely, until in his latest

* "Prose Works of John Greenleaf Whittier. With Portrait. In two volumes. Pp. 473, 395. Boston: Ticknor & Fields."

writings, given to the world. Not as a politician, nor entirely as a prose writer, nor as a genial poet, is Mr. Whittier greatest; but in a class of religious poetry and prose, which show him to be a devotional writer of great power and depth, does he most excel.

THE MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER.

In the December number of "Hours at Home" there is an article by Mr. H. T. Tuckerman upon the artists Eastman Johnson and Seth Cheney. If any voter within the Metropolitan Sanitary District wishes to know what the Board of Health has done and the reasons for its continued existence, he may get information and instruction in a valuable article by Dr. S. B. Hunt, "The Cholera and the Board of Health." It may easily be that this other evil could not be left in better hands than those of the Board:

"The mission of the Board of Health does not end with cholera. There is another disease constantly present in New York. It is the 'tenant-house rot'—a rapid decay which afflicts the cellar population, which poisons the first breath of infancy and rapidly saps the strength of maturer years. This insidious poison is terribly corrupting. It begets an appetite for drink and oblivious drugs, and even when the moral nature resists this temptation, the physical frame still surely yields to its pollution. There is no stronger contrast in life than that which the visitor in a New York tenant-house may occasionally see; the fresh, ruddy cheek and bright eye of some young woman 'out to service,' who has come to visit the pale, sodden, prematurely aged married sister, whose life is passed in the stagnant atmosphere of a crowded tenement. In those vile apologies for homes we find always typhus and typhoid fevers, and always those diarrheal diseases that sweep off more than two-thirds of the children before they reach the age of five years.

"In 1863, one out of every twenty-eight inhabitants of the Fifth Ward died—most of them from preventable diseases. In the same year, the death-rate of the Fourth Ward was one in every twenty-five. Yet in the Fifteenth Ward the death-rate is only one in sixty. The two populations are not so very diverse in their habits, except that the Fifteenth Ward is yet comparatively free from the tenant-house evil and its attendant rot. Similar discrepancies exist throughout the city. Ten thousand unnecessary deaths are annually recorded. The average death-rate of the entire city is about one in twenty-five. It is possible for the Board of Health, if it is well supported by the people, to make one in sixty the standard, and to save to the country this annual holocaust of human lives."

"A Bird Breakfast," by C. H. Webb, is a very pleasant piece of writing, and its author would do good service in "Our Young Folks." Rev. Horace Bushnell writes "How to make a Right and Ripe Old Age," and instances the case of the late Noah Porter, D.D. The essay, or discourse, for Dr. Bushnell always thinks of the gentle reader as the dear hearer, is written in his well-known style—a style all the better known because not peculiarly his own, but common to him and many other able preachers of the school which, for want of a better term, we may call the clergymen without white cravats. However, Dr. Bushnell's article may be read with some pleasure and profit. The rest of the writers in the last number are Mrs. Raffensperger, Prof. A. J. Curtis, Rev. A. A. E. Taylor, Frances Eastwood, G. B. Peck, M.D., Mrs. A. M. Holbertson, and other persons whose names have no significance to the general public.

The "Catholic World" has its usual nineteen or twenty papers, half of which are original and the better half borrowed. Of the former a lively sketch of Mlle. Montpensier is the best. In "The Godfrey Family," another native production, the hero is now a three months' journey on his way to Rome, and grows more and more serenely contemptuous of the "Westminster Review" and all its works. Having fallen under good anti-Protestant influences, there is no longer danger that he will become an avowed worshipper of the gods of heathen mythology, and set up a pantheon in his house, as the elder Godfrey, an English country gentleman, would seem to have done. Better than this absurd story is the paper called "A Month at a French Watering Place," and several of the selected articles are good reading.

This month's "Atlantic" is a good number. The poetry is by Emerson, Trowbridge, Cranch, and Willson. They tell a story of Emerson—it has been in print before, perhaps, and perhaps it is not true—to the effect that some person, being introduced to him, begged an elucidation of certain passages in his essays. The guesser at truth got no answer till after the author had studied the page for a while, and at last was told that, though the writer did not then know precisely what the passages in question meant, he doubtless did know their meaning when he wrote them. The reader, therefore, need hardly take shame to himself if he is forced to confess an inability to understand fully this latest utterance. And, being so thankful for the most of these verses of "My Garden," he may well be unwilling to cry shame upon the muse that, speaking to men and by the mouth of a man, will not speak plainly. Frederick Douglass is the writer of a brief article on 'Reconstruction." Its style is oratorical, and its matter, which, of course could not be new, is well put. "Slavery," he says, "to-day is so strong that it could exist not only without law, but even against law. Customs, manners, morals, religion are all on its side everywhere in the South; and when you add the ignorance and servility of the ex-slave to the intelligence and accustomed authority of the master, you have the conditions not out of which slavery will again grow, but under which it is impossible for the Federal Government to wholly destroy it, unless the Federal Government be armed with despotic power to blot out State authority and station a Federal officer at every cross-road." Universal suffrage is Mr. Douglass's plan, and he seems to think it a panacea for the ills under which his race and their and our country are suffering. But we treat of this subject elsewhere. Why, we may ask here—why might not New York do much worse than make Mr. Douglass one of her representatives in Congress? "The Fall of Austria" is Mr. Hazewell's, and he sets down great store of what Mr. F. Gradgrind would call facts and Mr. T. Carlyle would not. There is, however, something else than this in the article; for Mr. Hazewell is decidedly a man of opinions as well as a most painstaking student of history. "My Heathen at Home" and "The Singing-School Romance" are pictures, the one of Hindoo life and manners, the other of a Sunday in a New England meeting-house and farm-house, and both are written in an excellently light and pleasant way. Katharine Morne immitigably proceeds to preaching. A young woman, conceited and vain, is going to be made a doctress. Already she has almost arrived at views. Meantime, the story is dull. "Borneo and Rajah Brooke," a fine subject for a magazine article, is only pretty well handled by the writer in the "Atlantic;" but his connected account of this remarkable man's exploits is quite readable, and will be welcomed by every one who has not had the opportunity of acquainting himself with Brooke's career as set forth in English contemporary history. John Neal furnishes reminiscences of his friend Pierpont; and there is also an essay by Mr. Tuckerman and the twelfth chapter of extracts from Hawthorne's note-books. The "Reviews and Literary Notices" occupy more than their usual space—a thing which will not be regretted.

In "Harper's," George F. Harrington, who wrote "Inside: A Chronicle of Secession," now begins his new story, "The Virginians in Texas." He is not cured of his fault of digression, his reflections bid fair to be as intrusive and trite and goody as ever, and it augurs ill for any improvement in construction that his good man is pecuniarily ruined by a bad man whose notes the good man had endorsed. But the author will have a fine opportunity for depicting Texan characters and life in that frontier country, and this, doubtless, he will do extremely well. It is M. D. Conway, we suppose, who contributes the article entitled "John Bright." Have a little patience with him, and Mr. Conway's writing is pleasant reading, despite his bitter bad temper, acrid partisan feeling, and much of that dogmatic manner of which a very good conceit of one's self is generally the cause. But he is often very acute, almost always skilful in his way of handling a subject, and he rarely writes without knowledge. "Porte Crayon" does not appear this month. But J. S. C. Abbott is away too. There are two or three pages of anecdotical chat about Gilbert Stuart, and, except the papers just mentioned and the "Easy Chair's" remarks upon Percival, Ristori, and the Empress Carlotta, there is but one article of any great consequence. Let us protest, however, against the work of that imitator of the "Author of Margret Howth" who is responsible for the story called "The Work of Salvation." Such stories are, indeed, painful enough, and do cause a sort of contraction and sinking of the heart; but in comparison with the productions of the original inventor, these impress you as would the sight of a horrible wax-work model of morbid anatomy, and those as the sight of suffering human flesh under the knife of a skilful and kind surgeon. "The Secrets of Sable Island," alluded to above, is an excellent sample of those papers of travel which for the last sixteen years have been so justly popular with the readers of "Harper's." It is done by some one who knows the use of both pencil and pen, and has employed both on a subject of great interest. The description of that desolate and terrible shore, insatiable and cruel, around which the ocean perpetually groans; whose sands, always in motion beneath the Atlantic wind, now cover and now reveal uncounted skeletons; whose shores are ghastly with bones of wrecked ships; whose traditions are all of wreck and piracy and the ghosts of the murdered and the drowned, is most impressive and captivating. It seems as if the sombre skies, the deathly fogs and storms, and the supernatural terrors of "Sintram" were brought out of romance into reality. It seems right that this dreadful land should have been first found far back in the wild ages, when the rolling clouds of heaven were formed from the brains of Ymer, and were shedding down on the wandering Norsemen the gloom and the fierce aspirations and exultations of the mighty giant.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

"UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE AND UNIVERSAL AMNESTY."

THE question what is to be done in case the South persists, during the coming winter, in rejecting the constitutional amendment, derives additional importance from the results of the elections in Delaware and Maryland, rendering the passage of the amendment by the Northern States, properly so-called, for the present impossible. Are we to wait for the admission of new States, governing the South meanwhile as a dependency, and leaving the controversy as to its reorganization to rage, as it now rages, for an indefinite period? Not if there be any other possible road out of the difficulty. Are we, then, to give up the amendment and propose something else which the South may find less hard to swallow? To this the *Tribune* and several other journals seem ready to answer yes, and the something they propose is what they call "universal amnesty in return for universal suffrage," that is, an act of general pardon and oblivion in exchange for a general bestowal of the suffrage on the blacks. The objections to this which suggest themselves at first blush are, that it would leave us without any guarantee for the acquiescence of the South in the payment of the Union debt and the repudiation of the Confederate debt; that it would permit the return to Congress and to office of every man, still alive and well, who figured prominently in the rebellion, not excepting Wade Hampton and scores of others who never lose an opportunity of declaring that the allegiance they owe to the United States is of the same nature and binding on their consciences to the same degree as that which a traveller owes to a band of brigands who have carried him off and are holding him for ransom; that not only would the public credit be thus seriously shaken, but the immediate return to Congress of the old Southern set would pave the way for a renewal of the alliance between the secessionists and the Northern Democrats, who, as the late elections have shown, have not abandoned any principle or pretension they ever put forward.

To these arguments the *Tribune* replies by the assurance that if we give the negro the ballot, he will not only take care of himself, but take care of the Union; will not only see that the public debt is respected, but that the enemies of the Union are not returned to Congress; and will, in fact, display such intelligent and effective devotion to our Government as will enable us at once to leave the South to itself.

It is hardly necessary for us to repeat here the opinion we have so often expressed, that, taking the lowest possible view of the question, the Federal Government is bound by every consideration of justice, honor, and decency either to see that the freedmen enjoy complete security or to furnish them with the means of protecting themselves. In other words, we are bound either to give the freedmen a police—to see that every man of whom we claim allegiance can eat or sleep in peace—or we are bound to see that he enjoys a fair share in the making of the laws and the selection of the officers who are to execute them. There is no way of escaping from this dilemma. The plan which Mr. Beecher and the *Evening Post* have been propounding, of leaving the fate of the blacks to be decided by the progress of civilization and the "laws of political economy," is, to speak plainly, glittering absurdity. No civilized government can dare to look in the face a man of whom it claims allegiance, taxes, and military service, and tell him he must trust for the safety of his life and limbs and of the fruits of his industry to the general law of human progress. It might as well tell him to trust to the attraction of gravitation or Spencer's law of evolution. If the Union be a nation, and not a confederation, as the blacks have helped to prove by the most conclusive of all arguments, our Government owes to those who can get it in no other way that one thing for which all governments exist, and for which no national government in Christendom has ever yet denied its responsibility—security for person and property. This, as we have said, we can supply either by the provision of a good police or by the admission of the blacks to such a share in the management of state affairs that they can provide a police for themselves. The former of these courses is not strictly in accordance with the spirit of our institutions; the latter is. But if we refuse to follow either, we acknowledge as plainly as possible the soundness of the secessionist theory, that the claim of the State on the allegiance of its citizens is paramount, and that the Union is a mere agent for the distribution of letters, the regulation of commerce, and the transaction of business with foreign powers.

While acknowledging, however, that the bestowal of the franchise on the blacks, ignorant or degraded though many of them be, would provide them with that security which is the basis of all progress and civilization, we think the notion that it would of itself do much more than this—that it would protect our Government or our credit against assaults in the forum at the hands of those whom we have defeated on the field—is a delusion; and we are satisfied that, if acted on in settling the question of reconstruction, our children's children will find abundant reason to mourn over it. Long advocacy of the claims of the negro to the common rights of humanity, and long resistance to the base attempts which have been made for centuries, and are still made, to place him not only lowest in the scale of humanity, but even below it altogether, have not unnaturally begotten in the minds of many of his friends a tendency to rate him even higher than the average of other races, to treat him as an exception to the rules by which other races are governed, and to affirm his ability to resist influences under which white men have succumbed. We see this now in some of the arguments put forward in defence of negro suffrage. The franchise is constantly spoken of as if, in the hands of the negro, it would possess an occult power of some kind, like a talisman, that would enable the most ignorant and benighted black to do with it what no ignorant or benighted white has ever succeeded in doing. It is treated, in short, to use a well-known simile, as if, in the hands of the black, it would be a crossbow from which the weakest can send a bolt as far as the strongest, while it is acknowledged in the same breath that in the hands of a man of any other race it is an ordinary bow, from which the flight of the arrow is regulated by the strength of the arm which has pulled the string.

Now, we maintain that the ballot will do for the negro what it does for the poor ignorant Irishman, or German, or Englishman, but no more. It will secure him against flagrant class legislation, or cruel or unusual punishments, and against all oppression which is on its face oppressive. It will do more than this; it will cause politicians and public men—sheriffs, policemen, and the whole race of functionaries, actual and expectant—to treat him with civility, even with deference. It will put a stop to outrages and assaults of various kinds on negroes, and to all open expressions of contempt for them or dislike of them. They would have it in their power to inflict so much injury on their open enemies, in one way or another, that it would become the habit, even of good society, to be careful about reviling them. And it would have the effect of raising them in their own estimation, of giving them a sense of their manhood, of their importance as members of civilized society, and although we admit they would not for some time possess this sense in a very high degree, they would acquire it, and in acquiring it make an immense step in advance along the path of civilization.

But more than this the ballot will not do for the negro. It will not make him a good judge of the value or importance of measures not bearing directly and patently on his personal comfort or convenience; it will not enable him to tell the difference between statesmen and demagogues; between honest public men and knavish public men; between his own real friends and his real enemies; to distinguish laws contrived by scoundrels for his spoliation, under a show of immediate benefit, and schemes contrived by statesmen for his permanent advantage, though entailing temporary inconvenience; and it will give him no sense whatever of the importance of the public credit or of the sacredness of national pledges. This sense is one of the last results of political and moral training. Moreover, to maintain that the ballot alone would do all these things for him, would be not simply to fly in the face of all history, of all our own experience of human nature, but of the very doctrine which has been preached from the earliest period down to the year 1864 as the very foundation of our political system—the doctrine that democratic institutions must rest on educa-

tion. The doctrine of the all-sufficiency of the ballot was invented last year, and until we hear something better in its defence than mere declamation, we must regard "universal suffrage and universal amnesty" as a mere quack remedy, most of the virtue of which, like some of the popular "bitters" and pills, lies in the sound of the name. "Universal suffrage" has been tried at the North, we think, with eminent success; but it has nowhere produced the effects which some people expect it to produce at the South, unless when coupled with education. The interest of the poor whites of the slave States has always been opposed to that of the great planters, and there was not a very cordial feeling between them either, and yet that did not prevent the slaveholders from dragging the poor whites to the polls, year after year, to vote for their own degradation, and from finally dragging them into a bloody war for the maintenance of an institution in which they had no sort of interest. We all acknowledged, until very recently, that in this instance, at least, the ballot of itself did not preserve men even of our own race—the only race, be it remembered, which has long succeeded in maintaining popular institutions—from being made the instrument of their own oppression. Pennsylvania was for many years the great Northern stronghold of pro-slavery Democracy. There was no State in which an old pro-slavery politician was surer of a hearing and a welcome. The ignorant whites voted the pro-slavery ticket, year after year, with blind constancy; and no change was effected until the common school system—for which Thaddeus Stevens, who for this only, if he had done nothing else, ought to be loved and honored, had labored for a quarter of a century—was first established in 1854. Since then the redemption of the State has steadily advanced. Whatever there is of excellence in the society or government of Massachusetts is undoubtedly due to the fact that she has not relied on the ballot only to elevate her citizens or purify her politics. In New York City the foreign population all vote; and Fernando Wood and John Morrissey do not go about cudgelling, robbing, or murdering the Irish, or burning their shanties down. On the contrary, they treat them with great deference; are never weary of flattering them, giving them office, and distributing money or jobs amongst them; but they find no difficulty, nevertheless, in securing the support of the Irish, year after year, for the worst schemes and worst functionaries that ever afflicted a civilized community, and for the successful conduct of corrupt organizations from which the Irish suffer, perhaps, more than any other class in the city. The demagogues know perfectly well that it is far easier to rob and maltreat an ignorant voter by making him speeches than by putting a pistol to his head.

In short, we might go over the whole Union, county by county, and show that the ballot in the hands of an untaught population furnishes no protection whatever even against the worst enemies of the electors, those who make a trade of cheating them with flattery and falsehood. It secures voters against personal outrage, but it does not always secure them even the means of learning—schools were almost forced upon the ignorant counties of Pennsylvania—and it does not secure them against the wiles of demagogues.

Now, if we absolve the Southern leaders from all their sins and arm the blacks with the ballot, the first result will be that the persecution of the freedmen will instantly cease. So far, so good. But at the same time the Southern politicians will go to work diligently to cultivate the good-will of the negroes—to practise on their prejudices, on their ignorance, on their weaknesses of all kinds. At this game they will certainly beat all competitors. They will be on the spot, at every tavern, at every cross-road, on every plantation, bringing to bear on a population bound to them by various sorts of ties all the arts of the most adroit and accomplished canvassers. They have the leisure, the training, and the experience necessary for the work, and will do it thoroughly. Our orators will not go down to contend with them. Probably their lives would not be safe if they did. By way of counteracting their schemes, and keeping alive the fidelity of the freedmen to the Union and to liberty, we shall deliver lectures at lyceums in New England and the North-west, stirring harangues at the Cooper Institute, New York, and publish ardent editorials in the *Tribune* and *Independent*, which half a million of Northern whites will read, but never a Southern black. Does any calm and candid observer suppose that after five years of this sort of régime we should not have completely lost the new constituency we are now calling into existence, that the negroes would not be driven into the Southern net just as completely as the ignorant whites of the South and the ignorant Irish of the North have been?

We must, when the negro is enfranchised, if we mean to "Northernize" the South, keep him within the reach of our influence, of our newspapers, of our books, of our speeches and sermons. There is only one way of doing this, and that is by insisting that, when allowed to vote, he shall be taught to read, so that, when he listens to the sophistries of the local demagogues, he may be able to receive also our antidote, to enter into the public life of the North, keep the run of our ideas, learn to judge men and measures by our standard, and, in short, become in fact, and not in form only, a member of our body politic. Much may be done and is done towards educating him by the volunteer efforts of the freedmen's aid associations; ten times as much might be done if these bodies received a fair amount of public support. But we protest against any grant of a general amnesty in return for a universal suffrage which does not require, as part and parcel of the arrangement, that the Southern States shall provide their poor, of all classes and colors, with a good system of education. This ought not to be left optional. We go further, and say that we believe it to be now possible, for the first time in our history—it may be never so again—to make Federal voting dependent on ability to vote intelligently. The South would very probably fall in with it. The class which such a qualification would exclude at the North would be very small, and the disqualification would only be temporary. A short term might be allowed to the dunces to learn, and as far as the negroes are concerned, all that the immediate possession of the franchise would do for their comfort and security would be done quite as effectually by the certainty that they were to possess it at a certain fixed time in the future, say not more than two years hence. And the formal legal adoption before the world of such a basis for our institutions, the abolition of every test or distinction or discrimination, except the ability to follow intelligently the workings of public opinion, the processes by which it is shaped, ennobled, and made fruitful, would make the struggle from which we have just emerged the most complete as well as most splendid contribution to human progress ever witnessed.

We do not say that an educational test of this kind would be effectual in excluding all the ignorant or corrupt from the polls or filling Congress with sages and saints. The millennium cannot be introduced even by an amendment to the Constitution. Nor do we say that such a test could be worked without difficulty, because nothing which is intended to make the world any better or purer than it is, ever worked without great difficulty. On the question of practicability we propose to say something next week.

THE MEXICAN AFFAIR.

The precise nature of the part we are to play in Mexico after Maximilian's departure seems still uncertain. What the exact nature of General Sherman's mission is, very few know, even if those know who have sent him. But there is no good reason for supposing that Mr. Seward has made as yet any serious departure from the programme which he has followed from the first, and that he does not still persist in demanding the departure of the French troops as a condition precedent to all other settlements or arrangements. Whether he has expressly or impliedly agreed to recognize Maximilian seems to be still in doubt. That he ought not to recognize him until he has been left to his own resources, and has proved that he is able, by the aid of such support as he can draw from the Mexican population, to maintain his position, admits of no doubt whatever, and we shall probably find, when the documents are laid before Congress, that he has not done so. The departure of the French within a very brief period is now a settled matter. The debt which they went to war to recover has now to be added to costs of about five times its amount; and probably the only question over which, as far as they are concerned, there hangs much uncertainty, is as to the nature of the means to which they will resort to reimburse themselves. They are hardly entitled to any better security than they were offered before a shot was fired; and we think, as the remedy which they chose for the assertion of their claims was intended partly as an insult to us, our Government would be fairly jus-

tified in seeing that they took nothing by their motion, or, in other words, gained nothing by going to war which they would not have had without the war.

Whatever may have been the course of the Administration up to the present, there seems to be strong reason to believe that Messrs. Johnson and Seward are at present engaged in the manufacture of "a policy" for Mexico, which, if the country will let them, they will attempt to carry out with as much alacrity as they have shown in carrying out the policy they proposed last summer for the South. Now, we cannot help thinking that the public here has been scarcely well enough satisfied with their attempts to reorganize society in the Southern States to be willing to entrust them with the performance of a similar job in Mexico. Our duty with regard to Mexico was limited, in the clearest manner, both by our own declarations and international obligation, to forcing the French to withdraw. As long as we stood up for that, and only that, our position was impregnable. But the task of reorganizing Mexican society or government, deciding which is the real president or who ought to be president, or what is faction or what is party in Mexico, is one which does not belong to us and for which we are not fitted. The very arguments which we used against French interference apply with equal force to our own. It was not Juarez we were defending when we opposed the launching of French armies in his track; it was the principle which Juarez represented—the principle that every nation knows its own business best, and is entitled to manage it, whether well or ill. Nothing has occurred within the last four years to shake that confidence which we all felt before the war, that Juarez had the support of the Mexican people, and would eventually succeed in restoring order and prosperity throughout the republic. If he can regain power now, he will no doubt make good use of it. If the charge brought by the Ortega party be perfectly true, that he is holding over unlawfully, his term of office having expired, he ought to retire; but on its *truth* or *falsehood* we are not competent to pass. This is a question probably of Mexican law, certainly of Mexican policy, which it rests with the Mexican courts or Mexican people to decide. Mr. Seward probably has an opinion about it, and so has Mr. Johnson, and so has General Sheridan; but none of their opinions has the least practical value, any more than the Emperor Napoleon's opinion on the right of secession.

There is another very strong objection to our taking any part in this Mexican business beyond relieving Mexico from foreign interference, and that is, that if we attempt to do anything, we must do a great deal; and if we do a great deal, it will inevitably increase that accumulation of power and patronage in the hands of our own Executive which is at this moment the greatest danger of the country. We cannot set up Juarez or anybody else and then withdraw. We should have to lend him an army to help to consolidate his power and extend the authority of the law over a vast region desolated by four years of war and brigandage. In doing this the thousand questions of justice and policy which our President would have constantly referred to him would inevitably be made questions of American politics, and thus increase the heat and bitterness and complication of our own party contests. Great hordes of speculators and office-seekers from our own soil would descend on Mexico and endeavor, under the shadow of Mr. Johnson's wing, to exploit the country and people to their own profit; and they, in turn, would lend him a helping hand, through their party, in his troubles with the Radicals. Whatever direct patronage the affair gave him, he would unquestionably use for his benefit in the home elections. And the performance of the task would inevitably increase that taste of his for meddling and for those stretches of authority which have already excited so much alarm, and which many deem sufficiently grave to be made subjects of impeachment. We have seen it in the "policy," in the New Orleans affair, the Baltimore affair, in his abuse of the appointing power and of the pardoning power, and in a dozen other things which our space will not permit us to recall. If our own reconstruction, in the work of which he is hedged round by a powerful and watchful majority, a hostile Congress, and a vigilant and pitiless press, has had such an extraordinary effect in stimulating his love of arbitrary power, we may guess what an effect the absolute control of a great region like Mexico, far removed from the reach of American public opinion, would have on upon him.

It is hardly necessary to notice the absurdity of a people in the position of ours, with a work of reorganization in many respects more difficult than the Mexican one still to do, undertaking to settle the affairs of a foreign country, particularly when the work has to be done mainly through the hands of a gentleman who has just been pronounced by a majority of his own countrymen unfit for the duties which properly belong to him. Nor shall we comment to-day upon the danger of adding—as interference in Mexico probably would add—a vast extent of wilderness to our already enormous area. Our Government and society are now suffering greatly from the too rapid and too wide diffusion of our population. Civilization, religion, education, and manners are all injured by the inordinate increase of "frontier life" amongst us. Every interest of our society calls for more condensation of our people and less expansion of our territory.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, Nov. 2, 1866.

THE return of the court to St. Cloud, from which suburban residence their Majesties frequently drive to town, showing themselves at the operas and theatres, and of the great religious celebration of "The Day of the Dead," when all Paris goes out to the cemeteries to place fresh pots of flowers and wreaths of *immortelles* on the graves of their friends, prove, quite too conclusively for the lovers of summer, that winter is again settling down on this part of our little planet. Conspicuous among the winter amusements, which are beginning in earnest, are the crowd of new plays, in prose and verse, to which the public of the capital is flocking night after night, and in regard to which the innumerable little journals now published at one and two sous bring out a quantity of personal details about their authors and actors that keep the curiosity of the capital on the *qui vive*, and threaten to make duelling more than ever the order of the day. The frequent recurrence, of late, of the foolish quarrels of the writers in the "*petite presse*," and the rapidity with which appeals to the sword, growing out of these quarrels, now succeed one another, is becoming, on the one hand, so tragic that the authorities are beginning to interfere, and the actors in the last of these hostile meetings, principals and seconds, have been snapped up by the police and sentenced to various punishments in the shape of fines and imprisonment; while, on the other hand, many of the details which have leaked out in regard to these affairs are so absurd that it seems impossible they should not help, among a people gifted with so keen a sense of the ridiculous, to put the practice of duelling out of fashion by making its absurdity apparent. Accordingly, among the many propositions put forth in relation to the present outbreak of a bellicose humor among the scribblers of the capital, is one calling on the Government to bring forward a law thus conceived: "Art. 1. All duels shall henceforth be kept up until one of the adversaries is killed. Art. 2. The victor shall be guillotined. Art. 3. The seconds shall be sentenced to the hulks for life. Art. 4. There shall be established, in every city, town, and village, a fencing-school, in which the art of attack and defence shall be taught gratis, and in which every adult male shall be compelled to practice, with sword and pistol, for two hours daily."

The proverb which tells us that "it never rains but it pours" seems destined to receive additional confirmation in this matter of duelling; for, before this gossipping capital has done laughing over the *bizarre* proposition just recorded, it has been shocked by a mysterious occurrence which, though declared to be the result of a duel, may possibly prove to belong to another category of crime. It seems that, a couple of nights ago, a lieutenant of Zouaves, M. L——, presented himself, about three in the morning, at the police station of the eighth *arrondissement*, and begged for the aid of men and a litter to convey home a friend of his, whom he stated to have been severely wounded in a duel in the neighborhood of the station, in which duel he had acted as second to his friend. A party of policemen, provided with all needful appliances, and accompanied by the officer, proceeded at once to the spot indicated, where they found a well-dressed young man lying insensible on the pavement, at the foot of a lamp-post, with a sword-thrust in the chest. The surgeons who had been sent for by the police reached the spot almost at the same time; but could only certify that life was already extinct, and that the sword-thrust had entered the body so near the region of the heart that death must have ensued instantaneously. Lieutenant L—— having given the name and address of the dead man, a M. S——, the latter was at once conveyed home. Lieutenant L—— being questioned in relation

to this duel, refused to divulge the name of the other party or of the other second, or to give any information respecting the cause of the quarrel, contenting himself with declaring that the affair had been conducted in the most regular and honorable manner, and that he took upon himself all the responsibility of its results. The *juge de paix*, before whom he was brought, having remarked to him that the wound might possibly have been inflicted by himself, Lieutenant L—— is said to have furnished satisfactory evidence of his having taken part in the affray only as the friend of M. S——. Meantime the lieutenant is placed under arrest; and the police are busy endeavoring to ferret out the facts of an affair which has filled the capital with horror and disgust, as showing that a quarrel, probably originating at the close of an evening spent in some of the more or less innocent amusements of young men about town, may lead, in this brilliant centre of modern "civilization," to an instantaneous rencontre, in which a human life may be wantonly thrown away in the dead of the night and by the faint glimmer of a street lamp.

The favorite of the hour, Victorien Sardou, has been dividing, with the tragic event just narrated, the interest of the Parisians during the last day or two. It was mentioned in a former letter, as evidence of the fecundity of the talent of this successful dramatist, that on the night which witnessed the brilliant success of "Our Worthy Villagers" at the Gymnase another play, by the same hand, was read and accepted at the Vaudeville. So unusual a "run of luck" naturally excited (in this amiable city) a good deal of not very amiable feeling, and a couple of the petty dailies, the *Gazette des Etrangers* and the *Figaro* (the most spiteful little journal extant), having contrived to get some slight knowledge of the new play, "Maison Neuve," gave in their respective columns what purported to be an analysis thereof, with a running commentary of ill-natured criticism, which made forthwith the round of the Paris press. M. Sardou, feeling himself immensely aggrieved by this very irregular proceeding, so utterly defiant of all received rules in regard of theatrical novelties, determined to suppress the new piece altogether, refused to superintend the rehearsals of the same, and called upon the manager of the Vaudeville to give up the manuscript. The latter refused to do this, alleging the heavy pecuniary loss that such a step would entail upon him, and declaring that, as all the formalities of transfer had been completed between himself and the author, the latter had no longer any right over the play. The quarrel went on thus for some days, neither party being willing to give way; but as the delay was extremely prejudicial to the Vaudeville, the manager of the latter brought a suit against M. Sardou, demanding that the court should sentence the latter to pay him the sum of 500 francs for every day's delay in conducting the rehearsals of the piece. M. Sardou, on his side, feeling the absurdity of protracting such a dispute, called together a number of the leading dramatists, newspaper editors, and literary men, and begged them to decide what course he ought to take under the circumstances. The jury to whom the matter was thus referred, after hearing all that could be adduced on both sides of the question, gave it as their unanimous verdict that the indiscretions of the journals complained of by M. Sardou were extremely reprehensible, but could not be considered as constituting a sufficient ground for the withdrawal of the play. At the same time the suit brought by the manager being decided in that gentleman's favor, M. Sardou has deemed it best to submit with a good grace to the double verdict; and, accordingly, the rehearsals of the new piece have been resumed, M. Sardou superintending them with his usual zeal and good temper.

The new play just brought out at the Français by M. Auguste Vacquerie, son-in-law of Victor Hugo, has been a failure. Its plot is *nil*, its "situations" are uninteresting, and so tired was the audience that, long before its conclusion, "The Son" was actually hissed—a very unusual proceeding on the part of a Parisian public. The Odéon, meantime, has secured, with the new play of M. Louis Bouilhet, "The Conspiracy of Amboise," a success as brilliant as that of the Gymnase with "Nos Bons Villageois." The struggles between the party of Condé and that of the Guises, during the regency of Catherine de'Medici, form the groundwork of the drama, in which the facts of the childhood of Francis II. have been somewhat modified to suit the requirements of stage effect. The versification of the piece is terse, elegant, and sparkling; many of the declamatory passages approaching as nearly to the poetic as it is in the capacity of the essentially prosaic French tongue to do. M. Bouilhet, whose new play is his sixth successful theatrical "venture"—each of them occurring at regular intervals of two years—began life in Rouen as a preparatory teacher of boys aspiring to university honors. Erudite and literary, he taught for a living, and amused his leisure moments by writing stories and verses for his friends. One of the latter, a "chum" of the editor of one of the reviews here, having got hold of one of Bouilhet's manuscripts, offered it to the editor, who published it to please his friend. The story, called "Mélœnis," was so favorably received by the public that its author at once determined to take up the pen in good earnest, and soon achieved a reputation as a dramatist that has lifted him to honor and fortune. The Odéon having been the first to welcome his productions, M. Bouilhet has remained faithful to that theatre; and every fresh success obtained by him is the occasion of a "fraternal fête" in the Latin Quarter, where he possesses a numerous cohort of enthusiastic friends who celebrate each of his new triumphs by giving him a banquet.

An important question is just now agitating this capital. The distress among the silk weavers of Lyons growing greater every year, various projects have been proposed for ameliorating their condition. Many of the weavers wish to enroll themselves into joint stock companies, thus evading the large demands of capital upon the results of their work, and as their funds are insufficient to enable them to carry out this plan, they have sent a deputation to the Emperor, who has promised them a certain amount of pecuniary aid from the public treasury. Other ingenious spirits have proposed to institute an enormous national lottery of silk dresses, worth, say, a hundred and sixty francs each, the shares to be fixed at five francs. But the proposition most diligently canvassed by the press—unanimous as it has ever been on the subject of crinoline—is that ladies shall discard the obnoxious article, which has, by bringing thin silks into fashion instead of thick ones, had so large a share in undermining the position of the Lyons weavers. A return to the graceful simplicity of nature, urges the combined editorial press of Paris, necessitating the readoption of rich silks and satins that shall fall in full and noble folds about the female frame, and the weavers of Lyons, now thrown out of employment by the rage for the flimsy tissues which crinoline has brought into vogue, will find themselves at once restored to the happy days of full work and abundant wages. The Paris press has been thus, for the last week, having it all its own way. The Empress was said to have promised the weavers that only the thickest figured silks should be worn at court during the coming season, and letters conveying similar promises were published from less exalted sources. Suddenly somebody has written to enquire, if nothing is henceforth to be purchased but figured silks and thick satins, what is to become of the weavers of taffetas, and the army of trimming-makers in jet, guipure, passementerie, etc., now kept busy by the general adoption of thin silks lavishly ornamented? Whether the modern Moloch, whose worship is certainly abandoned by a few of the leaders of the *ton*, will or will not succumb under the rude assaults to which it is being subjected, it would be premature to attempt to decide; but it may be chronicled, as a "sign of the times" in regard to this adjunct of the feminine toilette, that the new crinolines are extremely small, merely serving to prevent the disagreeable entanglements to which unsupported drapery is so vexatiously liable. The fact, however, that no fewer than forty-two enormous cases of finery have just been sent by railway from this city for the "wear" of the imperial womankind of Russia at the great fêtes of the confirmation, betrothal, and marriage of pretty Princess Dagmar, hardly confirms the hope of any speedy return of European ladyhood to a less voluminous and costly style of habiliment.

We hear wonders of the preparations being made by the Venetians for the entry of "King Honestman." Besides the magnificent gondola which is to have the honor of bringing him in, the triumphal arches, the flags, tapestries, and flowers with which the balconies will blossom out into grand masses of color, and the illuminations which are to convert the Queen of the Adriatic into a fire-fairy, the artists of every grade are busy preparing appropriate tokens to be presented to the King. Among other marvels thus being got ready is an "address of fidelity" from Venice to his Majesty, the work of the famous Venetian calligrapher, Pros Docimo. To give some faint idea of the thousand exquisite details of ornamentation lavished on this unique piece of penmanship, it is stated that the letter S of the word "Sire" contains three microscopic views of Venice, which, when examined through a magnifier, are found to be of most scrupulous accuracy.

STELLA.

ROMAN PEARLS.

IV.

In all other parts of Italy one hears constant talk among travellers of the malaria at Rome, and having seen one case of Roman fever, I know it is a thing not to be trifled with. But in Rome itself the malaria is laughed at by the foreign residents, who, nevertheless, go out of the city in mid summer. The Romans, to the number of a hundred thousand or so, remain there the whole year round, and I am bound to say I never saw a healthier robuster-looking population. The cheeks of the French soldiers, too, whom

one meets at every turn, are red as their trousers, and they seem to flourish on the imputed unwholesomeness of the atmosphere. All at Rome are united in declaring that the fever exists at Naples, and that sometimes those who have taken it there come and die in Rome, in order to give the city a bad name; and I think this very likely.

Rome is certainly dirty, however, though there is a fountain in every square, and you are never out of the sound of falling water. The Corso and some of the principal streets do not so much impress you with their filth as with their meanness; but that part of the city where some of the most memorable relics of antiquity are to be found is unimaginably vile. The least said of the state of the archways of the Coliseum the soonest mended; and I have already spoken of the Forum. The streets near the theatre of Pompey are almost impassable, and the so-called house of Rienzi is a stable, fortified against approach by a *fossé* of excrement. A noisome smell seems to be esteemed the most appropriate offering to the memory of ancient Rome, and I am not sure that the moderns are mistaken in this. In the rascal streets in the neighborhood of the most august ruins, the people turn round to stare at the stranger as he passes them; they are all dirty, and his decency must be no less a surprise to them than the neatness of the French soldiers amid all the filth is a puzzle to him. We wandered about a long time in such places one day, looking for the Tarpeian Rock, less for Tarpeia's sake than for the sake of Miriam and Donatello and the Model. There are two Tarpeian rocks, between which the stranger takes his choice, and we must have chosen the wrong one; for it seemed scarcely possible that the Model, dashed from its brink to the brick pavement, at a very moderate depth below, should have been so hopelessly and instantly destroyed. We were somewhat disappointed—but then Niagara disappoints one, and as for Mont Blanc . . .

V.

It is worth while for every one who goes to Rome to visit the church of St. Peter's; but it is scarcely worth while for me to describe it, or for every one to go up into the bronze globe on the top of the cupola. In fact, it is a great labor; and there is nothing to be seen from the crevices in the ball which cannot be far more comfortably seen from the roof of the church below.

The companions of our ascent to the latter point were an English lady and gentleman, brother and sister, and both Catholics, as they at once told us. The lady and myself spoke for some time in the Tuscan tongue before we discovered that neither of us was Italian, after which we paid each other some handsome compliments upon fluency and perfection of accent. The gentleman was a pleasant purple porpoise from the waters of Chili, whither he had wandered from the English coasts in early youth. He had two leading ideas: one concerned the Pope, to whom he had just been presented, and whom he viewed as the best and blandest of beings; the other related to his boy, then in England, whom he called Jack Spratt, and considered the grandest and greatest of boys. With the view from the roof of the church this gentleman did not much trouble himself. He believed Jack Spratt could ride up to the roof where we stood, on his donkey. As to the great bronze globe which we were hurrying to enter, he seemed to regard it merely as a rival in rotundity, and made not the slightest motion to follow us.

I should be loath to vex the reader with any description of the scene before us and beneath us, even if I could faithfully portray it. But I recollect, with a pleasure not to be left unrecorded, the sweetness of the great fountain playing in the square before the church, and the harmony in which the city grew in every direction from it, like an emanation from its music, till the last house sank away into the pathetic solitude of the Campagna, with nothing beyond but the snow-capped mountains lighting up the remotest distance. At the same moment I experienced a rapture in reflecting that I had underpaid three hackmen during my stay in Rome, and thus contributed to avenge my race for ages of oppression.

The vastness of St. Peter's itself is best felt in looking down upon the interior from the gallery that surrounds the inside of the dome, and in comparing one's own littleness with the greatness of all the neighboring mosaics. But as to the beauty of the temple, I could not find it without or within.

VI.

In Rome one's fellow-tourists are a constant source of gratification and surprise. I thought that American travellers were by no means the most absurd among those we saw, nor even the loudest in their approval of the Eternal City. A certain order of German greenness affords, perhaps, the pleasantest pasturage for the ruminating mind. For example, at the Villa Ludovici there was, besides numerous Englishry in detached bodies, a troop of Germans, chiefly young men, frugally pursuing the Sehenswürdigkeiten in the social manner of their nation. They took their enjoyment very noisily, and wrangled together with furious amiability as they looked at Guercino's "Aurora." Then two of them parted from the rest, and went to a little summer-house in the gardens, while the others followed us to the top of the Casino. There they caught sight of their friends in the arbor, and the spectacle appeared to overwhelm them. They bowed, they took off their hats, they waved their handkerchiefs; it was not enough. One young fellow mounted on the balustrade of the roof at his neck's risk, lifted his hat on his cane and flourished it in greeting to the heart's-friends in the arbor, from whom he had parted two minutes before.

In strange contrast to the owner of this enthusiasm, so pumped and so unmistakably mixed with beer, a fat and pallid Englishwoman sat in a chair upon the roof and coldly, coldly sketched the lovely landscape. And she and the blonde young English girl beside her pronounced a little dialogue together, which I give, because I saw that they meant it for the public:

The Young Girl.—I wonder, you knoa, you don't draw-ow St. Petuh's!

The Artist.—O-ah, you knoa, I can draw-ow St. Petuh's from so mennee pouints.

I am afraid that the worst form of American greenness appears abroad in a desire to be perfectly up in critical appreciation of the arts, and to approach the great works in the spirit of the connoisseur. The ambition is not altogether a bad one. Still I could not help laughing at a friend of mine when he told me that he had not yet seen Raphael's "Transfiguration," because he wished to prepare his mind for understanding the original by first looking at all the copies he could find.

VII.

The basilica San Paolo fuori le Mura surpasses everything in splendor of marble and costly stone—porphyry, malachite, alabaster—and luxury of gilding that ever was seen. But I chiefly remember it because on the road that leads to it, through scenes as quiet and peaceful as if history had never known them, lies the Protestant graveyard in which Keats is buried. Quite by chance the driver mentioned it, pointing in the direction of the cemetery with his whip. We eagerly dismounted and repaired to the gate, where we were met by the son of the sexton, who spoke English through the beauteous line of a curved Hebrew nose. Perhaps a Christian could not be found in Rome to take charge of these heretic graves, though Christians can be got to do almost anything there for money. However, I do not think a Catholic would have kept the place in better order, or more intelligently understood our reverent curiosity. It was the new burial-ground which we had entered, and which is a little to the right of the elder cemetery. It was very beautiful and tasteful in every way; the names upon the stones were chiefly English and Scotch, with here and there an American's. But affection drew us only to the prostrate tablet inscribed with the words, "Percy Bysshe Shelley, Cor Cordium," and then we were ready to go to the grave of him for whom we all feel so deep a tenderness. The grave of John Keats is one of few in the old burying-ground, and lies almost in the shadow of the pyramid of Caius Cestius; and I could not help thinking of the wonder the Roman would have felt could he have known into what unnamable richness and beauty his Greek faith had ripened in the heart of the poor poet, where it was mixed with so much sorrow. Doubtless, in his time, a prominent citizen like Caius Cestius was a leading member of the temple in his neighborhood, and regularly attended sacrifice: 't would have been but decent; and yet I fancied that a man immersed like him in affairs might have learned with surprise the inner and more fragrant meaning of the symbols with the outside of which his life was satisfied; and I was glad to reflect that in our day such a thing is impossible.

The grave of our beloved poet is sunken to the level of the common earth, and is only marked by the quaintly-lettered, simple stone bearing the famous epitaph. While at Rome I heard talk of another and grander monument which some members of the Keats family were to place over the dust of their great kinsman. But, for one, I hope this may never be done, even though the original stone should also be left there, as was intended. Let the world still keep unchanged this shrine, to which it can repair with at once pity and tenderness and respect.

A rose-tree and some sweet-smelling bushes grew upon the grave, and the roses were in bloom. We asked leave to take one of them; but at last could only bring ourselves to gather some of the fallen petals. Our Hebrew guide was willing enough, and unconsciously set us a little example of wantonness; for while he listened to our explanation of the mystery which had puzzled him ever since he had learned English, namely, why the stone should say "*writ* on water," and not *written*, he kept plucking mechanically at one of the fragrant shrubs, pinching away the leaves, and rending the tender twig, till I, remembering the once sensitive dust from which it grew,

waited for the tortured tree to cry out to him with a voice of words and blood, "Perchè mi schianti?"

But it remained silent; and, indeed, the dead are very helpless in this world.

Fine Arts.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

III.

In the East Room, the Water-color Gallery, are four drawings by Mr. J. W. Hill, the first exhibited for several years. One of these, No. 236, is a drawing of red hollyhocks. It belongs to a class of pictures which is almost peculiar to this artist, of which he has painted many, though only a few have been exhibited. They contain a singularly successful combining of foreground detail and distant landscape. This is not one of the most admirable in the distant landscape and sky; but yet it is unfortunate that so many persons are kept from seeing these by the beauty of the near flowers. A more perfect example was seen in a picture in the spring exhibition of 1863, "Marsh-mallows," where the foreground leaves and blossoms made the charming landscape to be almost forgotten. But the mallow flowers in that and the hollyhock flowers in this are so beautiful as to excuse any exclusiveness of attention. The hollyhocks, especially, are rich and delicate in color and invested with an air of gravity and dignity which quite removes them from common flower-paintings. No. 312 is a beautiful drawing of plums; but a cut-off branch of fruit thrown upon the ground is not dignified. It is good study, but poor picture-making. Even the great and authoritative example of William Hunt proves only that a picture may be made admirable in spite of a poor subject; for a poor subject cut flowers and plucked fruit must always remain. The orchard bough is better than the dinner table, and better than the ground beneath the tree. Life with the life of the tree is better than either dessert or windfalls or careful arrangements with moss and sods. All these works, however, partake more or less of the nature of studies —studies of color and studies of effect. It is in this way that such drawings of dead game as Nos. 287 and 300 come to be made. No one mistakes them for pictures in the restricted sense of the word. They are studies of plumage. They are admirable ones. In these works, quite recently executed, Mr. Hill has shown us what he can do. It is probable that there is no man now alive, as there is certainly none in this country, who could surpass these drawings in the simplicity of means and admirable completeness of results. There is nothing to wish for—nothing that is not given in the rendering of the plumage; and all is done in transparent color, and so directly and easily that it is a wonder to see. We have spoken of these drawings in words that might apply to William Hunt's work, and with reason. While that great painter was incomparably superior as a colorist, and of a wider range both of subject and of power, it is doubtful if even he could have better expressed the character of these feathers, or have done the work more naturally and simply.

Mr. J. Henry Hill, a painter of very rare and high gifts, in some respects the first of American landscape painters, is, as usual, but imperfectly represented here. It could only be by a collocation of many of his works that his power and standing could be rightly estimated. So far as we know, he has never yet produced a single work which shows what he is and can do. This painting cannot be rightly understood but by comparison with that little drawing; and perhaps a half-score of slight pencil sketches may reveal secrets of the painter's mind which will not elsewhere be visible. It is with no desire to blame this plan or no-plan of the painter's that we say this. It is probable that just this unconscious way of doing his work is the best way possible. It will end, if rightly followed, in great and consummate pictures. Of the works here exhibited, Nos. 79, in the corridor, and 310, in the East Room, are of his earlier work, dated in the corners 1857 and 1859 respectively. The "Study from Nature" of elm trees, No. 310, has a certain truth of character of foliage for which we may look in vain in the newer drawing, No. 285, and in many more of his recent works. There are recent drawings of his, however, which show the proper and to be expected improvement. The "Sunset off Boston," No. 79, is one of those delightful sketches of effect, perfectly harmonious in line and hue, which men who are by nature painters sometimes produce. The same artist might try again and fail. It is not as strong as he could make it, especially now; something ails the land, which is too solid under the sun, is in the way and a blemish. But these things are trivial compared with the extraordinary depth and distance of the sky; with the beauty of this and the richly dyed ocean, and the loveliness of the composition, of which the wonderful boats are so important a part. The large drawing of White Mountain scenery is disfigured by the unfortunate trees on the right, which are a strange thing to see in a picture of Mr. Hill's. But the mountains are very beautiful and full of character. The foreground, though not crowded with incidents, is suitable to the picture, of which the mountains are the key-note, and very fortunate in color, and the middle distance cottage is a great help to the composition. It is a lovely picture, though not yet the perfect one we hope for. The little drawing of "Sumach," No. 16, in the corridor, is a beautiful piece of color.

Mr. A. H. Wyant, who must have been in Europe of late, and perhaps still remains there, has sent one picture which goes far to confirm the good opinion we long ago formed of his ability. This is "A View from Lonskanach, Kerry, Ireland," No. 176, North Gallery. There is hilliness and rockiness and size and distance enough in this for a panorama of Ireland. But the color is very disagreeable, at once weak and harsh, and the picture looks best in the evening. Another little picture, No. 320, in the South Gallery, seems to be of no importance.

Mr. F. E. Church exhibits only one picture of "South American Scenery," No. 325, in the South Gallery. Mr. Church's large recent pictures are far from giving that pleasure and comfort which his work ought to; and, indeed, there is no painter who more uniformly seems to refuse the triumph he might easily reach. But all his recent work is better than this. Some of Cole's worst qualities are joined with other bad things all its own, to make this picture thoroughly bad. It needs analysis the less because its demerit seems generally understood, and because it is long since the really able and powerful painter has done anything so worthless.

THE FIFTH EXHIBITION OF FRENCH, ENGLISH, AND FLEMISH PICTURES.

On Monday last was held the "private view" of this year's Gambart collection. There are not quite as many pictures in the catalogue this year as last spring, and so all, or very nearly all, can be shown at the same time. Last year some twoscore of important pictures were always waiting their turn, even when the dark little side passages were filled with victimized canvases. This year the same dark no-thoroughfares are left to the emptiness that becomes them, and yet there is room for pretty much all the collection. On Monday we missed from the walls only one important canvas, Millais's small study of the famous "Order of Release."

Among the pictures are two by that Alma-Tadema who sent, last year, the "Congregation Entering Church" and "New Year's Gifts." His pictures this time are, "A Dance in Rome—First Century," and "The Poet;" both of them attempts to realize, in form and color, the dress, furniture, and interior decorations of houses of Roman antiquity, with such human life and action as might be possible and appropriate. This artist is one of the strong men of the time; his pictures last year had great merit and revealed great powers, and there is no reason to doubt the equal excellence of the new ones. Of M. Gérome are two pictures, the original painting of "Le Roi Candaule," to explain which a printed extract from Herodotus accompanies the catalogue, and a water-color study for that picture, owned in New-York, "Jeunes Grecs à la Mosquée." A skilful and admirable painter, of whom we have spoken before this, Ferdinand Heilbuth, has a larger picture than has been seen here of his work. Baron Henri Leys is represented, unworthily, by only one small picture; but his pupils are strong, and besides M. Alma-Tadema's works there are pictures by Koller and Lagye. Pictures by Alfred Stevens, though several are owned by New Yorkers, seldom appear in our galleries; there is one of them here, which, seems a good specimen of the painter's work. While we set a high value on these exhibitions, we regret that so few English pictures are included in the collections that Mr. Gambart sends us. Here is one Millais, a small and not very characteristic one, and one picture by W. C. T. Dobson, and those are the only English pictures we have found. Not a Whistler nor a Rossetti, but for the Artists' Fund loan collection; not a Millais of any importance, not a Byrne Jones, a Holman Hunt, a Hook, nor a Wallis at all; that seems to be the way the account stands on the side of the importers of pictures, while on the other side is shown a large number of buyers ready to buy whatever they are told they ought to like.

It is said that there is also to be a Cadart or Etching Club French Exhibition at the Derby Gallery. It is to be hoped that the average standard of excellence will be higher this year than last. The cold reception last year's collection met with may have influence in that direction.

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The Week.

THE President's Message calls for no comment, and will hardly repay anybody for the trouble of reading it who is familiar with his former messages and has read any of the speeches delivered by him during his late tour. He seems to have "settled down on a conviction" which neither facts nor arguments can shake. An illustration of the mischief which a foolish or ignorant man can do when placed in a high position, may be found in the effect produced on the temper of Congress by Mr. Johnson's proceedings during the past summer. The House of Representatives, at least, seems to be so exasperated and so determined to punish him, that it actually takes pains to give its proceedings an appearance of recklessness, solely for the purpose of displaying its contempt for the President. We say "solely," because the bill depriving him of the power to amnesty rebels would be just as effective if passed after a decent amount of discussion as when passed without any discussion under the majority gag. The only thing gained by haste is to give a little more sting to an expression of contempt. The probabilities are that Mr. Johnson's influence in legislation is at an end, and that his "policy" will play no part hereafter in reconstruction. He has become, in fact, a "body hanging on the verge of the Government." That he will find the position pretty uncomfortable, it is quite safe to predict.

THE extreme dulness of the Message is a little relieved by a point of interest when Mr. Johnson comes to speak of Mexico, and succeeds in saying nothing in regard to Sherman's mission, and in saying what may mean something in regard to the Emperor Napoleon. Nobody knows any better than before why General Sherman was sent; and everybody knows just as well as before. But, doubtless, Congress will so manage that Mr. Johnson's surplusage of political shrewdness and General Sherman's lack of it will be unable, either alone or together, to make a "foreign diversion" and turn people's attention from the South. Of France the President says, after complaining that the Emperor has not moved a portion of his troops according to agreement: "It is believed after the evacuation of Mexico by the expeditionary forces, no subject for serious differences between France and the United States would remain. The expressions of the Emperor and people of France warrant hope that the traditionary friendship between the two countries might, in that case, be renewed and permanently restored"—all which, as diplomatic language goes, are not silken phrases; and if the despatch which Mr. Bigelow is said to have read to the Emperor was of the same tenor and in the same tone, there was ground for the Emperor's temper being unpleasantly affected by it, and for his wonder why Mr. Seward, knowing very well that the troops were going to be moved, should have thought fit to write in that way.

THE income of the United States, it appears by Secretary McCulloch's report, for the fiscal year ending with June 30, 1866, was $1,273,960,215 20; the expenditures in the same time $1,141,072,676 09, so that on the first day of July there was a balance on hand of $132,877,549 11. During the quarter ending September 30th, this balance was increased by $9,531,240 08. The amount of the public debt on October 31st of this year, deducting the cash then in the Treasury, was $2,551,424,121 20, which was less by $206,379,565 71 than the debt of August 31, 1865. "These statements," as the Secretary says, "are in the highest degree encouraging." The enactment of wise revenue laws, and their faithful execution, will, in the Secretary's opinion, ensure the payment of the debt by the generation that created it; though he believes that so rapid a reduction as has been going on of late is not to be expected and perhaps is not desirable. Mr. McCulloch regrets that his views in regard to the diminution of the currency, though apparently shared by Congress, were not supported by appropriate legislation; and he treats at some length some rudimentary principles of political economy, as, for instance, that when the balance of trade is against a country, that balance must be paid in money. The money balance to be paid by the United States is a large one. We exported last year merchandise of the value in gold of $415,965,459, and our imports were worth $423,975,036, the balance against us being $8,009,577. But, according to Mr. McCulloch, the systematic undervaluation of imported merchandise, and the immense deal of smuggling done, make it necessary to estimate the real balance at nearly $100,000,000. "On no other ground," he says—no other ground than the inaccuracy of custom-house estimates—"can the fact be accounted for that a very large amount of American bonds is now held in Europe"—the total value of the bonds of the United States, of the several States, and of various railroads, being $600,000,000. The present financial condition of the country, Mr. McCulloch holds, may be thus described: "Then specie is demonetized, and trade becomes uncertain in its results; then prices advance as the volume of the currency increases; then speculation becomes rife, and 'the few are enriched at the expense of the many;' then industry declines and extravagance is wanton; then, with a diminution of products, and consequently of exports, there is an increase of imports, and higher tariffs are required," etc., etc. Mr. McCulloch proposes remedies. 1st, National banks to redeem notes at the Atlantic cities; 2d, Curtailment of the currency, to be effected by withdrawal of United States notes and no increase of national bank notes; 3d, In a careful revision of the tariff, one good bill to replace all the acts now in force; 4th, An absorption of the six per cent. bonds now held in Europe, by taking them in payment for an issue of 5-20 bonds payable in England and Germany; and 5th, The rehabilitation of the South. Free trade, the Secretary thinks, is far in the future; although it is "in accord with the principles of the Government and the instincts of the people, it cannot be adopted as a policy as long as the public debt exists in anything like its present magnitude."

The whole report well repays perusal, and a majority of voters will even find it not dry reading.

The report of the Secretary of War naturally yields the first place in point of interest to that of the head of the Treasury Department. Disbanding volunteers, of whom there are left in service only 11,043 men, white and colored; collecting, storing, or selling material of war; recruiting the regular army, experimenting with arms, planning harbor and river improvements and defences, and carrying on the Freedmen's Bureau, have been the main business of the Department since May, 1865. Breech-loading arms are in process of manufacture, and the Secretary declares his belief that in the altered Springfield rifle, with its metallic cartridge, we have a better arm with better ammunition than the Prussians have in their needle-gun. In regard to the vexed question of the proportion which the number of white people fed by the Department bore and bears to the number of black people so dependent, we suppose the Secretary's word would be conclusive if he were to speak with sufficient clearness. Up to May 30, 1866, the number of black people drawing rations seems to have been the greater; on that day the number of whites on the lists of destitute persons having gradually increased, black paupers and white were equally numerous; since June 30, 1866, the two classes seem to have been growing smaller and to have been diminishing equally. The State, county, and parish authorities, the Secretary says, have, with very few exceptions, failed to take on themselves the support of the poor, and throughout the South the Government supports, through the agency of the Freedmen's Bureau, over 20,000 people. Over 150,000 are in schools.

In Postmaster-General Randall's lovers of the curious will find more food than in any other of the yearly reports. For instance, he informs us that more than eight thousand soldiers' discharges got into the dead-letter office during the year ending June 30th. The whole number of dead letters was about four and a half millions. Foreign countries sent to the United States in that year 4,543,630 letters, and we sent abroad, chiefly to Europe, 4,886,916. As was expected, now that the rebellion is at an end and the mail has to be carried South again, the cost of carrying it brings the revenues of the Department down below the expenditures, the deficit last year being $965,093, and the estimated deficit of the current year being still greater. The money-order system and the system of free delivery in large towns will no doubt be continued in force as the Secretary recommends, for he proves them to be not only pleasant to the public, but on the whole profitable to the Government.

The reports of Generals Sheridan and Sickles, sent in by General Grant, are extremely interesting, as giving us a picture, of which we cannot doubt the accuracy, of the social condition of the South. More instructive testimony as to the value of the protection which white courts extend to black men it would be impossible to have—or testimony more corroborative of the opinion we have all along expressed in these columns, that the exceptional character of the relations between the two races at the South renders of little value all rules drawn from the experience of most other countries in the work of reconstruction. The case of Jamaica seems to be the only one which throws much light on our path. We know what the history of white legislation there is. The new Governor declared, in a formal speech the other day, that the judicial organization of the island was such that justice was practically denied to all poor men, and that the recovery of wages, for instance, by legal process was practically impossible. Very soon afterwards the grand jury ignored the bill against Ramsay, the notorious provost-marshal, who took such a leading part in the hangings and floggings under Gov. Eyre, and who, in one case, actually hanged a man for writhing under the lash! Finding a bill of indictment, it must be remembered, is not finding a man guilty. It is simply saying that there is enough evidence against him to warrant a trial. The judge laid down the law on the subject with such stringency, and the facts were so clear, that the finding of the bill against Ramsay seemed inevitable. But it was nevertheless ignored, almost without deliberation, as if for the purpose of showing the contempt of the white men of the island for law and public opinion in all cases in which blacks were concerned. At the South we find that, according to General Sheridan, the trial of whites for offences against freedmen and Union men is a mere "farce." The legal form which the ferocious prejudice of the planter class takes has sometimes a touch of grim humor about it. Two soldiers were murdered in cold blood in Texas. The grand jury ignored the bills against the murderers, but indicted Major Smith, of the Seventeenth Infantry, for "burglary," for breaking into a house in an attempt to arrest them. In South Carolina, General Sickles's report shows that the recent legislative admission of the blacks to civil rights is merely words on paper. Magistrates will not issue warrants against persons guilty of the robbery or murder of the colored people and Unionists; sheriffs will not arrest them, or, if arrested by the military, let them escape from custody; and juries will not convict them. In fact, there is no security for life or limbs of persons obnoxious to the majority, except such as the scanty garrisons can afford. We, who hold that the protection of the weak and obnoxious is the first duty of government, are therefore in favor of as many, and as strong, garrisons as may be necessary to render crime and lawlessness so terrible to the ruling class at the South that they will become only too glad to provide security for everybody themselves. So far from trusting any human being to their generosity, we would keep them dependent for everything on our generosity until they had learned the first lesson of civilized life.

While Governor Worth of North Carolina was writing his message, in which he sagaciously recommends the deportation of the bulk of the laboring population of the State, a large number of his fellow-citizens, Mr. John Pool among them, who is one of the most respectable and ablest of North Carolinians, were holding an agricultural meeting in Bertie County. Bertie is one of the finest counties in the State, productive of corn and cotton, washed on three sides by navigable waters, penetrated by a river deep enough to float any craft which can navigate any North Carolina river, and the county town is within a day's journey by steamboat of the city of Norfolk. But two-thirds of all the land in Bertie is covered with a forest, and of the cleared land more than half is not under cultivation. So, while the Governor is either clumsily sneering or is seriously recommending the Legislature to take steps that would reduce still more of the State to a wilderness, the farmers of Bertie naturally enough are passing resolutions pledging themselves to treat with civility and kindness Northern farmers who will come among them and settle, and help to develop the resources of the country. It is not men like these who deliberately write or speak such folly as the Governor has been guilty of. Indeed, such men as he are, we are persuaded, so few in number that it is not necessary to wish that they might be made to try for a year or two life on the plantations, with no negroes and with their "quarters" full of Germans, say, or two factions of Irish, or Englishmen not fond of Indian corn.

Mr. Greeley's allocution, published in the *Tribune* a week ago before his departure for the West, and giving his views upon the various political topics now before the public, has evidently, to say the least, not increased his chance of the senatorship. "The Universal Amnesty, Universal Suffrage Scheme," of which he seems disposed to make himself the apostle, and, if need be, the martyr, does not find favor with the public, and this formal advocacy of it on the solemn occasion of his commencing a long journey has revived the memory of some strange plans produced by him not very long ago, both for the prosecution and for the termination of the war. In fact, the country is coming rapidly to the conclusion to which it has been for some time tending, and at which we have modestly, if not obscurely, hinted once or twice, that Mr. Greeley's extraordinary powers are those of an advocate, a conscientious one, we admit, but one whom it does not do to entrust with the selection of his own causes.

"Admiral" Semmes has at last found a haven. After a stormy career as a pirate, and a still stormier one as judge of probate and editor of a daily paper, he has become professor of "moral philosophy and belles-lettres" in some college in Louisiana. The more one hears

of this gentleman, the more one is astonished by his versatility. There appears to be no position in life for which he is not fitted. We must say, however, that in spite of his wonderful powers, we fear the quality of his "moral philosophy" and of his "belles-lettres" may not be exactly all that anxious parents would desire. The only excellence of those specimens of his written style which we have had the pleasure of examining has been an Asiatic richness, in which it would be dangerous for anybody else to imitate; but about his "moral philosophy" we know very little, and that little is not favorable. If he does not like his place, we have very little doubt another can be found for him in some other Southern institution of learning as an instructor in Biblical exegesis, or the civil law, or Sanscrit, or organic chemistry, or music, or polite letter-writing — nothing will come amiss.

A FREE-SCHOOL bill was introduced into the Tennesseean Legislature last week, and indefinitely postponed by a vote of 32 to 26. There are said to be 78,000 adult whites in the State who can neither read nor write.

THE pastor of the Church of the New Dispensation at Confederate Cross-roads we suppose to be the proper person to offer a few remarks on the recent charge of a county judge in Florida—Long is his name, and the editorials of the Richmond *Examiner* are his models: "I fear," says he, "that the time is not far distant when the American people shall [will] have cause to believe that it is far better that our country should be ruled by a despot with a glittering tiara on his head" [and his picture in all the geographies, we venture to add], "than by the authors of the Civil Rights bill, whose animosity, etc., and who have not the magnanimity, etc., etc." We doubt very much whether the "tiara" will be the form of head-dress worn by the American despot. A modification of the "soft hat" would be more appropriate and becoming. But a committee of the "knights" who figure in Southern tournaments would be the proper men to report upon it.

THE news from the European continent is unimportant. Count Bismark has gone back to his post, and all the sovereigns, especially the French, are busy considering how they can raise as large an army as Prussia. The difficulties all have to encounter are immense. The same number of men may be secured in France or Austria, but it would be by a very much greater drain on the vitality of the country. The vital force, the capacity to bear great strains, which Prussia draws from the education of her people, few governments yet understand.

THE long-promised reform demonstration in London has turned out a great success, as far as numbers and enthusiasm were concerned. The troops were confined to their barracks in preparation for a disturbance, but their services were not called for, and the procession had possession of the most crowded thoroughfares for some hours. The American flag figured amongst the ensigns and the "Wearing of the Green" amongst the tunes played by the bands—all marks of the great upheaving which our war has brought about in European society. As we anticipated, the announcement of "a great rising" in Ireland, which was made in big type by the daily papers last week, has turned out a hoax. "Ireland is" not "in arms," or likely to be. James Stephens is about as likely "to take the field before the first of January with 100,000 men," as be made a privy councillor. In the present condition of Ireland, it is as much as any Fenian can do to keep a pistol in his breeches-pocket in his own house, and it will take all James Stephens's energies and resources to keep out of one of the county jails, if he ever ventures into the country at all, which we hold to be doubtful. The writers on this side of the water who affected to believe his rhodomontade, and helped him to swindle the servant-girls, are now reading solemn homilies to the Fenians on the folly of their enterprise. A little of this sermonizing six months ago would have been of some use; at present it is thrown away, or only proves the effrontery of the preachers.

THE FREEDMEN.

GEN. HOWARD'S report shows that the number of rations issued to refugees and freedmen from June 1, 1865, to Sept. 1, 1866, was 13,412,273. The usual increase of distress with the approach of winter will be aggravated by the shortness of the crops, and the monthly issue of rations will probably, therefore, be enlarged. There are, of men, women, and children attending school in the late rebel States, about 150,000. Outrages, though by no means wholly repressed, are not so numerous as they were a year ago. The Bureau controls 275,000 acres of land and 1,100 town and city lots. For the ensuing fiscal year an appropriation of $3,386,300 is asked by the Commissioner.

—The Bureau superintendent of education in Georgia, in his report for October, reckons the number of schools at 48, teachers 63, and pupils 2,755. Thirty-four of these schools and 1,163 pupils are sustained entirely by the freedmen; the rest by the benevolence of the North. Twenty-three of the teachers are colored, for the most part very imperfectly qualified. The contributions of the freedmen during October reached $1,000. A bill has been introduced in the Georgia Legislature "to provide for education and to establish a general system of Georgia schools." The third section shows the peculiar features of "*Georgia* schools":

"SEC. 3. *Be it enacted, etc.*, That any *free white* inhabitant, being a citizen of the United States, and of this State, and residing within the limits of any county or school district, organized under this act, between the ages of six and twenty-one years, shall be entitled to instruction in the Georgia school of said county or district without charge for tuition or incidental expenses."

Nobody will deny that this is a step in advance; but the reasons for excluding the negro from its benefits would, if given, probably reveal a very imperfect conception of the theory of popular education.

—On Monday, Dec. 3, the Tennessee House of Representatives indefinitely postponed (33 to 26) a bill establishing a common school system in the State. It is said that 78,000 adult whites in Tennessee are unable to read or write; and it is evident that some of their representatives must have voted down the bill. Though the particulars have not reached us, we do not doubt that East Tennessee is responsible for this result; and the action of the people of that district has a very important bearing on the question—Shall ignorance (even when "loyal") be allowed the suffrage without restriction?

—Large numbers of freedmen at Chattanooga are making contracts to work upon the railroads of the South-west, and squads are daily departing from that point.

—It is reported that Texas is trying to encourage the dissatisfied freedmen of Georgia and South Carolina to remove to her too-sparsely settled soil. The acts of the last Legislature would hardly incite the desired immigration. That body was chiefly solicitous to make the intermarriage of blacks and whites penal, and to oppress the freedmen as much as possible by labor, trespass, and apprenticeship acts. It was composed of 113 "Conservative" and 10 Union men.

—Even the Richmond *Enquirer* is compelled to say of the chain-gang, which has been revived in that city, that it is "a relic of barbarism," and "should be done away with in every enlightened community." There are, in fact, at the South, many usages which, as they existed with slavery, were lost in the utter darkness of that system, and are only beginning to be recognized as blots on the civilization of the present day. The whipping of convicts in North Carolina, and the imprisonment of debtors in South Carolina, certainly deserve to go the way of the chain-gang.

—Gov. Worth, of North Carolina, Gov. Marvin, of Florida, and Gov. Orr, of South Carolina, in their respective messages to the several State legislatures, oppose the Constitutional Amendment. Gov. Worth wants the negroes to emigrate to the Northern States, at the expense of the Bureau. Gov. Orr, on the contrary, wants a Homestead Law passed, and the negroes retained, and would provide for the indigent. He does not regard free labor as a failure, though the grain crop is unusually short, and the cotton is very deficient. Outside the war debt, South Carolina owes $5,250,000.

—A member of Congress elect from Georgia, Hon. W. A. Woolford, has applied successfully to the Boston Tract Society for 100 Sunday-school libraries for the white and black Sunday-schools of his district.

Notes.

LITERARY.

The book list of Messrs Trübner & Co., London, announces "The Principles of Linguistic Science; or, Language and the Study of Language," by Professor Wm. D. Whitney, of Yale College. The book, which is to be published in this country by Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co., consists principally of the lectures which Professor Whitney delivered before the Lowell Institute of Boston, and, if we mistake not, before the Smithsonian Institution. The book will "discuss in a somewhat general and familiar way the fundamental facts in the life of language, those which exhibit most clearly its character and determine the method of its study." After concluding the account of linguistic change and growth, it will also glance at the main results accomplished by language, and what its origin is, its relation to thought, and its value as an element in human progress. It will also contain a cursory view of the historical development of the art of writing. A book by another American is announced by the same house: "History of the Dervishes," by J. P. Brown, interpreter to the American Legation at Constantinople. They have also in press an English edition of Hurst's "History of Rationalism;" a volume of sermons by Bishop Colenso; a new volume of essays by Frances Power Cobbe, called "Work and Play;" "The Institutes of the Laws of Ceylon," by Henry Byerley Thomson, second puisne judge of the Supreme Court of Ceylon; a popular edition of "The Chinese Classics," by Dr. James Legge, the editor of the large edition; and "China and Japan, a complete guide to the open ports of those countries, together with Peking, Yeddo, Hongkong, and Macao, with twenty-six maps and plans," edited by N. B. Dennys, late of H. B. M.'s consular service.

—Mr. A. W. Thayer, our consul at Trieste, has seen fit to publish his long expected "Life of Beethoven" first in German, and the first volume has appeared at Berlin, which brings the composer's history down to 1794, containing much curious information respecting his family and his early musical engagements. The book is a monument of devoted perseverance, for Mr. Thayer has been engaged in the necessary researches since 1845, during which time he has often had to contend with sickness and pecuniary difficulties. His labors have taken him throughout Europe, at one time keeping him three months in Paris in vain endeavors to inspect a certain official correspondence in which it was just possible the name of Beethoven might occur. The results of this work have been important, and numerous letters and manuscripts of the great composer have been unearthed. While Mr. Thayer has been publishing the life of a great German, Dr. K. Brünnemann has written a manual of American literature, "Geschichte der Nordamerikanischen Literatur," which is interesting and useful. Herr Brünnemann does not seem to have read much that we consider literature here, and Hermann Melville's works and "Elsie Venner" would alone be sufficient to vindicate American literature from the charges of deficient originality and servile adherence to European models. His observations on the "Biglow Papers" show that their style and political allusions have hindered him from perceiving their literary merit and value. He devotes much space to Bryant; but overlooks the poetry of Emerson. His judgment of Emerson's philosophy is that of a professor, unable even to conceive of philosophical research apart from the method of the German schools.

—A reviewer in the last number of the London *Reader* administers very severe treatment to Professor Agassiz for his "Geological Sketches." He is accused of "bunkum," "spread-eagleism," "depreciation of the labors of neighbors and contemporaries," and "hopeless ignorance of the state of contemporary paleontology in England and Germany." It is rather startling to see this magnate of American science treated in this way, though the violence of the abuse in several passages makes one suspect the existence of something more than a scientific *animus*. Next to theologians, scientific men have always been noted for their acquaintance with the vocabularies of abuse, and it is only recently that novelists and poets are equalling them. We read, "We shall not so far carry microscopical analysis as to enquire what may be the value of Professor Agassiz's opinion on a question affecting fossil ornithology," etc. And again, "The United States, during its infancy, may have had some excuse which led to the employment of a class of ignorant or half-educated men, such as usually form the scholastic element in countries which are only partially civilized; such an excuse exists no longer." We leave the inference to Harvard College, and commend the reviewer to the tender mercies of Professor Agassiz.

—Mr. James Martineau, widely known as a philosophical thinker and writer, was recently rejected for the professorship of intellectual philosophy and logic in University College, London, on the ground of his being a Unitarian clergyman. This college is founded on the basis of no religious test, and this very chair had been previously filled by a Presbyterian minister, Dr. Hoppus. Among the professors are a Mohammedan and a Parsee, a Catholic and dissenters of various grades, and there is no pretence of a rule requiring conformity to the Church of England. Mr. Martineau, having every necessary quality and having been passed by the proper committee, was rejected by the council to gratify hypothetical prejudices—for fear some one might say that the council had a bias in favor of Unitarianism. As a consequence, Professor De Morgan, professor of mathematics, and the most eminent man in the college, has resigned his position.

—Another professor in the same college, Mr. Seeley, professor of Latin, has been discovered to be the author of "Ecce Homo," so that the much vexed question is at last settled. Professor Seeley is a son of Mr. Seeley, the well-known Evangelical publisher, and was educated at the City of London School, under Dr. Mortimer. Having gone to Cambridge and entered at Christ's College, he took his degree in 1857, when he was senior classic, thirtieth senior optime, and first Chancellor's medallist.

—At the opening meeting of the Geographical Society at London, Sir Henry C. Rawlinson, M.P., read a very interesting and important paper "on the recent journey of Mr. W. H. Johnson from Leh, in Ladakh, to Khotan, in Chinese Tartary," While carrying out the work of the Great Trigonometrical Survey to the northern limits of Cashmere, he visited Khotan at the invitation of the Khan. The city of Khotan or Ilchi had not been visited by a European except Marco Polo, Benedict Goez, and a few Jesuit missionaries in the last century. It is important as being in the line of one of the great commercial routes between Russia, India, and China. In ancient times, Ilchi was the high place of the Buddhist religion in central Asia, and in the fourteenth century some Chinese pilgrims found 14 convents in the city, each containing 3,000 devotees. Till within a few years, the country has been in the possession of the Chinese; but owing to the shock the empire received through the war with England, all the Turkestan states revolted, and are now anxious to enter into commercial relations with the rest of the world, especially India, and desire English influence and rule. These countries are essentially Turkish and not Chinese, and the hindrances to communication are rather the pretensions of the Maharajah of Cashmere than the physical difficulties of the passes. They produce metals, coal, cereals, fine wool and cotton, which chiefly enticed the Russians into western Turkestan.

—There are sixteen papers now published in the Dutch East Indian colonies in the Dutch language, three in Malay, and one Javanese, besides six journals, organs of learned societies. Most of these papers are published in Java; the *Javasche Courant*, of Batavia, is the Government gazette, and was first started in 1810, the earliest attempt of the kind in the island. It is merely official. These papers are nearly all weeklies or semi-weeklies; none are dailies. They have no political articles, but consist chiefly of advertisements, with local and home news, and an occasional leader on local, agricultural, or commercial matters. The editor of the *Nieuwsbode*, of Sourabaya, was banished last year for an infringement of the press regulations, in not supplying the name of the writer of an article called "A Dream," pretending to give a representation of the position of Java in 1965, which was offensive to the Government; and a subsequent editor was banished for a similar reason.

The papers are all subject to a stamp tax, and no numbers are allowed to be distributed until a copy has been delivered to the head of the local government and approved by him. The three principal papers of Batavia do not average above 1,100 to 1,200 subscribers in Java and the neighboring island, and publish a mail edition for Holland. Their advertisements bring in their largest revenue; and though the subscription price is not more than $12 per annum, they manage to pay their editors (generally lawyers) $5,000 and upwards a year. Like the papers of most small countries, they are continually attacking and abusing one another; and all of them persist in placing domestic occurrences in the order that propriety suggests—marriages, births, and deaths—rather than in the English way.

—A series of papers are now in publication in the London *Reader* entitled "Studies in Modern Russian Literature." The two articles which have been so far printed are on Lomonòsof and Kantemiér, both of whom flourished during the last century, the latter a celebrated satirical poet. These papers are to form the basis of an extended work on "The History of Russian Literature." The first part, treating of the ante-Lomonòsof period, has been undertaken by W. S. Mirrielees, M.A., who also is responsible for all the metrical translations. We hope much from this work, for the papers in the *Reader*, though mere sketches, are very valuable in themselves and in their references. There exists no work—accessible at least to ordinary readers—which contains any account of modern Russian literature, and those that come down to the time of Karamzin are very dry and unreadable. There are one or two sketches in old volumes of "Blackwood" of Pushkin and Lermontof, and something can be found in various numbers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Perhaps the best short view of the whole subject is a lecture by M. Chodzko, before the College de France, published in the number of the "Revue des Cours Littéraires" for January, 1866. The literature of the present day is rich with poetry and romances, while at the same time all the popular books of England, Germany, and France are translated as fast as they are published. We saw a list of translations of more permanent books advertised in a late Russian paper: The fourth volume of Byron's works; the third volume of Goethe's works; Carlyle's "French Revolution;" Liebig's "Agriculture;" Lewes's "History of Philosophy;" Max Müller's "Science of Language;" and a pamphlet on the Banting system of preventing corpulence, by Prof. Niemeyer.

EDUCATIONAL.

One of the most significant and peculiar characteristics of the public schools of this country is the very common employment of women to be not only teachers of girls, but teachers of boys and girls in the same classes, and sometimes of boys alone. Thus, in Massachusetts last year only about one-seventh of the teachers of the State were men, six-sevenths women, and the yearly returns showed a decrease of 138 in the number of male teachers, and a still greater increase in the number of female teachers. In Connecticut, the proportion of male teachers is greater than in Massachusetts in winter and less in summer. Nearly 2,000 women teach in summer, and only a few more than 100 men. The facts are similar in other parts of the country. Foreigners find it very hard to understand how this can be a satisfactory arrangement. We well remember meeting once a veteran and distinguished teacher in Germany—Dr. Vogel, of Leipsic—who began a school conversation with emphatic expressions of surprise that the employment of women could prove acceptable to the managers of American schools, and especially in the instruction of boys. Whatever objections may be made, it is certainly at the present time a necessity to employ women, and the necessity is not without many great advantages. If Massachusetts should discharge her brigade of 6,000 female teachers, she could only supply their places with great difficulty, increased cost, and with an inferior class of men. Two noteworthy changes, in respect to the employment of women, are in progress. The first is their selection in positions which require at once high scholarship and superior administrative capacity. It is not uncommon to find ladies regarded as fit to be principals of large and important city schools; for example, the Roxbury High School, and the Shurtleff Grammar School in Chelsea, have just been committed to the superintendence of women. A more remarkable instance is the appointment of Miss Johnson to be principal of the admirable normal school for girls in Framingham, Mass. Gov. Bullock, in a public address, referred to this election "as the first official and conspicuous announcement of a policy which appears to be founded on philosophical reasoning and on the results of a large experience." This example of Massachusetts is likely to be followed by the other States just as fast as women show themselves to possess the requisite qualifications. Curiously enough, this will be done not so much because women are theoretically the best teachers, in the minds of our school committees, but because equally competent men cannot be secured at the salaries which are commonly paid. This leads us to speak of the second change. Women are paid much better wages than formerly; $1,000 per annum is not an uncommon salary for a first-class female teacher. The highest salary which we know of paid to a lady teacher is $1,500. In a list of graduates of the Oswego normal school we find the names of four paid $1,000 each, and eleven others paid $700 or more. Such pay is likely to act as a strong stimulant to young ladies to fit themselves for the highest positions. It furnishes a great contrast to the old-fashioned traditional pay of a country "school ma'am"—$2 a week and "board round." Perhaps it may be the harbinger of that state of society which has begun in Kansas, where the men are so few because of their sacrifice in war, or so busy in the occupations of a new country, that women are made school visitors and district committees. Who can tell where all this tends?

College presidents, according to college customs, have most arduous and responsible duties, with small salaries and very little relief from the annoyance of petty business. They must of course be good scholars, they must be skilful disciplinarians, they must have financial sagacity, they must frequently preach or lecture or talk in public, they must maintain a laborious correspondence; in short, they must be everything and do everything to promote the interests of their respective institutions. Hence their short terms of office commonly, and the difficulty of supplying vacant places. Several such officers have lately been chosen in the colleges of New England and New York.

Bowdoin College, of which Rev. L. Woods has long been president, has just elected Rev. S. Harris, of the Bangor Theological Seminary, to be its chief officer. Although not widely known beyond the State of Maine, Dr. Harris has there the reputation of a most excellent scholar and influential writer. The college, which has given General Howard, one of its professors, to the national service, and another, General Chamberlain, to the gubernatorial chair of Maine, is certainly entitled to good recruits, and this *reprisal* will be generally applauded. Both of the chief colleges of Vermont have been for some time in search of presidents, and both are now well supplied. The university at Burlington receives as its president Prof. Angell, long one of the corps of professors at Providence, and the college at Middlebury has called back from the West Rev. Dr. Kitchel, a clergyman of distinction, lately settled in Chicago. Hamilton College, from which Rev. Dr. Fisher has retired, to become pastor of a church in Utica, has filled his place by the election of Prof. S. G. Brown, of Dartmouth. Dr. Hickok, long acting president of Union College, goes quietly on as president since the death of Dr. Nott.

The last such election is that of the president of the Cornell University, the new institution about to be established at Ithaca, in this State, with the great national fund as the basis of its endowment and Mr. Cornell's munificence as its superstructure. Prof. Andrew D. White, now senator from the Onondaga District, and lately professor of history in the Michigan University, has been appointed to the direction of this "infant giant." Though still a young man, he is probably the very best person on whom this choice could have fallen, having had rare opportunities, which he has well improved, for understanding the educational wants of the Empire State. If he accepts, this institution will certainly be wisely begun.

Some very interesting statements were made at the recent meeting in Salem of the Western College Society, a benevolent association, which aims to assist certain meritorious institutions in the Western States.

Among other things, a paper was presented by the secretary, Dr. Theron Baldwin, showing that within the last five years $7,000,000 have been presented to American institutions of learning. We need not remind our readers that these generous gifts have been made in years of war and agitation. During the last year alone $2,000,000 have been bestowed on such objects. A paper was also presented, giving an account of the establishment of a sort of college near the site of the famous Battle of the Clouds, Lookout Mountain, Tennessee. Mr. Christopher R. Robert, a merchant of New York, who founded some years ago a Christian college in Turkey, has bought, on his own responsibility, an extensive tract of land and the hospital buildings erected by the Government, has procured a charter from the Tennessee Legislature, engaged the teachers, and set the institution in operation. Eighty scholars are now assembled in it from different parts of the South. A New England college, planted at Chattanooga, the centre of so many lines of communication, and endowed by generous benefactions from a Northern merchant, will be like a light in the wilderness. If maintained, as we have no doubt it will be, with liberality and with good judgment, its influence upon the South, in these years of reconstruction and desolation, will be most serviceable.

SWINBURNE'S POEMS AND BALLADS.*

It would be pleasanter, in speaking of Mr. Swinburne's last book, to consider the poems merely as poems, and to have a mind similar to that of Mr. Swinburne himself, which his friend, Mr. Rossetti, in an ingenious criticism, says is a "*tabula rasa* on moral and religious subjects." But as the minds of most readers have tolerably clear moral and religious impressions, to which various sentiments expressed in these poems are thoroughly antagonistic, it is necessary to consider slightly how far Mr. Swinburne, who "is radically indifferent, if not hostile, to what most people care for," is justified in volleying forth "winged words of the most audacious aim and the least unstinted virus."

It is foolish and useless either to abuse or to ignore this book, for what Mr. Swinburne has written is now a part of English literature. We all remember what diatribes on Shelley and Byron were printed in all the reviews. Yet how many now would be willing to give up those calumniated poets with all their improprieties? Let this generation be juster than the last, and be forbearing rather than harsh with one whom no one refuses to call a poet; let them banish his vagaries, if needs be, from their drawing-rooms, but not burn them at a public bonfire, or accuse the poet of unpardonable viciousness of mind or heart.

The charges on which the critical press have rung all their changes are briefly these: irreligion, immorality, and indecency. The poems are said to be irreligious, because they are blasphemous and atheistical. The last half of this accusation is admittedly correct; for Mr. Swinburne, we are told, "is convinced, or all but convinced, of the mortality of the soul." But it by no means follows that the poems of an atheist, which merely express a theory of a life which has atheism for a basis, are in any way improper, immoral, or in any other respect irreligious. Mr. Ruskin truly says that "it is a sign of the last depravity in the Church itself, when it assumes that such a belief is inconsistent with purity of character or energy of hand." In itself, the atheistic philosophy of these poems is not hurtful, for they are not arguments for the death of the soul, but mere representations of character, of which the disbelief in immortality or in divinity is a component part. Blasphemous these poems are not; for blasphemy consists not in the mere expression, but in the intent of the words. The miracle-plays of the Middle Ages, and many a mediæval poem and treatise, are not blasphemous, though they seem to us shockingly irreverent.

The so-called blasphemous poems in the present volume are thoroughly dramatic, and their form and their purpose absolve them from this blame. In "Laus Veneris" there is depicted, with wonderful force and power, the character of the Knight Tannhäuser, who, having been refused absolution by the Pope for his deathly sin, goes back to that mythic Venusberg, and there flings himself into the arms of the demon-goddess, and endeavors to palliate to himself and to God his sinful love. It is he, not Mr. Swinburne, who cries so passionately to Christ, and expresses so strongly the reaction from the sad worship of the Virgin. Sad, soul-weary devotees of a dying faith chant the doleful "Hymn to Proserpine," with its bitter wails against the growing progress of the Christian faith. So in others, mere pagans speak. Certainly the dramatic form is not an excuse for everything, but it is an excuse for unchristianity and irreligion—according to prevalent ideas of it—where those are necessary ingredients of a pagan character. Other poems, as "St. Dorothy," "A Litany," "A Christmas Carol," are thoroughly Christian in every line and equally mediæval.

The accusation of immorality and indecency is much harder for Mr. Swinburne to defend himself against. Mr. Robert Buchanan would have us admit that morality is the equivalent of sincerity. We willingly grant half his proposition, that insincere books are necessarily immoral, though we sweep off many tracts and religious novels with the same broom; but may not a work be at once immoral and sincere? There are other reasons for pardoning the *gaudrioles* of La Fontaine, of Rabelais, or of Boccaccio, than the evident simplicity and sincerity with which they were uttered. But all the sincerity of a satirist cannot draw a veil of innocence and harmlessness about Petronius, in spite of the sparkle of his Latin. Mr. Swinburne's lyrics are evidently sincere; but few would call them moral. The immorality of a book is not, however, to be judged of by its effects on any chance reader, but only by its influence on the average moral mind. To an unmoral person like Mr. Swinburne, who doubts "whether he construes aright those somewhat misty and changeable terms," these poems have no immoral look; all readers, however, with the ordinary notions of morality would call several of them disagreeable, if not harmful, and wish that they had never been written. If sexual love be in itself neither moral nor immoral, but only proper or improper according to circumstances, this book which celebrates it is not immoral. Nowhere in it, it must be admitted, is sin excused or approved; everywhere its punishment is held out. It may be called sweet, and its pleasures may be almost too lovingly shown, but its bitter end is never concealed. It is also possible for it to be moral as regards the author, but immoral as regards the reader. Its immorality, if it has any, for we do not pretend to decide the question, must be chiefly in the insidious influence that parts of it may—not at once, but by degrees—exert on the mind. And this influence will be due to the indecency of the book; for of this there can be no doubt. There are things which are not fit subjects for poetry or for painting. The refined taste of the Greeks excluded from the stage all murders and deaths; those took place behind the scenes, and were only related before the audience. A grosser modern taste has violated this canon; but there are still other situations that our society is neither so simple nor so corrupt as to endure. Such things Mr. Swinburne has exposed to view in these poems. They are not mere representations of the nude, like the Apollo Belvedere or Titian's Venus, which are allowable, being by great and pure artists; they are rather comparable to some of the pictures at Pompeii. Two or three of these poems, of which "The Leper" is an example, should be banished altogether; many others, not written *virginibus puerisque*, need the shadow of the library door; the rest are too beautiful and too unobjectionable to be covered or withdrawn.

Mr. Swinburne's fault is not like Byron's, who has wilfully misused his faculty of exquisite verse and his wonderful powers over metre to draw pictures which would sully one's eyes to behold. It is impossible to doubt his perfect sincerity. He does not mean to be indecent, but he is so without knowing it. What repels us is that, owing to some peculiar twists in his mind, his feelings and sympathies are oftener with low and degrading emotions and passions than what is noble and lofty. He has conceived of sinful love as if he had felt it; he has entered into it with his whole soul, and has expressed it with an earnestness and a passionate sensuousness, even a riotous sensuality, as though he felt it still, and were determined to make us, too, feel it. We do not mean to speak against Mr. Swinburne as a man; we fully recognize the truth of what he says in his "Notes," that these poems are eminently dramatic, and that in none does he speak *in propriâ personâ*. We only lament that he has chosen to give us the inner life of such personages as he has. Yet we are not wholly sorry, for disagreeable as the revelation is, it opens a knowledge of characters and passions that we should hardly be able to conceive were they not presented with such extraordinary power by so great a genius. The art may be perfect, but the subjects may be vile. As an artist and a poet, Mr. Swinburne is undeniably great. Yet he has written "The Leper;" just as Gérome, to whom he is in more than one way to be compared, has painted "L'Almeh."

Before leaving out of view the subjects of many of these pieces, we are struck with the power which the poet has of representing two such opposite lives as the antique and the mediæval. Mr. Swinburne's mind is, in many respects, essentially Greek, and its best exponent is "Atalanta in Calydon;" but there are things in this volume which seem to show that he could equally well picture the real—not the ideal—knight of the Crusades.

In "Laus Veneris" we have the old legend of "Tannhäuser" treated

* "Laus Veneris, and other Poems and Ballads. By Algernon Charles Swinburne." 12mo, pp. 333. New York: Carleton. 1866.
"Notes on Poems and Reviews. By A. C. Swinburne." Pp. 24.

nearly in the spirit of Wagner's wondrous music. It is an almost perfect expression of a despairing mind vainly trying to make itself believe what it would not—trying to think its misery better than the bliss it wants but cannot obtain. One stanza among the many remarkable for the beauty of their expression contains a lovely and original metaphor, in speaking of things on which one would think every variety of imagery had been exhausted:

"Ah! yet would God this flesh of mine might be
Where air might wash and long leaves cover me;
Where tides of grass break into foam of flowers,
Or where *the wind's feet shine along the sea.*"

Nor is the preceding line less beautiful. In "Itylus" we have a most musical and beautiful lyric on the wrongs of Procne and Philomela, in "Anima Anceps" and "Madonna Mia" others almost as sweet, and in "Hermaphroditus" there are lines worthy to be inscribed on the base of that lovely statue. We can read the "Hymn to Proserpine" and tell something of the feelings of the worshippers of Isis as they saw the fall of that great deity whom they had enthroned over the twelve great gods of Rome, and by whom old and mysterious Egypt had always been upheld and blessed. We can sympathize with Julian, who, wearied by the false professions of the pseudo-Christians of the imperial household, his finer feelings all outraged, bore from the groves of Athens that almost personal hatred to Christ that made him endeavor to set up on their ancient seats the displaced tenants of the Pantheon. We can exclaim with him and with these devotees of Proserpine:

"Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean; the world has grown grey from thy breath;
We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed on the fulness of death;"

and mutter with close-pressed teeth:

"Though the feet of thine high-priests tread where thy lords and our forefathers trod,
Though these that were gods are dead, and thou being dead art a god;
Though before thee the throned Cytherean be fallen, and hidden her head,
Yet thy kingdom shall pass, Galilean; thy dead shall go down to thee dead."

And is not this one of the great aims of true poetry: not so much to entice us with the sweet music of measured words as to make us live in other ages, to make us dwell in other bodies and feel with other souls? If this be so, Mr. Swinburne has won a name that will outlast many whose voices are purer but also of less powerful spell.

Love is the burden of nearly all Mr. Swinburne's songs; sad, remorseful love, as in "The Triumph of Time," a matchless poem; pure, rest-seeking love, as in "Hesperia;" or fierce, eager passion, as in "Les Noyades" or "Dolores." In "Faustine" it brings out a singular idea suggested by the representation of the face of a chance-met wanton to the noble face of the elder Faustina, the transmigration of a soul through numerous bodies, always maintaining its own wickedness and the beauty of its fleshly home.

All these poems from first to last are splendid as studies of metre. Few young poets have obtained so complete a mastery over the most difficult forms of rhythm. "Dolores," for instance, in which it is often hard to trace the thought, so sudden are the transitions and so involved some of the ideas, is one of the finest specimens of melodious verse in English poetry, though confined to a single metre. There are other poems which are equally successful; and in "Sapphics" we find a remarkable adaptation of the classic measure to modern poetry. Together with beauties of metre and rhythm, there are beauties of expression not only in the choice and application of single words, but in their connections. Word-rhymes and alliteration are used to heighten the contrast of the meaning by the similarity of the words, as in

"—— hills with light and night between your leaves,
And winds with sound and silence in your lips."

Mr. Swinburne does not disdain to use alliteration in the ordinary way, to express similarity alone, even when he gives up

"The lilies and languors of virtue
For the roses and raptures of vice."

This quality runs over into his prose, which is full of "prurient prudery" and "virulent virtue." Such excesses, as well as too frequent repetitions of words like "kiss," "sting," "burn," "salt," "lips," "eyelids," etc., are common blemishes which have disfigured all of his previously published books. Obscurity of meaning is also a common fault, and we doubt if any one can be found to understand "The King's Daughter." If Mr. Swinburne were at all amenable to criticism, which his "Notes" show is not the case, we might hope that his next poems would be greater and better not only in subject, but in minor points of style. As, however, he writes but for himself, without regard to the "animalcules and infusoria" of the reviews, we must only accept what he gives us, and extracting, like honey from noisome flowers, the beautiful parts, throw aside the rest, until the petulance of his youth is past, and he is more willing to let out the real nobleness of his nature, and be the great poet he can be, pure for men and women alike, and by both equally loved and admired.

GREELEY'S AMERICAN CONFLICT.*

Several circumstances have contributed to make Mr. Greeley's history of the rebellion a more noteworthy and, in some respects, perhaps, a more valuable performance than most of the works on the same subject recently published, or now hastening to completion. As the conductor of a leading journal, he has been more prominently before the public and is more widely known than any other writer of contemporary American history; in his familiarity with political events during the last quarter of a century he has probably no superior; on the subject of domestic slavery, respecting which he has himself helped to shape public opinion, he is specially well informed, and he has the reputation of *desiring*, as well in his statement of facts as in his discussions of public matters, to be guided by strict impartiality. Whether these are to be considered advantages or not is an open question. The advocate who has successfully conducted through the courts a cause involving important issues, developing the bitterest animosities, and encumbered with a mass of conflicting testimony, would not naturally be selected to prepare a history of the trial. It requires little argument to show that in the majority of cases the result would be unsatisfactory, however excellent might be his intentions. Mr. Greeley, if he does not occupy a position altogether anomalous, may be designated as "of counsel," and his very familiarity with certain parts of his subject and his identification with the cause of the Union will undoubtedly be held to militate against the merits of such a history as he has undertaken. An interesting and even remarkable work may be expected from him, or his thirty-odd years' experience as a journalist would otherwise have been but opportunities thrown away; but will it be in any respect more valuable than his daily contributions to the newspaper press, which reflect deep-seated opinions, and are more or less colored by party feeling or prejudice? It is to his credit that he has striven earnestly against the difficulties, if such they be, which beset him, and, though fitted neither by temperament, training, nor calling to grapple with a complex historical subject, has produced a work of decided interest, and commendable, as every page will attest, for an honest intention to tell the true story of the rise, progress, and overthrow of the rebellion.

The reader who opens the "American Conflict" in the expectation of finding a literal reflex of those views on political, military, or personal matters with which the author has so often and so publicly identified himself during the last five years will be disappointed. Mr. Greeley has been wise enough to understand that it is one thing to record and comment upon facts as they occur from day to day, generally on imperfect or untrustworthy evidence, and amidst the turmoil of a busy political life; and quite another thing to embody those facts and opinions in a grave history. The warmth of tone, the bitterness of feeling, and the passionate emphasis generally associated with political writing, find scarcely a place in the pages before us, although the individuality of the author shows itself conspicuously in almost every one of them. At the same time, no general principle and no opinion previously entertained by him is wholly renounced. He has modified, often with great candor, views mistakenly conceived and tenaciously held, and has endeavored, so far as a naturally excitable temperament would permit him, to avoid any suspicion of bias. Thus, in the case of officers like Buell or Fitz John Porter, he disavows the intention of permitting his convictions respecting their method of conducting the war to obscure their merits as capable and brave soldiers. He even credits them with a sincere desire to preserve the Union (after a peculiar fashion, to be sure), and attributes their errors in great part to the influences of the political school in which they were reared, and to the fact that they were misplaced as commanders of Union armies. He might have enlarged upon this topic, had he chosen and shown what is easily demonstrable, that politics, instead of being ignored, according to a somewhat popular notion, in the selection of responsible commanders in such a war as we have passed through, should be made an important consideration. Had this been done in the early stages of the struggle, we should doubtless have escaped the misfortunes resulting from giving high commands to men who "halted between their love of country, and their traditional devotion to slavery," and who "clung to the hope of a compromise which should preserve both slavery *and* the Union long after all reasonable ground of hope had vanished." To Generals McClellan and Porter, who come within this category, Mr. Greeley, we think, does substantial justice.

The civil history of the rebellion is more elaborately treated in the "American Conflict" than in any contemporary work of the kind. The first volume deals so fully with the causes which led to the rebellion, the political action of the seceding States, and that of Congress, the national Executive, and the loyal States, that the general narrative is only brought

* "The American Conflict: A History of the Great Rebellion in the United States of America, 1860-65. By Horace Greeley." Vol. II. Hartford: O. D. Case & Co.

down to the close of 1861. The whole work, written on this scale, should have comprised four or five large volumes. Only one other is given, however, and through this the author is obliged to go at a gallop, regardless of the due proportions of parts. A very substantial foundation has been laid, but the superstructure is so slight as to be altogether out of proportion to it. The result is inseparable from the custom, only too prevalent, of attempting to write history before history is made, and of restricting an author to so many volumes or pages, beyond which he must not go, whether his original plan be carried out or not. Under ordinary circumstances the procrustean method is not favorable to free literary action, and the reader may judge how likely an author is to produce a symmetrical work when he breaks ground nearly two years before the close of the era he proposes to describe, as Mr. Greeley has done in the present instance.

The sketch of the political events succeeding the commencement of 1862, embraced in the second volume, though by no means exhaustive, is clear and connected, and particular attention is given to the fluctuations of popular sentiment under the influence of military operations. It may be freely consulted as to leading events and measures, but further than that it does not pretend to go, and it would be unwise at present to go. The account of the legislation on the slavery question and of the gradual growth of public opinion on the subject of emancipation, forms one of the most valuable features of the work, and the author is undoubtedly correct in saying that Mr. Lincoln, though reproached with tardiness and reluctance, "was probably ahead of a majority of the people of the loyal States in definitively accepting the issue of emancipation or disunion." On another point connected with the political history of the war, his judgment seems much less sound. Commenting upon the autumn elections of 1862, which generally went against the Administration, he says that, excluding the soldiers in the army not then entitled to vote, "it is quite probable that had a popular election been held at any time during the year following the Fourth of July, 1862, on the question of continuing the war, or arresting it on the best attainable terms, a majority would have voted for peace." The success of the Administration party in New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, in the succeeding spring, seems only to have strengthened his belief that a majority of the resident voters of the loyal States were still opposed to a further prosecution of the war. This opinion seems to us not only erroneous in itself, but to reflect unjustly upon the constancy and patriotism of the American people during a gloomy period of the national history. That they were restless and dissatisfied with the meagre results which the war had then produced, and manifested their dissatisfaction at the conduct of military affairs by transferring political power temporarily to other hands, admit of no doubt; but that they intended, by their hostile vote, to protest against the war itself, we are not prepared to believe, and there is no evidence to prove it. On the contrary, the fact that the question of peace or war was not raised, as it might easily have been, at the elections to which Mr. Greeley attaches so much significance, would seem to show that the opposition distrusted their ability to succeed on that issue. They wisely preferred to assail the recently issued Emancipation Proclamation, and the military measures and civil policy of the Administration, to which our numerous reverses were attributed; and, thanks to discontent and divided counsels among their opponents, and the support of that numerous class whose votes were swayed by military successes or failures, they gained a decided victory, but a victory involving no essential principle. With all deference, therefore, to the opinions of so practised an observer of political sentiment as Mr. Greeley, we think it susceptible of proof, by direct evidence, or by fair inferences, that at no time during the war was there a majority of the people, exclusive of the army, in favor of peace.

The military narrative, though in the main correctly outlined, is of unequal value. The earlier portions, based chiefly on *ex-parte* evidence, will bear much revising, if they do not require to be entirely re-written, and it is chiefly in the later chapters, when authentic evidence began to accumulate around him, and the exasperating influences growing out of a state of actual warfare were removed, that the author was enabled to do full justice to his subject. Considerable space is given to the subject of negro troops, and that the reader may see how just is his estimate of their value, we quote his conclusions respecting the merits of this arm of the service as compared with white troops:

"In docility, in unquestioning obedience to superiors, in local knowledge, in capacity to endure fatigue, in ability to brave exposure and resist climatic or miasmatic perils, they were equal if not superior to the average of our white troops; in intelligence and tenacity they were inferior; and no wise general would have counted a corps of them equal, man for man, in a great protracted battle, to a like number of our whites. Yet there were black regiments above the average of whites in merit; and their fighting at Fort Wagner, Port Hudson, Helena, Mobile, and some other points was noticed by their commanders with well-deserved commendation. To exalt them to the disparagement of our white soldiers would be as unwise as unjust; but those whites who fought most bravely by their side will be the last to detract from the gratitude wherewith the Republic fitly honors all her sons who freely offered their lives for the salvation of their country."

Except in a brief note in the appendix, Mr. Greeley says nothing of the labors of those noble rivals in philanthropic acts, the Sanitary Commission and the Christian Commission. The important subject of the exchange of prisoners, the cause of so much acrimonious correspondence, and the horrors and barbarities of Andersonville and other rebel prisons, are treated with equal brevity, and no mention whatever is made of such occurrences as the rebel raid into St. Albans and similar outrages along the Canadian frontier, the piratical seizure of the merchant steamer Chesapeake, or the attempt to introduce pestilence into our chief cities, all of which tend to show the rebel *animus*, and deserve therefore to be considered part of the *res gestæ* of the war. So, too, with regard to the manner in which our great armies of volunteers were raised, equipped, and organized, the hospital system, the progress of the nation in material prosperity, and a dozen other subjects, which are barely alluded to or passed entirely over. Be the record of military and political events never so full, we gain, after all, but an imperfect idea of a great civil war if no notice is taken of the inner life of the people during its progress. Want of space and the demands of publishers and subscribers will, of course, account for the omission, and suggest once more the vicious system on which almost every history of the war yet published has been undertaken. Mr. Greeley is not responsible for the system, but it is to be regretted that he has lent his name and influence to its support.

THE BOOK OF PRAISE.*

Among the many recent compilations of sacred poetry, this is one of such mark that the appearance of a new and improved edition makes it worth while to discuss the work somewhat carefully.

To criticise the purely literary merits of any selection of hymns is a thankless task. It has been said that whoever would have a perfect hymn book must make one for himself, and then be content to see nobody agree with his opinion. There are so many other considerations besides that of purely literary merit that enter in: associations, fitness to be sung in church, devotional and doctrinal character. Each religious persuasion or party has, with its own set of views and habits, its own class of favorite lyrics; and he who would be no sectarian, but a true catholic, will find his judgment grow less positive with increasing knowledge. Therefore, what we have to say of Sir Roundell's book in this aspect may be said modestly.

We do not count the selection very good or very bad. One might speak more to the purpose were the standard and scope of the book more definitely stated; but the general aim is merely said to be "to present, under a convenient arrangement, a collection of such examples of a copious and interesting branch of popular literature as, after a study of the subject which for several years has occupied part of his leisure hours, have seemed to the editor most worthy of being separated from the mass to which they belong." That is, he aims to gather what he considers the best hymns in the language. As to his success in doing this there may be, as we have suggested, not two but two thousand opinions. Many of the lyrics are familiar and approved; some are new but of notable merit; others are neither known nor likely to become so. Nos. 359 and 412 are not hymns at all, but compositions of two classes distinct therefrom; the one is an ode, the other a sonnet. There are several sufficiently prosaic pieces by Kelly and Newton. Sixteen hymns are too large a representation for Lyte, when Sir John Bowring has not any; six from Isaac Williams, and none from a better translator, Casewall, make one suspect a little bigotry; for it will not do to exclude good hymns because they were written by a Roman Catholic or a Unitarian. Then, while considerable space is given to very recent productions, and the hitherto obscure names of some thirty contemporary authors are introduced, the editor has not discovered Mr. T. H. Gill, one of the most spirited and poetic of late versifiers. Further, the two most valuable hymnists of this century are unworthily represented—Dr. Neale by five pieces and Miss Winkworth by but a single specimen, and that none of her best. "The Book of Praise" does not adequately indicate our English hymnody, either of the past or of the future; but it tolerably pictures that hymnody in its present chaotic and fluctuating state, the state which endures or awaits a reformation. At least it would do this but for the predominance of an unconscious evangelicism that makes the editor's attachment to the old somewhat greater than his readiness to receive the new, and renders him incapable of fusing the two into harmonious unity.

* "The Book of Praise. From the best English Hymn Writers. Selected and arranged by Roundell Palmer." Cambridge: Sever & Francis.

It should be said, on the other hand, that in special instances the editor has shown much discernment and taste. We owe to him the resurrection of one or two old hymns and the discovery of several new ones, that are already coming into use, and will not soon pass out of it. We may instance Crashaw's fine communion hymn, revised by Austin and Dorrington, No. 292; and Crossman's sweetly simple verses on the Resurrection, 153. Mr. Downton's two New Year hymns (276 and 279), one of them the finest we have for that occasion, were most judiciously disinterred from A. T. Russell's "Psalms and Hymns," 1851. Of Thomas Davis's numerous pieces, doubtless the very best are here reprinted as Nos. 381, 382. From Mr. Toke Lynch's admirable little volume, "The Rivulet," 1855, the most striking lyric is given, No. 202. We are indebted to any one who helps to make familiar such exquisite morsels as Mrs. Alexander's masterpiece, 163. Such evidences of excellent judgment, here and there, make the reader regret that the whole book was not as well administered.

But the important point is not the merits or demerits of the selection. Many men value the book whose opinion of half its contents is low, or would be if they were found elsewhere. It is that which we never find in hymn books, and seldom in selections of poetry, which by its rarity is precious here. The editor has endeavored to give each piece in its original text, adding the author's name and the date of first publication, so that with the poems we have what is most valuable in literary integrity or historic interest. And this, it is right to say, is far less the work of Sir Roundell Palmer than of Mr. Daniel Sedgwick. The one is a lawyer of name and position; the other is a poor man of humble origin, and little or no education, who keeps a small book-shop at 81 Sun Street, Bishopsgate. But to that shop the British Attorney-General had to go, like the rest of us, when he wanted hymnologic information. Mr. Sedgwick has for thirty years made that obscure branch of literature (now, thanks to him, somewhat less obscure) a study and a business; he has collected all imaginable works and editions that pertain thereto, and almost created a store-house of information that, but for him, would have been unavailable. By his help, nearly every hymn was got at in its original shape, so that in this book, for the most part, we have the native article, untinkered.

Having said this much, we grieve to say more; but to point out blemishes in a good work is a more useful if less gracious office than to expatiate on evident merits. Why Sir Roundell Palmer could not let well alone, and, having with toil and pains found his originals, print them and be done with it, we do not see. But he takes the liberty (always indicating it, of course) to give several "variations," "centos," and such, the idea of which we conceive to be utterly opposed to that of literary integrity. For instance, instead of giving us Charles Wesley's "Judgment Hymn," and then Cennick's, too, if he liked, he offers (No. 90) a hash of the two made by Martin Madan. Now, Madan was a mere tinker and compiler; his "variation," even if it were better than the originals, is of no authority whatever. It can be found in almost any common hymn book; what we want here is the author's text, not his improver's. So 206 and 392 are "centos" by J. H. Gurney and Lady Huntingdon, from good old John Mason. But anybody who has his book can make centos from John Mason; we could make twenty, and might possibly put one or two of them in a church hymn book, but certainly not in a volume like this. Revisions, and names of revisers, are an impertinence here.

We object to another principle distinctly laid down in the preface. "The editor has not thought it necessary to give the whole of every composition." We should think it quite necessary. There is here a confusion of two distinct aims. When outside considerations are in view, devotional, doctrinal, musical, more or less tinkering is usually required. A high literary finish may sometimes be attained in the same way. But where the object is integrity of text, that object should be attained throughout at whatever cost; and the rule must be, "the whole or none." Sir Roundell disregards this rule frequently; often when there is nothing gained by it; sometimes when much is lost. In that noble fragment of Banter's (186) he not only omits the first three verses, but divides the rest, and drops from among them two half verses, one of them as essential and (spite of one rough line) as fine as any in the poem. From 335 two verses are omitted, and the whole made more sober and rational certainly; but it is not Charles Wesley's hymn. From 351, not only is the closing verse omitted, but v. 2 is made the last, so that we get the piece as we have seen it in the hymn books, but not as we want it, the rare original. We think all this is a mistake. A volume of selections from Charles Wesley is about to appear, in which the rule of absolute integrity is rigorously observed. Often a poem might have been mended by dropping an unruly verse, or smoothing an indecorous expression, but the editor durst not; the apparent gain would have been a real loss. So here.

Sir Roundell Palmer is too careless about his *dates*. Addison's hymns are partly corrected in this edition (from 1728 to 1712); but Mrs. Barbauld's are still absurdly credited to 1825, when they all appeared in 1773. It is capricious and unjustifiable to put 1743 beside Nos. 34 and 59, which merely received one or two verbal alterations in that year, and were published in 1739. So with 46, whose true date is 1740, and which was not even retouched in 1743. No one cares from what edition Sir Roundell took a hymn; we want the date of its first appearance.

Other inaccuracies might be specified. No. 8 was certainly not "varied by *Charles* Wesley," who never, so far as we know, revised even his own verses; the editing work is always ascribed to John. No. 200 ought not to be credited to Buridge without stating that he borrowed the spirit of the whole, and some lines bodily, from Charles Wesley.

There still exists in the body of this edition a number of errors and blanks as to text and authorship, the latter, however, corrected in the "List of Authors." In that readers will find the important names of Osler and Harriet Auber, with others of less moment, to be substituted for the frequent "Anon." of the text. In but one or two instances, not specified here, has the authorship been discovered. In 244 and 326 the text is inaccurate, and we might mention some sixteen instances in which a wrong date is given.

This edition differs from the former American one in containing thirty-five "additional hymns," of no great consequence, except as one likes to have an editor's last improvements, a much more full and accurate list of authors, and some corrections made in the body of the book. The most important of these are in Nos. 38 and 66, where we now have, through the courtesy of the authors, the exact text (not before accessible to the public) of two of the most exquisite among our American hymns. This, to those who know the value of correctness, is no small matter.

The way in which Messrs. Sever & Francis have done this work is worthy of all praise. This edition is absolutely better than the English one; it not only contains some improvements which have not yet been incorporated into the latter, but its type is more delicate, and all other points of *physique* equal, except the vignette, which it seems impossible to reproduce in this climate. No more beautiful books have been published in America than the "Golden Treasury Series."

Winter-Freed. A Summer Idyl. Edgar Lewis Wakeman. Author's edition. (Chicago: Adams, Blackmer & Lyon. 1866.)—This is the first poetical venture of a boy of eighteen. It was not published, he tells us, at the request of encouraging friends. In fact, he persisted in his purpose to publish against the dissuasion of those who knew him and had seen his verses. He may have done well, after all, to take nobody's word, but to push forth for himself to find how the world would rate him, and get his friends' wisdom by his own experience. His poem relates to rural life in the West:

> "Tired and full impatient of old
> Winter's too long continued cold,
> We hailed with wild and glad delight
> The spring returning to our sight."

In much the same style we are carried through the year, and the whole poem contains, perhaps, five hundred lines. We can only advise the author to try again—or not to try again.

Dana's Book of Household Poetry. (Appleton.)—The eleventh edition of this charming collection—by far the best that has ever been made, and, we might almost add with confidence, the best that ever will be made—has just appeared in fairer guise than ever as far as binding and typography are concerned. It has undergone some revision, some pieces having been dropped to make room for others. We have ourselves tested it in all sorts of ways, and have not as yet been able to detect the omission of a single shorter poem of value which we have ever lighted on and admired elsewhere, and we have over and over been surprised and delighted by the discovery in its pages of waifs and strays, of rare beauty, which have for long years led a vagabond life in newspapers. In the whole list of "Christmas books" we know of nothing more worthy of a place on anybody's table.

Bulbs: A Treatise on Hardy and Tender Bulbs and Tubers. By Edward Sprague Rand, Jr. (Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1866.)—This practical hand-book of bulb culture supplies a long-needed want, especially among amateur florists. The class of flowers to which it is devoted have been household pets as well as garden favorites since the days of the Dutch "Tulip Mania," and must continue to be so from their adaptation to the various tastes and conditions of the lovers of flowers. Equally suited to the pretentious garden and the humble corner beside the cottage door, the costly conservatory and the garret window; so beautiful in form and in color, many with so delicious a fragrance, the first harbingers of spring and the latest flowers of autumn—it is natural that their cultivation should become so general.

The work under notice gives all the necessary information in regard to their treatment and culture. The first portion is devoted to general considerations of their nature, soil, manures, and general treatment; the remaining and larger portion is devoted to more specific and detailed information relating to the various species, the character of each, and the best treatment to procure the best results. The author has been very successful in his descriptions, doing equal justice to the botany and the horticulture—much more successful than most writers of similar works. It is of value even to those without either garden or conservatory, but with whom the "bulb-glasses" are the substitute. The book is beautifully printed and tastefully embellished, as have been some of the other manuals issued by this house.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

CONGRESS AND THE PRESIDENT.

SUPPORTED by an overwhelming majority of the people, and for the most part re-elected to their seats, the majority of the Thirty-ninth Congress have returned to Washington under circumstances not unlike those under which the Long Parliament came together in 1640, and with a spirit very similar. That famous body, it will be remembered, was composed mainly of the same men who were summarily dismissed in the spring of the year by Charles the First, who attempted once more, for a few months, to govern without a Parliament. His temporary arrogance only irritated the Commons into severer measures, and he had to accept harder terms by far in November than had been offered to him in April.

So Congress, having been compelled to appeal to the people, and having been triumphantly sustained, is no longer disposed to hesitate and compromise, as it did all through last spring. So long as there was any possibility of conciliating Mr. Johnson, or any doubt as to the drift of public sentiment, Congress was anxious to avoid an open breach; and even when the breach was evidently final, Congress refused to do anything which seemed to imply a feeling of personal hostility to the President, or distrust of his intention to act within constitutional limits. This is no longer the case. Mr. Johnson has defied Congress with all the force of his vituperative powers, and has very plainly indicated his wish to find some excuse for breaking it up. Congress feels, therefore, no delicacy in dealing with him within the scope of its legitimate powers, and is evidently resolved to make him realize his defeat and future insignificance.

We hold that the events of the last few months will justify very stringent precautions against the dangerous tendencies of the President. He has shown a decided inclination to usurp power which does not belong to him, and ought to be rebuked for the past and restrained for the future. No action, short of impeachment, if decorous in form, can be too severe for this purpose; for Mr. Johnson is not a man who can be checked by mild and moderate restraints. Our views on the subject of impeachment we need not reiterate. The question is not likely to arise unless the President takes some new step in defiance of the popular will.

The bill introduced by Mr. Stevens, in relation to appointments to office, is in substance a good one. It is already ridiculed in some quarters as a mere measure for the protection of office-holders, and it is said that the country feels no interest in these squabbles for office. But the merit of the bill is that it will do more than any measure ever yet adopted in this country to diminish the number of these squabbles. The powers exercised by our presidents, and especially by Mr. Johnson, in the matter of appointments to and removals from office, are utterly inconsistent with good government and with the real intent of the Constitution. If Mr. Johnson has, as he pretends, the power to remove an officer confirmed by the Senate, to appoint a successor without consulting the Senate, and to reappoint him after it has rejected him, then the Senate has no real voice in the matter, and the form of asking its consent is a ridiculous one. The subject is one of no small importance, and we trust that the present conflict between the executive and legislative departments will lead to a settlement of these questions upon a new and sound basis.

We should much regret, however, to see the appointment of revenue officers committed to the Supreme Court, as proposed by Mr. Kelley. No doubt it would just now greatly improve the character of the appointments, but it would eventually destroy the character of the court. The price is altogether too dear for the advantage to be gained. The impolicy of the measure is indeed so apparent that we cannot believe argument upon it to be necessary.

The reconstruction of the South will clearly be taken in hand by Congress in a more uncompromising spirit than at the previous session. The rejection of the Constitutional Amendment by the entire South appears to be certain, and it is not likely that Congress will wait for any reconsideration of the subject. It is necessary that the South should be made to comprehend its position, and should no longer be allowed to suppose that it can dictate or even reject terms. Reconstruction is the duty of Congress, and not of the Southern States; nor has the former any more right to leave it to the option of the South whether the Union shall be restored, than it had in 1860 to leave it to Davis and Stephens to say whether the Union should be dissolved. The present condition of the South is not far removed from anarchy. If the governments set up by Mr. Johnson are legitimate State governments, they are entitled to representation in Congress. If they are not entitled to this, they are bald usurpations, having no more claim to recognition than the Empire of Mexico. This is a condition of affairs in which Congress has no moral right to leave any part of the Union. Whether the people immediately concerned prefer anarchy or not, the interest of the whole people of the United States forbids that anarchy should be tolerated in any State. And this, we think, will be the decision of Congress at its present session.

The situation of Mr. Johnson is certainly pitiable. Not many days will pass before he will be deprived of all his strength; and he is even now utterly without influence, even in the party which gives him a nominal support. His continuance in office may lead to positively beneficial results, in bringing about a reduction of the Executive power, which has been growing so dangerously of late years. Distrusted by all parties, there will be no determined opposition to any reasonable measure for limiting his power, and thus a benefit may be conferred upon the nation which never could have been looked for from a legislature acting in harmony with the executive department.

The President's Message is really not worth commenting on. It repeats the old arguments for the unconditional admission of Southern representatives, but plainly with a discouraged spirit. It is not bellicose toward foreign powers, for which we may be thankful. As it could not be expected to do any good, it is some relief to be able to say that it will do no harm. Like its author, it is without influence and without importance. Congress is now, practically, the entire Government of the United States. A great responsibility therefore rests upon it. We are glad that it is disposed to be thorough in its work, that it is fearless and resolute. We hope that it will cast aside all demagoguism, and act with prudence, steadiness, and wisdom, as well as with courage and firmness.

We feel bound to protest once more, however, against the practice with which the session has been opened, of stifling debate by the use of the "previous question." We repeat that a legislature which decides without discussing, and refuses to hear the minority, is guilty of as great a scandal as a judge who decides without hearing both parties. What with the custom of framing measures secretly in committee, and bringing them before the House simply for the purpose of reading them, and the custom of gagging the minority by the "previous question" on all occasions of importance, Congress is rapidly losing the character of a deliberative body. An assembly which legislates without deliberating is little better, or may become little better, than an elective camarilla. Half a dozen men may shape all its action, secretly, and the main body vote under their orders without taking the trouble to think, much less to give reasons for their opinion. The fact that the President has now been reduced to comparative insignificance, and that Congress is virtually in possession of the Government of the country, instead of exempting it from the necessity of debate and deliberation, render debate and deliberation more necessary than ever. To pass a bill taking away from him a power conferred by a previous Congress, as has just been done, without saying one word in explanation, is in the highest degree discourteous. It may be said that his conduct has deprived him of all claim to courtesy, and perhaps it has; but no misconduct of which he or any one else may be guilty can in the least degree diminish the obligation under which Congress lies to do all things decently and in order, to preserve its own character and the character of its proceedings free from reproach, and to show proper respect to the people whom it serves. No mark of that respect is more important than a rigid observance of the time-honored parliamentary practice of arguing before voting. The practice of voting without arguing is still

in its infancy, and Mr. Johnson's excesses, and the excitement of the war, blind the public, we fear, to its danger. But it cannot be checked a minute too soon. It will, if allowed to run, develop a temper amongst politicians which would soon make representative institutions a sorry farce.

THE CASE OF SENATOR PATTERSON.

Now that the Senate of the United States has come together, it can do no better thing, in our opinion, than to take up the case of Mr. Patterson, one of the senators from Tennessee, for such action as shall befit the dignity of the Senate and of the law of the land.

The facts of Mr. Patterson's case are as follows: For the better understanding of them, it should be borne in mind that on July 2, 1862, Congress passed a law which provides that "every person elected or appointed to any office of honor or profit under the Government of the United States . . . . shall, before entering upon the duties of the office, ... take and subscribe the following oath." This oath is what is sometimes called the iron-clad oath. It need not be detailed here. The only clause of it which concerns this case is the following: "That I have neither sought nor accepted nor attempted to exercise the functions of any office whatever under any authority or pretended authority in hostility to the United States." This remains the law of the land, unrepealed and unaltered.

Now, as our readers will recollect, when Tennessee, just at the heel of the last session, adopted the Constitutional Amendment, the House of Representatives at once admitted the members from that State. In the Senate, the credentials presented by Mr. Patterson were, on motion, referred to the Judiciary Committee, it being understood that the facts of his case were as the report of the committee afterwards showed them to be. On the 27th of July the report of the committee was presented. It showed that in May, 1854, Mr. Patterson was elected judge of one of the circuits in Eastern Tennessee. His term of office had not expired when the State seceded. In May, 1862, an election was held for a judge to take the same place, and he was re-elected, his opponent being a thorough rebel. Harris, who was then the secession governor of Tennessee, sent him his commission, with a peremptory order that he should accept the office and take the oath of office. The Union men about him advised and urged him to take the place, because by doing so he would be able, to some extent, to protect Union men in that region, and he went before a magistrate and took the oath of office, swearing that he would support the constitution of Tennessee and the constitution of the Confederate States, but he declared at the time that he owed no allegiance to the Confederate States, and did not consider that part of the oath binding on him at all. He did, however, exercise the functions of the office, though not to any great extent.

The report of the committee also bore full testimony to the true Unionism of Mr. Patterson and to the good motives which led him to accept the office, and it closed by recommending the passage of a resolution "That Hon. David T. Patterson is duly qualified and entitled to hold a seat in the Senate of the United States as senator from Tennessee."

This report was at once attacked by several senators, prominent among whom was Senator Trumbull. While they gave full credit to Mr. Patterson's Unionism, yet they urged that there was no doubt of the fact that he had executed the functions of this office under the authority of the seceded State of Tennessee and the Confederate States, and they could not, therefore, vote that he was duly qualified to sit in the Senate, in the face of the law of 1862, which provided that no one should sit there without swearing that he had done no such thing. They expressed themselves, however, in favor of a special exemption of Mr. Patterson from the requirements of that law, and, accordingly, as a substitute for the resolution reported by the committee, a joint resolution was proposed that Mr. Patterson "be admitted to his seat upon taking the usual oath to support the Constitution of the United States, and upon taking so much of the oath prescribed by the act of July 2, 1862, as is not included in the following words," setting out the clause of the oath which we have quoted above.

No objection could be taken to the manner of this proposed action. It proposed to repeal the act of July 2, 1862, so far as Mr. Patterson was concerned. The joint resolution, accordingly, went to the House, for a law can only be repealed by the action of both Houses. When it came up in the House, it gave rise at once to an animated debate, in which the members from Tennessee took a prominent part. They were divided in their views. Mr. Maynard urged the passage of the resolution, but Mr. Stokes referred to a previous declaration of his, that he "would freeze to his seat before he would vote to repeal the test oath," and repeated it with emphasis. Those who opposed the resolution urged very strongly the impolicy of repealing that oath in the very first instance in which it was found to be an obstacle to getting into Congress, saying that one such exemption made every other one almost inevitable. The House accepted their view of the question, and laid the joint resolution on the table by the decisive vote of 88 to 31. This action left the law as it was before.

The Senate, on the 28th, took up Mr. Patterson's case again. A resolution was introduced "That Hon. David T. Patterson, on taking the oath required by the Constitution and the laws, be admitted to his seat as senator from Tennessee," and after some debate it passed by the vote of 21 to 11; and, thereupon, Mr. Patterson took the oath, including the clause which we quoted at first, and took his seat.

The Senate adjourned next day, so that there was then no opportunity to take any action in the matter at all. Would it be proper for them to take any now?

It was always seen that there were two ways in which the test oath might be done away with, even while the act establishing it remained upon the statute book. The first way was that Congress might be induced to make such special exceptions to it as would practically destroy its efficacy. It was the feeling that this might occur, and the determination not to allow it, that led the House to refuse to repeal the law in Mr. Patterson's case, as the Senate was ready to do. The House felt that if it yielded on the first application to make an exception to the general prohibitions of the act, it would be almost impossible to avoid making many more. This one case would be like opening one hole in a dam, very small of itself, but quite sure to sweep away the whole structure.

The other way in which the test oath can be nullified is in overriding it by perjury. The men who were guilty of perjury when they went into the rebellion would not hesitate to be guilty of it again, if only by so doing they could gain an undisturbed admission into the seats of national power. Only let it be understood that a man who is willing to take the oath is to have his seat without further question, and the most violent and unscrupulous rebels are just the ones who would gain entrance into Congress from the Southern States. If there were no question of dignity about it, the plainest principle of self-preservation would seem to require that the taking of that oath *falsely* should not have the same effect as taking it with truth. And surely the dignity of Congress, if there be such a thing, will not allow a man who has committed perjury in order to obtain his seat to be received on terms of equality with the other members. If there is anything which would justify expulsion, that would surely justify it.

Now, Mr. Patterson has sworn to that which was false in order to obtain his seat. He has sworn that he has never "accepted or attempted to exercise the functions of any office whatever under any authority or pretended authority in hostility to the United States," knowing that he has accepted and exercised the functions of judge under the authority of the secession government of Tennessee and of the Confederacy. These are the facts, and no sophistry can wipe them out or do away with them. Every man who can read the oath must say at once that Mr. Patterson, when he took it, swore to what he knew to be false.

Moreover, the Senate in the action which it took declared to him in advance that that was the way in which his taking the oath must be understood. The joint resolution making the exception in his case was urged and passed on that very ground, that Mr. Patterson could not truly take the oath, and the passage of that resolution binds every man who voted for it as a declaration that Mr. Patterson's taking it would be perjury; for if he could take the oath, what necessity was there for the exception in his favor? The question, therefore, comes home to the Senate for consideration, "Is a man who has taken a false oath for the purpose of securing his seat in the Senate a fit occupant of

it? Is a perjurer to be allowed to remain a senator of the United States?" To this there can be, as it seems to us, but one answer.

We know very well all the arguments that were urged to excuse Mr. Patterson for accepting the judgeship. They do not change the fact that he did accept it. They make his oath none the less a false one. They were strong arguments in favor of making the special repeal of the law in his favor, but they are no justification for his open violation of it.

It is a great pity that the first case of the kind should have come up as this one has. If the man who took the false oath had been one of the violent rebels, there would no doubt have been great alacrity in casting him out, and the precedent once established, would have been more easily followed up. But it is none the less important that the precedent should be established, and it will be a good thing for the country if every leader in the rebellion shall be compelled, by the action of the Senate, to say to himself: "If the Senate expelled a Union man from East Tennessee because he took the test oath falsely, there is no use in my presenting myself to enter Congress, for, however willing I might be to take the oath, I am thoroughly persuaded that, with my antecedents, I should be expelled from my seat if I took that oath to get it."

The Senate should place itself in this position, or it should repeal the law of July, 1862, for such a law should not remain upon the statute book merely to be despised and trodden under foot.

AMREETA WINE.

SHE rose up from the golden feast,
And her voice rang like the sea:
"Sir Knight, put down thy glass and come
To the battlement with me!

"That was a charmèd wine thou drankst,
Signed white from heaven, signed black from hell;
Alas! alas! for the bitter thing
The sign hath forced thy lips to tell!"

"Ho here! ho there! Lift up and bear
My choice wine out," she said;
"That which hath brand of a clasping hand,
And the seal blood-red.

"Ho here! ho there! To the castle stair
Bear all that branded wine;
And dash it far, where the breakers are
Whitest, by the brine!

"Let no man dare to shrink or spare,
Or one red drop to spill;
Of the endless pain of that wine's hot stain
Let the salt sea bear its fill!

"O woe of mine! O woe of thine!
O woe of endless thirst!
O woe for the Amreeta wine,
By fate and thee accurst!"

The Knight spake words of sore dismay,
But her face was white like stone;
She saw him mount and ride away,
And made no moan!

The wind blew east, the wind blew west,
The airs from sepulchres;
No royal heart in all of them
So dead as hers!

NOVEMBER 5.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, Nov. 16, 1866.

THE matter which still appears to occupy the ordinary British mind above all others is ritualism. Every newspaper is full of defences or denunciations, principally the latter; for, outside the clergy, the supporters are far from numerous. I would not trouble you with any further remarks upon this subject, upon which I dwelt sufficiently in my last letter, except to mention the last rather curious illustration of the tendencies of Young England. Baliol College, Oxford, has for many years been the most distinguished of the Oxford colleges for the intellectual character of the students. It has carried off a share of university honors quite disproportionate to its size. Amongst its leading men, Professor Jowett has long occupied a prominent place and exercised a great influence upon the undergraduates. This makes it the more singular that Baliol has lately become the focus of the ritualist movement at Oxford. The pranks which the young gentlemen have been playing have been proportional to their zeal and youth. They collected a number of costly vestments, so valuable, indeed, that, as I am told, the collection was ensured for £4,000. Not content with this, they got themselves up in gorgeous semi-clerical costumes to perambulate the streets. They celebrated matins or complines or some other service in one of the students' rooms with all possible solemnity; and as one kind of excitement generally leads to others, they have taken to unusually high gambling, which, I may remark in passing, is *not* a common vice amongst English students, whatever novelists may say to the contrary. However, it is now said that at Baliol they have high mass and "unlimited loo" on alternate evenings. It was attempted to get up similar practices in other colleges. At Brazenose, where a collection of vestments had been formed, the other students broke into the room, and, after parading the dresses about the courtyard, made a grand bonfire of the whole concern. The mass, in fact, of the students look upon all such demonstrations with irrepressible contempt. Meanwhile the movement has brought forth its natural fruit in sending four or five converts to the Roman Catholic Church. All this fancy for dress and music in the place of religion is rather humiliating; it shows far less genuine vigor than the more famous Tractarian movement of thirty years ago. The *Saturday Review* combines with a general tendency to Sadduceeism in most matters a certain sneaking kindness for the High Church, which it probably owes to Mr. Beresford Hope, one of the chief proprietors. But even the *Saturday Review* has found this kind of thing too much for its taste, and has denounced it accordingly. Of course, the statements it makes have been flatly contradicted; but I have good reason to believe that they are substantially true.

Whilst the poor old Church suffers from this malady in some of her limbs, she has found it equally impossible to get rid of that thorn in her side, Dr. Colenso. A decision was given the other day in his favor by Lord Romilly. The points upon which the decision turned did not, however, involve the question as to his orthodoxy, but merely as to the legal position of the Church of England in the colonies. The Bishop of Cape Town assumed to exercise jurisdiction over Dr. Colenso, as Bishop of Natal; and it was decided by the Privy Council that this was beyond his powers. It was then argued that this decision really established that Dr. Colenso was merely a bishop by name, and that, consequently, the trustees of a certain fund were not bound to pay him his salary. Lord Romilly, however, has decided that he is a genuine bishop, and must be paid. The Church of England in the colonies is in the same position as any other sect, in so far as it is in no way connected with the state; but its bishops have the legal power to ordain (whatever that amounts to), and when persons have voluntarily contracted to become members of the Church the contract may be enforced by the ordinary courts of law. All this is tiresome and technical enough; and the real question whether a bishop of the Church of England may disbelieve in the Flood, and disagree with Moses, and consider the Old Testament to be a collection of very unauthentic documents, has not yet been decided. I fancy myself that the bishop will not long find his position tenable. He has just started a new crotchet, which seems to imply that, having upset the Old Testament, he is beginning upon the New. He finds out, and, as I understand it, by a kind of arithmetical process, that we ought not to pray to the second person of the Trinity. He says that only a certain number of such prayers are to be found in the Bible, and that the percentage is too small to establish the right. I should have thought one was enough; but I am possibly misrepresenting him. At any rate, I doubt whether he will long retain his position in the Church.

It seems something like trifling to pay so much attention to these questions whilst others of far more practical importance are beginning to press upon us; but the British public has a wonderful taste for theological disputes. Still it is becoming evident that our attention will be called in a very different direction, or, I should rather say, in many very different directions, next session. Thus, for example, we cannot look at the processes now going on upon the Continent without feeling rather uneasy. The extension of Prussia means the extension of a system under which every adult is forced to be a soldier, and, in fact, the rise of a great military despotism. The French Emperor is not going to be outnumbered, and will spend next year in reorganizing his army; he says that it will evidently not do to have such a trifle as 600,000 men under arms. He must have something more worthy

of a great country. Meanwhile, we have great difficulty in keeping up our army of some 200,000, which has to encircle the globe with an unbroken strain of the military airs of England. (Pray forgive any inaccuracy in the reference.) It is difficult to get the required number of recruits. Ireland, which used to be the great recruiting ground, has become impoverished by the decided tendency of the population to transport themselves across the ocean. Moreover, neither the pay nor the treatment of the soldier has been improved in proportion to the general rise in wages of the laboring population. A commission, which has been sitting upon the subject, is about to report. Some of its recommendations have oozed out, and are apparently sensible so far as they go; but then they can do scarcely more than touch the outside of the subject. They tend chiefly towards improving the material condition of the soldier, giving him a pension upon easier terms, relieving him from certain burdens in the way of paying for his outfit, diminishing the quantity of drill required after a few years' service, and encouraging the soldier to practise useful trades instead. There is no doubt, from various revelations that have been lately made, that the private soldier has many grievances which ought to be removed. I had a conversation the other day with a very intelligent officer who had risen from the ranks, and was well acquainted with the state of feeling in the army. The substantial evils he mentioned are, that the soldier is harassed with a senseless amount of drill, having to go through the same monotonous course after he has been many years in the service; in fact, the whole effort has been, till lately, to reduce him to a mere machine, and to make him go through his movements with the perfection of an automaton, with as little intelligence as possible. When he leaves the service, he knows that he will be generally looked upon with disfavor; moreover, an intelligent man becomes discontented, because our present system tends to fill the ranks from the very lowest strata of society, and when there to encourage no amusements besides gross dissipation. It is no wonder that when men leave the army they sometimes find themselves regarded as a link between respectable persons and ticket-of-leave men. It is true, however, that considerable efforts have been made for the improvement of the soldier's position of late years, and with considerable success. The real difficulty is that an English officer seldom takes to the army as a settled profession. He is probably the idle son of a rich family, who buys a commission principally to get a sort of standing in society; throws it up, perhaps, in a few years, when he is tired of it, and never puts on his red coat when he is not obliged by the army regulations. He looks upon his position as one which gives him an excuse for hunting, or shooting, or indulging in society of various kinds to his heart's content, without being absolutely idle. Whilst the officers are composed to a great extent (though, of course, far from exclusively composed) of such men, it is very difficult to introduce any thorough reform. There is a general reluctance to work, and a tendency to leave the real management of military affairs to Providence. The consequence is that the position of the private soldier has never been such as to tempt any but the lowest classes. If the ranks are not filled, we must be content to look on quietly at the performances of such powers as France and Prussia without venturing to interfere, and be only thankful if they do not attempt to pay us a visit across the Channel. Under these circumstances the *Times* has lately given great prominence to certain letters proposing that a few corps of Sikh cavalry should be brought to England. It is said that they would consider it a great honor; that they are fully capable of bearing our climate, and that as light irregular cavalry they have scarcely any equals in the world. From the large type in which these letters are printed, I must suppose that the *Times* thinks there is really something in the proposal, and that Government have been seriously considering the matter. The *Times* has lately blundered so helplessly about domestic as well as about foreign affairs, that its opinions have less weight than formerly. Still it is possible that it may have some grounds for its supposition. That a few Sikhs might be brought over as a curiosity, and to give them a high notion of English power, I can easily understand; but that they should be brought over in any numbers is simply absurd. We were not very fond of the foreign legion in the Crimean war, and, indeed, had succeeded in forgetting its existence by the time that foreigners were enlisting in the United States armies. We then resolutely declared that we never could think of such a thing; at all events I am very clear that, much as we disliked filling up our army with recruits from Germany, we could never stand being held in awe by black "natives" from India. Their presence would produce such an explosion of wrath as no government could stand; whilst if we went to war, the habits of these black gentlemen would probably bring us into such discredit as is not pleasant to contemplate. As the *Daily News* observes, the right plan would be to bring these men into such discipline that we could spare the presence of a few white troops in India, and not to practise a dodge something like that of the Irishman who lengthened his blanket by cutting off the bottom and sewing it on to the top. The fact is, that if we are to be capable of raising armies, at a moment's notice, sufficient to grapple with the gigantic armies of foreign despotisms, we must go in for some much more extensive measure. No mere tinkering and patching would be of the slightest use. It would doubtless be possible, by improving the existing organizations of our militia and volunteers, to obtain a force which, for defensive purposes at least, would be amply sufficient. We should require, however, to introduce some form of conscription, and for that we are perhaps hardly prepared.

There has been a great deal of talk, in connection with the same subject, as to the performances of our iron-clad fleet, which has just been out for a cruise. The everlasting controversies which are always raging as to guns and armor-plates, and the ships to carry them, are, I frankly confess, altogether beyond my comprehension. Every one is always denouncing the plans of every one else with almost theological acrimony. An armor-plate sets up for being invulnerable; then a gun knocks a hole through it; then a dispute arises who invented the gun; then there is a further question as to whether a ship could carry the gun, or whether it could carry the armor-plates, and if so, what form of ship or gun or armor-plate is best; whilst every combatant is giving the lie to his neighbor, a new experiment is tried which upsets the former one, and the whole dispute has to be gone into again. The cruise of the iron-clads raised the dust of so many controversies as to the merit of ships and guns and armor-plate and machinery, that I, having no professional knowledge, can merely look on and hope that in time some sort of result will emerge. Half the newspapers say that the fleet is a great success, and is, at any rate, better than that of any or all other European powers. The other half say that it is a gigantic monument of money thrown away. I suppose the truth to lie between the two. I suspect that other iron-clad fleets on this side the water, at any rate, are no better than ours, if so good, but that we have still a number of blunders to remedy. We have at present only two or three of the cupola-ships or monitors, which, as I believe, most qualified men admit to be the plan which must ultimately succeed; two of them are those rams which Mr. Laird was building for the Confederate Government, and which were seized by ours in the autumn of 1863.

Two of our great national festivals have occurred since I wrote to you last—the fifth of November, when we celebrate the fact that Guy Fawkes did not blow up the Houses of Parliament; and the ninth of November, which is both Lord Mayor's day in London and the birthday of the Prince of Wales. Both of these festivities have become somewhat obsolete, and it is curious to see the shabby and draggled condition of the pageants to which they give occasion. Certainly a foreigner who judged our capacity for public ceremonials by these displays would form a very low estimate of our powers. A few Guy Fawkes were carried round by dirty boys, begging us to remember the fifth of November, and imploring "a stick or a stake, for Victoria's sake," which is a poetical way of demanding halfpence; and at Oxford and Cambridge some half-dozen undergraduates commemorated the same grand constitutional crisis by having personal encounters with as many roughs. The list of casualties, so far as I have seen it, consists of a bloody nose administered to a youthful marquis at Cambridge. The Lord Mayor's procession on the ninth is, of all processions (except that of Guy Fawkes), the most ludicrous. Traffic is stopped in the main London streets for half a day, and the pickpockets reap a rich harvest; the Lord Mayor and various city officials drive solemnly in heavy chariots from the Mansion House to Westminster Hall and back, accompanied by two or three bands and a squadron of the Horse Guards; the Lord Mayor has no honor in his own country, though he is generally believed in France to be next in honor to the Queen. This year, his name being Gabriel, he took great care to explain that he was not a Jew; but I don't know that any one would have cared if he had been. As for the enthusiastic loyalty which greeted the Prince's birthday, I may say that at least fifty shops in London had an illuminated P. W. over their windows in the evening. Some of them went so far as to add a star. Truly, public celebrations thrive badly here. L. S.

THE GLUT IN THE FICTION MARKET.

It is told of Carlyle that once when he was thoroughly fatigued in body and mind by the labor of producing one of his works, and had then been almost thrown into despair because of the sudden and total destruction of his manuscript before a word of it had gone to the press, he shut himself up alone in his room and deliberately read through the complete works of Captain Marryatt. This singular proceeding certainly appears to have in it something of that quality of mind which earned for the sage of Chelsea from some of the irreverent the title of "The Incoherent Thomas." He

was able, though, to give a sound reason for his seemingly absurd and inconsequent behavior. He wanted, he said, to induce in his mind a perfect vacuity of thought, and could hit upon no other expedient better adapted to his purpose. Why he should have chosen Captain Marryatt in preference to a hundred or two others it is not easy to see. We may plausibly account for it by supposing that one day in the times when he plied the birch at Ecclefechan school he had occasion to confiscate certain dirty-looking paper-covered books then undergoing a surreptitious reading, and himself cast a philosophic eye over their contents and marvelled what manner of man this captain in the royal navy could be. We believe he found his experimental course of Phantom Ships and Snarleyyow the Dog-Fiend and Smallbones and Lieut. Vanslyperken and Midshipman Easy and the ward-room life on board H.M.S. Calliope all that he expected, and since reads no more novels.

From late information we infer that the British public in general are getting to be of his mind. News comes from the other side of the water that Mudie's and the other great circulating libraries no longer order each new novel by the hundred or the thousand, as has been their practice hitherto. If at first this seems almost incredible, a longer consideration makes it appear extremely probable, and, indeed, almost necessarily true. It is true enough that now for a long time of novels from the British press—not of single volumes but of separate works, and not inclusive of reprints but of new books, and not inclusive of translations but exclusively of books of home production—the issues have been on an average about two a week. Suppose this "vicious fecundity" to have lasted for thirty-six years, since 1830, in which year the crop of fictions gathered into the British Museum was one hundred and one works, then in the eighteen hundred and seventy-two weeks since that time there have been printed in Great Britain and Ireland about three thousand seven hundred and forty-four novels, and to this mass of fictitious literature we must add before the reckoning is complete an enormous, an almost incalculable, heap of short stories and tales and sketches for magazines. If, now, it should seem not possible that a people demonstrably so infatuated with novel-reading, for which this vast quantity of novel-writing is done, should ever learn to do without it and dislike it, we must remember that the vast quantity itself which they have already devoured is the best of reasons why their stomachs should at last begin "to loathe this light food."

For how old a story the modern novel has latterly got to be! And, of course, there are plenty of reasons why this should be so. "Mankind," according to that Jacobin whom Emerson once met,—"mankind is a d——d fool." At any rate, it is never very probable, we may say, that the thought which the mass of novelists will be able to offer their readers will be anything particularly new or good. And as to imagination, of what value to anybody would be the imaginations of a fool of the kind above specified? So the great majority of our fellow-creatures, it should seem, are disqualified for the production of novels, we do not say enduring, but endurable. And, in point of fact, the creators of characters in each generation of writers may usually be counted on the fingers. Even of creators of character, by no means every one after he has conceived and formed his characters is able to so manage their inter-relations, so contrive their action on each other, and join consequence to adequate cause, as to make his creations seem like rational animals. At any given period, then, the conditions being so severe, there may possibly be living in the world a single consummate artist in this species of writing. Writing in any one language there may perhaps be one or two great novelists and three or four clever ones, and the scores upon scores of others will constitute the herd, and supply us with our Cudjo's Caves or our Miss Gilbert's Careers—that is, with novels without novelty, with simulacra of characters for characters, and guiltless of thought, or guilty of false thinking and false sentiment.

How aged most of the incidents are. It was sixteen or seventeen hundred years ago, when Lucius of Corinth, being on his way to Hypata, in Thessaly, fell in with Aristomenes, the commercial traveller, who beguiled the time by relating his adventures at a certain inn. For years past, and for years to come, many a Mr. Baggs has told, and will tell, his similar tales to the readers of English periodicals. And if there are any more lives of noted highwaymen remaining to be written, we suppose the *Clipper* will show us once again the robbers' cave precisely as Apuleius describes it for us, and as we have since had it in the history of Sixteen-String Jack and Turpin, and Paul Clifford and Gil Blas, and, not to name a myriad others, the Knight of La Mancha. It was fifteen or sixteen centuries ago that Theagenes, happening to go into the temple at Delphos, found there the beautiful Chariclea, and became at once enamored; and what man will undertake to compute the great cloud of heroines—Italians, Spaniards, and French and English, and dwellers in the isles of the sea—who have captivated the heroes under the same circumstances. We make no doubt that the lives of a pair of lineal descendants of Heliodorus's harassed lovers will be put on record in the January number of "Harper's." Something like this it may be:

"Yes, it was settled that the church should be trimmed for Christmas, and we young people were glad—the rest, because of the merry meetings when the evergreen was gathered; and I, because my artistic nature craved better food than the bleak, bare walls, and the pine-backed seats of our meeting-house. Ah! how I longed in those days for glorious Italy and divine Florence, and the crowned Niobe of nations tiaraed with the dome of Angelo! And though Aunt Eunice and the deacon thought it "right down popery," yet I think they were not ill-pleased when the stately Mrs. Havisham, our pale, aristocratic neighbor, who had recently bought the great house, and filled it with such statuary as my eyes hungered to see, drove up in her pony carriage, and insisted that 'Miss Carrie [Chariclea] must at once come up to the church.'" We shall read how Chariclea pleaded that the hospital patients needed her services, and the sewing for the soldiers was unfinished; but how Mrs. Havisham still insisted and urged that "your deft white hands and your artist sense are absolutely needed," and told her how that smallest sketch—"the weird, wild sky, the pallid green ocean, the shallop, with its one figure, driven upon the close-reefed shore"—had wonderfully impressed the great artist, Merle Danforth, who had emphatically declared that Miss De Lorme's talents were God-given, and should be cultivated, and how, at last, though her dress was rather scant for the bitter weather, and she knew she should meet Keene Vandyke and Isopel Kavanaugh, and Dr. Effingham and Hal Lenoir, she decided to go, and "went accordin'"; and how Tracy Havisham (Theagenes) arriving to visit his sister, gazed intently at her with clairvoyant eyes of mystic power; how, finally, despite Isopel Kavanaugh, and forged letters, and suppressed letters, and a wild purchase of railroad ticket and a dream-like ride to a city where Merle Danforth might be found, and despite a fever and a declaration of love from Merle, she grew in the art-sense, painted more weird pictures, and, at last, married Tracy Havisham.

The future writer in "Harper's," as well as the past writers in that magazine, who are indebted to the early romancers, sin in a great company; like mathematicians, as you may say, they "go with numbers to do evil." For, in regard to this particular novel of the Bishop of Tricca's, those learned in these things count among his imitators, or among those who have stolen from him, Achilles Tatius, and half a dozen other Greek story-tellers—Gomberville, Scuderi, Guarini, D'Urfé, Tasso, Richardson, Hardy, Dorat—and of these each in turn has his imitators.

And as we come down the ages and reach the times when novels divide themselves into various particular classes, the case is no better, but worse. The characters are old acquaintances, the combinations have either all been made before, or are not worth making, or both, and the book gets itself read by virtue of some small thing which differences it from its brethren and sisters, or because its brethren and sisters have gone to undeplored forgetfulness. Why should a veteran customer of Mudie's read any more of the ordinary novels? He discerns the end from the beginning, and he is familiar with all the stages by the way, in all the novels—the novel of English life and manners; of Scotch or Irish life and manners; of American life and manners; the military or naval novel; the ecclesiastical novel; the muscular Christianity novel; the novel that dissects the hero and reveals his melancholy heart and moody mind, and puts them together again, and marries him at last, and so solves the problem of the universe; the novel of crime; the detective novel, and all the rest. What a weariness it must, by this time, have become to the veteran to think of going down, by still another express train, to one more country house, where he shall see the same dowagers, the same wit, the same captains in the East India Company or the Queen's service; the same big woman and the same small one, and assist at the regular lunching and cricket and croquet and love-making; and, by-and-by, the man of business comes down, and there is a contested election and the return of Lionel, or there is an elopement and the flight of Lady Agnes. And then to think of returning to town and meeting the old set at the clubs, in both Houses of Parliament, at the ride in the Park where he meets her, at the evening party where he and she dance, in the dining-room whence the old lord retires to his blue-books, in the richly-furnished bachelor's apartments where the young baronet discovers, the day after the Derby, that he is ruined, and where he meditates matrimony, or whence he sets out for Calais and a Spa. Why should not he know who has patronized Mudie for ten years whose arm is to be broken in the first volume, and whom the sufferer is to marry; whether or not there is to be an elopement; who is the real murderer; where the missing will is hid; what has become of the lost son; whether or not young Gully, full of pluck, will be able, by smok

ing a short black pipe and reading hard and swimming on the coast of Devonshire, to convince himself that he has a soul to be saved, that Christianity is the thing to save it, and that Queen Elizabeth had auburn and not red hair; and whether Mopeington Crevecœur, who is conscious of his inside, will or will not achieve true nobility of character and a practical if not critical knowledge of the New Testament by giving up lying and lyrical poetry and light food, and taking to service in the Crimean war and a beard and more pluck?

The patron of Mudie's knows, as well as if he had made them himself, the noble but too free-handed and somewhat embarrassed Irish gentleman who has one lovely daughter; the other Irish gentleman, not so noble but equally free-handed and even more embarrassed, who has five or six strapping daughters and a fighting son in the army, and dogs galore, who lives to hunt and drink, and whose tenantry resist judicial process; the young lady who lets the poet love her but wants the duke, whereby cultivation and gain through sorrow accrue to the poet; the young gentleman, Mordaunt, a favorite of women of the world and respected by men, who is the soul of honor, has nursed his genius in solitude, goes to college, where he forms a friendship with Trevylyan the future statesman, and learns to quote Plotinus and Tully, and distinguish between the Ideal with a big I and ideal without one. He is familiar, perhaps to the point of contempt and past it, with the young gentleman who takes a double-first and distinguishes himself at the bar; with the rector who leans towards cross-bearers and incense; with the whist-playing rector, whose wife the butcher hates; with the bluff young man with the cynical mouth and kindly eyes, who has the air of putting his young friends in his waistcoat-pocket and talking gruffly to them, but who, under the influence of tobacco, appears to be a man with a hidden grief which he fights with and grandly buttons into a Petersham coat; with the yellow-headed murderess and the purple-browed magnificent leopardess of a bigamist, and the grey-faced female poisoner in whose thin cheek no blush arises when she is tried in court; with the Alpine tourist and the young lady who sighs all up the Rhine, but in Florence, in the picture gallery, sees Edward watching her; with the absentee landlord and the billiard-sharper, the banker and the reviewer, the Jew money-lender and the bailiff, the policeman and the governess, and the solitary horseman, and the faker with his "nix my dolly, pals," the young man who has a place, and the good-natured young man who shoots and is never in the way, and thousands more too numerous and too well known to mention. Unless he has Carlyle's excuse, the aged novel-reader may as well stop his subscription. And there is no good reason why the American reader should persevere longer than his British cousin. He has already read the Scarlet Letter and The House of Seven Gables, and the Blithesdale Romance, and half a dozen of Cooper's, and two of Mrs. Stowe's—and if he has not read also some of Miss Prescott's and Hot Corn and Queechy and several others he is very lucky—and he may as well stop. Somebody may perhaps by-and-by invent something which will be an improvement on our realistic school of writing fiction and our doctrinal dead-in-earnest and dead novel, and then the regiments of people who have to have a model, having a new one, may be less tiresome than at present, and Mudie's Fiction Department may reach again its old importance. Meantime we have among us still the woman who wrote Romola, and the man who, if he did write Our Mutual Friend, wrote David Copperfield, and was father and sponsor of Mr. Richard Swiveller, and of Mr. Samuel Weller and his Prooshian Blue of a parent Mr. Tony Weller; and we may be thankful, too, for the writer of Christie Johnstone and The Cloister and the Hearth, and for the author of that work of a good heart, John Halifax, Gentleman.

Fine Arts.

MARSHALL'S PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN.

THE papers are full of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields's advertisements of the engraved portrait, by Mr. W. E. Marshall, of the late President Lincoln. The testimonies to its value as a likeness of the man are unusually well worth reading. Thus, Mr. Herndon, his partner in business for many years, whose portrait in words of his great associate was so curious and interesting, writes to the engraver in praise of the portrait, and, after hazarding a definition of art, which leads him to the extraordinary conclusion that this engraved head "is a work of the highest art," goes on with what is more to the purpose. "The organs and features of the face are true to nature. The artist has caught Mr. Lincoln in kindness, tenderness, and reflection combined, and, in my humble judgment, this is the best portrait of Mr. Lincoln I have seen. . . . Those who never had the pleasure of seeing the original may rest assured that the expression of organ and feature and mood of the man are well caught, expressed, and preserved." Testimonials from several men who knew him well—as from Mr. Hamlin, Senators Sumner and Trumbull, Secretary Stanton, Justice Chase, and Speaker Colfax—nearly agree in terms, and unite in asserting the engraved likeness to be very accurate in features and in expression, and true to the calmer moods of a man whose face was mobile and a mirror of his thoughts. Mr. Whittier's most interesting little note declares it a likeness of "the speaker at Gettysburg and the writer of the second inaugural," whose bodily presence the writer of this commendation scarcely knew.

Throughout Mr. Lincoln's public life the photographers, we thought, were extraordinarily remiss in that no better picture of him appeared. Photography, of course, is but a poor and limited means of portraying a man's face; but it has its own peculiar powers. The picture of Mr. Lincoln with a large book on his lap and his son by his side showed what might have been done; other small pictures, especially profiles, had value. The care and pains spent in producing a worthless large "imperial" or touched with india-ink picture would have given the world something worth preserving. Photographs will not last for ever, it is true; but if better photographs had been made, some engraver, either at home or abroad, might have reproduced one of them in a less perishable form. Many portraits have been painted, especially since Mr. Lincoln's death. So far as we know them, it has been fortunate that none have been reproduced by engraving except that by Mr. Marshall, the engraver, who has first painted the picture now on exhibition at Mr. Schaus's gallery, and then engraved it in line. There have not been many instances among Americans of this twofold skill in art.

The painting has even more merit than that which the engraving undoubtedly has, as an expressional work. "The informing spirit of the man within," as Mr. Whittier says in his note, is in both, but more forcibly and unmistakably in the painting. The painting is a half-length, the figure is about life-size and standing erect, there are no accessories except a scrap of green curtain, there is nothing very refined in the execution, and the color is even disagreeable; nothing is there but a nearly successful attempt to render the expression of an expressive face. In the engraving the execution is perhaps better, in its way, than the execution of the painting. Though it cannot for a moment be compared to the best modern work, as, for instance, with the work of François Forster, or Lecomte, or the magnificent rendering of Delaroche's "Hemicycle" by Henriquel Dupont, it is yet not unskilful nor without strength, and we are glad that there is one artist in America who can engrave so large a head so well. But whatever shortcomings there are in the mechanical execution of the plate tell directly against the value of the engraved likeness, by injuring the expressiveness of the face, and giving to the whole picture a certain coarseness which it is very hard not to see. The slightly misshapen lip of the painting is exaggerated and the nose much changed in shape in the engraving, and both changes are for the worse in regard to both beauty and truth. An "artist's proof" impression of this at twenty dollars is the best portrait of Mr. Lincoln one can get; and, being so, we wish it were still better than it is.

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The Week.

CONGRESS has been mainly occupied during the week with the provision of restraints for Mr. Johnson, or what the canon lawyers would call "the lawful correction of his manners and excesses." The plan which seems to meet with most favor is contained in the bill reported by Mr. Edmunds for the regulation of appointments to the civil service. The proposed amendment making the President ineligible for re-election we have discussed elsewhere. The bill establishing impartial suffrage in the District of Columbia made some progress, but not much. Some attempts were made to include women in its operation, but they failed. The debate was chiefly remarkable for the stand made by Senator Wilson against an educational qualification. He declared that poor and ignorant men needed the protection of the ballot as well as the rich and educated, which is quite true; but the trouble is, the ballot does not completely protect poor or ignorant men. If Senator Wilson will visit this city the Citizens' Association will be happy, we dare say, to show him some 50,000 poor men and ignorant men whose franchise is made an instrument for their own robbery and degradation. Short a time as has elapsed since the agitation for universal suffrage began, it has, like most other agitations, produced a cant of its own, by the aid of which words are made to do duty both as facts and arguments.

CONGRESS has ordered two investigating committees—one which the press of New Orleans profess to welcome as being about to afford the citizens their first opportunity to speak before an impartial tribunal in relation to the massacre there, and one which will investigate all the circumstances connected with an affair that appears to have been very disgraceful in all its aspects. We refer to the murder of some Union soldiers, set to guard cotton, by three or four citizens of Anderson District—"some of my most respectable constituents," as J. L. Orr is reported to have remarked while they lay in jail. They were arrested by military order, tried in a military court, and sentenced to death. But their friends made great efforts to save them, and to that end sued out a writ of *habeas corpus*. General Sickles telegraphed to Washington for instructions, and is understood to have received them. It was at the time when Mr. Johnson would not say yes and would not say no to the question whether military law was paramount in the Southern States. At all events the prisoners were secretly taken in the night out of Charleston harbor and surreptitiously removed by the United States from within the jurisdiction of the South Carolina judge. This removal is a part of the affair that we hope to see set in a strong light. The murderers were afterwards released, having been pardoned, and pardoned, it is said, through the purchased intervention of a member of the Government. Charges of this sort have been made, and no doubt will be thoroughly examined. We hope the New Orleans Committee, while it is down there, will summon Raphael Semmes before it, and publicly reprimand and admonish that "salesman of the sea" on the sad impropriety of his conduct in writing and delivering a lecture on the equipment of the *Alabama* and the international law bearing upon it. It is excusable in him to forget that he is a professor of moral philosophy; but the committee ought to bring it to his mind that he is a paroled prisoner of the United States.

THE two best known Massachusetts representatives appear to be both threatened with trouble in reference to their seats in the Fortieth Congress. A committee of five citizens of General Banks's district seem to have made a trip to Portland for the purpose of procuring affidavits from hotel-waiters and other inhabitants of that city in reference to alleged indiscretions on the part of the general during his visit. Hereupon they address a note to their representative reminding him of a promise solemnly made by him in Malden, to the effect that if the accusations against him were proved to be true, he would resign. Which, as Mrs. Gamp says, perhaps he may do it. Meantime, while we have nothing to say against the doing of painful duties, the Roman virtue of patriotism, and so forth, we can assure the prominent citizens of the Sixth District who went to Portland that they might perhaps just as well, all things considered, have let the matter rest. The public mind was pretty well made up before as to what happened at Portland, and it is pushing a man a little too hard to insist now on a full confession which, to have been good for the soul, as the phrase goes, ought to have been made long ago. As for General Butler, his Democratic opponent has been formally protesting to the governor against the general's getting a certificate of election, on the ground that he was not a resident of the Fifth District. The State Attorney-General replies that it is not proper to go behind the record, which states that Benj. F. Butler, of Gloucester, has a majority of all the votes cast in that district. The expectation seems to be that Mr. Northend will contest the seat, and get the opinion of Congress upon the question whether or not the State law requiring residence in the district is overridden by the constitutional provision which requires residence in the State, but is silent upon the other question. But Mr. Northend ought not to be made bear the necessary expense alone. It is likely that a final determination of the abstract question, and this is desirable, would not enure to Mr. Northend's practical benefit; though if his mind is troubled as to whether he or Gen. Butler is the representative, he will doubtless get it set at rest.

THE New York *World* strenuously maintained throughout the war that the national debt could not and would not ever be paid, and showed on several occasions that, inasmuch as it was nearly as large as the British debt, and as the interest was double, and this was the poorer country of the two, our case was hopeless. It is now horrified at the thought of this generation paying it all off as Mr. McCulloch has suggested; and asks indignantly, like Sir Boyle Roche, what posterity has

ever done for us that we should assume its burdens. It has been extremely difficult to please the Democrats about this matter. They are angry if we do not pay the debt at all, angry if we pay it soon, angry if we put off the payment a long while; and yet it must either be paid or not paid, or if paid, must be paid some time.

SENATOR WILLIAMS's bill to regulate the term of office, which was referred to the Retrenchment committee, has reappeared in the Senate and will probably pass. So far as it goes it is good, for it takes away a portion of his overgrown power from the Executive and gives it to the Senate; but it badly needs to be supplemented by an addition which shall take away from both some part of a power which, for the last forty years at any rate, neither has been famous for using well. The Judiciary Committee, however, is likely to do this before many months, and fix by law the qualifications for office, the rule of promotion, and what shall constitute ground for dismissal. Meantime this bill stops decapitation. When it becomes law the President alone may remove—of officers whose appointment is by advice and consent of the Senate—only the members of his cabinet. He may suspend all other officers and appoint substitutes, but within twenty days after the opening of the next session of Congress he must lay before the Senate his reason for his action, and unless the Senate then concurs, the temporary substitutes must vacate their place and they revert to the former occupants. Offices vacated by reason of death or resignation may also be filled by the President's appointment, but before the end of the next session of Congress the Senate's consent must be had. Of course it may be doubted whether, without some further legislation, the character of our office-holders is going to be at all improved; but certainly no future President on bad terms with a future Senate will ever be of so much importance as Mr. Johnson was awhile ago.

THE number of female employees in the Treasury Department has become so great, and many of them are so inefficient, that the question of making a clean sweep of them is undergoing serious discussion at Washington. A great many, probably the majority, owe their appointments not to their merits or capacity, but to the solicitation of friends, and a great many more to the mere fact that they are women, and dependent on their own exertions for support. In so far as women have anything done for them in the Government service which would not be done for men, or are kept in places which men would fill better, it is simply an abuse, which would assume monstrous proportions whenever women were admitted to the ballot. If women are to be "emancipated" (and we think they ought to be), they must take the burdens as well as the privileges of active free life. If marriage is to cease to be their vocation any more than men's, they must compete on exactly equal terms with men in all employments and occupations; and the time has come for this rule to be faithfully remembered and rigidly enforced. The state of things, we may add, in the Treasury Department, if there be any foundation for prevailing rumors, has not been of a kind to encourage an extension of the system of employing women in large numbers in public offices.

ADMIRAL SEMMES is about to lecture on his own exploits, and upon the "international law" bearing on them, at Galveston, Texas. We have indulged in some pleasantry about this personage, but he is really becoming too serious to joke about. We submit, in all gravity, for the consideration of Congress, whether there be not some truth in the suggestion of a writer in the New York *Times* a few days ago, that the spectacle of Semmes parading the country unwhipped of justice, and teaching "moral" and political philosophy to the youth of the South, is not an unpleasant and damaging commentary upon the diplomatic attitude we have assumed in London. If the *Alabama* was a pirate ship, and the British Government be liable for all damage done by her, Semmes was a buccaneer, and deserves legal punishment. If, as Mr. Johnson has been pleased to hold, he is exempt from punishment by reason of the parole which he gave, and which ought never to have been accepted, then we ask that he receive the treatment of a paroled prisoner, and be at least condemned to silence until our claims on Great Britain are settled. We may add that there can be no question that the impunity accorded to worthies like this admiral increases every day the difficulties in the way of settling the South. What Southerner can believe in the earnestness or determination of a government which permits unpardoned traitors to parade the country, justifying their exploits on high moral grounds? Semmes is clearly an irrepressible dunderhead of the Cornell Jewett and George Francis Train order, who has lost his reckoning and is wandering about in utter ignorance of all his bearings, both moral, social, and political, and it would be a kindness to him to relegate him to his home and the cultivation of some harmless vegetable.

GOVERNOR PATTON, of Alabama, an elderly gentleman, not, we believe of any profession, but an honorable and successful business man, is the first of the Southern governors to see the political folly of his people in refusing to ratify the constitutional amendment, and has had the sense and courage to fall out of line, and even to be inconsistent with himself, for, repudiating his message on the opening of the session, he has sent a special message to the Legislature recommending that Alabama should adopt the amendment lest a worse thing befall her. This the Legislature has refused to do, though it is possible they might if they knew how ardently the people they hate here in the North are hoping that they will not. North Carolina has rejected the amendment, and the Raleigh *Sentinel*, Governor Worth's organ, the organ of the late secessionists, gravely explains its opposition by stating that it objects on principle—from habit, too, it might have said, if it were not for some recent difficulties—to any measures which look to the injury of the old Government.

THE precise number, never before ascertained though not infrequently spoken about, of enlightened statesmen, absolutely necessary legislators, men of character, ability, and influence, in the Southern States, has been ascertained. Some very industrious, or very idle, person has gone into a computation of the number of people incapacitated for office-holding by the Constitutional Amendment, and finds it to be 29,745, this total being made up of 1 rebel President, 7 rebel cabinet officers, 132 rebel congressmen, 140 rebel governors with their military families, 5,000 justices of the peace, and all the State and United States judiciary, the postmasters, county clerks, attorneys, officers who deserted from the regular army and navy, sheriffs, custom-house officers, and all members of all the disabled classes. Unfortunately the thirty thousand, more or less, do possess most of the intelligence extant in the South, and it is, at any rate, from among them, almost, you may say, by them, that the State legislatures are elected—members of which are asked to vote their own disfranchisement. Unfortunately for them, the request is made by a power which can demand and enforce almost anything—a truism which the Southern mind seems to have not yet assimilated.

THE diplomatic correspondence about the departure of the French troops from Mexico has been published, and simply shows that the Emperor agreed to call his troops home by instalments, beginning in November, but has not done so, and says he will keep them all there till spring, whereat Mr. Seward is naturally angry, and insists somewhat tartly; but there is no question that he has furnished an excuse for this breach of faith in his own failure to abstain from active interference till the French had withdrawn. The Sherman-Campbell mission is in itself a kind of moral kick to the departing army to which the French Government cannot submit if it would; and as the result of all the negotiation, Mr. Bigelow has been assured that France will quit Mexico because it suits her to do so, and will choose the time of her going to fit her own convenience, which is very disagreeable talk to hear. The letter of instructions to Mr. Campbell is less violent than we had expected, but is in every way very vague; and if Mr. Campbell gets much guidance out of it he must be a very remarkable man. The *Tribune* has got out of the fog in which it seemed to be struggling on this subject last week, and has been discussing the correspondence with great skill and perspicacity, and with all the force of moderation.

The story of Surratt's arrest has been told at great length in the correspondence published in the newspapers. Mr. Boutwell's insinuation that the Government knew where he was, but purposely avoided arresting him, proves to be baseless. Nothing seems to have been left undone to bring the man to justice from the moment that his traces were discovered. The most remarkable features of the story of the capture are, perhaps, the illustration it affords of the intensity of the light which the railroad and telegraph throw over all civilized countries, and the extent to which persons of means and position seem to have been implicated, if not in Surratt's crime, at least in protecting him against its consequences. He seems to be a hardened scoundrel, and his offence ought to have made every civilized man his enemy; and yet he was sheltered by a Catholic priest in Canada (this, however, may be accounted for on innocent grounds), and seems to have found friends everywhere to supply him with money and assist him in making his escape. Whether we shall ever get a glimpse of the background of the plot is more than doubtful; but there is now no question that it was not the work simply of a few obscure vagabonds at Washington, but that Southern sympathizers of wealth and education, both here and in England, were cognizant of it, and admitted the claims of the conspirators upon them for advice and aid. This, taken in connection with the desperate defence made for Governor Eyre by the upper classes in England, is one of the most curious and significant signs of the times.

Every influence, social and political, that can be brought to bear upon the matter is used in England to defeat the efforts of the Jamaica Committee to bring Governor Eyre to trial. Their counsel, Mr. Coleridge, the ablest criminal lawyer at the bar, and a strong opponent of Eyre, has been carried off from them by the other side, under a ruling of the Attorney-General, who, as head of the bar, settles all questions of etiquette, that the retainer of a voluntary unincorporated association is not binding—a decision which would apply equally to a hundred benevolent and philanthropic societies. A barrister has actually written a book to prove Eyre's legal innocence, his position being that, on the outbreak of a riot even, in any part of the country, the authorities may declare martial law in all other parts, and hang or shoot anybody they please with or without trial or evidence. The *Daily News* very sensibly remarks that if this be the law, it is so very alarming that it would be well to get it laid down by a judge. Strong hopes are entertained by Eyre's friends that the Grand Jury will ignore the bill; but a formidable enemy has appeared on the field in the person of Lieutenant Brand, who presided at the court-martials by which nearly two hundred people were hanged. He has written two letters to Mr. Buxton, which are models of ward-room chaff and scurrility, and exhibit the young gentleman's character and temper in so shocking a light that the Admiralty has in very shame ordered him home for trial.

The question of how to get men for the army is still agitating England, to the exclusion of everything else except the Eyre trial. The report of the commission appointed to enquire into the matter is admitted to be ridiculous; but the "upper classes" cannot bear to have the real difficulty touched—the aristocratic constitution of the army—the separation of the officers and men not by official rank only, but by caste. The chances seem to be that the present system will last till broken down by some tremendous national peril.

The French army is gradually leaving Rome, and the probable fate of the Pope is probably producing more discussion on the Continent than any other question of modern times; for it engages the attention of the women as nothing else would. The French bishops are attacking modern society as the cause of all the trouble—which is a truth, but a very barren one, as modern society can neither be got rid of nor changed. Ricasoli and Mazzini are, in the meantime, contending for the allegiance of the Romans, who will probably listen to the former, and keep quiet. The Pope is praying and waiting, but there is no telling the moment when he may run away, which both the French and Italians are interested in preventing. Where he would go, nobody can even guess, but he would have his path strewed with heavy Latin curses. One French bishop suggests a crusade; but the Catholic powers are all either indifferent or under a cloud, and the "age of faith" is past.

THE FREEDMEN.

A recent decision of Judge Spence, of the Maryland Circuit Court, has an important bearing on all those cases of negro apprenticeship by which a sort of slavery has been re-established in that State. The judge found, in the case of an apprentice claimed as such by Mr. George E. Austin, that the Orphans' Court, which is one of limited jurisdiction, had neglected to observe the following requirements of the law—that information, either oral or written, must be lodged with the court before any action can be taken by it; that the child and parents must be summoned; that examination must be had; that it must appear that the parents had not the means to support their child, or, if they had, were unwilling to support it; that the wishes of the parents were to be consulted as to the master, or of the child if they expressed no preference. It is notorious, apart from the deficiency of the court records in these particulars, that the wishes of neither parents nor children were regarded, but that the court lent itself with indecent alacrity to the service of men who were as truly kidnappers as those who used to disturb the peace of the North in the palmy days of slavery; and it is urged, with good reason, that no time should be lost in rescuing all those who were bound by the same invalid indentures by the aid of the *habeas corpus* and of Justice Spence.

—Gen. Lewis, Bureau Commissioner, has returned from a tour to East Tennessee, where he found the freedmen generally prosperous and on amicable terms with their employers. The colored schools are on the increase, and the ambition to learn is everywhere strongly manifested. The Commissioner is called west to investigate some fresh assaults upon the colored people in Obion and Henry Counties, especially at Union City. An effort is making to frighten them away from that region. There exists a great deal of suffering and destitution at Chattanooga.

—The disbanding of several colored regiments in the vicinity of Norfolk, Va., has swelled considerably the deposits in the Freedmen's Savings and Trust Company. Those of the Seventh U. S. C. T. amounted to $33,000, and of the Thirty-sixth to $30,000.

—The Baptist State Convention of Texas has taken steps to raise $100,000 for the endowment of a colored normal school at Independence, Washington County, about eighty miles east of Austin. Rev. J. F. Hillyer, a former slaveholder, has arrived here, with a letter of recommendation from Gen. Kiddoo, and will canvass for funds. The value of normal schools at the North has been much discussed, but their utility in the case of the freedmen is not questionable. It is certain that a large part of the teachers of the South will ultimately be colored, and it is equally certain—so pressing is the need for their services—that they will be trained strictly with a view to the practice of their vocation, and not to their general education as members of society.

—Joseph E. Davis, brother of Jefferson, having received from the President his old possessions on the Mississippi, has just let the "Hurricane" and "Briarfield" plantations in Warren County to B. T. Montgomery for a term of years. Mr. Montgomery, who is a colored man and "one of the business managers" of the aforesaid Joseph, has projected a community of his own people, whom he expects, "by the pursuit of agriculture, horticulture, and manufacturing and mechanical arts, as well as the raising of stock, to attain as much prosperity and happiness as are consistent with human nature." We quote from the advertisement, in a paper in which colored people used to figure chiefly as head-pieces, and rarely enough as "the undersigned" or as original contributors. It probably pays much better to advertise colored enterprise in agriculture than colored enterprise in running away.

—Gen. Sickles's report is one of the best-written and most instructive of those submitted by the Secretary of War to Congress. One sentence of it conveys the whole philosophy of Southern society as at present organized, or, rather, disorganized:

"The truth is, that in certain localities of these States personal encounters, assaults, and difficulties between citizens, often resulting in serious wounds and death, have for years occurred without the serious notice or action of the civil authorities; and in those neighborhoods where it has heretofore seemed to the population officious to arrest and punish citizens for assault upon each other, they can hardly be expected to yield with any grace to arrests for assaults and outrages upon negroes. It is precisely in these localities that the most impatience is displayed at the presence of a garrison, because people who have long violated civil law with impunity dislike martial law, or any other law that is enforced."

Notes.

LITERARY.

The book market seems to be very much overstocked. There is not the demand for books that was anticipated in the spring, in fact it is smaller than it has been since 1857, and all the large booksellers' shops are full of unsold imported works. We understand that the Messrs. Appleton are going to resort to auctions to get rid of some of their stock. As a consequence, there are fewer books published this season than usual, and scarcely any holiday illustrated works. The publishers have chiefly confined themselves to issuing London books under their imprint. Of these there are many which are valuable. Especially noticeable are photographic selections from the works of Rembrandt, Raphael, Mulready, Birket Foster, and Reynolds, the latter called "English Children." "Paradise Lost," illustrated by Doré, is also worthy of remark—for its badness. Some of the old gift books have been reprinted in new editions, such as "The Round of Days" and "Folk Songs." The last has been thoroughly revised, and nearly a hundred and fifty pages of new matter have been added, including some popular poems by recent authors.

—Cambro-American literature has recently sustained a severe loss by the death of Rev. William Rowlands, D.D., author of a volume of expositions on the "Parable of the Prodigal Son," and a number of smaller works. He started the first Welsh magazine in the United States, about thirty years ago, which he still owned and conducted at the time of his death. He exhibited much learning and ability as an author and preacher, and his talents gave him great influence among his countrymen.

—The works of Champlain, the first governor of New France, are about to be published, under the patronage of the University of Laval, by M. C. H. Laverdière, M.A., librarian of the university. They will form six volumes quarto, printed with antique-faced type on good paper. The text will be a faithful reproduction of the original, and will be accompanied by notes. The six volumes will contain all of Champlain's voyages, with photo-lithographic fac-similes of all the maps and vignettes in the editions of 1613, 1619, and 1632; the "Traité de la Marine;" the "Catechisme huron du P. Brebpeuf;" a dissertation on the maps of Champlain; and a topographic dictionary of old Canada. The subscription price has, since the 1st of December, been increased from £3 to £6; and subscribers' names will be received by Messrs. Trübner & Co., 60 Paternoster Row, London, and by their agents in New York, Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt.

—While an impatient public is waiting for the conclusion of the history of Queen Elizabeth's reign from Mr. Froude, the first and second volumes of which have just been republished, being the seventh and eighth of the whole work, a Frenchman, M. J. M. Dargaud, comes in with his "Histoire d'Elisabeth d'Angleterre," which is readable and entertaining, though often inaccurate in small matters. His book almost seems written to illustrate the motto of Catherine II. that it bears on its title-page: "Vierge, non; femme, peut-être; reine et grande reine assurément." He is a good lover as well as a good hater. His enthusiastic hatred for Elizabeth and admiration for Mary of Scots does not lead him to exaggerate the facts, but he speaks with great impartiality. His dislike of Philip II. is very intense, and he is therefore able to feel a higher admiration for those naval successes of England which in the end made her for a time "mistress of the seas." Some of his pictures are well drawn, and his appreciation of character is often keen. The curious mistakes of spelling proper names that are met with on every page make us wonder why it is that French writers, who are so careful about the finish of their style, are so uniformly inaccurate in their use of English words. Do they never correct their own proof, or do they never take the trouble to verify a word? Here we have, among many others, Strippe, Witaker, Trokmorton, Velverton, Markam, Davers, and Hatway, which last is M. Dargaud's way of representing the maiden name of Shakespeare's wife.

—Persons go out of fashion as well as things, and most persons now find anecdotes of Chatham and Burke, and the other dignitaries of that time, very dull reading. Even George III. himself can hardly excite deep interest, much less enthusiasm. The petty gossip about the heroes of England in the last half of the last century seems to have exerted a quieting, soporific influence on its chronicler, and Mr. J. Heneage Jesse was unable to rouse himself to fervor in his "Memoirs of the Life and Reign of King George III." He shows great and praiseworthy industry as an historical collector, and his book is a summary of many memoirs, diaries, journals, and correspondence. The personal history of the king was, however, more romantic than many persons think it. The stupid obstinacy and insanity of his later life has made men almost forget the little escapades with Hannah Lightfoot and Lady Sarah Lennox. The many private and hitherto unpublished letters of the king add a substantial value to the book of Mr. Jesse, as they are generally well written. Among the private papers few are more interesting than Queen Charlotte's own account of her journey from Mecklenburg to St. James's, her reception there and her wedding. Lady Sarah Lennox was one of the bridesmaids. The king kept his countenance very well until the passage of the service was read which invokes a blessing like that bestowed on Abraham and Sarah, when his Majesty's self-possession forsook him, and his uneasiness was perceptible to every one. To all who, in spite of the fashion and the times, are at all interested in the private history of the last century, this book will prove a very entertaining collection.

—The "Correspondence of William the Silent, Prince of Orange," the publication of which was begun in 1847, has at last been all printed. It fills six octavo volumes, and comprises more than nine hundred letters to and from William of Orange, ninety-one documents concerning his proscription and assassination, and thirty-six papers that relate to his family, his revenues, etc. M. Gachard, the *archiviste général* of Belgium, is the editor of the work, for which he has made long and laborious researches, beginning before 1830, in the archives of Brussels, and extending them later to Ghent, Ypres, The Hague, Simancas, and the Imperial Library of Paris—everywhere, indeed, where he had a hope of finding traces of his hero. His collection is better and fuller than the "Archives on Correspondance inédite de la maison d'Orange-Nassau" of M. Groen van Prinsterer, and is indispensable to the historical student who desires to comprehend the character of the great liberator, and to understand the part which he played in the revolution of the Netherlands. The comments, notes, and historical introductions are not the least valuable part of the book, whose publication is a great service to history.

—It is not long since Dr. Adolf Stahr published his lives of "Tiberius" and "Cleopatra," the latter of which has been reviewed in this journal, in which he gave his reasons for supposing the popular estimate of those personages to be erroneous, and took a much better view of their characters. His favorite device for excusing Tiberius was to account for suspicious circumstances by reference to certain supposed memoirs of Agrippina, where all the emperor's actions were conjectured to have been systematically maligned. He is, therefore, prevented from saying much in Agrippina's favor, whose portrait he draws in his last volume, "Agrippina, die Mutter Nero's." He, however, finds a new client in Messalina, who, he claims, was another victim of Agrippina's slanders. In an appendix, an analysis is given of the "Octavia" and the "Apocolocyntosis," neither of which he is willing to attribute to Seneca.

—Messrs. Williams & Norgate announce a new edition—or rather the first genuine edition, for that of Cardinal Mai was inaccurate and doctored—of the Greek text of the New Testament from the Codex Vaticanus. It is edited by Prof. Tischendorf, who spent last spring in Rome to examine the MS., and will be a companion volume to the quarto edition of the Codex Sinaiticus. It will give the true text of the MS., indicating throughout the pages and columns of the original, and in some part the single lines. The later alterations, which have been so often confounded with the original text, will be for the first time distinguished not only from the text, but from a third writing, later by several centuries. The book will also contain valuable prolegomena: on the history of the Codex, on its paleographic and other peculiarities, on the corrections, on the date of its execution, and on the character of the text. Prof. Tischendorf makes an extended and careful comparison of the Codex Vaticanus with the Codex Sinaiticus, with

very remarkable results as to the relation of these two important manuscripts. A companion volume is also announced, under the title of an "Appendix," which will contain two more leaves of the Codex Sinaiticus, in fac-simile, being fragments of the Pentateuch found in the covers of old bindings in the monastery of Mt. Sinai; nineteen three-column pages of the Codex Vaticanus, taken from fifteen books of the New Testament, and a double column of the poetical books of the Old Testament, in fac-simile; and the complete text of the letters of Clemens Romanus, from the Codex Alexandrinus in the British Museum, which have never been accurately edited. The two volumes will appear early in 1867.

—Dr. Martin Haug, for years professor of Sanskrit at Poona College in India, has returned to Europe, and intends residing at Stuttgart. He has with him a large collection of manuscripts, chiefly Vedic ones, Zend, Pehlvi, among which are several very rare and hitherto unknown works, which are to be published either by himself or other scholars. He possesses, also, a collection of the sacrificial vessels of the Brahmans and Parsees, and is preparing a descriptive catalogue of them. Dr. Haug has nearly ready for the press his expected work on the Zoroastrian religion, and purposes issuing an edition of the Brihad Devatâ, a rare Sanskrit work on Vedic mythology, which will contain the text, a commentary, and an English translation. Before the departure of Dr. Haug from India, he was appointed by the Bombay government, in connection with a Parsee gentleman, Destur Hostengji-Jamaspji, of Poona, to prepare a series of Zend-Pehlvi works in such a manner as to prove useful to scholars also. Five books are now in progress under that arrangement.

—We welcome and wish all success to the *American Journal of Horticulture*, published by Tilton & Co., of Boston, of which the first number, dated January, 1867, is before us. The plan of the publication is an admirable one, and, if the editor is able to carry it out, he will render good service to the country. The design of the vignette title is unpromising, but the essential matter of this number is generally excellent in itself, well arranged, and neatly printed, there being a great advance in the latter respect upon any existing American publication of the kind.

SCIENTIFIC.

Stimulation of the Heart's Action by Nitrite of Amyle.—A compound called nitrite of amyle, obtained by acting upon fusel-oil with nitrous acid, long known to chemists, but hitherto considered of little importance, has latterly been attracting considerable attention, in view of the extremely powerful influence which it has upon the action of the heart. Dr. Richardson, of London, has gone so far as to question whether this nitrite of amyle might not prove capable of recalling the heart into action after that organ had ceased to beat, in such cases of sudden death as drowning or by suffocation with poisonous vapors. To test the matter, Dr. Richardson performed a series of experiments by injecting the nitrite into the blood-vessels; but he obtained only negative results; probably, as Dr. R. thinks, in consequence of improper methods of administration rather than from error in principle.

Though failing to attain the result directly aimed at, Dr. Richardson has incidentally brought out several interesting facts, and he seems to have been very much struck with the almost magical power of the liquid in his hands. We append a brief abstract of the general remarks which follow the report of his experiments: It is probable that the extreme stimulation of the action of the heart which occurs after the inhalation of nitrite of amyle is due to direct action upon the heart through the nervous system. Now, the experience of everyday life teaches that the heart may be thrown into a similar condition of activity by forces which are communicated to the senses from the external world, and through them transmitted to the heart. The great influence of sounds, for example, whether harsh or melodious, is too familiar to need more than mention; so, too, of sights fascinating or appalling. From the manner in which these influences come upon us, imperceptibly and intangibly, we are prone to look upon them as immaterial agencies, though, when rightly understood, they will probably be regarded in much the same light as any physical blow, or the impress of a liquid or gaseous substance. Nitrite of amyle is one of those substances which enable us to realize this connection between the really material and the seemingly immaterial influences which surround us; by refining experiment, so as to diffuse the vapor of nitrite of amyle through the air, there can readily be set in action an invisible and, as it would seem to the unlearned, an immaterial agency, though it acts all the while in accordance with known rules and in obedience to the human will. In a crowded theatre, for example, it would be as easy to make every person's heart quicken ten beats per minute, as it is for the engineer to quicken the action of a steam-engine by lifting the lever which controls the ingress of the steam.

EDUCATIONAL.

Many of our readers made the personal acquaintance last summer of Rev. Dr. McCosh, the well-known theologian and metaphysician of Belfast, who travelled widely through this country, studying our institutions, looking into our modes of life, and becoming familiar with the influences which are at work in moulding American society. Since his return home he has made a speech at Bath, in which he clearly and forcibly sums up his observations. His trip extended as far as St. Louis and St. Paul in the West, and to Richmond in the South, and he visited almost all the cities and important educational towns of the North and East. Everywhere he made acquaintances among the best people—statesmen, scholars, and theologians uniting to welcome him. Those who met him were impressed with his calm and earnest desire to arrive at a true understanding of our affairs, at his significant enquiries and shrewd observations, and they cannot fail to be interested in the photograph he gives us of our country as he saw it. Our extract must refer chiefly to education. In reply to the question which he says people in England are constantly asking, "Are the United States *settling down?*" he pithily remarks, "Let me tell you that the people of that country have no intention of 'settling down' in the sense in which those who have put the question use the phrase. They are a living and a moving people, and they advance like the currents of the sea by wave upon wave. An age ago we in this country gave twenty millions of our money to set the slaves free in our colonies, and we let things '*settle down.*' We looked no more into them, and the past year we have been amazed to find that while we slept the embers which we had left burst into a conflagration. The Americans may learn a lesson from what befell us in Jamaica. They have given more than we have for the same cause; they have given not only hundreds of millions of treasure, but the blood of their best sons. And now as an imperative duty they must see that this is not all spent in vain. God forbid that there should be more blood spilt; but they cannot shrink from securing that these colored people whom they have emancipated be educated and trained to industry."

As to the capacity of the blacks, he says, "In memory, in music, in quickness of apprehension and readiness at catching your meaning, in learning the elements of instruction, such as reading, writing, and arithmetic, . . . they can match us [whites]." He rightly appreciates the importance of encouraging schools throughout the South.

Dr. McCosh speaks pleasantly of our public schools and colleges at the North. He regards them as the basis of our national stability, points out the connection between such institutions and national vigor, as evinced of late both in Prussia and the United States, and indicates the lesson to Englishmen "who have not yet amidst the contests of classes and sects been able to establish a thoroughly good national system of education." "The older colleges in the East," he says, "are quite equal to our own, except indeed that they have not yet such large rewards for higher scholarship, and that their hard-working professors are disgracefully underpaid."

—The famous School of Mines, or Bergakademie, at Freiberg in the mining district of Saxony, reached its hundredth birthday a short time ago, and in honor of the "jubilæum" appointed for July 30, 1866, a beautifully printed volume has appeared, containing, in addition to several scientific essays, much information of a curious and valuable character in respect to the history of the establishment. This school is one of the most successful of the kind in the world, unless indeed we should say that it holds the very first rank. In the mid-

dle of the last century the name of the great mineralogist and geologist Werner gave renown to its instructions, and since then a host of eminent men have been enrolled among its leaders and scholars. The number of pupils has not been large at any one time, the highest number received in a single year being 75 in 1858; but they have come from widely distant places and are now widely scattered among the mining districts of the globe. The whole number of pupils is 2,465, of whom 2,333 were Europeans and 132 from other continents; 2,007 were Germans and 458 were not Germans; 1,225 were Saxons and 1,245 came from other countries — "Ausländer," as the phrase is. In looking over this volume we have been surprised to find the names of twenty-three young men *aus Nord Amerika*, besides a few from South America, enrolled as scholars during the last year alone. This shows how great the demand is in this country for educated miners, and should encourage all who are interested in the establishment of mining schools at home to persevere in their undertaking. It requires a great deal of money to maintain such an institution as it should be maintained, and the country may wait some years before it has a rival to the academy at Freiberg; but the recent appointment of mining professors at Cambridge and New Haven and in Columbia College at New York, and the organization of courses of instruction in mining, engineering, metallurgy, and practical geology and mineralogy, are signs of the good time coming. We move so quickly when we begin that it may not be so very long before we are able to train our own miners even better than they can be trained abroad. A liberal man interested in the development of the mineral resources of the country would do a service to the world by providing the necessary pecuniary means for making some of the existing schools as good as that at Freiberg.

—The annual reports required by Congress from scientific institutions established or assisted by the national grant of public lands are beginning to appear. Two of these documents have recently come to us from Connecticut and Rhode Island. The report from Connecticut is signed by the governor and other State visitors, and embodies a historical sketch of the rise of the Sheffield Scientific School, with a statement of its present organization under the provisions of the local and national enactments. It also gives a view of one year's instruction under the new arrangements. The Rhode Island pamphlet includes the first, second, and third annual reports of the corporation of Brown University to the governor of the State respecting the national trust.

The earliest of these simply narrates a disagreement between the college authorities and the General Land Office, by which there was a delay in the location of the Rhode Island grant. The third report announces that arrangements have been made to receive before the last of August, 1870, fifty thousand dollars for the purposes of the foundation. No progress is reported respecting the organization of the school. We observe that the authorities of Brown University refer to this grant as for "an agricultural college." We have repeatedly called attention to the fact that this title is wrong, because the act of Congress does not contemplate a purely "agricultural college" but a scientific college or school, in which shall be taught those branches of science "which pertain to agriculture and *the mechanic arts*, not excluding other literary and classical studies." This distinction is of great importance to the country, and we are surprised that it is so commonly overlooked.

FICTION FOR THE CHILDREN.*

If children were sectaries, we should say that "Fannie and Robbie" is a work for Episcopalian children. Fannie, who is rich, makes the acquaintance of Robbie, who is poor and a cripple, and says to him thoughtfully, "I wonder if you would be my Lent?" He, requesting an explanation, is told that Lent is a fast, "and it means that we must keep fast—I mean *close* and tight—every wish that we have to do wrong till they are all overcome and cured." Starting from this point, we are taken through Easter, Whitsuntide, the Trinity season, Advent, and Christmas to Epiphany, and the duty is inculcated of faithfully observing the various fasts and feasts. Written, very likely, with the best intentions, the book is only not to be called worthless because it may in some cases do some good, and in more will probably do harm. It is always stupid; and if this seems to any one a hard saying, let the too gentle reader know that the author makes Private John Clinch, an American young man, use such language as this when a companion is brought into camp wounded: "John started from his recumbent posture. 'O Frank!' he exclaimed, catching a glimpse of that face. 'My noble boy; my generous friend—dead, dead—*and for me!*' he sobbed in agony, '*for me!* Would that I were lying as insensible as thou art—cold, cold in death,' cried he, frantically kissing the drooping eyelids." The book throughout is equally unnatural, and to boys big enough to know the meaning of such words as "recumbent" and "hemorrhage" will seem ridiculous enough or, worse for the boys, seem fine. And the author's good children, like many of their predecessors, will, no doubt, do something to disgust certain of her youthful children with goodness, and make certain others conceited or hypocritical.

Of "Frank Stirling's Choice" something similar might with some truth be said. As in the other book, the young people good from the beginning are Episcopalians, and make not unfrequent references to their baptism or their confirmation, and those who become good before the end of the volume do likewise, and, we are bound to say, are hardly recognizable as boys and girls in any part of the course. It is right to make one exception. In Nanette, Miss Bulfinch has created what seems to us a personage very true to nature and very agreeable, and, as we suppose, would succeed extremely well in writing a small book for girls, with girls as characters. But her boys are girls in boys' clothes, or rather the female Sunday-school teacher's ideals in boys' clothes. Any one who knows will assure Miss Bulfinch that boys like Frank Stirling are impossible; and if she fancies such an one is known to her, the boys of his acquaintance will be able to open her eyes to his true character. But though it is to be feared that the youths she is trying to benefit will detect the humbug in the book, it is true, on the other hand, that they will find a good deal to like.

"Ned Grant's Quest" is a more ambitious performance than the two works above mentioned, and is written in a dreadfully high key. Tennyson's "Sir Galahad" is the hero's inspiration, and furnishes many of the mottoes at the heads of chapters. Ned himself, far more insufferable than young Clinch or Stirling, has no mother and no sisters or brothers. His father, who certainly secures the warmest sympathy of the reader, flies from home, and, leaving the boy to his own devices, becomes anything but a moral character. Ned steals a loaf to feed a starving sister, and would have been taken to jail but that Dr. Bentley, a rector, the Hon. Francis Clarke and Kitty Clarke interpose to save the young hero, and, his sister dying, he is adopted by the clergyman and begins at once a course of singularly obtrusive and hortatory moral excellence. His "quest," appropriately announced, is to seek out and save his own lawful father, who dies shortly after the boy has run him down, and leaves the boy free to return to Connecticut, taking a reformed gambler with him, to marry Miss Kitty, no longer lame, and to become a curate. We warn fathers of families against admitting a work of this kind, which saps the foundations of domestic authority, into their houses. A son wise in this wise would make anything but a glad father. This is how he talks when he is fifteen years old, or thereabout, his auditor being a boy of like age, and Kitty being the subject of conversation:

"But as to the lameness, O, Frank! that little helpless foot seems almost the most beautiful and sacred thing in the world to me."

"Look here! Ned, said Frank;"—and no wonder.

Of course there is a vain, worldly woman who disbelieves in the goodness of Ned, and of course she is put to confusion. Ned finds no difficulty in proving that when he, according to her account, was handing up tobacco to a jail prisoner, he really was passing up to the grated window some wild roses which might remind the convict of his innocent boyhood. And this is the state of abjectness to which he reduces his gloomy father, whom he had requested to attend church, and who, having passed an unlucky night at cards, peremptorily declines, and after service repentantly apologizes: "Shake hands, Ned," said Mr. Grant, holding out his hand, with a winning smile; "I was cross to you this morning; I always am a brute when these moods are on me; but you must try to forgive me," etc.

"The Kettle Club," by Cousin Virginia, is for smaller children than the probable readers of any of the books before mentioned, and is far pleasanter reading for people of any size. It consists, in great part, of what purport to be fairy tales, but the unsuspicious youth who reads it will find soon that he is absorbing interesting information about tigers, the Hoonuman monkey, parrots, woodpeckers, the *maia squinado*, soldier-crabs, and other denizens of

* "Fannie and Robbie. Anne G. Hale." Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. Pp. 138.
"Frank Stirling's Choice. Maria H. Bulfinch." Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. Pp. 194.
"Ned Grant's Quest. M. L. B." Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. Pp. 195.
"The Kettle Club. Cousin Virginia." Boston: Nichols & Noyes. Pp. 159.
"The Fonthill Recreations. M. G. Sleeper." Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon & Co. 2 vols. Pp. 278, 278.
"Stories of Many Lands. Grace Greenwood." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Pp. 206.
"Miss Mattie." Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. Pp. 106.

earth and ocean; and there is some very tolerable nonsense mingled with it all.

Useful information, attractively presented, relating to the Mediterranean Islands, their customs, manners, and history, with agreeable and merry stories interspersed, may be found in Mr. Sleeper's two volumes of "Fonthill Recreations," and almost any boy or girl between the ages of twelve and fifteen doubtless may be made quite happy by being put into possession of the little box containing them.

Grace Greenwood's "Stories of Many Lands" is composed of prose and verse, the former mostly good; the latter, consisting of rhymed charades and rebuses, hardly to be called so, being a little beside the purpose of the book. It is not necessary to say that Mrs. Lippincott knows how to please children; except Mrs. Stowe, we have, perhaps, no writer better qualified for that task. Mrs. Stowe, however, would have probably shown better judgment than to have let her children talk like this, which reminds one of the impious children, old in other things but very babes, generally, in righteousness, who may be found in the editor's drawer of one of the magazines, and which indeed will remind most people of genuine children of their own acquaintance, who should not, however, be allowed to talk so in the hearing of other children:

"Yes," said the little boy, and then asked, "Did God make her, Harry?"

"Why, yes, he made what there is of her, and then, I suppose, he concluded it was n't worth while to go on with her."

But the spice of irreverence in this other sto y hardly spoils it. It is of a Scottish laddie, four years old, whose mother's pony having died had left the household in grief:

"Ah, Jamie," said Effie, "dinna ye wish the Lord was here now? Ye ken mither told us how he cured sick folk, and how he made a mon alive again that had been dead four days. He could make our Rab alive wi' a touch o' his finger, gin he would try, Jamie."

The thought of Lord Dundale came instantly into Jamie's small brain, and he went to waylay that nobleman.

"Stop, stop, my lord! our Rab is dead. Ye maun mak' him alive again."

The earl in bewilderment refuses. "But Jamie stood his ground, answering, 'My mither says ye once made a big mon alive after he had been dead four days; Rab 's only a sma' pony, an' he 's dead but a wee bit while, so it's na' a hard job for ye. Dinna say ye will na do it."

French, Swiss, Italian, English, and Irish children are introduced as well as Scotch, and there are some pleasant stories of American children, "My Pet from the Clouds" being perhaps best. Kindliness and good luck abound, and, coming from a Philadelphia woman, of course the book has plenty of patriotism.

Another book that we can highly praise is a republication, by E. P. Dutton & Co., of a story by an English writer. "Miss Mattie" is a little girl who comes home from India to go to school and is shipwrecked by the way. She makes great friends with the sailors, more especially with Bill Marlin, who tells the story, and Old Chips, the carpenter. There is a good deal of incident; the child is really a child; the sailors, the timid women, the choleric old East India general, the fine fellow of a captain, are well depicted and well contrasted each with the other, and there is a straightforward honesty and simplicity as well as a true religious tone which makes the book really excellent. Any small man or woman who, after reading it, would not be better, or would not try to be better—for the spirit may be willing, the flesh, tender as well as tough, may be weak—ought hardly to be taught to read at all—or made to learn twice over.

The illustrations in Grace Greenwood's book are tolerable, those in the "Fonthill Recreations" may be said to help the text, but those in the others are sad specimens.

SOME HOLIDAY BOOKS.*

Master Walter de Courcy is a supposed London merchant of the fifteenth century who comes into possession of a Venetian glass mirror, a wonderful thing in those days. This especial one is more wonderful still for a strange inscription upon it which no one can read, and it ultimately proves to be a marvel of hidden virtues. Every one who looks into it and forms a wish, has that wish fulfilled. But, as they do not know the power of the mirror, so they wish only by accident, and, therefore, naturally not with the forethought of the wearers of German wishing cloaks and caps. There are very ingeniously imagined and comical results that come of these hap-hazard wishes. The merchant's own wish "that his brain were made of glass as clear as that," though inspired by the evident analogy between the reflection of objects in a tangible and in a mental mirror, is far-fetched, and its consequences are only the natural ones, and are not very interesting. The story of Giles, the swineherd, follows, and is very good. That ill-conditioned servitor gets a chance peep at the mirror, and is rallied by the young woman who shows it to him about fairies; whereupon he wishes that they 'd do his work for him and get him plenty to eat—"that 's all he wants of them." He finds a fairy establishment in his hut and shed—a *ménage* of elegance and efficiency, an accomplished major-domo, butler, and housekeeper of the most skilful kind; footmen, cooks, and housemaids in plenty, and a corps of goblins of-all-work. All the details are as cleverly managed as in the "Rape of the Lock," and vastly better than in the "Culprit Fay." And when the overfed animal wants a change, or wishes to disregard his bargain, he finds a blockading squadron of bears, who induce him to stay in doors. A young apprentice gets a whiskered face and a nobleman's dress, and, of course, goes wrong. The merchant's god-daughter has her wish "that Fido could talk" fulfilled, to her fright and subsequent annoyance. But the fun of the book is in the gratified desire of the worthless sacristan of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, that he might be tempted like St. Anthony. He leads a life varied with imps, and enlivened by the constant company of an irrepressible pig, until his bewitchment suddenly ends, as each adventure does, with no immediate explanation of the cause. There are eight of these gratified wishes, and all abruptly come to an end, leaving only their personal results behind them. And we find that these terminations were caused by the breaking of the mirror. So that each tale of "The Round" is connected with all the others, and the whole is quite a good child's novel, with moral enough for any story out of a Sunday-school library. Indeed, its teachings are excellent and well put, while not too positively insisted upon.

The illustrations are small and scattered all through the text; like those of a wonderfully clever book of a few years ago, which set a fashion and became the first of a class, "La Bouillie de la Comtesse Berthe." They are expressive and spirited enough, and show considerable power of fun; the principal imp of the sacristan's companions is of a most fascinating and triumphant ugliness, and the sacristan himself is a capital exaggeration of caricature. Some of the pictures are rather like the work of an amateur; and those which are not comic are not very interesting. It is a very nicely made book, printed and bound in London.

"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" is a last year's London book, imported by the Messrs. Appleton, and invested with their title-page. This, also, is very neatly and well printed and bound. The story is exactly such an one as a smart story-teller reels off to children, their questions suggesting new adventures, and the tale running on with no reason for stopping in one place rather than in another, except weariness or "other engagements." But, off-hand as it is, it is wonderfully clever, and quite bristles with points and runs over with fun. The whole thing is a dream, as it finally turns out, and just the effect of a dream is given to it by the sudden and amusingly absurd changes, and the unastonished calmness with which Alice regards them all. Thus the baby she holds turns into a pig in her arms; Alice feels relieved to see it trot away quietly into the wood, and says to herself, "If it had grown up it would have been a dreadfully ugly child, but it makes rather a handsome pig, I think." The Cheshire cat, who always wears a grin, as in duty bound to fulfil the proverb, annoys Alice, who remonstrates: "I wish you would n't keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly; you make one quite giddy." "All right," said the cat, and this time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail and ending with the grin. All sorts of real and unreal creatures pass through her experience, and are unreasonable and rude, and wholly nonsensical. And nothing can be more like a fanciful child's dream than the croquet ground, where the balls were rolled-up hedgehogs, the mallets flamingoes, and both sorts of creatures manage to give considerable trouble by acting up to their natural gifts at the wrong times. Alice's particular flamingo twists up its long neck when she tries to make a stroke, "and looks in her face with such a puzzled expression that she could not help laughing;" which is continually the case with the reader of this most amusing of little books. Even the jokes help it, strange to say. We have had occasion to complain of Tom Hood's forced puns in "Fairy

* "The Magic Mirror, a Round of Tales for Young and Old. By William Gilbert." With eighty-four illustrations by W. S. Gilbert. London and New York: Strahan. 1866.

"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. By Lewis Carroll." With forty-two illustrations by John Tenniel. New York: Appletons. 1866.

"Flower-de-Luce. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow." With illustrations. Small 4to, pp. 72.

"Maud Muller. By John G. Whittier." With illustrations by W. J. Hennessy. 4to, pp. 12.

"The Vision of Sir Launfal. By James Russell Lowell." With illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. Small 4to, pp. 29.

"Evangeline. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow." With illustrations by F. O. C. Darley. Small 4to, pp. 157.

The above published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. 1867.

"Little Lays for Little Folk. Selected by John G. Watts." Illustrated. Pp. 115. Routledge.

"Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures. By Douglas Jerrold." Illustrated by Chas. Keene. New York: Appletons. 1866.

Realm" and "Jingles and Jokes," because not only poor and flat in themselves, but wholly unintelligible, or, at least, unattractive, to children. But this author can make puns that children laugh at and heartily enjoy. "The schoolmaster was an old turtle," says the Mock-Turtle to Alice; "we called him Tortoise." "Why did you call him Tortoise, if he was n't one?" Alice asked. "We called him Tortoise because he taught us," said the Mock-Turtle, angrily; "really, you are very dull." "What are shoes made of under the sea?" "Soles and eels, of course," the Gryphon replied, rather impatiently; "any shrimp could have told you that." There are not a great many of these jokes, but what there are, are provocative of laughter — a good thing in jokes.

There is considerable merit in the delineation of character in these fanciful *dramatis personæ*. The melancholy Mock-Turtle and the nervous and ill-bred Gryphon toward the end are not better than the White Rabbit and the Dodo at the beginning. If the author does not write novels he ought to do so, for, besides the merits of which we have already spoken, he is quite a master of dialogue; and that is to have one of the rarest of the minor gifts. Thus, when Alice is in the White Rabbit's house, and his servants are trying to get down the chimney to get at her, she hears their confused talk outside:

"Where's the other ladder? Why, I had n't to bring but one; Bill's got the other. Bill, fetch it here, lad! Here, put 'em up at this corner. No, tie 'em together first; they don't reach half high enough yet. Oh! they 'll do well enough; don't be particular. Here, Bill, catch hold of this rope. Will the roof bear? Mind that loose slate—oh, it's coming down! Heads below! (A loud crash.) Now, who did that? It was Bill, I fancy. Who's to go down the chimney?"

And so on. Some of the creatures are amusingly vulgar, and their talk has always a character suitable to the utterers.

The parodies of popular songs are excellent, parodies introduced by requests to Alice from the Caterpillar, the Gryphon, and the others to repeat poetry. Nearly all children have had their Saturdays made miserable by such stuff as

> "You are old, Father William, Theophilus cried,
> The few hairs that are left you are grey;
> You are still, Father William, a cheerful old man—
> Now tell me the reason, I pray?"

And those who know it cannot but enjoy seeing it suffer punishment in the way it has to in Mr. Carroll's hands.

This is one of the best children's books we ever met with—a delightful addition to a delightful branch of literature. The illustrations also are excellent, for Mr. Tenniel always excels in such things. His pictures of the animated cards, and his portraits of the Mock-Turtle, the Hatter, the Duchess, and the Cheshire Cat are all immensely funny. The drawings are full of spirit and expression, and very elegant in design.

The other four books named are of that series, so to speak, of illustrated poems which the Boston publishers of poetry are engaged in making up. The attempt to produce carefully made illustrated books, wholly of American manufacture, from the authorship of the poems and the designs for the wood-cuts to the binding, would be entirely praiseworthy but for the wholly unnecessary faults and shortcomings which make them so unsatisfactory. Of these four books there is not one that might not have easily been made a great deal better.

Of the four—though all are excellently well printed by the famous University press—"Flower-de-Luce" is the pleasantest to read. Its pages are really beautiful. The poems are spread over just as much space as they can best fill, without any of the affectations of paper like Bristol-board, printing on one side only, or unreasonable margins. There are none of the too-luxuriant typographical head and tail flourishes, representing unknown flowers in impossible and undesirable states of twist and contortion—the poems begin with a blank space above and end with a blank space below, and are better for it. It has, of course, been made up in too great haste, and in all the copies we have looked at the prints have printed off their shadowy silhouettes on the opposite pages of text. Except for this, this book would be altogether delightful, when bound in morocco or calf—without the pictures. It would be very necessary to eliminate these. In fact, if only there were time enough to get a few copies bound to order before Christmas there are some ladies who would be surprised at receiving "illustrated" gift books without the illustrations. The only one of the five pictures which is not wholly a disfigurement is the frontispiece, the "Flower-de-Luce," by Mr. H. Fenn. The cut accompanying that thoughtful and delightful poem, "Palingenesis," is as poor and as false in drawing of rocks, sky, and water as the sentiment is inappropriate. The picture accompanying "Kambalu" has a little more significance, but is not at all noticeable for merit of any kind. "Killed at the Ford" is not so good a picture as Mr. Waud used to send home from the war, but is very badly engraved, and may have been better than it seems to have been. The picture of Giotto's Tower is a caricature. Except in the case of Mr. Waud's design, the engravings were, perhaps, as good as the drawings permitted, and, of course, are well printed. But, out of the combined labors of designer and draughtsman, engraver and printer, nothing has come but confusion and failure. It is really too bad, for the book is very enjoyable, not for "Palingenesis" only, but because of the touching lament for Hawthorne, the pleasant little *jeu-d'esprit*, "Noël," and the five noble sonnets "On Translating the Divina Commedia."

The "Maud Muller," as an illustrated book, is by far the best of the four, and is perhaps the best illustrated gift book yet produced in America. There is certainly no American artist who has shown himself so good an illustrator of books as Mr. Hennessy. The picture illustrating the line

> "And many children played round her door"

is the best, and is excellent in feeling; almost worthy to be called a work of imagination—missing that, indeed, only because it is not felt through and through, nor completely worked out in character and incident. In execution it is deficient—and it is strange that the painter should have been willing to leave the stones so very like pieces of tin—but only deficient, except in the impossible smallness of the barefooted children's feet. All the illustrations are interesting, though most of them are marred by quite unnecessary coarseness or awkwardness, some of them offensively so, as in the dreadful one on the fifth page,

> "Maud Muller looked and sighed, 'Ah, me!
> That I the Judge's bride might be!'"

and as in that on the eleventh page, where some evil spirit has interfered and "spiled the lot." It is noticeable how well drawn is the often recurring horse. In regard to the wood engraving, the three or four cut by Mr. Marsh seem to us the best, although one of the worst spoiled of all, that on page eleven, is ascribed to him. From these few too-slighted drawings no sufficient idea can be had of the strength of either engraver, but Mr. Marsh's work seems to be done in the most direct and effective way. We have seen better work than any of these, however, with Mr. Marsh's name upon it.

"The Vision of Sir Launfal" is not so beautiful inside as "Flower-de-Luce;" the text is more crowded, the head-pieces to the parts are extraordinarily ungraceful and bad in design, and there is no gain evident in printing upon one side only of the leaf. In one respect this book is to be praised. A title-page vignette has driven away that ugly shield with the T. and F. monogram with which Messrs. Ticknor & Fields generally disfigure their title-pages, which belittles even the beautiful "large-paper" copies of the collected works of Longfellow. "The Vision of Sir Launfal" is not one of the best of our great poet's works, but it is worthy of better treatment at the hands of the illustrator than it has received. There is no reason why such designs should have been made; the world was as rich without them.

The "Evangeline" is like the "Flower-de-Luce" in appearance, but more simple, though not free, as that is, from gimcrack "ornaments." Of Mr. Darley's designs there is little that needs to be said. Mr. Darley long ago did all that he has ever done, and has repeated himself very disagreeably ever since. These drawings are not better than the average standard of his slighter work.

"Little Lays for Little Folk" is a collection of perhaps thirty short poems; it is not a very admirable collection, but has naturally included some good poems, as Wordsworth's "Kitten and Falling Leaves" and "Lucy Gray," Mrs. Barbauld's "Mouse's Petition," and Monckton Milnes's "Good Night and Good Morning." Illustrations are sketched around almost every page, like borders. The figure pieces are by far the best. Some of the pictures of children by Mr. Barnes and Mr. Chas. Green are very interesting indeed. The decorative borders, made of grasses, vines, spikes of grain, etc., are not often good. The engraving of the pictures is generally better than in American works, though by no means equally good. The blocks seem to have been somewhat worn before this edition was made. It is, on the whole, a pretty book, with pictures that children can enjoy.

The Caudle Lectures are delivered to large audiences. The book is the most popular of Douglas Jerrold's clever books, and is sure of being practically immortal. This edition is in form a good-sized quarto of fair, square pages, neatly printed, and enclosed in a cloth cover bearing an ingenious emblematic design. The book is very nearly spoiled, for us, by the forlorn green tinge of the paper on which it is printed. But, indeed, there is no tint yet given to paper for books, except by mellowing time—which is as good as none. Paper must begin white, and certainly ought not to have in its whiteness any suspicion of any color but buff or cream color—*vellum* color, that is.

Charles Keene is one of two or three artists now alive who know how to draw for the wood-engraver. The English school of book-illustrators by

wood-cuts is very faulty in its constant attempts to give the effects of engraving on metal. But Mr. Keene, with Cruikshank and Leech, and, generally, H. K. Browne, are too wise to fall into that error.

In the book before us most of the little pictures are very sketchy, but the more elaborate as well as the slighter are simply and directly drawn. Mr. Keene uses "cross-hatching" only where he must, for the darkest shadows; generally he spares his engravers unnecessary trouble, and gives them simple work to do. His drawing is masterly, therefore. It has much improved since the time when *Once a Week* began, and Charles Reade's story, "The Good Fight," and afterward George Meredith's "Evan Harrington," were illustrated by Keene. The pictures before us are full of spirit and character, and the book, in its way, is quite a good one, text, illustration, and cover going together very well to make it up. The Messrs. Appleton have done well to import large editions both of this and of the excellent "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."

ROBERT SOUTH.*

It were honor enough, even for so self-asserting a spirit as this great preacher's, to find himself leading the van of an enterprise for republishing a library of fifty or sixty octavos of standard divinity as the surest way of giving it a popular introduction to the public. This is only the endorsement of the verdict of two centuries to the unrivalled abilities, in certain directions, of Dr. South as a sermonist. Beginning life in the days of Cromwell, he flourished through the reigns of the second Charles and James, outliving Queen Anne by two years. This was a stormy period of British history, and South was one of the stormiest leaders of the times. Converted from what may have been only the boyish fancy of an admirer of the Protector Oliver, he became an ardent partisan of the Restoration—the very bull-dog of the civil and ecclesiastical establishment, forming at least one exception to the adage, that a barking dog never bites. He did both with a witness. The master of powers of sarcasm and invective seldom equalled, he levelled them at the heads of the Puritans with a thorough *abandon*, which makes it utterly impossible for a sensible reader to be angry with him. You find yourself involuntarily looking out for something a little keener yet—in the very "Lay on, Macduff!" excitement and enjoyment of the fray, no matter if some of the blows hit your own head with a stunning thwack. He was not a pulpit buffoon, but a genuine wit; coarse sometimes, it may be, but trenchant, putting, as some one says, his whole arm into every sabre-stroke, satisfied with nothing but cleaving his antagonist from crown to chin. And, in truth, there was not a little provocative of the spleen of such a man in the accidental extravagances of some forms of dissent from the prevailing worship. It would be asking too much, it may be, of a court preacher in those days to look beyond the "accidentals" to the substantial merits of a movement so vital and self-vindicating as that which he sought to extinguish with a deluge of ridicule. If writers nowadays attempt the same thing, they owe it to both sides of the question to put a fair amount of strength as well as smartness into their satire.

South stands at the head of pulpit satirists. This, more than any other quality of his mind, has given him his notoriety and his continued power in theological literature. He was as caustic as Swift, with far more oratorical force, and altogether a much better and sweeter-tempered man. But his satirical talent is not all his claim to remembrance. He was an earnest, downright dealer with the vices of the age wherever he found them. Though a full believer in the divine right to reign of even Charles II., he did not shun to denounce the corruption of the court, and to arraign in withering rebuke the scandals which made the upper classes of society so foul that even to read Samuel Pepys' expurgated "Diary" leaves a bad taste in your mouth. It is odd to be told that the Buckinghams and Arlingtons of that day would flock to the bold preacher's chapel to have their sated, jaded spirits roused into some sort of stimulation by the lashings of his indignation. Even the king and his concubines were willing to be pilloried, once in a while, for the chance of hearing a diatribe against "such a bankrupt, beggarly fellow as Cromwell," or a hard hit at the sectaries who thought that men should "be able to make a pulpit before they preached in it." There was a good deal of the Puritan, after all, in this robust, straightforward man, much as he made war upon them. He made war on everything which he thought deserved it, and in a sufficiently open way. He was ambitious of power, yet sturdily refused, time and again, even to extreme old age, to be elevated to a bishopric; satisfied, it may be, as many others have been, with the consciousness and evidence of being one of the bishops whom the Lord makes.

South's sermons are not a body of divinity, in the technical sense; but are an application of Christian truth to the affairs of men, as he apprehended its various bearings. Even their political and polemical features have an historical value; and, beyond these, their general merits make them an excellent study for the preacher and any intelligent reader. His treatment of a topic is copious yet compact, showing a keen, analytical handling of it, spreading with much ramification, but hanging rich fruit on all these branches; always impressing you with his sincerity, but never discovering much glow of feeling—an intellect, rather than a heart, surging along like an ocean steamer. His style is massive, rhythmic, balanced, rich in logic and rhetoric, yet simple and natural—the noble and worthy dress of masculine thought.

We must say a word of the undertaking which this republication heralds. It proposes to give us the unmutilated works of the standard British divines, episcopal and non-episcopal, previous to the middle of the eighteenth century. Many of these, like South, have disappeared from the market, or can only be had in very undesirable editions. This new library will furnish them in neat octavos of manageable size, in round, clear type, on thick, soft-hued paper, at a price below the present average of similar books. The present forerunner of the series is in the best style of the Riverside press. The editorial management of this great project, including brief biographies and critical estimates, is in the hands of Professor Shedd, which is a sufficient guarantee that it will be well executed. The several parts will be so title-paged and lettered that purchasers can take only such as they choose to select. A plan so worthy of success as this must not be allowed to fail through want of patronage.

STORY OF A STOMACH.*

It has been commonly believed of the people born and bred in America that most of them attained a premature old age without having ever, in the whole of their brief span, seen a home-made loaf of bread; that their children, asking for bread, received a roll of pearl-ashes mixed with flour, half-baked and horribly hot; that even babes in arms, to wash down these rolls, had coffee of great strength allowed them; that the tenderness of youth was not a protection against hot pie in the morning and cold pie at night; that the Washington pie was so called by way of paying the highest possible honor to the Father of his Country; that many people lived and died in the opinion that pork-fat was the juice of beef; that, in short, to be an American citizen was to be sallow and emaciated, and to have all one's teeth filled, to have offspring few and puny with large foreheads and thin legs, and to be destined to an early grave. Most intelligent Englishmen may be supposed to have about this notion of the American man physically considered, and all the abuse which the Frenchmen have lavished upon the English *cuisine* our cousins have boldly put off on us again, and over-crowed us as they were over-crowed.

To tell the truth, there was some ground for it, though matters were never so bad as many would have had us believe. But Mr. Jefferson Brick himself would hardly pretend that we ever fed ourselves so well as the British, and in some parts of the country to-day the mode of living, so far as concerns the table, is dreadful, and the wayfaring man, even though a British tourist, may read the fact as he runs. What causes the inferiority in point of "personal attractions" of the Southern women to their Northern sisters if not their diet of pork and corn-bread and "light bread of English flour"? He who drinks beer thinks beer, and she who habitually eats pork and solid biscuit comes to have a complexion "fraught with unpleasant suggestion," as Mr. Phillips says of Mr. Johnson's inauguration speech, and cannot well be handsome. And a more fragile type of ugliness used to be too common in New England, where every church congregation could show you many feeble poor creatures of women whose coffee and cold pie of the morning were followed by the tying of handkerchiefs round throbbing heads and the lying on lounges of the afternoon.

But, on the whole, we cannot be called a dyspeptic people; and the British tourist who should go among the Vermonters, or the men of New Hampshire or Kentucky or Iowa or Kansas, or, indeed, of any of our States of the North-west or West, would have to be a better-looking Englishman or Scotchman or Irishman than commonly comes over here if he did not meet in every thousand men very nearly a regiment of men fully as fine animals as himself, and not the worse for being a little less in weight of flesh. So much having been said in the interest of patriotism, we may, nevertheless, concede that to err is human, and that we all have stomachs. While these

* "Library of Old English Divines, under the editorial supervision of William G. T. Shedd, D.D. Sermons preached upon several occasions by Robert South, D.D.; in five volumes. Vol. I." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1866.

* "The Story of a Stomach: An Egotism. By a Reformed Dyspeptic." Fowler & Wells, New York. 16mo. Pp. 60.

truths remain dyspepsia is always among the possibilities, and it may be well enough to read books like this which "a reformed dyspeptic" has written, and learn not only what things are to be done and what not done, but also see, if possible, how the stomach may be made a source of positive delight to its owner. In fact, the work, aside from other considerations, is worth purchasing, if it were only for this feat of pure imagination which it contains; the author feigns that once he found and lived in a Boarding-House of this description!

"Here the diet was nutritious and appetizing, without being gross. The food was well selected and well cooked. The meals were served with taste and embellished with a conversational charm."

And take this for a description of the landlady:

"She had always alternated the intellectual pleasures which she was well fitted to create and enjoy *with a reckless appetite for high living!*"

Our own reasonable theory would be, if this account of her dispositions is not fantastic figment, that she took up boarding-house keeping in order that she might mortify and conquer such lusts of the flesh; and, we may add, we fear she is now spiritually proud. But the author may as well go on and complete the account of this anomaly, who takes in boarders and indulges a reckless appetite for good living. It appears that the lovely monster gave herself up to the pleasures of the table till she undermined her physical constitution. But nature, "amorous of perfection," determined that the miracle should be continued, and caused that this failure in health should be not disastrous but, on the contrary, of advantage; it only

"Made compulsory a wholesome moderation in epicurean enjoyments. Her voluptuous nature had been so tempered by encroaching infirmities as to reduce her present practice to the golden mean essential to health. . . . The breakfast-steak, tender, warm, and done to a turn, at once assumed an unwonted prominence in the operations of that meal; the delicious rolls and buckwheats unceremoniously displaced the coarse breads which I had before regarded as a necessity, and the real coffee completely supplanted my usual aqueous draught. . . . This breakfast was not only eaten; it was enjoyed. Under the admirable influences which it exercised, even Cornaro—stern ascetic as he was—must have proved infidel to the faith on which rested the last two-thirds of his mortal century."

His grand lesson in dietary science, which was taught the author by this instructress, he thus formulizes: "*An abundant, generous diet is the one best adapted to a feeble digestion.*"

A statement in which we should be happy to agree with him. Of pastry he got very little, we fancy, in this abode. He appears not to like it, though his abuse is not so sweeping as that of many writers on the subject.

"The pie-crust usually set before us at hotels is absolutely infamous. . . . And yet such are the apparent contradictions of nature that I have sometimes experienced unquestionable benefit from eating pie-crust. . . . There are two species of pie-crust that are infinitely less objectionable than many other articles of common consumption which go unchallenged. Both of them are sweet and light; the one made very plainly, with few elements of mischief; the other rich, but delicate and puffy, so that it will afford no great resistance to the gastric juice."

A cheerful dining-room the author thinks a necessity. "The hours allotted to eating and drinking should be complete in all that promotes satisfaction." And again he says:

"It were a stupid error did I limit the period of dinner to the time spent in its consumption. On the contrary, I would so enlarge it as to embrace the interval of active digestion." And, to ensure health, "hours should be spent each day in literary or artistic studies or rambles in fields and woods; evenings devoted to social and affectional enjoyments, whole weeks in summer passed in recreative travel," etc.

This is the fault most of these writers fall into. Men in general, at least until they begin to be old and the mischief is all done, of course are apt to scoff at the notion of taking any special care of their health, and they laugh aloud and call a writer a fool who gets up a scheme of life to be spent in the interest of the stomach, or the bronchial tubes, or the chest, or any other one portion of the human frame. And, supposing such advice to be not ridiculous but worth following, the giver of it forgets that ninety-nine men in a hundred are too busy getting bread and salt to be able to pay attention to elaborate and expensive systems of rules of diet and exercise. Our author, however, will give any reader all in the way of precept that can be desired, from instruction touching the frame of mind in which one should begin eating down to remarks concerning the post-prandial kneading of the abdomen to induce more vigorous peristaltic action, and "relieve the cavity from the air liberated by partial fermentation," or to information about the use of peach-stone meats as a sure cure for dyspepsia. The writer's mind as well as body is perhaps a little touched by the malady of which he complains, and the contents of the book might have well been better digested; but the little treatise—fifty-odd pages is all any one will have to read—may very likely be of much service to a good many persons, and, at any rate, we dare say it may stand to some persons in the place of Plantation Bitters, for which reason it may be commended.

The Heavenly Father. Lectures on Modern Atheism. By Ernest Naville. Translated from the French by Henry Downton, M.A. (Boston: William V. Spencer.) *The Materialism of the Present Day.* A Critique of Dr. Büchner's System. By Paul Janet. Translated from the French by Gustave Masson, B.A. (London: H. Baillière, 219 Regent Street. New York: Baillière Brothers, Broadway.)—The purpose in this case is to combat materialism. Both of the books are written by members of the French Institute—one of them by Ernest Naville, residing at Geneva; the other by Paul Janet, residing at Paris. The subjects of which they treat are of intense and almost startling interest. Both are well written; exceedingly vivacious in their style; Naville's a little saucier than befits the subject of which he treats, making us wonder why he feels no worse if there is so much danger as he thinks of God's expulsion from the world; Janet's full of earnestness and *verve*. Both writers are agreed that of late years materialism has been largely on the increase among philosophers and scientific men. As to how this tendency is to be met, the opinion of Naville, as indicated by his work, is not that of Janet. And, notwithstanding the partial resemblances in the origin and character of their works, the main thing to be noted is their difference of method; the thing to be decided by the critic comparing them is which of the two methods is the best.

Naville's volume is made up of seven lectures, delivered first at Geneva and afterward at Lausanne. The preface tells us that in both places they were listened to with intense interest. These lectures are translated from the French by Henry Downton, M.A., English chaplain at Geneva. They contain a great deal that is true, a great deal that is beautiful. They are very entertaining, but this is less a virtue than indicative of a fault. One reads them off as glibly as if they were the chapters of a hand-galloping novel by Braddon or Wood. They could hardly be read so easily if they were profound as they are brilliant, or profound as they should be if they were no less convincing than entertaining. But now and then the author makes us smile against his will; at *him*, not at his wit. Thus, for example, when he argues that the first belief of men was monotheistic, and that polytheism was a lapse therefrom, there is something positively ridiculous in the easy way in which he dances through the argument. To turn from these carelessly written pages to the pages in Ralph Cudworth's "Intellectual System of the Universe," where he explores so reverently this same engrossing theme, is like escaping from gay colored haze to bracing air and clear light.

M. Janet's volume is a reprint of two articles printed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* during the months of August and December, 1863, but with considerable additions. If M. Naville's had been originally prepared for such a publication, it would no doubt have been less frivolous; in that case there would have been no sleepy audience to keep awake, and a great deal of smartness would have been spared. And yet we can but think that such continual resort to fun, instead of argument, proves that the speaker had some doubts in his own mind of the intrinsic interest of his theme. Not so Janet. He thinks nothing of his audience; everything of his subject. His little book grows steadily from the beginning to the end. His account of German philosophy since Hegel, his review of Büchner's system, of Darwin's theory, of spontaneous generation, are all able, careful, and very generous. This book we may say is, in a certain sense, representative of Paris, as Naville's of Geneva. Neither of them is strictly scientific in its form. Naville's method is a mixture of the philosophical and theologic, Janet's a mixture of the philosophical and scientific. But this difference in form is nothing to the difference in spirit. Janet is modest where Naville is bold, kind where he is cruel, generous where he is mean, careful where he is slipshod. Janet writes in a scientific *spirit*. Naville does not. The first endeavors to find out the meaning of his opponents, the second is less careful about that than about convicting them of absurdity.

If the materialism whose prevalence these gentlemen lament is to be successfully combated, we cannot for a moment doubt which of these two methods must be used. Though M. Naville's arguments were much stronger than they are, we cannot see how any generous man could read his book without an involuntary feeling of sympathy with those whom he attacks with so much of the *odium theologicum*. It would appear that with his thorough detestation of the doctrines of materialism, he would be pained at every new discovery of them; that instead of hastening to convict philosophy and science of this error, he would desire to prove that much of what appears materialism is mere inadvertence or incompleteness, or one-sided statement, as is no doubt the truth, and as Janet is very willing to allow. Conceding that God is both ideal and cause, he yet denounces every man who does not *seem* to find him as the cause, as if his heart was false to him as the ideal of beauty, truth, and good. But why he should do this he nowhere deigns to say. We do not anticipate that the world is going to lapse into the notion that "thought is a secretion of the brain," as said Cabanis, or is soon to be convinced that "the heavens do not declare the glory of God; they only declare the glory of Newton and Laplace." Philosophy has been a series of oscillations of the pendulum of thought between materialism on the one hand and idealism on the other, but each successive oscillation has registered some new discovery on the great dial-plate of truth. We have no fears but that the present controversy will redound to the advantage of a higher faith than that which we now hold; but it will not be because of laborers like Naville, although they write "The Heavenly Father" on their banners, but because of writers like Janet, who have his spirit working in their hearts.

Lessons in Elementary Chemistry. By Henry E. Roscoe. (London: Macmillan & Co. 1866.)—This little book is much more truly a text-book on chemistry than are most of the American manuals which purport to

treat of this science. Not more than one-tenth of the book is devoted to physics. In another important respect Prof. Roscoe's method is much wiser than the common; as a rule, he has evidently endeavored to state general principles in immediate connection with the special facts to which they relate, and has not expected the young student to understand the philosophy of the science before he has become acquainted with any of its facts. Elementary text-books too often reverse the scientific method and set forth in the introductory chapter the general inductions which would have better waited till the last. First the particular truth, then the general, is the order of the inductive philosophy—an order which is as precious in teaching as in investigation.

Prof. Roscoe has also been more successful than most compilers of text-books in proportioning the strength of the student's food to his capacity of digestion; he has tried to advance gradually from the easy to the difficult, and has not prescribed much solid food, or given his disciples many hard nuts to crack, before they have fairly cut their teeth. The manner in which the common manuals present the most abstruse and difficult parts of their subject first, before the student has learned the simplest facts and easiest methods of the science, can only be compared to the fatal kindness of the Sisters of Charity who stuffed the new-born foundling with wine and beef-juice. Prof. Roscoe's success in this respect, however, is not uniform; thus in the very first lesson he gives a two-page table containing the names of the sixty-four substances which he recognizes as elements, with their symbols and combining weights. If it be a useful exercise of the memory to learn a list of sixty-four barbarous names to which the student can attach no ideas whatever, the Latin or Greek grammar can surely furnish enough such discipline; as to the symbols, the student cannot have at this early stage any notion of their significance or use, and he is of course utterly ignorant what the mysteriously irregular numbers, called combining weights, may mean. Again, before our author has described a single one of the fifty substances which he designates as metals, he devotes several pages to the classification of these metals. Now we find this to be an inversion of the true order; the student can study the classification with intelligence only when he has himself observed, under guidance, the common properties on which rests the subdivision of the metals into natural groups. In advance of such observations, a classification can be nothing to the student but a list to be committed to memory.

There are some matters of detail which we could wish otherwise; thus, to give more than a page to a minute description of a chemical balance seems entirely disproportionate, and, indeed, wholly unprofitable. The student of this book is evidently not supposed to be experimenting himself, and there is perhaps no greater waste of time than that involved in studying minutely descriptions of instruments and tools which the student is never going to use. A whole lesson is devoted to spectrum analysis and what the author calls solar and stellar chemistry. Spectrum analysis hardly seems to us in place in a little manual which makes no mention of the other much more practical methods of chemical analysis; and is it not hard enough to squeeze all the chemistry of this planet into three hundred and sixty pages, three inches by four and a half, without lugging in the chemistry of the sun and stars? As Prof. Roscoe describes the metrical system of weights and measures, and says in the preface that this system is used throughout the work, it is a pity that inches, feet, and miles so often figure upon its pages.

It is, of course, impossible to condense a great subject like chemistry into so small a compass as that of this book without making a bald, tiresome compendium of names and facts, which resembles nothing so much as a universal history of the earth and man compressed into a similar bulk. Such squeezing necessarily expresses all the juice and flavor of any subject, and the condensed material is dry, hard, and indigestible. The wood-cuts in this manual are much fresher and better than those which usually grace text-books on science, and there is a very pretty frontispiece of colored spectra; the publisher, knowing how a bright-colored frontispiece helps off a child's story-book, undoubtedly thought that the experiment of adding a nice chromo-lithograph to a school-book was worth trying. The book is cheap in England at 3s. 6d., but decidedly dear here at $2 25.

Peat and its Uses. By Samuel W. Johnson. (New York: Orange Judd & Co.)—The value of peat and swamp muck in agriculture has been recognized for many years in New England, where light, hungry soils abound. By its power of absorbing and retaining water and ammonia, by its effect in promoting the disintegration and solution of mineral ingredients, and by its favorable influence on the temperature of the soil, it improves the texture and physical character of the soil, and indirectly contributes to the nourishment of the crops. Peat is also a direct fertilizer. Professor Johnson found that the average amount of nitrogen in thirty specimens of peat and swamp muck of all grades of quality was one and a half per cent. of the air-dried substance; this is three times as much nitrogen as exists in ordinary stable manure. Moreover, peat gathers nitrogen from the air and conveys it in suitable form to the plant, and is, therefore, a very cheap substitute for such costly nitrogenous fertilizers as guano, and the various fish, flesh, and bone manures. Peat and swamp muck, when properly prepared, furnish carbonic acid in large quantities during their slow oxidation in the soil. This gas constitutes an important part of the food of plants; as it exhales from the soil it is taken up by the foliage of the plants, and beneath the surface it is, to some extent, absorbed by their roots. Peat also contains a large proportion of humus or vegetable mould, and though chemists are not yet agreed as to how humus helps to build up plants, they are all agreed that it is a very valuable ingredient of the soil.

Professor Johnson not only shows very fully what peat is, and what its value to the farmer is, but he also gives clear directions concerning the digging and weathering of peat intended for agricultural use, with good advice about the preparation of composts with peat, and a complete description of the modes of examining peat with reference to its agricultural value. Farmers owe Professor Johnson many thanks for the plain, accurate, and thorough manner in which he has set forth the agricultural uses of a material which, in New England at least, is not far from any one's barn-yard.

The second part of the book interests quite other classes of the community, namely, manufacturers, metallurgists, and housekeepers; it relates to the uses of peat as fuel. The high prices of coal and wood have lately directed attention to the peat-beds which abound in the Northern and Middle States, and American inventors have been trying hard to find means to condense and dry the raw material. The best methods of working peat are German. Professor Johnson gives a complete account of the various machines and processes of European origin, and describes the modified copies of German machinery which have been patented in this country. If all the American inventors and speculators who are at this moment endeavoring to find some short and easy way of making their fortunes out of peat would read and inwardly digest Professor Johnson's excellent remarks on the artificial drying of peat, much time and many thousands of dollars would be saved to them or their dupes. Peat cannot be artificially dried with profit except by waste heat, or by heat obtained from fuel which would otherwise be wasted. Peat simply cut from the bog and air-dried is too friable and bulky for transportation; it can only be used by the farmer who owns the bog and cuts the peat himself. Even under such conditions the dried peat is worth much less, cord for cord, than hard wood. The condensation of peat is effected by cutting up and grinding the wet peat in such a manner as to destroy the elastic fibres it contains, remove the air enclosed in it, and reduce it to a uniform, tenacious paste, which, on drying, shrinks together to a coherent mass, tough enough to bear transportation, and dense enough to make the storage of large quantities of the fuel a thing not impossible. No mechanical pressure can be employed to advantage for this condensation, and the drying is done by the sun and wind alone. It should be mentioned that the two American peat mills at Lexington, Mass., mentioned by Professor Johnson, are experimental establishments, exhibited with a view to facilitate the sale of patented machinery, rather than real works for the profitable manufacture of peat fuel.

We hope the intrinsic excellence of this treatise on an important practical subject will not lead any one to copy the style in which it is printed. Between the paragraphs the printer has inserted an inordinate number of leads, so that nearly every page is broken up into four or five distinct blocks of type. The effect produced is very ugly and really injurious, for the reader gets an impression that the composition itself is disconnected and spasmodic in style.

Treasures from the Prose Writings of John Milton. (Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866.)—This volume is the third of a series of compilations. The publishers would do well for the public and, we trust, for themselves also, by adding to it several other masters of our English speech. The volumes preceding this were a selection from the writings of Sir Thomas Browne and a selection from the writings of Thomas Fuller, containing his "Good Thoughts in Bad Times," and a great many good thoughts beside. The character of Milton's prose is not such that we have a right to expect anything like so happy a selection from his writings as from those of Browne and Fuller. Both of the last named wrote in a desultory and disjointed way. And Fuller, especially, abounded in aphorisms and anecdotes, so that the compiler's task was far from being burdensome. Milton's writings, on the contrary, although they abound in brilliant metaphors and apt and striking illustrations, are linked together in a chain of severe logic and brevity by no means characteristic of his wit. In view of this fact, and of the subjects which he handled—subjects which have long ceased, many of them, at least, to agitate human thought—we must confess our surprise and delight that a selection from his writings has been made so readable and so instructive as that contained in the volume now before us. No man ever lived more intensely in his own time than Milton lived in the most stirring period of English history. And this fact, which, at first sight, would seem to disqualify his thought for interesting us, turns out to be the source of his attraction. The Titanic forces of his period have left their impress on his every page. To read these pages is to ask repeatedly, "How must these words have sounded when they were first uttered?" For, at the distance of two centuries, it quickens one's pulse marvellously to read them over. One might read volumes of history and yet not penetrate so deeply into the spirit of the English reformation as this volume will at once admit him. And so, too, one might read the best life of Milton that has yet been written, and not get half the insight into his character that would come from reading these stout arguments and red-hot denunciations. But we shall be greatly mistaken if those who take time to examine carefully these samples of his thought do not feel strongly tempted to go into it much deeper, and for themselves to find out the strength and beauty there are in its sanctuary.

Cabinet Editions of British Poets, of Shakespeare, of Bunyan, and of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. (New York: American News Company. 15 vols.)—For thirty dollars any young man intending to form a library may possess himself of fifteen good-looking green and gold volumes, very fairly illustrated, and containing the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," "The Holy War," and the "Pilgrim's Progress" of Bunyan, Shakespeare's complete works, with a glossary, but not annotated, and the poetical works of Milton, Pope, Thomson, Beattie, Cowper, Burns, Goldsmith, Scott, Wordsworth, and Moore, and of Byron also, except that of his "Don Juan" only a portion is given. The paper is white, and not too thin, though the volumes contain some of them four hundred and fifty, most of them six hundred and odd, and some of them eight hundred and odd pages; the type is generally of a very good size, and as for outward appearance the books may be called handsomely and strongly bound. The time of the giving of presents is nigh, and on the shelves of the booksellers there can be almost no presents intrinsically better, and not many, we should hope, better suited to the tastes and needs of gift-givers and gift-getters than this set of books, or a part of it.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

HOW TO MAKE PRESIDENTS HARMLESS.

THE proposal to make the President ineligible for re-election has a good deal to recommend it, but the balance of argument is undoubtedly against it. In its favor there is the obvious consideration that it would prevent that incessant bidding for popularity, that persistent conversion of the administration into an electioneering machine, which has been the curse of our politics for nearly half a century. The President would cease to have a motive for deserting his party, or trying to patch up one of his own, or for shaping a "policy" to catch the popular eye, or for filling the public offices with his creatures, and, in fact, for meddling unnecessarily and injuriously in the work of legislation. But the arguments urged against it by Hamilton in the *Federalist* have lost little of their force. They are now nearly as cogent as they were eighty years ago. The chance of re-election is undoubtedly a stimulus to good behavior. The cases which tell against this argument, such as those of Tyler and Pierce and Buchanan, were undoubtedly due to an exceptional condition of our politics. There is not the smallest probability that such an abuse as slavery will ever again arise, or that so formidable a combination of interests, feelings, and prejudices can ever take place in support of any abuse as that by which slavery was bolstered up during the last thirty years. In other words, to legislate for the contingency of such temptations as those to which Pierce and Buchanan were exposed would be very like converting the nation into a camp in order to be prepared for war. Ordinarily a President would base his hopes of re-election upon his success in carrying out the popular wishes, and if these wishes did not, on the whole, run in the direction of good government, democratic government would be a failure. The only cases in which we need ever expect a President to run counter even in appearance to the popular will are those in which he has reason to believe that the popular judgment has not been fairly expressed, or has not had time to ripen. A good man will, in such case, act properly, a bad man improperly, no matter how we legislate. The President is pretty sure to strive to please the majority, and, unless our whole theory of government be erroneous, the majority, on the whole, in the long run, is pretty sure to be right. The danger of making him ineligible for re-election is that the opinion of the majority would then become of comparatively little consequence to him, and a bad man might use his office, during his whole term, for the sole purpose of enriching himself or aggrandizing his favorites. To be sure, a man base enough for this is not likely to reach so high a place; but it must not be forgotten that very bad men go into politics in our day, that some of them may reach the Presidency, and that we do not as yet know how a bad President would behave who knew he had no chance of re-election. Many people imagine that the worst ones must always have known that there was no hope for them, but this is a great mistake. There seems to be some peculiarity about this office which prevents all prominent politicians from ever giving up the hope of getting it, and, after they have got it, from giving up the hope of keeping it.

In the second place, it would be rather dangerous for the country to deprive itself of the power of using the experience of a man whom it has tried and found both skilful and faithful, and to bind itself to make a total change of administration, no matter what the nature of the crisis may be in which the term ends. We have just had in Mr. Lincoln's case a signal example of the mischief that may follow the removal of a President whom the country has thoroughly tried to make way at a time of great difficulty for an unknown and untried and inexperienced successor. No people ever made a greater display of wisdom than this people did in re-electing Lincoln, and we doubt if any incident in American history made so deep an impression on the mind of foreign observers. His death at the beginning of his second term has been of some use in showing us the danger of "swapping horses when crossing the stream," to use his own illustration. It put at the helm of affairs a man of whom the country at large knew nothing; of whose real character and abilities even his own friends knew very little; who had none of the official experience or training which had made Lincoln almost twice as valuable a man in 1864 as he was in 1860; and who brought to the conduct of the Government at the most delicate crisis in our history an entirely new order of ideas and motives. We all know the result. It may be said, it is true, that Mr. Johnson would not have been chosen to succeed Mr. Lincoln by a regular popular election; perhaps not. But a man as incompetent and disappointing might have been. Most people thought in 1859 they could predict how William H. Seward would behave were he at the head of the Republic in such a crisis as that through which we are now passing; but they would have been mistaken. He would, if we may judge from the part he has played during the last year, have proved simply a more learned and more polished Andrew Johnson. As long as nominating conventions are what they are—as long, in short, as the task of choosing officials has to be delegated to professional politicians—the public can never tell who may turn up at the head of affairs. In nine cases out of ten it will be a man little known outside his own State, and he may be a Lincoln or he may not.

The true remedy for the evils with which Congress is now seeking to deal would seem to be not to make the President ineligible for re-election, and thus deprive him of the strongest motive for behaving well, and force the people to dispense with his services, it may be, at the very moment when his experience and character are most needed, but to reduce his patronage to a minimum. It is with his patronage that a bad President does all his mischief; without the unlimited power of appointment and dismissal his powers of mischief would be very small, his powers for good as large as ever. A reform which would compel candidates for office to submit to an examination, and which, while leaving the President his power of dismissal, would compel him to do what a decent regard for public opinion compels European monarchs to do—assign cause, either in incompetency or misconduct, for dismissing a man—would reduce the abuses of the present system to as low a point as human nature will permit. Leave the public service in its present condition, and make the President ineligible for re-election, and you simply make it tenfold more a hotbed of intrigue and insubordination and corruption than ever. The bill reported by Mr. Edmunds seems as near an approach to perfection, perhaps, as is either practicable or desirable. Patronage—the power of constantly, and with or without cause, making and filling vacancies in the civil service—is the curse of our politics. It debauches and demoralizes everybody, from the President down to the common councilman, and converts public life into a mere game for places. If it be possible to stop it at Washington, we shall not despair of witnessing its extinction in the several States. The creation of an official class which is involved in making tenure of office dependent on good behavior is, no doubt, an evil; but it is a small evil compared with the present system, and our society has grown too busy and complicated to make it possible to administer our affairs by any but trained functionaries whose bread depends on their good behavior, and on nothing else.

As a supplement to this reform there should be another, confining the Vice-President to the presidency of the Senate, and depriving him of the succession in case of the President's death. The plan of the Constitution has now been thrice tried, and has twice proved a total failure. The possibility of the Vice-President's succeeding to the Presidency ought to be borne in mind in nominating him, but it never is, and so remote is the contingency that it is not in human nature that it should be. No man should ever be allowed to fill the presidential office who has not been chosen for it directly. No man should get into it by an accident, without ever having submitted his qualifications for it to a popular vote. When the President dies a new election should take place—an inconvenience, no doubt, but not likely to prove a very great one, as we see. There have been only three vacancies made by death in the office in eighty years, and an additional election every twenty years would be a small price to pay for assurance against such accidents as Mr. Johnson.

MR. BRIGHT'S POSITION.

MANY of the English papers are trying to persuade the public that Mr. Bright has irretrievably damaged his cause by his scheme for the regeneration of Ireland, coupled with his more recent allusion to the possibility of hastening the triumph of the reform movement in England by a display of physical force on the part of the working classes. A portion of the press here is disposed to take the same view of the matter, and is lamenting over Mr. Bright's failure, and over the absurdity of his plan for settling the Irish land question. We doubt very much, however, whether all this mourning is not wasted, and whether ten years hence, if not sooner, the very wildest things Mr. Bright says at the present moment will not seem very tame statements of very well recognized truths. The formation of opinion is so quickened in our day by the impetus which the press and the telegraph have given to thought, that we often now witness in a single year revolutions in sentiment, and above all in political sentiment, which in the last century it would have taken twenty years to bring about. Nobody need have much hesitation in predicting that the resistance which is at present offered in England to the extension of the suffrage will seem as odd and unreasonable in the year 1880 as the resistance which was offered in 1847 to the repeal of the Corn-laws seems to-day; and the speeches in which Mr. Bright is advocating it will not seem one whit more dangerous or revolutionary than those in which the Emancipation act was advocated in 1829, or the Reform bill in 1832.

There is nothing either novel or absurd or dangerous in the threats of physical force in English agitation, and the talk that one hears of Mr. Bright's folly in mentioning it as a possible means of achieving success can hardly come from writers who have ever made themselves familiar with or have not forgotten the last forty years of English history. The Catholics agitated in vain for over a quarter of a century, until they became numerous enough and bold enough to back their prayers for relief by those very threats of physical force which Mr. Bright is considered so unwise for mentioning. Those threats, too, were by no means idle. It is true nobody supposed that a Catholic rising could have overturned or dismembered the empire or revolutionized the government. But a rising for an object which was just and reasonable and practicable, and which involved no radical change in the constitution, threatened no man's liberty with abridgment, no man's allegiance with modification, would naturally have won the sympathy if not the approval of large numbers of able and honest men, and those who took part in it would have had the moral support of the civilized world. Such a rising, therefore, would have meant not revolution but civil war; and civil war, waged in denial of a claim of right, is something from which Englishmen of all classes and conditions recoil. There could not be, in short, a more striking example of the effectiveness of this threat as a last resort than the fact that the Duke of Wellington, of all men in the kingdom, justified his consent to the bill, irrespective of other considerations, by the necessity of avoiding civil war. "If I could," said he, "avoid by any sacrifice whatever even one month of civil war in the country to which I am attached, I would sacrifice my life in order to do it." So the Emancipation bill was passed, this speech contributing perhaps more than anything else to beat down the last remnant of opposition to it.

"The Catholic cause," says Mr. May, "owed its triumph to no moral conversion. The Government was overawed by the hostile demonstrations of a formidable confederacy supported by the Irish people and priesthood, and menacing authority with their physical force. But however powerful this association, its efforts would have been paralyzed without a good cause supported by eminent statesmen and an influential party in Parliament."

In 1832, the very same means were used, and successfully used, to carry the Reform bill. The governing classes resisted to the verge of war. Monster meetings were held all over the country; compulsion by physical force was not only threatened and talked of, but prepared. Finally, at the famous meeting in Birmingham, it was announced that 100,000 men would march on London—not men of the "middle classes" either, but working-men and artisans, the very class who now attend Bright's meetings—and the bill was finally passed amidst the excitement caused by fears of a collision between the troops and the people. There is nothing in the history of the time better known than that the extreme measure of swamping the peers by a new creation was dictated by the desire of the kings and Whigs to avoid a bloody revolution. The fact is, that behind all great popular agitation in any country lies the possibility of an appeal to physical force, often, it is true, only dimly seen, but still visible. A popular party claiming from a privileged class the recognition of a right would proclaim its own helplessness and imbecility if it announced that it would never under any circumstances resort to the last argument of peoples as well as of kings. No aristocracy, whether composed of "middle class" or upper class, was ever yet induced, solely by appeals to its reason or sense of justice, to consent to share its power with those below it. No large body of slaves have ever been emancipated by their owners simply from a conviction of the wrongfulness of slaveholding. When men talk of gaining their political ends by discussion and moral force, they mean simply that they hope to gain them by ordinary and legal means; that they will continue to use these means for an indefinite period; but that, should they ever become convinced that discussion is useless, they will resort to physical force should it seem to them expedient.

As regards the Irish land question, Mr. Bright has only presented in a rough shape the solution which every candid and thinking Englishman believes in his secret heart must come sooner or later. Real estate in Ireland does not at this moment, in spite of the cheapness of labor, and let the title be ever so good, bring over one-third of the price of land in England, owing in the main to the belief of all capitalists that the tenure in the former country is not yet settled. Moreover, Mr. Bright's plan is in principle that which Mr. John Stuart Mill propounded years ago as the only settlement of the Irish difficulty from which either peace or prosperity might be expected; it is that by which Stein raised the Prussian peasantry out of a pit of misery and degradation and converted them into one of the most comfortable, intelligent, and proud communities in the world. It is that, too, which raised the French peasant from the ragged, half-starved, thoughtless hind described by Arthur Young into the cannie, industrious, hard-headed "citizen" of our day. Through it men whom a century ago rollicking gentlemen shot as wild animals are to-day the terror of kings and nobles—as skilled, too, in the arts of peace as in those of war. It is no secret that Mr. Gladstone, as well as many other prominent English Liberals, recognizes the abnormal character of the Irish trouble and the hopelessness of seeking to cure it by ordinary English methods. The evil is so deep-seated that nothing short of social revolution will eradicate it. Centuries of civil war, persecution, and bad government have produced that low standard of living, that want of practical sense, that strange inability to measure the relation between means and results, that absence of all sense of the ridiculous in spite of their strong sense of humor, those absurd notions of dignity, and that boyish inconsequence both in language and in behavior for which Irish politicians are unhappily notorious, and of which the Fenian movement is a remarkable and somewhat sad illustration. In other words, the root of the Irish difficulty is to be found in the character of the Irish people, and their character cannot be changed now by any purely political reform. The abolition of the state church would be a great act of justice, but it would do only very little; the concession of legal security for the tenant's property in his improvements would also be a great act of justice, but it, too, would do very little. The reform has to be social. An entirely new class of influences and motives will have to be brought to bear on the people in their daily life through one or two generations before we can expect any great change either in their way of thinking feeling, or acting; and these can only be provided in Ireland by a radical change in the ownership of the soil. The only lever strong enough to raise the Irish peasant out of the slough of despond in which he now wallows is the possession of land in fee simple. Those who denounce Mr. Bright for talking of giving him this do not deny the probability of its elevating the peasantry, but they fear its effect on the security of property in other parts of the kingdom—a kingdom, too, in which for centuries property has been a more sacred thing than men. But if, as we believe, the thing has yet to be done by some means, whether fair or foul, it must be talked of, and the sooner the better. The man who first talks of it is pretty sure to become a black sheep, but the public will gradually get used to him, and he may count even-

tually on seeing black the fashionable color. And we do not believe that any such change in Ireland would imperil property elsewhere. It would destroy confidence in nothing except in possession based on fraud or force, or legislation based on injustice. The great lesson it would teach would be the folly, in a worldly sense, of setting up a social system of which poverty and repression and inequality were essential parts. No English landlord would be affected by it any more than by the French Revolution, and its effects on the political position of England would be almost incalculable. It would in thirty or forty years convert a disaffected dependency into the right arm of the empire. Those who ascribe Irish troubles to race, and therefore despair of their removal, or of seeing Ireland ever become in heart a part of Great Britain, forget that the Irish are of the same race as the French, and that the scatter-brained and ridiculous "senators" and "generals" who "invade" Canada and "promote" each other for a share in "the battle of Lime Ridge" owe simply to the widely different social and political influences to which they and their fathers have been exposed the great interval which separates them from the Frenchmen who have taught the world the art of organization, who have swept Europe with their armies, and sent their ideas and their language into every civilized household.

Those who talk of national independence as the cure for Irish misery are even wilder enemies of the country, and have less comprehension of its condition, than Lord Derby. The very symptoms which prove the necessity of a radical course of treatment prove also the folly of even talking of a national government. There has probably been no such government in modern times as Fenians would set up in Dublin if they had their way. What we have seen of the performances of the generals and statesmen of the Brotherhood in this country may give us some idea of what that government would be, but only a very faint one, as we may be sure. The capers of these gentlemen, with no funds but the contributions of servant girls and laborers at their disposal, would be as nothing to the capers they would cut if placed in possession of the revenues of a kingdom. The nearest possible approach to a proper conception of the nature of their administration may be obtained by fancying the Pope's government, the Sultan's government, the government of Costa Rica, and the government of New York City mixed in equal proportions and flavored with George Francis Train's rhetoric.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

The people of this State have voted by a large majority in favor of calling a convention to revise the constitution of the State. Delegates will probably be elected in April, and the convention itself will, no doubt, meet in May or June.

During the next six months the minds of all who study our internal politics will be much occupied with the consideration of the subjects which will come before the convention for decision. That decision will indeed be settled by the discussions of the next six months. No one doubts that very serious changes will be made by the convention, and the direction and extent of these changes will depend very greatly upon the manifestations of public sentiment during this winter.

We presume that the great mass of those citizens who voted for the convention are satisfied that the present constitution has gone too far in the direction of decentralization. No one wishes to adopt the French system, by which the people have substantially no power further than to select one man, and then leave everything to him; nor is it even desired that power should be as much concentrated as it is under the Constitution of the United States. But every voter knows that he is in the habit of voting for thrice as many candidates as it is possible for him to know anything about, and that he is continually made the unwitting instrument of elevating unworthy men to office. A medium course will be most acceptable to the mass of the people, who neither desire to vote for every public officer, nor yet to have every one appointed by the governor.

Upon the subject of an elective judiciary, especially when the system is extended to large cities, we presume that the sentiment of the reflecting and intelligent class of the community is almost unanimous. Some other plan must certainly be devised, though we shall not on this occasion undertake to suggest one, preferring to reserve so large a subject to be dealt with separately.

The great delays of our courts, especially in the Court of Appeals, also demand the interference of the convention as imperatively as did the similar difficulties of the old Supreme Court in 1846. Either we must have two courts of last resort, with all the evils of conflicting decisions, of equal authority, or the number of appealable cases must be limited.

The corruption of the Legislature is a fault which the convention should at least seriously consider and endeavor to remedy. We are strongly inclined to the belief that more numerous bodies would be found less corruptible, though a large assembly is of course unwieldy, and apt to be quite as slow to do good as to do evil.

There is a strong feeling in favor of a return to the old system of electing assemblymen by a general ticket in each county, the single district system having, it is thought, lowered the character of the Legislature. But if this is done, it is clear that some representation must be given to the minority in each county, for it is certain that the Republican party will never consent to give up all chance of having a member of the Legislature from New York, Kings, and Erie Counties, as it would if it agreed to any plan for allowing each county to choose its assemblymen by general ticket on a majority vote. Neither will it do to attempt an equal division between the majority and minority, as is done with respect to the supervisors of New York city. Such a plan leads to a common corruption, besides being grossly unfair towards the local majority. Some scheme by which the minority in each large county should have a number of members proportioned to its actual vote, would seem to be the best attainable, and we trust will be adopted. In counties electing less than three members, the single district system is practically unobjectionable.

The extension of the suffrage to colored men upon the same footing with whites we presume to be almost certain, as far as the action of the convention can decide it. But the Legislature ought to adopt the same rule in providing for the election of delegates to the convention. At such an election all male citizens have a right to vote; and we have a precedent for this course in the action of the Legislature on a similar question in 1801. The question of applying some test of intelligence to electors, as is done in some parts of New England, will no doubt be broached, and we hope it will receive full consideration.

It is highly desirable that some means should be devised for improving our whole system of legislation. Some kind of permanent committee or council might, we think, be provided, by which all statutes should be put into proper shape and made uniform in style. This council would also, by reason of its permanency and consequent experience, perceive and point out the evil tendencies of many bills which are now slipped through without attracting attention. The total incapacity of our Legislature to deal with any broad measures, such as the codes, or even a revision of the statutes, is a fact which ought to excite the convention to an anxious desire for a reform. If the Legislature were required to hold an extra session once in every ten years for the exclusive purpose of revising and consolidating the statutory and common law, it would be no more than is really needed by the State.

We have thus endeavored merely to suggest a few topics which ought to come before the convention. We cannot too strongly urge the importance of selecting the best men for delegates to a body charged with such grave duties, or the necessity of public discussion upon the themes which are to come before it.

PARIS GOSSIP.

Paris, Nov. 16, 1866.

The court has quitted St. Cloud for its usual autumn sojourn at Compiègne, for which favorite scene of hunting and gaiety the first "batch" of guests leave Paris to-day. All those who are thus chosen to share the Imperial hospitality are notified, by the card of invitation, of the day and hour at which they must be at the railway station, where a special train awaits them, and conveys themselves, their luggage, and their servants to the Imperial château. Received by the major domo on their arrival in the vestibule of the palace, they are shown, on a large map of the house, hung on the wall, the rooms which each will occupy during his stay, and are then shown to their respective quarters by tall footmen of the blandest manners, and

arrayed in the green and gold of the Imperial livery. Three rooms, forming parlor, bedroom, and dressing-room, are allotted to each guest, these rooms being models of elegant comfort. On reaching their quarters this evening the guests will find bright fires burning, lamps lighted, and every convenience ready to their hand. Their baggage and their own servants will speedily make their appearance, and they will just have time to dress and make themselves thoroughly comfortable before they are summoned to descend for dinner. A servant of the palace will take the orders of each guest in regard to the materials of next morning's "little breakfast," and the hour at which it shall be served; and shortly afterwards, each guest will obey the summons to descend to the large parlor adjoining the dining-room, where all the visitors assemble and, await the entrance of their Majesties. The brilliant gathering of ministers, marshals, diplomats, and notorieties of the aristocratic, financial, literary, and scientific worlds, with their respective wives, all in full dress, being duly assembled, a chamberlain throws open a door communicating with the Imperial boudoir, and announces their Majesties, who thereupon enter the room, arm-in-arm, and make the tour of the company, welcoming each person with a few words of easy greeting. They then pass on into the dining-room, take their places in the centre of the oval table, followed by the guests, who seat themselves under the auspices of the servants, all in the order indicated by cards laid on each plate. Beside each plate is a bill of fare, printed on satin; and the dinner is, of course, such a repast as a lover of his kind, improving on the famous wish of Henri IV., might desire to see the rest of humanity sit down to daily. As both Emperor and Empress shine in the dispensing of the elegant hospitality, divested of the stiffness of official etiquette, which especially marks their receptions at Fontainebleau and at Compiègne, and talk freely with those whom they receive at their table, these dinners are as animated and agreeable as they are elegant and *recherchés*. After dinner their Majesties, on rising from the table, pass into the great drawing-room, again followed by their guests. The Empress generally seats herself in a favorite arm-chair, the lady guests grouping themselves about her. The gentlemen talk to the ladies, or form little groups among themselves; and the Emperor moves slowly about the room, going from group to group, listening to what is being said in each, and often joining in any conversation that happens to be going forward. Coffee is handed round by splendid "Mercuries," and the company becomes gradually more and more animated.

These evening gatherings are often varied by games of various kinds, music, the acting of charades, and even the getting up of plays in which the various parts are taken by the guests. Some of these entertainments are extremely splendid; all the resources of chemistry, upholstery, jewellery, and millinery being pressed into the service of the whim of the moment.

The mornings are passed by the guests as they please, some remaining quietly in their rooms, others passing them in the magnificent library; others, again, riding, driving, walking, or visiting one another in their respective apartments. At a quarter before twelve all, in elegant morning toilette, gather in the parlor, where they are joined by their Majesties, who, after dispensing their salutations to each guest as they do before dinner, lead the way, in similar style, to a *déjeûner à la fourchette*, as perfect in itself as the more sumptuous evening meal.

The Emperor is always hard at work up to the hour of lunch, but when not too busy with state affairs generally spends the afternoon out of doors. There are hunting and shooting, long excursions in the forest, visits to neighboring sites of interest, and whenever a grand hunt has taken place the curious scene of the *curée*—picturesque but horrible—is enacted in the great Court of Honor. On these occasions the Emperor's hounds, each held in leash by a valet wearing the gay livery of the Imperial hunt, are ranged in a vast circle round the court. Behind each valet stands a second valet holding aloft a lighted torch, and behind this circle of flame is a dense crowd composed of the host of servants and employés belonging to the Imperial household. The Emperor and Empress, with their guests in their splendid dress, assemble in the balconies and galleries that overhang the court, the dark mass of the palace, with its lighted windows and the tops of the trees dimly seen against the sky, making up a scene of lights and shadows that would delight the hearts of the old Flemish painters. At a signal from the Emperor, the hounds are suddenly loosed, and spring with yells of savage delight upon their prey, which they tear to pieces and devour, literally, in the twinkling of an eye. The ordinary *curée*, in which the stag set apart for the dogs' repast has been killed in the course of the day's hunt, is called the *curée froide*. The *curée chaude*, in which the hapless stag, captured, but not killed, chained to a stake in the middle of the court, is devoured alive by the hounds, is reserved for the visit of a crowned head. The only occasion when this hideous relic of barbarous times has been resuscitated during the present reign is said to have been during the visit of the King of Prussia to Fontainebleau. The evidence of the appetite for horrors which this abominable custom presupposes in wearers of diadems, crops up here now and then not only among the uneducated masses, but among those who might be expected to have reached a higher phase of development. Think of a father, holding high rank in the French army, an educated, clever, and amiable man, taking his young daughter, a few days ago, to the Morgue to witness the sad and revolting display of the dead bodies of people who have died by accident, and who, having nothing about them to show their identity, are kept there by the police until claimed by their friends. After such a proof of depraved taste on the part of persons moving in a superior walk of life, it seems natural enough that the two most popular amusements of the day, at this present writing, in this brilliant city, are the ghastly figure of a murdered woman so cunningly imitated in wax that it passes with the crowd for being a real corpse, as the exhibitor impudently proclaims it to be, and a similar horror declared to be "the head of a guillotined Kentuckian," which is made to roll its eyes and to talk, by means, it is supposed, of electrified wires and a hidden ventriloquist.

The mention of these unhealthy symptoms of the moral condition of the Parisians reminds me of the mysterious duel which had so greatly excited the curiosity and the horror of this region at the date of my last. The researches of the police have at length ascertained that the victim, son of the late banker, M. Séguin, fell by the hand of Lieutenant Lucca, the officer of the Zouaves who, as your readers may remember, applied, at three in the morning, at one of the police-stations for help in carrying home a friend whom he stated to have been wounded in a duel, and who was found lying dead of a sword-thrust in the chest, on the pavement, at the foot of a lamp-post. Lieutenant Lucca now declares that young Séguin, who was his most intimate friend, struck him on the face in a drunken quarrel; that he wished to pass over the insult, as it was committed under the influence of wine, and that young Séguin then struck him again in the same manner and challenged him to an instant fight; that he still refused to fight him, attributing his violence to the excitement of wine, when Séguin not only struck him again, but fell upon him with such violence as to compel him to draw his sword; that he still had no intention of doing more than defend himself, when Séguin, rushing upon him in a state of ungovernable fury, slipped and fell with all his might upon his sword, thus killing himself through his own act and deed. As Lucca still refuses to give the names of the seconds or other witnesses of this extraordinary affair, he remains under arrest, and will, it is said, be tried by a court-martial.

A pleasanter item in the physiognomy of the moment is the wonderful new ballet which is drawing all the *beau monde* of this spectacle-loving capital to the Grand Opera. It is called "The Spring," and is a happy mixture, splendid, but defying analysis, of romance, fairy tale, and extravaganza, in which the *Naiad of the Fountain* and her train of water-elves, a wicked wood-sprite, a youth named *Djeueil* (with whom the *Naiad* is in love), a girl named *Nouredda* (who hates *Djeueil*, but with whom *Djeueil* is in love), a magic flower, a dignitary called a *Khan*, and an immense *personnel* of mortals in picturesque clothing, of good and bad fairies, electric lights, moonshine, caves, clouds, soldiers, bandits, slave-dealers, and ugly old women go through complicated mazes of pantomime, dancing, music, sleeping, waking, and miscellaneous adventures, winding up with the suicide of the *Naiad*, who obligingly transfers her loving soul to *Nouredda* and dies in the process, while the happy pair, thus unexpectedly brought together, waltz off together in pantomimic rapture under an alley of gorgeous blossoms.

Carlotta Patti, whose lameness keeps her from the stage, is creating a *furore* in the provinces, where she is giving concerts in a group of kindred stars. She will give a series of these entertainments at the Théâtre Syrique during the exhibition of next year.

Two young sisters, Julia and Juliette Delepierre, are rousing the enthusiasm of the lovers of music by their exquisite playing on the violin, in which walk of art they bid fair to rival the Sisters Ferin and the Sisters Milanollo, and the lovers of mysteries are flocking to behold the phenomena which are said to be produced by the "magnetism" of a little girl now "on view" at the Grand Hotel, and who, by the mere fact of her presence, sets all the chairs and tables in motion.

Public sentiment is still greatly excited by the accounts of the wreck of the *Evening Star* received from the survivors of that disaster, and especially by the incredible cruelty of the thirteen men who, having suffered poor Mlle. de Méry to cling for five hours, unaided, to the edge of their boat, allowed the brave girl to sink to the bottom at last from sheer exhaustion. The solemn service celebrated here a week ago, in memory of the victims of that catastrophe, will probably be followed by the erection in the cemetery of Père la Chaise of a monument commemorative of their names.

FLORENTINE MOSAICS.

VENICE, Oct. 28, 1866.

"MOSAIC is the only painting for eternity" wrote old Ghirlandajo, while Ruskin maintains that the most vivid conditions of color attainable by human art are those of works in glass and enamel. Never have I been so impressed with the truth of these sentences as now, after a minute examination of the treasures of ancient and modern mosaics which Venice can boast. During one of my almost daily visits to St. Mark's, I was lamenting to a friend that the burnished glories of Titian and Tintoretto were vanishing so rapidly from the cupolas and domes, on which he assured me that within a very short space of time they would be restored to their pristine splendor by Dr. Salviati. The name reawakened certain memories of mosaics in the Italian court of the London Exhibition of 1851, and, without delay, I hastened to the manufactory on Campo Rio, where I was introduced to the art-loving doctor, who devoted an entire afternoon to the explanation of his method and the exhibition of his treasures. The immense palace on the Canal Grande, from roof to foundation, is occupied by the manufactory of mosaic pictures, while in another establishment at Murano, Laurentio Radi, who has spent forty-five years of his life in experiments, fabricates the colored and gold and silver cakes of enamel of which the pictures are composed. In the composition of the *paste* of which these enamels are formed, and in the method of cutting them, consists the uncontested superiority to which Radi the artisan, and Salviati the artist and capitalist, have by their combined efforts attained. The *colored* enamels are formed of the siliceous and other materials of which common glass is composed; but to these are added other mineral substances which, duly prepared and fused, impart to the paste its density, hardness, and color. *Gold* and *silver* enamels are formed by laying a leaf of gold or silver on a plate of thick glass or enamel, then spreading over the leaf a film—a breath of purest glass—either colorless or of any tint required; these three layers fused together form one homogeneous body. Mosaic work has been adopted from the time when the pavement of the palace of King Ahasuerus was formed of "pieces of various colors" up to the present—the difference consists in the substance, especially of these gold enamels, and still more in the method of cutting and fitting them. The monumental or Byzantine mosaic is easily recognized, because the separate pieces, not being quite regular, do not fit into each other (whereas the inlaid Florentine and Roman mosaics are perfectly smooth), the result being obtained by the filling in of the interstices with cement, and then rubbing and polishing the entire surface. The disadvantage of the latter process is shown in the works of some of the oldest masters, as in the dome of Aix la Chapelle, and here in St. Mark's, where, the cement yielding, the pieces of marble or enamel have fallen out; and in order to remedy this defect, Radi invented a system for cutting the enamels, which, owing to the sharpness of the angles and fineness of the edges, fit into each other perfectly. The beauty of this last system is especially to be noticed in the life-like portraits wrought in this establishment, while the absence of all rigidity of lines is as admirable as the exquisite gradations of the flesh tints. Another advantage of the modern over the ancient mosaic workers is found in the fact that, whereas the Zuccatis, Bianchinis, and Bayyas were compelled to toil painfully on scaffoldings, fixing their bits into the actual roofs and pavements, the immense mosaic pictures wrought in this establishment can, by the ingenious device of working with the surface downwards, be composed piece by piece, and afterwards transported and fixed in their destined place. Thus the first-rate mosaic worker is engaged on the heads of the subject, the second on the hands, and the rest on the drapery. It would be a mistake to confound these artists with mere copyists, for the authors of the cartoons, as did Titian and Tintoret, only give the subject full size in pencil, with a small sketch to indicate color. Salviati seems to take intense pride in his workmen, and has established a school of design for them, so that the humblest artisan may learn the principles of drawing and of geometry. The amount of work executed within the last ten years in this establishment is wonderful. The groined ceiling of the Wolsey Chapel at Windsor Castle is covered with Venetian enamel mosaics, the design comprehending nineteen figures, inscriptions, coats of arms, etc. The large mosaic picture on one of the eight spandrils under the dome of St. Paul's was fixed in July, and the mosaics for the other seven are now in course of composition; the vaulted roof of the canopy over the statue of Prince Albert, a mosaic cross over the chancel aisle of All Saints' Church in Windsor, the soffits of twelve side windows and of the great blank west window in the Wolsey Chapel, and the twenty-eight panels in the same window to contain full-length portraits of the sovereigns and prelates who have at various times been engaged in the erection or decoration of the castle, and other church decorations, are completed or in course of completion, while the mosaic of Clayton's famous cartoon of the "Last Supper," for Westminster Abbey, is by Salviati considered his *chef-d'œuvre*. He has now a contract for the complete restoration of the great mosaic work which covered the entire dome of the Aix la Chapelle Cathedral, the burial place of Charlemagne, and probably the only building remaining of his period. The original mosaic is almost entirely destroyed, but fortunately the cartoon remains and is to be followed in spirit and in letter. His commissions amount at the present moment to $200,000, and both the outlay of capital involved and the burden of the administration have induced him to seek to establish an Anglo-Italian Mosaic Company for the purpose of carrying out all these and future commissions. The beauty of the coloring and the perfect setting of these works no one can dispute; the authors of the cartoons are enthusiastic in their praise of the fidelity and grace of the copyists. The price is exceedingly moderate: the design for the Wolsey Chapel, measuring 2,100 superficial feet, was executed in ten months at a cost, including transit from Venice and fixing, of £4,725. Competent judges opine that these mosaics will be more durable and retain their color better than any former specimens. I think the best proof of Salviati's merits is to be found in the fact that the committee for the restoration of St. Mark's Cathedral, after minute and repeated investigations, have pronounced his enamels or smalto to be immeasurably superior in lustre, color, and cutting not only to those of all the present workers, but also to those of the ancient mosaics, and hence advise that he should be employed in repairing the old pictures and the making of new ones in the church.

A small specimen of these enamel mosaics may be seen by your readers in a Brooklyn church, where a tablet in enamel mosaic, on Carrara marble, with a portrait, on a gold enamel ground, of the late Dr. Bethune, has been placed by his wife. The enterprising Dr. Salviati is full of hope that, under the new *régime*, he will receive commissions from his own countrymen, and if all goes well with him he intends founding a mosaic school for women. Not less interesting or beautiful is his collection of blown Venetian glass—chandeliers, goblets, *calice*, *tazze*, wine-glasses, cruets, flagons, etc.—precise imitations of the ancient forms, and colored with the wonderful hues supposed to be lost at the commencement of this century. I have spent two delightful days with the glass-blowers of Murano, and never have I seen men so earnest and enthusiastic about their work. If you give them a suggestion, they will work it out, repeat the experiment again and again, until they are satisfied that the article produced is as perfect as it can be made. All the old colors, such as the flame, *fiamma; aquamarina*, a pale sea green; *avventurina*, or opalized glass, are recovered, and some of the ruby and purple tints excel in brilliancy any that I have ever seen; still, I think I admire most the bubbled filagree on the glass, in which threads of opaque white cross each other on a surface of transparent glass, each interstice enclosing a drop or bubble of air. The glass is all blown, no moulds being used, and it is astonishing to see the workmen, with their eyes fixed on a model or even pencil-design, imitate it exactly by alternate blowing through the hollow rod from which the molten glass hangs suspended and twirling in air, darting it into the furnace, deftly catching a drop of color from a fellow-workman's rod, then shaping with shears, while the bystander looks on in continual fear lest the delicate fabric shall unshape itself or drop altogether from the end of the rod. Lightness of touch, an eye for color, and a knowledge of the exact heat required in the various stages seem the chief requisites; all three qualities the Murano workmen have inherited from time immemorial, and they also affirm that the air of Murano has much to do with the transparency and ductility of the material. I have before me the prices of the articles fashioned before my eyes yesterday, and can but marvel at their cheapness. A ruby flagon, ornamented with aquamarina, 8s.; a filagree jug, 10s.; a *calice*, which I would undertake to pass off for antique in London, 3s.; ruby-rimmed tumblers, 9s. each; smaller purple-rimmed tumblers, 6s.; exquisite lily and crocus-shaped flower vases, 1s. 6d. each. Salviati tells me that his shop in Oxford Street is emptied faster than he can fill it, so we may hope that beauty, lightness, and cheapness combined are weaning our matrons from their pride in the heavy, ugly, unnatural cut-glass which, a few years since, was all the rage. I am glad to hear that the commissioners of the approaching royal festivals have assigned the hall known as the *Sala delle quatro porte*, in the Ducal Palace, to Salviati, wherein to expose his treasures of mosaic and blown glass. At present his capital is insufficient for the execution of all the commissions received up to the present time, and he is striving to form an Anglo-Italian company. Whether owing to the unsettled state of affairs or to horror of speculation which characterizes modern Italians with regard to their private fortunes, few Italian shareholders have come forward, and I must confess that I should regret to see this source of national pride and gain pass into the hands of foreigners. Perhaps the new-comers will lend a helping hand.

The Nation.

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The Week.

CONGRESS has not done much during the week beyond giving divers proofs of good intentions. The District Franchise bill was passed in a rush, without debate in the House, but excited no sensation. There was a smart passage at arms on the Nebraska bill, Mr. Sumner maintaining that Congress was not bound to admit the Southern States even if they adopted the amendment, unless they also admitted the freedmen to the suffrage; Mr. Wade insisting that it was so bound, and Mr. Sherman siding with Mr. Wade. We think there can be little question that, as a matter of fact, the mass of the party, in Congress and out of it, did understand that when the amendment was proposed its acceptance was the only necessary condition of readmission, and the elections were carried on this understanding in all the Northern States. If this was a misconception, the Radical leaders are to blame for not having spoken out more loudly before the vote. So far as we know, no organ of that wing of the Republican party, except the *Independent*, gave the slightest intimation that there was any doubt about the matter. At all events, the Nebraska bill has passed without any provision against discrimination based on color, which looks as if the Senate took Mr. Wade's view rather than Mr. Sumner's.

THE choice speech of the week has been that of Mr. Rogers, of New Jersey. He opposed the District Franchise bill in one of the loftiest flights we have had since Mr. Deming's oration on making Grant a full general, but did not go back nearly far enough, and left the early history of the negro untouched. He said President Johnson "would go down to posterity as one of the brightest jewels that ever illumined the country; and that the Almighty would have his name written in letters of gold on the altar of Christianity." He continued in this strain for some time amidst the merriment of the House. We think he ought to have a foreign mission, and are pleased to learn from himself that he is a young man.

MR. ASHLEY'S resolution looking to Mr. Johnson's impeachment was couched in general terms, and would, if passed, have empowered a committee of seven to enquire into the official acts of "any officers of the Government of the United States." The vote was upon the suspension of the rules, and an affirmative vote of two-thirds was required. Every Democrat voted against it, and sixteen Republicans, among the latter being Judge Spalding. Mr. Maynard also voted against it and Mr. Raymond. It is reported that the resolution is to be revived; but this vote may probably be justly taken by Mr. Johnson as an assurance that if he behaves himself henceforth he is to be allowed his two years and two months more of office. That the people would be very glad to get rid of him is beyond a doubt; but beyond a doubt, too, they are hardly ready to subscribe to the belief of a late writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, that a president may be impeached "if he have done anything that he ought not to have done, or left undone anything that he ought to have done," which is true, probably, as theory, but does not answer the question whether we had better get the wheel ready to break our particular butterfly.

THERE appears to be, if we may judge from the fuss which exists at Washington, amongst a large class of persons a settled conviction that the departments are something in the nature of charitable refuges for distressed persons of both sexes. Men lay claim to the offices on the ground of service in the army, which, in the absence of personal unfitness, is good ground, and women on the simple ground of sex, which is no ground at all. Private employers are perfectly justified in employing women *quâ* women; but Government, being simply an agent spending other people's money, has no right to employ anybody for any other reason than his or her eminent fitness. In the meantime discipline and order in some of the departments seem well-nigh at an end. The remedy is competitive examinations, tenure dependent on good behavior, and the total abolition of patronage.

Two candidates—not counting Mr. Johnson, who has already filled nearly every office in the gift of his fellow-citizens—are already in the field for the Presidential contest. General Butler, if rumor is to be trusted, has nominated himself; for he is reported to make no secret of his intention to lead the extremely radical Republicans in the campaign of 1868. An East Tennessee paper, we think it is, puts up the name of Major-General Thomas, who in old times would certainly have been thought to have every element of availability, except that his name has been mentioned too soon. He will have to be careful, however, about making speeches, though his excuse for doing so at Nashville the other day was a good one. A worse model than Parson Brownlow it would not be very easy to find. His speech on the occasion referred to—the presentation of a medal to the general—was an excellent specimen of all the Parson's finer and more labored "efforts," and contained nine parts of scraps of newspaper to one part of Brownlow himself, expressed in English of Western boldness. "Tried and devoted patriot," "modest and unassuming gentleman," "deadly conflict with the enemies of your country," and so on, contrast amusingly with such heartfelt words as these: "You closed out that conflict;" "sending hordes of treason-howling wretches into Dixie—away down South in Dixie;" "a portion of the enemy remained to receive at your hands their long-lost rights—funeral rites." The general's reply was sensible, straightforward, and dull; but the East Tennessee paper had better advise him, as we advise General Butler, for his own sake—we are not thinking of other people—to place the hand of silence, as the Persians would say, close over the mouth of political suicide, lest, like the descendant of the Milesian king, opening the mouth, the foot be put in it.

THE loyal men of the country, the sensible men of any Christian

country, will have great difficulty in seeing why the rebel ex-general G. E. Pickett should have a full pardon, and, indeed, why he should not be tried and hanged for the mean and cruel murder of more than twenty United States soldiers. In the beginning of 1864 he took prisoners, near Newbern, between three and four hundred Union soldiers. Gen. Peck addressed him a letter calling his attention to the fact that a certain number of these were North Carolinians who had always been loyal and who were regularly enlisted men in the United States service. Twenty-two of them Pickett caused to be tried by court-martial on a charge of desertion; his officers having found them guilty, he hanged them, after having allowed them to be treated with the utmost cruelty while undergoing trial, and their corpses with the utmost barbarity after death. The ground for charging the unfortunate wretches with desertion was no better than this, that they had been members of some local militia company which had never been in the Confederate service—the same ground as that upon which a man tried with them was acquitted. But he had a friend to see justice done him, and these men were allowed no counsel and no witnesses in their behalf. They were put to a miserable death in order that the loyal population of North Carolina might be overawed. All this, be it remembered, is matter of proof, and has been set forth in the report of military commissions, or may be found in the handwriting of the man himself; it is not hearsay. Now Pickett wants a pardon, and Gen. Grant —who did not earn and cannot keep the admiration which his countrymen give him by such acts of favor as this—endorses his application! Here are Pickett's own words—addressed to Gen. Peck, who had sent him a list of the North Carolinians to whose case his attention was called. The taunting, bloodthirsty tone of it and of all Pickett's letters is worthy of the truest Southern civilization:

"You have made a slight mistake in regard to numbers, 325 having fallen into our hands, etc., instead of the list of 53 which you so kindly furnished me, and which will enable me to bring to justice many who, up to this time, have escaped their just deserts."

Pickett, and Forrest, whose case has already been reported on by a committee of Congress, and one or two other men who may be chivalric but who are the shame of the country that bred them and a disgrace to this age of Christianity, ought really to be brought to a "realizing sense" of their position. We do not at this late day say, hang them, but perhaps there is a golden mean between hanging the ex-rebel Gen. Johnson, for instance, and allowing him to bring in, as he has done, a bill against the Treasury of the United States for back pay due him when he deserted his colors and took service under Jefferson Davis!

As we have ventured to speak disrespectfully on various occasions of the Washington correspondence of the daily papers, we feel bound to remark that that of the *Tribune* has undergone a marvellous change for the better, and is now almost all that such correspondence ought to be; that is to say, it contains few opinions of the writer's own, no sensational rumors, and no abuse and no eulogies of members of Congress, and does report facts very fully. We believe this is the first example of the reduction of a Washington correspondent to complete editorial control.

By way of triumphantly justifying the use of the whip on the backs of criminals in North Carolina, Gov. Worth ingenuously informed the Attorney-General the other day that down there they flogged women as well as men, and men and women entirely white as well as persons of color. The Attorney-General, we suppose, was struck speechless by this argument, for he is reported to favor the errand of the Governor and his coadjutors. These are Chief-Justice Ruffin, ex-Gov. Swain, and the Hon. Nathaniel Boyden, who, we believe, was born in Massachusetts, and may have blushed as well as smiled to hear the plea put in. These gentlemen constitute a committee to request the rescinding of General Sickles's recent order prohibiting corporal punishment. Incidentally, it is said, the committee are opposing the Holden and Pool committee, who wish to overturn the existing State government. Incidentally, too, we learn how it was that North Carolina had so few penitentiary convicts as compared with Northern States "peopled with the scum and off-scourings of Europe;" she has never had a penitentiary. What the nineteenth century may have to say to the committee's argument will not, we suppose, prevent its prevailing, for it is of force to the North Carolinian mind, and, probably, to prevent the interference of Congress.

Of all the plans for the relief of Broadway, we like best that of the Metropolitan Transit Company, which proposes, if it can get leave, to lay a horse railway, level with the ground, from the Battery to Central Park, touching no street in its whole course except the streets it crosses at right angles, and buying its right of way from the owners of property instead of begging, or buying, or stealing from the city government a right to occupy part of the public thoroughfares. The new line of travel will lie through what now are blocks of buildings. Combined with the horse railway on the surface will be a steam railway, for freight, laid under ground, and a second steam railway, for passengers, laid at some considerable height above the surface—all these roads to have double tracks. The company expect to be able to carry a passenger from Wall Street to the Park in about sixteen minutes. The expenditure necessary to bring about this much desired result is reported to be very much less than an uninformed person would think possible, and is set down at no more than $3,200,000, for it is intended that the road shall be run over lots of land which as yet have not many houses standing on them. We sincerely hope that the company may be chartered, and the homes of New Yorkers brought within a reasonable distance of their working places.

The *World* mentioned last week, in an elaborate article on Fenianism, as amongst the wrongs of Ireland, the fact that the English Government refused to allow the proceedings of the courts of justice to be conducted in the Irish language, and filled the civil offices with Englishmen and Scotchmen. As it appeared by the latest returns that less than five thousand people in Ireland possessed any acquaintance whatever with the Irish language, and these the inhabitants of the mountainous districts of Connaught and of Kerry, the disuse of that tongue in the courts of justice can hardly be said to have been much of an inconvenience, not to say grievance, to the other six millions. As to the forcing of Englishmen or Scotchmen into the civil offices—the English Government has for thirty years sought to keep the Irish in good humor by the lavish distribution of offices, and an Englishman or Scotchman in any civil office, except the Lord Lieutenancy and the Archbishopric of Dublin and one or two other places in Dublin, would in any part of the island make nearly as much sensation as a hippopotamus. In fact, there are very few Englishmen and Scotchmen who, in a scramble for offices, would have much chance against an Irishman of average capacity, as the talents of the latter in this direction are both high and rare. The English have of late years, on the other hand, begun to complain of the Irish for encroaching on their own offices. Since competitive examinations for places in the civil service, the Irish have carried off far more than their own share, measured by the population of the island. At the English bar, to which they have gone in late years in great numbers, they have been extraordinarily successful. Six out of the fifteen judges on the English bench are Irishmen, and the new Lord Chancellor is an Irishman.

A curious arrangement has been attempted by Mr. Morse, the United States Consul in London, and Mr. Montgomery Gibbs, the Treasury agent sent over from here, by which Messrs. Fraser, Trenholm & Co., the Confederate agents in Liverpool, make a very good thing out of this Government. The gist of it is, that it is left to Messrs. Fraser & Trenholm to say whether they have any Confederate property under their control, and if so, how much; they are to pay themselves £150,000 out of it, if they have any; and if they should declare that there is any surplus, they are to pay it over to the United States in satisfaction of all demands. We are no prophets; but we predict with confidence that should this agreement be carried out, it will be found that they have, singularly enough, exactly £150,000 in their hands. The arrange-

ment will probably not be carried out, however, as it needs Mr. Adams's consent to give it validity, which doubtless cannot be had. Mr. Montgomery Gibbs's share in the transaction places him in rather an awkward position.

The last news from Mexico is that Maximilian is going to fight for his crown. He probably is afraid to face the *salons* without doing something more to make good his title to the imperial dignity than he has yet done. In the meantime the French press seem disposed to make the best of General Sherman's appearance on the scene, and affect to treat it as a valuable guarantee for the security of French interests and of French citizens left behind by the army.

The fears of an outbreak in Ireland are subsiding, and the island is now so heavily garrisoned that even the most deluded of the Fenians must see the hopelessness of a rising. The danger is that the lame and ridiculous ending to the enterprise will, as such things have more than once done before, harden the hearts and shut the ears of the English public to the story of Irish wrongs, and legitimate agitation for reasonable ends will be placed in the same category with Stephens's and Roberts's bombast and nonsense. A monster reform procession, one hundred thousand strong, is taking place about this time in London, the object of which is (and it is a perfectly legitimate object) to impress the governing classes with the physical force and discipline of those who ask for the franchise. This is unfortunately necessary, as it is the rule in the clubs to treat the *wishes* or *opinions* of the working men as of no consequence whatever. Great fun was made not long ago by a portion of the press of the dissatisfaction of a greengrocer with his clergyman's doctrine. What could a greengrocer know about doctrine? So now, it is asked, what is the opinion of a working-man as to the justice or desirability of extending the suffrage worth?

The French troops have been withdrawn from Rome, but no disturbance has followed—a remarkable illustration of the power of the Roman Secret Committee, which is the real government of the city, and which doubtless has a perfect understanding with Ricasoli, whose policy it is to come to an amicable arrangement with the Pope. The old man, who is, with all his weakness, an Italian at heart, and is, in spite of his tendency to curse, a thorough gentleman, does not want to leave Italy, and the Italians do not want him to go; and when this is the case, there is every prospect of a compromise. The temporal power has been during the last few years so sorry a privilege, and has been accompanied by so little real dignity or independence, that his Holiness can hardly attach the importance to it he once did. There is talk of the French Empress visiting him, which would not be astonishing; and there is also talk of his having been officially invited to visit the United States, which would be very astonishing. In the United States he would cut as sorry a figure as a Crusader in the Stock Exchange. The French legion which has remained behind in the Papal service is said to have grown mutinous when compelled to exchange the French colors for the Pontifical. In Italy things are going on very quietly, and with every prospect of a happy issue to the actual crisis.

The Prussians are busy with the work of annexation and military reorganization. Austria is still tossed about on a sea of trouble. The Hungarians, under the leadership of Deák, have formally demanded the restoration of their institutions as they stood in 1848, including the national army, which would lead very speedily to the break-up of the empire, and has therefore been refused. The Sclave populations of the empire are in the meantime in a state of great commotion, and there is reason to believe that, to use an expressive Gallicism, Russia is for something in the trouble. All the signs of the times point to an alliance between Prussia and Russia, under the pressure of which Austria would sooner or later disappear, and the whole of Eastern Europe fall into the hands of the great German or the great Sclave power.

THE FREEDMEN.

At last we are permitted to appreciate the unpleasant, indeed, but necessary service performed by those incorruptible reformers of the Freedmen's Bureau, Gens. Steedman and Fullerton. The North Carolina court-martial found Gen. Whittlesey guilty under one specification; and this is the way he is censured by Gen. Howard:

"In compliance with instructions embraced in General Court-Martial Orders No. 212, dated Nov. 17, 1866, War Department, Adjutant-General's Office, Washington, requiring me to reprimand Brevet Brig.-Gen. Eliphalet Whittlesey, Colonel 46th United States colored troops, I have to say that the findings and sentence of the second specification of charge No. 1 are deemed sufficient censure. A life of integrity, devoted to the welfare of his fellow-men, an army record above reproach, and conduct that calls from the court such an expression as to his fidelity to the Government and his honesty and justice to the freedmen under his charge, make me join with the court in the belief that some inadvertence to the gravity of the facts reported to him occasioned his neglect to order a prompt and thorough examination. To the extent of the above implication I do hereby reprimand Brevet Brig.-Gen. Eliphalet Whittlesey. On the receipt of this order, Gen. E. Whittlesey will report by letter to the Commissioner for reassignment to duty.

And it is for this that the general has endured a cruel suspense and much pecuniary embarrassment for several months!

—The finding of the same court-martial in the case of Chaplain Glavis is of incredible inconsistency. It was charged (1) that he had an interest as partner in a plantation, on which he employed freedmen who were under his official care; that he gave them (Government) rations; that he did not pay them equitably; (2) that he swore falsely that he had no other interest in the said plantation than a loan of money to its proprietors; (3) that he sold to other than refugees and freedmen "a large quantity of men's and women's clothing, blankets, and shoes," U. S. property, to the value of $400, for at least $260, of which no account was made to the Government. Will it be believed that the court decided that he *had* a pecuniary interest in the plantation *as alleged;* that he did *not* swear falsely concerning his interest in it; that he *gave* the laborers rations ("guilty") but—*they were not Government rations;* that he did *not* pay the freedmen unfairly; that he did *not* dispose of men's or women's clothing, or shoes, but blankets only, and these, twenty-eight, worth not $400, but $196, and netting the chaplain not "at least $260," but $42! Now, it comes within our personal knowledge that the said blankets were sent over from England, with the mark "U. S.," by the friends of the freedmen in that country, to the American Freedmans Union Commission; that the Commission sent them to Chaplain Glavis to distribute gratuitously or for some price, according to his best judgment; that he received in this way $41 89 (not $42), which had no more place in his accounts with the Government than the receipts of the Atlantic Cable, but which he duly paid over to the Commission, to whom it belonged. Nevertheless, the court found him guilty (of what?) on the first charge, not guilty on the second, and guilty on the third, though the facts, as we have stated them, were vouched for to the court by the Commission. The chaplain has been dismissed the service.

—The parents of pupils in certain of the freedmen's schools in Richmond, supported by the N. E. branch of the A. U. F. Commission, lately consented and voted to pay fifty cents for each of their children ($200 in all), in order to supply fuel during the winter. The contributions were to be handed in "smack down, and right away on the spot."

—Remnants of slavery appear in Georgia in the arrest as a vagrant and sentence to the chain-gang of a colored missionary, Rev. William Fincher, who was preaching in Pike County to his people, on a salary of $35 a month, paid by Northern associations; in Maryland, in the announcement of a public sale at Annapolis, "at the court-house door," of a negro convicted of larceny, and sentenced by the Anne Arundel Circuit Court to be sold into slavery for six months. One of the "apprentices" bound over in Maryland has just been brought before Judge Bond. It is a colored infant about two years old, which has continued to be supported by its mother since its "services" were first claimed.

—A Mississippi judge has decided that a slave's rights were not annihilated or non-existent, but in abeyance simply. A white man was accordingly held to his contract with one who is now a freedman.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Among the changes in the new tariff bill that is to be proposed to Congress will be some that will hardly commend themselves to the reading public. Mr. D. A. Wells, the Commissioner of Revenue, has decided to recommend the imposition of a uniform duty of thirty cents *per pound* on all imported books. The absurdity of such a proposition is only equalled by its injustice. We are not in the habit of estimating the worth of an author by the number of pounds which his books weigh. His weight is a quality of quite another character. That a book is heavy will still further diminish its sale. Expensiveness and stupidity together will ruin any book. To tax books indiscriminately by an arbitrary standard such as weight, which never affects their value, is so ridiculous that we hardly have the patience to consider it calmly. The most expensive books are often very small; the cheapest frequently large. Under such a system the duties on bound books would be much less in proportion than on cloth or paper books. What this provision is especially designed to effect is to hinder the importation of English books in sheets, which, the first edition having paid the cost of composing, are often invoiced at little more than the cost of paper and printing. Very probably it would stop this; and it would also make all books dearer, American as well as imported. It is for the interest of the country that books should be cheap, and that the best books should be the cheapest. The publishers who advise this are inconsistent. They do not want an international copyright law, because that would make republished books dearer, and be a tax on knowledge. At the same time, they want to make imported books dearer, and thus more effectually tax learning. There is one consistent principle in their action—the care for their own pockets. The strongest advocate for protection will hardly be able to make out that the republication of English books is so important a branch of American industry that all readers should be taxed to swell the profits of a few already wealthy publishers. Another tax on education which is proposed by Mr. Wells is the repeal of the provision allowing free entry to books for college, school, and public libraries. Why this very proper provision should be repealed we cannot guess. The additional revenue to the Government would be very small. At the same time that such improper changes are suggested in the duties on imports, a representation is being made to the financial committees of Congress with reference to remitting the internal duty on alcohol and spirits used for strictly scientific purposes. The enormous tax on alcohol has almost put a stop to various preparations of animal subjects, and to some kinds of investigation. It is feared that the many specimens of fish brought by Prof. Agassiz from Brazil—among which he estimates are several thousand different species—will be ruined from the want of the alcohol necessary to preserve them. This at present prices would cost over $30,000—a large sum for a private person to pay for that purpose. Scientific men should be allowed the same privilege in respect to alcohol that colleges are with regard to books and apparatus, especially when it will not have the slightest tendency to injure any manufacture. It would be a gracious act on the part of the Government, and one greatly in the interest of science, to remit all tax on alcohol used for purely scientific purposes.

—A new book by Mr. Swinburne is announced—this time in prose—"Essays on William Blake, Poet and Artist." These essays will probably draw attention to the poems of William Blake, though the intrinsic merit of these poems ought of itself to attract many admirers. An American edition of the poems is announced by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, which will be the first readily accessible to readers in this country. The same publishers also announce a reprint of the latest answer—so-called—to "Ecce Homo," entitled "Ecce Deum, Essays on the Life and Doctrine of Jesus Christ, with controversial notes on 'Ecce Homo.'" They have in press, also, "Benedicite, or the Song of the Three Children; being illustrations of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as manifested in his works," by G. Chaplin Child, M.D.

—The recreations of medical men are among the most precious contributions to literature. Some members of the profession are even best or almost entirely known outside of it—Surgeon Smollett, for example in the last century; Dr. Holmes and Dr. John Brown, in our own generation. A distinguished surgeon of this city, Dr. William A. Hammond, author of "Physiological Memoirs," "A Treatise on Hygiene," "A Treatise on Wakefulness," etc., is about to publish (through Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia) a novel entitled "Robert Severne: His Friends and his Enemies." Unlike "Elsie Venner," and perhaps Dr. Holmes's new story, "The Guardian Angel," this one is not based on a real or fancied physiological or psychological phenomenon, and will occasion no disputes among the faculty. It is a pure and simple diversion from the duties of the professor's chair, and is to be criticised precisely like any other work of fiction.

—In one at least of the older colleges of the country, the coal-bins of the dormitories are more or less papered with play-bills, which afford amusement to each successive proprietor, and have not only a curious relation to college discipline but also to the past and present of the American stage. Something like this parietal history has been undertaken by Mr. Joseph N. Ireland, compiler, and Mr. T. H. Morrell, publisher, of this city, in the "Records of the New York Stage, from 1750 to 1860," of which the first volume contains 663 pages octavo. The publication, in the nature of the case, is private, and the edition limited. The typography is that of the Bradstreet Press, and is as usual highly creditable in appearance, though the publisher, with some degree of fitness, has not furnished the best sort of paper for a work which cannot pretend to literary consequence.

—Among late English announcements are, by Macmillan & Co.: "The Commandments considered as Instruments of National Reformation," by Prof. F. D. Maurice; "The Fountain of Youth," translated from the Danish of Frederik Paludan Müller, by the late H. W. Freeland, M.P.; "A Typographical Gazetteer," attempted by the Rev. Henry Cotton, D.C.L., second series; "The Golden Treasury of Ancient Greek Poetry," by R. S. Wright, M.A.; "Specimens of Early English, a Series of Extracts from English Authors, A.D. 1250–1400, with Grammatical Introduction, Notes, and Glossary," by R. Morris. By Strahan & Co.: "The Philosophy of the Conditioned—Sir William Hamilton and John Stuart Mill," by Prof. W. L. Mansel, reprinted from the "Contemporary Review." By Longmans & Co.: "The Folk-lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders," by W. Henderson and S. Baring-Gould; "Florence, the New Capital of Italy," by Charles Richard Weld; Disraeli's "Speeches on Parliamentary Reform;" "The History of India from the earliest period to the close of Lord Dalhousie's Administration," by John Clark Marshman. By Saunders, Orley & Co.: "The Universities' Mission to East Central Africa," by Rev. Henry Rowley, one of the survivors; and "The American Crisis; or, Pages from the Note-book of a State Agent during the late Civil War," by Col. John L. Peyton, L.B., F.R.G.S. Chapman & Hall announce the "Life of Holbein," by Ralph N. Wornum, in which the author is said to have been assisted by Ruskin; "The Gay Science," a work on the laws of criticism, by E. S. Dallas; "Polynesian Reminiscences," by W. T. Pritchard; the first volume of "Life and Times of François-Marie Arouet, calling himself Voltaire," 1694–1726, by Francis Espinasse; and the first part of the second volume of Henry Morley's "English Writers," from Chaucer to Dunbar.

—Recent mails bring us the intelligence of the death, at the age of eighty-four, of M. de Barante, chiefly known as the author of "L'Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne de la Maison de Valois," which was first published in 1824. He filled numerous civil and diplomatic positions under the First Empire and the Restoration, and in 1819 was created a peer of France. Latterly he had devoted himself entirely to literature. His death throws open another seat in the French Academy. The same mail told us of the death of Gavarni, the well-known caricaturist, whose real name was Sulpice Paul Chevalier. He began life as a working engineer at Tarbes, but early began to contribute drawings to the books of fashion, and finally got some water-colors exhibited in the salon. He was in his prime from 1830 to 1848. His "Masques et Visages," "Lorettes Vieilles," "Enfants Terribles," and "Maris Vengés," in which he hit off the follies and vices of Paris society, are his most celebrated works.

—Excavations are being diligently carried on at Nennig, near Trèves. In examining a spring south of a beautiful Roman villa, which had been brought to light some years ago, Roman coins and tiles were found, and subsequently the baths of the villa, in a very well preserved state. Afterwards, in searching for a broken aqueduct, the workmen came upon the walls of a round saloon, which were six feet high, and ornamented inside and outside with the finest Pompeian painting. Inscriptions were found showing that the building was erected by the Emperor Trajan. The pictures are painted on a crimson ground, *al fresco*. One of the larger pictures represented a hero, with shield and laurel-wreath, in a sitting posture. The inscription underneath was too broken to read. This round hall was connected with the principal building of the villa by a corridor 23 feet wide and 600 feet long. The walls of this corridor, which has been almost entirely laid open, show fine paintings of gladiators and landscapes on a black and crimson ground. A wall in the principal building, 56 feet long, covered with paintings and genii, has been recently uncovered. Under one of the pictures, which was destroyed down to the legs, but is supposed to have been a portrait, were found the words "CAES. TRAI" in a frame.

—The lives of David Roberts and Musgrave Lewthwaite Watson are the latest contributions to art-literature in England. Roberts, a poor Scotch shoemaker's son in Stockbridge, near Edinburgh, was apprenticed to a house-painter—a very sensible proceeding, for it gave him a trade in case his artistic talents proved worthless—and studied diligently at home after fifteen hours' hard work. He and another lad opened a life school by hiring a cellar and getting a donkey to stand to them; they took turns with the donkey in being models for each other, to their great advantage. When he became a journeyman he got a si tuationas scenic artist for a strolling theatrical company, at 25s. per week. He had to act in the pantomime as well as paint the scenes. In Edinburgh, in 1821, he and Clarkson Stanfield were the scene-painters at the rival theatres, and soon became warm friends. It was at Stanfield's suggestion that he painted an oil picture for the Edinburgh exhibition of 1821, which was rejected. The following year he sent three, which were accepted and sold. In 1822 he went to London, and painted the scenes for Drury Lane, which were so fine that they astonished and delighted the audience and the critics. He soon began to exhibit pictures, and commissions flowed in upon him, and his name became popular. His later life was smooth and pleasant, and we do not wonder at his entering in his diary at Jerusalem, on Good Friday, 1839, "'It is better to be born lucky than rich,' is an old proverb, and it applies to me." In 1840, he became an R.A., and died suddenly in 1864. This life of Roberts is written by his old "color-boy," Mr. James Ballantine, and is unequal and not well put together. The interest would almost cease with the account of his early struggles were it not for the little touches of character that appear in the extracts from his diaries and letters, especially during his Eastern and Spanish tours. Watson's life was less fortunate. He was an honest, gifted, and trained sculptor; but his abilities could obtain no chance of employment, and his life was cut short in 1847 by consciousness of neglect and dishonest usage. Who he was few will remember at once. Rogers, the poet, said, just after the artist's death, "I have been preaching to the people for yearsthat they had a great man among them. They will find it out now he is gone." Any one who has been during the last few years to the new library of University College, at Oxford, must remember the grand portrait group of the two great brothers, Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell. This work Palgrave calls one of the five great pieces of sculpture of modern times. The name of the artist is indeed not on the work, nor is one likely to have remembered it from any other association. Dr. H. Lonsdale has just told the tragic story of his life, and has illustrated it with photographs of Watson's best works. There is one of the beautiful bas-relief of "Sarpedon's body borne to burial," and one of the statue of "Chaucer," which give us a fresh and clear image of the great poet, and even seem to add to our knowledge of him.

—It is proposed by several professors and literary men of Germany, in a printed circular, to hold the 20th of February, 1867, as a festival in honor of Leopold Ranke, fifty years having then elapsed since he took the degree of doctor at Leipzig.

—There is no more indefatigable enquirer into the antiquities of that mysterious race that once inhabited Central America than the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg. He has just had the good fortune to discover in Madrid, in a private library, another manuscript in the Maya language, of 70 pages, which he calls the Codex Troanus. The owner allowed him to take it to Paris, and a fac-simile of it is being prepared by the orders of the French Government. The only other two texts known are those in the royal and imperial libraries of Dresden and Paris. Not long ago the Abbé found in the Royal Academy of Madrid a work by Diego de Landa, who died bishop of Merida in 1579, which contained a partial alphabet of the language. By this means he has been enabled to decipher portions of the three manuscripts. Bishop de Landa's ecclesiastical zeal led him to destroy all the Maya books that he met with, as works of the devil; it is still possible, however, that some stray work may have escaped, and be still existing in Yucatan. At all events, the carved beams and the inscriptions on the monuments will furnish sufficient material to occupy the decipherer for a long time. Mr. Wm. Bollaert states, in a paper in the second volume of "Proceedings of the Anthropological Society," that a manuscript dictionary of the Maya language, about 300 years old, is now in the library of Mr. Robert Carter Brown, of Providence. If this be so, we trust the Abbé de Bourbourg may avail himself of Mr. Brown's well-known liberality to inspect and use the book.

EDUCATIONAL.

We have received what is to us a novelty in the way of educational literature, to wit, the annual school report of Utah. It illustrates the general confidence in the New England school system to find its main features established around the Great Salt Lake, in a territory lately unknown, and now occupied to so great an extent by religious impostors and their deluded flock.

The report is not long, only three small pages, and it is followed by the school laws and a page of statistics. Those who are curious in respect to "the movement of the population" will be interested in knowing that 8,521 boys are enrolled in the Territory, and only 8,054 girls, showing an excess of nearly 500 boys. In 1863 there were 3,950 boys and 3,662 girls, showing an excess of 288 boys. This shows that, without recruits from the outside world, polygamy will have a bad chance in Utah a few years hence. No wonder that Brigham has turned his eye upon Lowell. The number of schools maintained is 164, and 54 per cent. of the children are enrolled as scholars. The schools are kept over six months, on an average, in the year. Their cost is not stated.

In the laws we find "the district" the central theme. Three trustees are chosen in each district, holding office two years, who have the functions of "district committees" in New England. County boards of examiners and county superintendents act as school visitors, and the whole body is guided by a State superintendent—at the present time Mr. Robert L. Campbell. The brief recommendations of the officer just named are good, and the whole establishment has a promising aspect.

—Mr. Philbrick, the well-known City Superintendent of Schools in Boston, has recently published his twelfth semi-annual report. Besides its local statistics and recommendations, it contains some excellent remarks on school buildings and on the limits of gradation in public schools, which are applicable all over the country, and we recommend any one who is planning to build a large school-house to get this pamphlet and weigh its opinions. Everywhere fine structures are in progress for public schools, and money is freely lavished in their construction, but in too many cases the experience of other towns is unheeded and is probably unknown. In this pamphlet we have the Boston notion—not a bad notion either in most matters of education. We have only room to refer to the discussion as the best recent article on the subject which has fallen under our notice. Mr. Philbrick would not have grammar schools planned to hold more than 500 children each; ten rooms and one large assembly hall, in a three-story structure something like "the Chapman school-house," seem to him a convenient arrangement. Better heating and ventilating apparatus he thinks are desirable. When he says he has no objection to adapting

the schools to the rich as well as to the poor, we detect a slight growth of the aristocratic or Brahmin caste idea of society, which surprises us much more than it pleases us.

—Incorrection of our remarks on women as teachers, a correspondent informs us that the Roxbury High School is not under the control of a female principal, but of Mr. S. M. Weston, whose salary is $3,000 a year. "The head assistant, Miss Cushing, has a salary of $1,500, which is larger than that paid to any other teacher of her sex in this vicinity, so far as I am informed. There is in Roxbury a female teacher (Miss Baker, I think) who has charge of a large grammar school for girls, numbering some three or four hundred pupils. I am told that she meets every requirement of her position with great success."

THE LANDSCAPE IN ANCIENT ITALY.*

Among recent collections of essays we should hardly be able to find one perhaps of more general interest than that which Mr. Herman Merivale entitles "Historical Studies." They discuss subjects indeed widely diverse, from the landscape of ancient Italy to the position of Voltaire and the character of Goethe; but all of them illustrate clearly one side of their subject, and hold the reader's attention to that.

Dividing his book into three parts, Mr. Merivale touches first "On Some of the Precursors of the French Revolution," treating herein of the Emperor Joseph II., Catherine II. of Russia, Pascal, Paoli, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Goethe, with "A Few Words on Junius and on Marat," and "Benjamin Franklin and Joseph de Maistre: a Dialogue of the Dead." In the second part, entitled "Studies from the History of the Seventeenth Century," are included "The Streets of Paris in the Seventeenth Century," "A Visit to Lützen, 1862, and Marston Moor, 1861;" while the third part, entitled "The Leisure Hours of a Tourist," is devoted to the "Scenery and Antiquities of Cornwall," "The Landscape of Ancient Italy as delineated in the Pompeian Paintings," "A Visit to Malta, 1857," and last and least, a few stanzas called "The Angel of Byzantium."

We have given these titles as necessary to enable the reader to judge for himself of the character of the contents of the book, and need only add, perhaps, that the résumé of the character of Goethe is as good as any that has been made from Mr. Merivale's point of view—an excellent presentment, indeed, of what one may call, for the want of a definition more philosophical, the Christian objection to it. In the discussion, also, of the character of Wallenstein, which Schiller has probably so much exaggerated, he exhibits an independence of judgment and, on the whole, a historical sagacity which do him honor; for, though Renan affirms that criticism is the characteristic of the nineteenth century, the current opinions upon most historical topics are as second-hand as they ever were.

But, putting aside controverted questions, we cannot, perhaps, do a more agreeable service to the reader than to call his attention to some of the curious facts touching the ancient landscape of Italy which Mr. Merivale has derived mostly from the writings of the Danish botanist, Schouw. Yet, though it is undoubtedly a fact that the northern and southern types of vegetation meet in stronger contrast in Italy than elsewhere, it is hardly worth while to discuss the generalizations from it which Mr. Merivale indulges in as to the greater vitality of the south over the north. It is enough for our present purpose to indicate how, in the days of the early Greek settlers, the hills of Italy were covered with forests of deciduous trees where are now only fertile fields or woods of evergreen; just as in England, two thousand years ago, there were neither the elm, nor the linden, nor the plane, nor the sycamore, nor the poplar, nor the acacia, nor the chestnut, nor fruit trees of any sort, nor, probably, the pine, nor fir, nor evergreen of any kind but the box and yew and holly. "The beech-forest," says Schouw, "is called the symbol of the Danish character. But I have wandered in Calabria through large and beautiful beech woods, on the higher plateaux of the Apennines, where the vegetation as well as the bracing air constantly reminded me of my home."

So the general idea which the poetry of Virgil conveys is not that of the land of the cypress and myrtle, but of the oak and ash and linden and wych-elm and beech, which are common now chiefly to our own great American forests, while his mighty *æsculus*, which of itself formed great woods, *lata æsculeta*, is a mere puzzle to botanists, and has in fact, it may be, disappeared from the face of the earth. We are in the habit of speaking of the hardy vegetation of the north, but wherever the climate of the south intrudes itself, as the German botanist Fraas remarks, it will be found that the trees of the north give way to those of the south, for the former, though more majestic, are really of a more delicate structure than the rough-barked, leathery-leaved growth of the south. And so in Greece, the varieties of linden known to the ancients have all disappeared; while only rare and dwarfed specimens of the yew, which flourishes best on damp, shady hillsides, are found now and then on the tops of the highest mountains. The horn-beam and beech and alder of Homer are all gone, and, with slight exceptions, the "spear-furnishing" cornel and the tall ash; while instead of them there prevails another class of plants, thick-leaved, down-covered, thorny bushes, for the most part evergreen, analogous to the vegetation of the American savannas and the steppes of Asia; and the ancient flowery meadows are wastes of heath and pines and carob trees and gray oleaster mingled with arbutus and myrtle and rosemary and thyme, and the flora of dry mountains in general.

The trees, however, which gave the Neapolitan landscape its character were, in ancient as in modern times, the stone-pine and the cypress, the former being cultivated, doubtless, for its edible nuts; for pine cones have been found charred in the shops of Pompeii, while the vine and olive were as frequent as they are now on the calcareous hills in the vicinity of Naples. Among the delineations, also, of plants in the pictures found in the houses at Pompeii, are the myrtle and the oleander, or the laurel-rose (as the French call it), and the bay tree and ilex and fig and pomegranate, together with the *arundo donax*, or gigantic reed, which covers the marshy ground with its dense brake, and the broad-leaved iris or flag. And these are all as familiar in modern as they were in ancient times. But the aloe or agave, and the fig, which are now among the well-known plants of maritime Italy, the former being seen on almost every stony spot of ground from Genoa to the lava-fields of Ætna, and the latter cultivated everywhere for its fruits, are wholly of modern origin, having been carried over from America; while the whole tribe of the *agrumi*, as they are called by the Italians, and without which Italy would be a strange land to us, indeed, in fancy as in fact, are of later date than Pompeii. The *Median apple* (citron) was not cultivated in Italy till the third century of our era, while lemons were brought by the Saracens, and, last of all, oranges by the Portuguese from the East.

The white or silk-worm mulberry, moreover, nowone of the commonest trees in Italy, was not cultivated till the sixth century, silken fabrics, which were always scarce, being imported by the Romans from the East. The picturesque *carouba* tree also, of which groves are now found on many parts of the Italian coasts, is probably of modern introduction, while the chestnut, though brought from Thessaly two centuries before our era, and cultivated for its fruit, has not had time to form itself in forests and, supplanting the beech, to become the characteristic tree of the lower Apennines: "the gnarled and twisted chestnut trunks, with their pointed foliage, under which Salvator Rosa studied his art when sojourning among the brigands at the back of Amalfi, have no counterpart in the drawings of Pompeii any more than in the poetry of Virgil." Wheat and barley appear in the Pompeian frescoes; but maize and rice, "two of the most important of the cereals in an economic and picturesque point of view," are wanting, as, of course, was also the cotton-plant, which now covers extensive fields at the foot of Vesuvius to the south, together with the *ricinus* or castor-oil plant.

Again, the oriental plane tree, which was so much in fashion among the Romans, and which, for an exotic, had acquired such a strong hold in Italy, has wholly disappeared with the rest of that luxurious civilization of which it formed the delight; but a single specimen of it exists, and that in a convent garden in Naples. Yet, though in many respects an ornamental tree, it is difficult to understand the attachment of the Romans and the profound reverence of the ancients for it, except upon the ground of fashion or tradition, both of which exerted so strong an influence upon the ancient mind; for Marsyas had been hung upon a plane tree; Agamemnon and Menelaus had planted them; Xerxes halted his whole army before a noble specimen in Syria, of which, says Evelyn, he was so enamored that he styled it his "mistress, his minion, his goddess; and when he was forced to part from it, he caused a picture of it to be stamped on a medal of gold, which he continually wore about him." The glory of Ispahan and Shiraz now, so it was in ancient times of the Lyceum and the Academy. "By the plane tree" was the favorite oath of Socrates, and the more shame to him, said his accuser Melitus, that he should blaspheme so fine a tree. It was the only tree, as Pliny said, which was transplanted for its shade alone; and Martial thought it flourished best when irrigated with wine; for, with the laurel and the cypress, it formed the shady groves of the Roman villas, and was therefore an object of solicitude as well as of pride.

Of late years, however, the plane tree has begun to resume its popularity,

* "Historical Studies. By Herman Merivale." London: Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts & Green. 1865.

and for the same reasons which made it welcome of old; namely, its delightful shade and its adaptation to the atmosphere of great cities, being able to throw off the noxious residuum of smoke by the peeling of its bark. In the London squares and the market-places of Southern Europe, it is now universally found. This is not the princely, oriental plane tree, however, it must be remembered; "but its plebeian cousin, the occidental or buttonwood of the United States; faster in growth, taller, stronger, perhaps, but incomparably uglier, *a melancholy instance of the encroachments of modern democracy.*"

In an historical point of view, therefore, as facts like the foregoing indicate, nothing can be more interesting than these Pompeian paintings; but the question forces itself at once upon the mind, why had the ancients no landscape painting at all in the modern sense of the term?—a question which Mr. Merivale does nothing in any way to answer. Vischer thought it was because they had already said in their mythology all that the landscape says; but Stahr, in his charming book on Italy, goes perhaps a little deeper. Modern landscape painting, in his opinion, rests upon the effort of the mind to give individuality to the forms of nature, as they meet us in mountain and valley, in forest and field; and that because the principle of our life, which is freedom and individuality, makes it necessary for us to find ourselves in harmony with nature, and to invest it, at least, with the appearance of our own freedom. Now, the ancients, instead of blending, as we do, the sentiments that a landscape awakens with the landscape itself, separated sharply that which spoke out of nature as something intellectual—they made it a person. We talk of forests and waterfalls; they spoke of dryads and nymphs. Nature was conceived of as an assemblage of powers and beings subservient to man, and, therefore, the landscape in its true sense could have no place either in their poetry or painting. The poet sang of nature only as it was subordinate to nature, as of service to him in a sensuous point of view, while the artist never went at all to nature to find in the landscape the expression of a feeling or mood, but only an architectural ornament.

And the same thing is true of the modern Italians. In the midst of the marvellous scenery of the south, they have no conception of the beauty of nature as it is revealed to the northern mind. Their life is chiefly a life of cities, of narrow streets and crowded cafés. You may walk the Campagna for days and scarcely ever meet with an inhabitant of Rome. Saints have merely taken the place of pagan divinities, and chapels and images stand on the hill-tops and on the shores where were once temples and statues of the gods; for the Italian nature is, in its æsthetic tendencies, pretty much now what it was in the days of Horace.

MR. NASBY'S HUMORS.*

It has been rather the fashion of late to speak contemptuously of the practice among humorists of misspelling words, as if it were not a legitimate weapon in the armory of wit and humor. The argument from authority alone would be conclusive against such a view of the matter, and the names of Smollett and Thackeray, to mention no other masters, would be sufficient. To be sure, most cacography produces merely the not very funny effect of bad spelling—of defect of intelligence, at which we all, being human, are apt to be pleased and laugh; or else it produces the dreary effect of flat failure in an attempt at a feat of imagination. If this should seem something of a large name for a small thing, it should be considered whether the chief use of this device has not always been as a means of delineating character. The bad spelling of Hosea Biglow seems at first not a case in point, but it does bear on the question. If he were to "citify his English," the wit and wisdom which he puts into his pieces would be not much, or none at all, diminished, but him himself, the Yankee farmer, we should not know nearly so well as now. The Yankee dialect Mr. Lowell puts into print, but certainly this was done not for the sake of doing so, but to individualize Hosea and set him plainly before the reader's eye.

In the same way, an ignorant person's muddle of mind—the thing about him most useful to the humorist—may be, and best can be, represented by a corresponding muddle in his language. So Shakespeare, in days when he himself spelled his own name in several different ways, and when the wit of mere bad spelling could have had no existence, makes his imbeciles play tricks with language similar to those that Mr. Browne or Mr. Locke credits to "A. Ward" and the "paster of sed church, in charge." "A. Ward" relates that once, when he was travelling across the plains, he fell in with a humorous fellow who repeated to him, thinking him to be a Mr. Browne, a great number of Artemus Ward's stories, and every little while would punch him in the side and say, amid his laughter, "What a d—d fool!" which, barring the profanity, is a fair enough description of the peculiar form of humor with which the great moral showman has delighted many hundreds of thousands of people. It is a form of humor which especially requires and adapts itself to bad spelling. And whenever the humor is in any degree of this kind, misspelling may be wisely used. It is only because the literary workman is so often unable to depict his humorist, that bad spelling, the most obvious of his means, has latterly come into disrepute. The substance being worthless, the form begins to be held in contempt. In the following example, however—examples are not needed, but one like this should not be lost—how much unconscious humor there is in the muddle of thought and in the muddle of language that corresponds with it so well, and without which we should fail to see the writer in all his complacent stupidity and pleasure in his own smartness. Who wants such a note properly spelled? We premise that it is the Boston Impartial Suffrage League which calls down on itself so withering a rebuke:

"Sirs—I have just received your surcoler asking money to assist you. In replye I say get behind me Satin for ye savior not the things of God but man may the Lord have mercy on you."

One word in this letter—"replye"—suggests the remark that there is sometimes some pleasure to be had from observing the labor and ingenuity which an ignorant man will spend in devising a difficult way of doing an easy thing; but we believe that this or any other pleasure to be got from false orthography bears but a very small proportion, indeed, to the pleasure we get from it as assisting to bring the bad speller himself before the mind's eye.

Of the numerous cacographists whom we have had in America, "Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. B.," ran well for a time, and is even now manufacturing "button-bursting, rib-tickling, jaw-expanding, side-aching productions" for a newspaper whose advertisement we quote. In a fatal moment he published a collection of his nonsense, and disregarded friendly admonitions to write no more. Either because his originality departed as he became famous, or because the public was surfeited with his mannerisms, he passed rapidly into obscurity, and appeared next as the *Tribune* reporter of the great sale of Pierce Butler's slaves, before Mrs. Kemble's "Diary of a Georgia Plantation" had exposed the horrible antecedents of that memorable occasion. His performance was creditable to his humanity and to his skilfulness as a writer, and produced a very powerful impression at the North. But no one laughed any longer at his "Damphool" and other well-rendered caricatures of society.

"Josh Billings" is a social philosopher rather than satirist, and possesses a degree of shrewdness, and what the phrenologists call "human nature," that not unnaturally have found favor even with the English. His book has been very respectfully treated by them, and we will not venture to predict that they will be disappointed by a second volume.

"A. Ward's" drollery and real humor undoubtedly owe a good deal of their effect to his bad spelling. For ourselves, we think it is questionable if he has done anything better than his description of the Free Lovers at Berlin Heights, though between books and lectures he has since probably made his fortune. His mercenary spirit, as shown by his neutrality during the war, and his subsequent professional catering to the South and present flunkyism in England, make him a less interesting study than his fellow-humorists, while there are many signs of exhaustion of his particular vein. The lectures with which he is winning success in England are, no doubt, old ones; his letters in *Punch*, which are new, seem very dull affairs. Of the blank stupidness of "Bill Arp" we shall not speak further than to say that he may well be the humorist of a people without a literature.

"Orpheus C. Kerr" first availed himself of the opportunities for satire afforded by the contradictions of slavery, and the hollow pretences of those "conservatives" who wanted a war against a slaveholders' rebellion to be conducted on pro-slavery principles. He did great service by holding up McClellanism to ridicule, and by matching President Lincoln's colonization address with one which looked to the peopling of Nova Zembla with blacks. Nothing more exquisite than this parallel was conceived during the war, and if Mr. Lincoln ever read it, it must have convinced him of the folly of that action which was cruelly expiated at Avache. "Orpheus" knew also how to write pathetically and poetically, and his volume is the most readable and deserves to be the most enduring of all those we have mentioned. Success, unhappily, has ruined him also for the better class of his former readers.

Mr. Nasby's objective point is the Democratic party, which he hits in the hardest possible manner on every possible occasion. He knows it *intus et in*

* "Divers Views, Opinions, and Prophecies of Yoors trooly, Petroleum V. Nasby, Lait Paster uv the Church of the Noo Dispensashun. With humorous designs by Thee Jones." Sixth Edition. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. Pp. xiv., 424.

cute, and his very truthfulness is what, nine times out of ten, excites the mirth of the reader. Never was a party, in fact, in so ridiculous an attitude as the Democracy during and since the war, which robbed it of its only remaining "principle"—slavery, and left it the ugly shadow of a great name. Mr. Nasby merely gave it embodiment in a whiskey-bibbing parson, and everybody laughed outright.

It is just to say, however, that the best portions of the book before us (a sixth edition, not including the letters of this year) are not those in which Mr. Nasby's profession is dwelt upon. The travesty of things sacred is always of doubtful taste, and is here made in more than one instance positively offensive. It is seldom so pardonable as in this: "Be viggelent in good works, patient in chasin' enrollin' offisers, and quick in tarrin' and featherin' on 'em;" or in this, "and the pleasent crack uv the whip wuz heerd all over the land;" or this, finally: "Marry the jentle virgin Peese to a soljer drench'd in goar! I, Nasby, forbid the bans!" But what political insight and what pleasant satire in the following, which reads like the inspiration of the American correspondent of a London newspaper:

"WAREAS, When yoo giv a man a hoss, yoo air obleeged to also make him a present uv a silver-platid harnis and a $350 buggy, so ef we let the nigger live here, we are in dooty bound to let him vote, and to marry him off-hand; and

"WAREAS, When this stait uv affares arrives, our kentry will be no fit place for men uv educashen and refinement;" etc.

We may quote, also: "Perceshun form so that the hed will rest on the distillery and the tale on the cort-house, representin' the beginnin' and end uv our gellorious party;" "Bibles and Sharp's rifles—two institooshuns Dimokrasy cood never stand afore;" "Wat is sin? Skratchin' a ticket"—a sin of which Mr. Nasby says, perhaps, something too much. "Wunst he wuz very near becomin' a infidle. He reely believed at one time that the nigger was human, and wunst he voted for a Republican road supervisor."

Apart from the Democracy, Mr. Nasby's humor is not remarkable, and is sometimes as coarse as it might consistently be. Such touches as these however, are not infrequent and are certainly comic: "It [the State] hez never appinted any citizen uv the place to any offis wher theft wuz possible, *thus wilfully keepin' capital away from us*;" "weasel couchant, on a field d'egg-shell;" "'Jayneses Almanac,' a work wich I perooz *annually* with grate delite;" "hev alluz wore mournin' around my ize for 3 weeks after each eleckshun." "No man hez drunk more whiskey than I hev for the party—*none hez dun it moar willingly*;" "I wood accept a small post-orifis, if sitoated within ezy range uv a distilry;" and, as Sabbath-school prizes, "for committin' 2 verses uv Vallandigum's address, 1 beer check, good at the Corners," etc.

Mr. Nasby, in short, is a judge of liquor. As for his spelling, he is peculiar in his employment of *ch*, as in "toomulchusly," "bucheus (beekun lite)," "capchered," "rychusnis (righteousness!)," "nacher," "feecher," "virchoo," etc., and in the plural *ës*, as in "expensis" and "forsis;" while "fizzlekle" and "bewrow" are odd enough. Otherwise, he is pretty uniform in misspelling, writing always "wuz" and "uv;" but "to," "2," "too," and "toe;" "principle," "principple," "prinsiple," and "prinsipple;" "exile," "exel," and "eggsile," etc. "Muchness" and "goy," and such sentences as, "Wat wantest thow, my gentle friend?" savor strongly of Artemus. "Madder nor," "ferninst," and "behint" are Hibernicisms. "Maik no doubt" would hardly be used by an illiterate person.

If we are happy to assert that Mr. Nasby writes better things now than any in this volume, the dedication excepted, we must also remark that he does not scruple to draw upon material already used. The "original" "Dook de Nasby" will be found here on page 168, opposite perhaps the worst illustration in the book. But this and all other peccadilloes we stand ready to forgive to the man who has helped most efficiently to make treason odious, and to unmask the rottenness of a still unburied party; and who, together with the great body of native caricaturists, whose instincts proved true to liberty and loyalty when the rebellion tried them, has taught us that American laughter, like the French, is a great and powerful thing, at whose explosions, as before the blasts of Joshua's horns, the battlements of wrong quake and tumble to the ground.

MORE JUVENILE FICTION.*

PAUL BLAKE'S adventures are, indeed, surprising enough to gratify, to the fullest degree, any boy's love of the adventurous. Paul loses his father and mother within six weeks of each other; going a-sailing down the Arno, his boat is cast away; he is picked up by a felucca loaded with arms which are to be landed on the uninhabited island of Monte Cristo and thence taken by a charcoal vessel to the main; but the charcoal vessel fails to be at the rendezvous, and Paul, with the owners of the arms and with five ruffians, one a galley-slave and murderer, is left on Monte Cristo; the ruffians mutiny and get drunk; one of them is killed by Signor Giorgio; Paul discovers a wonderful cave; Signor Giorgio is murdered by the ruffians; Paul is buried alive in the cave with the other signor, who is mortally wounded and dies; the signorino makes his way out and sees the late-arrived charcoal ship in the distance; but he is carried away by another felucca, which leaves him on the coast of Corsica; he is lost in the forest; he is present at an attack by outlaws on a distant farm-house; the house is set on fire, and Paul is shut up for many hours in the stone wine-cellar, and got out more dead than alive; he saves Francesca from the gloomy Aroncino who has abducted her. Surely here is a table of contents to make a boy's mouth water. Reading the book, he will learn also more about Corsica and the Corsicans than most adult Americans know, and, on the whole, this very stirring little story, based in great part on facts of the author's observation, is a book to be commended.

"The Little Trapper" was not, as one might suppose, a youth learned in woodcraft and the art of St. Hubert. He was one of those most unfortunate wretches of whom we read such sad stories in reports of Parliamentary commissions, who, at the age of nine or ten, or even seven and eight years, are set to work in English collieries, and the youngest of whom are employed to open and shut the "traps" or doors, which are a part of the ventilating machinery in coal mines. Just now, after the dreadful calamities that have occurred in Yorkshire and Staffordshire, the very graphic details given in this little story will interest old as well as young. It cannot but be good for children, whose cruelty is so usually thoughtlessness, to read and sympathize with the horrible sufferings of other children; to "learn to feel another's woe," as it is set forth in this account of a little trapper's life. Other tales are bound up with this one, and they make a book which any parent may willingly put into the hands of any child.

"Lucy's Half-Crown" is also one of several short tales in the volume to which it gives a name, and was written originally for the English market. Lucy is a cottage girl who goes out to service. But it may be read with advantage by our American children—to say nothing of many of our American writers for children—who might learn from its perusal that good children need not necessarily preach to their parents, nor always be supernaturally good, and that there is religiousness without cant or stupidity.

"Tom Randall" has too good luck altogether; Francis Goodchild was nothing to him. It is a book that would do something to drive a spirited boy into lawless courses, and to make a quieter lad calculatingly good. "Alfred Oldfellow," the author, was probably old while yet he was young; and, we dare say, often made many observers of his walk and conversation get into the mood Dickens speaks of, when he says that no right-minded man ever saw "an old head on young shoulders" without feeling an irresistible desire to knock it off.

So long as there are principals of academies we suppose books by "Oliver Optic" will be sold in great numbers. The schoolmaster must feel a peculiar pleasure, the pleasure of "adding his sum of more to that which had" a great plenty, in giving a book like "Outward Bound" to an exemplary pupil of high rank in his classes. For Mr. Adams never forgets that he is a schoolmaster. His model man is always firm, but kindly, inflexibly just, and never in the wrong. The boys always find that he knew best, and had a good reason for every rule. And good the boys are always, manly and honorable and scorn to deceive their instructor, and even the prop-shaker and apple-stealer generally knocks under in the last chapter and confesses that his teacher had been his best friend. In "Outward Bound" the ship *Young America* sails for Europe with a school of eighty-seven boys aboard her, who pursue the studies of a school and at the same time work the ship across the Atlantic, being amenable to regular naval discipline. We are not sure

* "Surprising Adventures of Paul Blake. Alfred Elwes." Illustrated. New York: James Miller. Pp. 383.
"The Little Trapper. W. H. Hillard." Illustrated. New York: James Miller. Pp. 293.
"Lucy's Half Crown, and Other Stories." Illustrated. New York: Jas. Miller. Pp. 292.
"Tom Randall; or, The Way to Success. Alfred Oldfellow." Illustrated. New York: Jas. Miller. Pp. 224.
"Outward Bound; or, Young America Afloat. Wm. T. Adams (Oliver Optic)." Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pp. 336.
"Chincapin Charlie. Nellie Eyster." Illustrated. Philadelphia: Duffield Ashmead. Pp. 272.
"A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney." Illustrated by Hoppin. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Pp. 230.
"Red-Letter Days in Applethorpe. Gail Hamilton." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Pp. 141.
"Milly; or, The Hidden Cross. Lucy Ellen Guernsey." Boston: Loring. Pp. 186.
"The Children of the Frontier." New York: D. Appleton & Co. Pp. 290.
"What the Moon Saw, and other Tales. Hans Christian Andersen." Illustrated. New York: James Miller. Pp. 380.
"The Wonderful Stories of Fuz-buz, the Fly, and Mother Grabem, the Spider." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Pp. 79.

that Mr. Adams has not hit upon a good scheme for the education of refractory boys. But most parents would shrink from sending even bad boys to a school which held its terms in the middle of the Atlantic.

"Chincapin Charlie," Pennsylvanians, especially if they are admirers of "The Soldier's Friend"—now a candidate for the United States Senate—Andrew Curtin, will very much like their girls and boys to read. It is warm in its praise of Pennsylvania scenery and people, and it relates some stirring incidents of the rebel invasion of that State, a perusal of which will, no doubt, fan the flame of patriotism in the youthful breast. The incidents are true ones, too, and the story is for this and other reasons commendable. "Nellie Eyster" gets a little out of her depth, however, when she gets into casuistry in reference to the habit of betting; we recommend her to read Whately, and not call it stealing any more.

Of a class very far superior to any of the books above mentioned is Mrs. Whitney's "Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life." If any one wants to know what that Boston young woman really is whom the youth of Berkeley Springs and other Southern haunts of fashion religiously believe always wears blue spectacles and studies ologies, he may see her in this most charming of all the school-girl stories—her gayety and ready wit and impetuosity in Sin Saxon, her gentler but not better goodness in Leslie herself, and, as seen throughout the story, her air of refinement, her culture and thoughtfulness. It is possible to praise highly the easy dialogue, the humor, the freshness of the book, but it is better simply to say that the young ladies of Eastern Massachusetts—hardly young ladies yet, but girls, and girls on a vacation among the White Mountains—are to be seen in it just as they are.

"The Children of the Frontier" is a story of life in Minnesota, in which a transplanted Connecticut deacon ("there 's odds in deacons") appears more savage than the Indian marauders in his designs upon the backwoods family, and in which there appears a very unnatural tenderness of conscience where the ownership of an abandoned pony and the shooting of deer are concerned, and (regard being had solely to probabilities) an equally unnatural display of Christian forgiveness where undoubtedly Christian forgiveness was a proper sentiment. The moral of the book is the special providence and constant watchfulness of God, and it is enforced at every opportunity. The real author being a Dane, it is hard to say whether he or the Illinois lady who mends his English is responsible for a euphemism which we can hardly suspect to be humor, but which, if not prudery either, must be a gem of that reporter's style which Mr. Lowell has touched off so neatly. At any rate, "Anna has a short, faded pink gown, with a new patch on that side which turns east when she sees the sun setting [*videlicet*, behind]"!

The ingenious author of "Fuz-buz, the Fly," has prudently given only a selection of the new Arabian Nights' Entertainments, of which Fuz-buz was the reluctant Scheherezade in Mother Grabem's web. His drollery is addressed rather too much to the elders instead of to the little folk, and becomes absolutely flat and in bad taste when the story of two cannibal giants is made to turn on the digestibility of a member of Congress. The gift of autumn to summer-land is poetically and intelligibly told in this wise:

"Thus saying, he tore the sunset out of the west and threw it a thousand miles into their country, and lo! it fell on the trees, and some it stained yellow and some red and some brown, which so amazed them that they let their leaves fall in affright and horror."

The illustrations of this book, with a single exception, are without cleverness. Those of Hans Christian Andersen's stories are of a better class, though still not striking. "What the Moon Saw" is simply the "Picture-book without Pictures" which Mary Howitt was the first to translate into English. The author of the present version is anonymous. There are few story-tellers after all whose writings have a greater charm for the young than Mr. Andersen's. He has both a wholesome sympathy with nature, and a rare skill in conveying information which is resolutely exorcised by the makers of school histories and school geographers; and few pulpits know how to preach morality so well as he.

"Red-Letter Days" are ten holidays, such as Fourth of July, Christmas, Washington's Birthday, etc., with a story and a moral for each. Lively little tales they are, with a good deal of natural children's talk in them from very recognizable sort of children. The girls are not made too unvaryingly deferential towards the boys, who are frequently, if not too rough to be true to real life as sometimes endured, too rough to be altogether pleasant or profitable heroes for small readers. In one case, a girl, in her ambition to be like a boy, goes a-fishing with her cousin and brother, both big boys, and, after various mishaps, finally falls into the brook, to the infinite fright of the little sister who has dragged after the party in still further miserable imitation. She emerges in distress, to be met by the laughter and jeers of the boys. The effect is exaggerated by the picture accompanying, which presents a woful scene. The flavor of hard-heartedness seems to have struck back on the narrator herself in this instance, for she says: "On the whole I am rather sorry I told you this story, and I think I will not do so any more," and then goes on to observe that she *would* have girls to go a-fishing, only let them be careful not to carry the habit to an excess, and never to go without a hearty invitation from their brothers. "Forefather's Day" contains some bright school-boy talk, and "Christmas Day" is altogether a cheery and elevating little history.

Some of the same qualities which have held so many school-girls captive over the pages of Miss Aguilar's "Home Influence" will attract them again in Miss Guernsey's story of "Milly; or, the Hidden Cross." Bright girls are apt to leave early those tales written especially for them, to seek the more exciting novels of their elders. Whether it is good for them or not, they like plot and mystery and catastrophe even more, perhaps, than when they are grown up. Miss Guernsey's book is essentially a Sunday-school book; its characters—school-girls—are in preparation for the coming confirmation; but it is by far better than the majority of stories with so special a religious object. It has plot and mystery and catastrophe all complete, besides the same cast of tragic interest—if one may use so strong an expression—common to Grace Aguilar's novels, before alluded to. But here, in its chief merit, lies its defect. The wicked girl of the book, who harbors in her heart envy, malice, and revenge, is made to work, we think, with more savageness than is natural against her rival Milly, who, on her part, is rather too much of a saint to be true to real life. The exaggeration of virtue is not the fault we would condemn; that is the error of the artist rather than the moralist; but the exaggeration of evil, and the consequent exaggerated retribution upon the perpetrator thereof, is a positive defect, as its tendency is to create in the mind of the youthful reader a hearty triumph over a baffled enemy, rather than the more humane sentiments of pity and forgiveness.

THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN BUILDING.*

This is the only architectural book of any importance, so far as we know, that has had its inception in America. It is a monograph devoted to the beautiful building of which it bears the name, which was erected in New York city during the years 1864 and 1865. The building was designed in strict accordance with certain well-understood and well-digested principles. Most readers know that there is a reform proposed and in progress in the practice of architecture. The search for a more truthful art of building and of decoration has been more methodically pursued in England than elsewhere, and by the "Goths" than by others, but in all the nations of Europe the attention of all thinkers on art has been directed to the enquiry. In so far as this movement has been toward the revival of mediæval architecture, the desire to produce better buildings and a system of ornamentation that shall not be wholly futile, is mingled with much mere antiquarianism, and much of a sort of partisanship, partly religious and partly sentimental. These alloys, whether as harmful or as strengthening, are nearly absent from the aspirations of American reformers in art. Love for the buildings of the past, and an entire comprehension of how great our forefathers were and how little we are as builders and as decorators, are, of course, essential to any one who would build for beauty now. But there are no venerable buildings at our doors to put to shame modern productions and to guide and fetter, at once, the play of original thought; so that it is *on principle*, really, that our architects must work, if they work in earnest at all.

Well-understood principles are no hindrance to original power. The man who is all theories, and has nothing in him "that must come out," is, indeed, powerless for good. The man, however able, whose theories are too newly grasped and too loosely held, is bound by them, and works in chains. But principles of action which the artist has completely adopted, which he has not to recall, but which he involuntarily acts upon, are no annoyance and no burden. "Know what you have to do and do it," said Mulready to the painters. "Be sure you 're right, then go ahead," said Davy Crockett "If I had five minutes to save a man's life," said a great physician, "I would take two to think what to do." All these authorities seem to agree that an exact idea of what is to be done is the first requirement of successful doing. But it is precisely the worst thing about the practice and no-practice of the fine arts and of the noble art of building in our times that so few know what is to be done. Few artists know what they had better do or what they can do; few of other persons know what the artists ought to do. In the cases of most of the lamentable failures seen in our public and private

* "National Academy of Design. Photographs of the new Building, with an Introductory Essay and Description, by P. B. Wight, Architect." New York: S. P. Avery. 1866.

buildings of cost and importance, the difficulty was not lack of good-will or of means so much as lack of defined purpose.

We have said that the Academy of Design building was built according to well-understood and well-digested principles. What those principles are is perceptible in the building itself, as shown in these photographs, and is clearly set forth in the introduction and description, written, it seems, by the architect himself. The assured conviction with which they were held, and the determination with which they were carried out, are plain from the evident difficulties which attend such an undertaking and the large measure of success that has rewarded the architect's grapple with them. If, for instance, one considers the fact that all the carving on the building was made with constant reference to natural forms of vegetation, no two pieces the same (except in little balusters or the like), and nearly all designed by the workmen who cut the marble; that this was done because the architect believed it was the way to help along the cause of good architecture, and that in this way only architectural sculpture might arise from the dead; that the workmen who did it had never cut anything before more artistic or more like nature than Corinthian capitals or marble mantels for fashionable houses—when one considers all these things at their worth, it becomes quite clear what some reformers mean by architectural reform. And yet we are fortunate to have Mr. Wight's own statement of principles and account of his work.

The book opens with an introduction, in which the author speaks of the "system of constructive building and natural decoration, which has been for a long time neglected, but has become a matter of serious thought during the present century;" of the duty of the architects in the necessary revival of architecture, and of the nature of the new architecture he hopes for. It ends in a sagacious remark about "the mistaken assumption," "that artists are always ready to defend their own work." "It is a peculiarity of our time that the development of almost every man's faculties is more rapid than his neighbors give him credit for. One man is so occupied in thinking out questions which concern himself that he is apt to forget that others also are progressing in the ideas which specially concern them. The public do not think, when looking at a building, that"—in short, that the architect has seen more faults in it than anybody else has, and is a thousand times more desirous to alter them if he only could.

We have next a description of the pictures. The needed information is briefly given, the materials mentioned, and the plants named from which the motives of the ornament were taken. The author's judgment of the work seems singularly candid, and the relative values he sets on different parts of it generally just and always reasonable. Then comes an account of the carving, how it was done, wherein the author and architect thinks it has failed, and wherein, comparatively, succeeded, and what considerations influenced his choice of the very naturalistic type of carving, which he felt to be not the best conceivable. The iron work is then mentioned, and the difference for architectural purposes between wrought and cast iron pointed out. A brief notice of "The Unfinished Parts," of which there are many and important, concludes the letter-press. The photographs follow. They are generally very good, as good as have ever been taken in America.

It would be well if every building of a certain importance should be described in a sufficient monograph. As few buildings just now would be so well worth describing as this, so few monographs could be so entertaining and suggestive. But as valuable aids to the understanding of works of art by those to whom works of art are addressed, their value would be very great. This particular one is noticeable, as we have seen, for a clear and sufficient declaration of the principles that guided the work and the difficulties which proved most formidable. The practical character of these remarks, and the amount of instruction contained in them, make this an unusually valuable work of a kind which is generally more akin to dilettanteism and affectation than to common sense.

It is much to be regretted that the English is not always elegant nor free from actual mistake. The meaning is generally, perhaps always, clearly ascertainable, but so good a book ought not to be marred by flaws.

THE EISTEDDFOD.*

This national institution of the ancient Britons has held such sway over the popular mind, and contributed so largely to the moulding of the national character, that it has acquired an importance and influence not to be accounted for on any theory of intrinsic merit. Like all similar institutions, it has had a chequered career, sometimes flourishing and sometimes declining, according to the manner of conducting the meetings, or the national humor. After being comparatively neglected for many years, some of the best men of the nation took hold of the matter, and in 1819 it again acquired a new hold on the popular mind, which it has held almost uninterruptedly to this day. It is a disputed question as to when the Eisteddfod originated; some maintaining that it is a Druidical institution, while others assert that it cannot be traced further back than the twelfth century, when the first was held in the time and under the auspices of Gruffydd ab Cynan.

When it was customary for the Cambrian bards to go from place to place, and be admitted into the households of the Welsh princes, it was found necessary to establish some trial whereby their merits should be tested and their standing in the bardic order should be determined. Hence the Eisteddfod with its throne, orders, and degrees, where all those who aspired to bardic honors were invited to compete and have their standing fixed; and to be made a "cadeirfardd" was a distinction which secured for the bard honor and welcome in all places throughout the Principality. But though the custom which gave rise to this national institution has long since passed away, the institution itself survives, and in the last dozen years has been conducted more successfully than at any preceding period.

Whatever may be thought, upon general grounds, of the wisdom of offering prizes for literary compositions, it is undeniably true that here the custom has been productive of much good to the nation; more, however, in developing than in maturing literary talent. It is true that we cannot point to many works of enduring merit as the result of these competitions; but many of those who have produced such works have been incited and stimulated in their labors by the encouragement which they received from this source.

The prizes offered generally vary from five to five hundred dollars, and the subjects embrace poetry, essays, music, and recitations, but the first honors are always reserved for the poets. In order that the Eisteddfod may be considered genuine, it is necessary that some titled bard should publish it with considerable ceremony one year and a day beforehand; and the exercises have to be opened by one of the same order. The festival generally continues three or four days, and is devoted to music, reading the adjudications, rewarding the successful competitors, addresses, recitations of poetry (generally in the form of *englynion*), each day having a different chairman, selected from among the oldest and most influential families; and presiding at an Eisteddfod is an honor but seldom declined. It is true that things do not always work harmoniously; the unsuccessful competitors often fall to abusing the judges, and accuse them of all manner of unfairness and perfidy; but the latter are generally of such unquestionable literary reputation that their verdict always fixes the standing of the successful competitors in the popular mind, and there are but few men in the Principality who can bear up against an adverse decision from them.

In years past, it has been the cause of much complaint that the successful compositions were not always published; but in late years this has been remedied. The compositions are either published in a volume with the proceedings, or else appear in "Yr Eisteddfod," a quarterly devoted exclusively to their publication.

One cause of the popularity of these gatherings is the belief that they are somehow necessary to the preservation of the language, a consummation which the true Cambrian looks upon as next to the preservation of life itself. In so far as they encourage Welsh literature, they doubtless help to keep up the language, but in conducting the exercises many innovations have been introduced, and we notice that in the one held at Rhyl no less than seven or eight English addresses were delivered. We do not consider this an objectionable feature, but it has a tendency to detract from the popularity of the institution.

In this country this festival has become quite popular among Cambro-Americans. Many are held every year in different localities, and an effort has lately been made to get up a national one here, but it is likely to fail, owing to the distance of the Welsh settlements from each other.

The Eisteddfod has been too useful to Welsh literature to be condemned, but it is a relic of times and circumstances now passed away, and needs to be remodelled in order to make it more consonant with the spirit and genius of the age in which we live.

With General Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign. By a Staff Officer (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1866.)—A capital book on a capital subject. Of all that has been said and written about "Cavalry Sheridan," there is little that gives a fair idea of the man or of his merit. Here we have the story told in good plain English, full of strong phrases, smacking of the camp and of the field, showing an understanding of the subject that could be got only by real experience, yet not a word of self, not even the author's name. There is a hearty tone, a running, bubbling vein of fun, a

* "Transactions of the Rhyl Eisteddfod; containing the Prize Compositions, the Adjudication, and the Exercises of the Festival."

style that is made by the subject and not for it; now and then a little doubtful English, such as "intending" for intentional, "debarred" for barred, "cited" for stated, and the metaphors are mixed in a way that would bother a purist; but they are no hindrance to the author, and they are a help to the reader. There is sense as well as humor in such a novel-phrase as "General Hooker lifted the cavalry over the stile;" or, "take up Griffin's narrative where we dropped it, in the enemy's works;" or this, of rebels admitted to Federal hospitals, "enemies with bullets through them always seem to be reconstructed;" or, again, "after losing their *morale* the rebels threw away their arms;" or this, "kicked the dying gasp of their camp-fires into an astonished gasp of flame." It is, indeed, a rattling, dashing cavalry style—sometimes a swinging walk, oftener a hard gallop, and occasionally a desperate charge.

As an account of the gradual steps by which the cavalry rose from an almost useless appendage of our army to be its mighty right arm, the book has a special value, and in this connection there is noticeable a shrewd, sharp faculty of observing faults that ought to be corrected, and of remembering them after they are cured, so as to be able to guard against their recurrence. Thus we are told the difference between the march of cavalry in the last stage of their education, and that which had characterized them in earlier days. We see in another place the real soldier's experience in the account of the condition of even the successful force after a fight. Then there is a capital topographical sketch in a likeness found between the "terrain" at Sailor's Creek and a man's face. And of battle pictures what can be more graphic than the account of the fight at Five Forks, with Sheridan the main figure, and Ayres and Griffin, Winthrop and Fitzhugh, and all the lesser men, fairly grouped about him? The author's zeal to magnify his own chief never leads him to forget or belittle the individual acts of gallantry of men and officers, and even in his sharp criticism of Warren and Wright he analyzes their statements coolly and temperately, and nowhere slurs their good name or undertakes to overturn the fine reputations that they had earned in other fields.

Since we have mentioned General Warren, and the author devotes nearly an entire chapter to the difference between that officer and General Sheridan, we must refer the reader to our review of it in No. 39 of THE NATION, to "A Staff Officer's" rejoinder and our last word upon it in No. 40. The author adduces his personal testimony, which we frankly admit to be of the highest value, to settle the first dispute, which was about General Warren's ability to move as fast as and by the way in which his superiors expected him. As to this, we must still believe, and the author partly confesses, that the latter were guilty of a topographical confusion, and that, omitting either a civilian's or a cavalry man's criticism on the movement of infantry, the facts show that the march ordered was impracticable in the time allowed. Nor do we perceive that any additional light is thrown upon that "frame of mind" which General Sheridan imputed—the chief sting of the removal—to General Warren, and which, since the author agrees it did not exist on the night preceding the battle of Five Forks, while in the interval General Sheridan's manner towards General Warren was "cordial and friendly," we conceive to have been little more than the reflex of Sheridan's impatience.

Opposite opinions on a subject certainly not of the clearest shall not abate our hearty tribute to this narrative. Our army had in it so much merit of every kind that it is not a little surprising that it should hitherto have produced few first-rate histories of its wonderful achievements. Most of those pretending to the name are unfortunate instances of book-making, by men who knew little of what they wrote. Here, however, is an exception. This writer appreciates a good cavalry officer, because he had seen the cavalry surmount the obstacles of ignorance, inexperience, and impatience. He feels that his position as a staff officer enabled him to see much that was hidden from the common multitude, both in and out of the army, and yet he never forgets that all the plans of generals depend for their successful execution on the men and officers, nor fails to render them their fair share of praise. It is grateful to be able to set up against the vainglorious boastings of such book-makers as Gilmor in his "Five Years in the Saddle," and Major von Börcke in "Blackwood," this volume of one of our own staff officers. He glorifies his cause, his army, his general, but—unlike those Confederate egotists—one person he seems utterly to ignore and to forget.

Christian Ethics; or, The Science of Duty. By Joseph Alden, D.D., LL.D. (New York: Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co. 1866.)—The study of duties should enter into every well-constituted scheme of school exercises. It is, indeed, the most important study that any boy can pursue. The more he learns beside, the greater and more numerous his duties will become; but, at all events, he should learn these. All children are taught more or less of the precepts of ethics by home practice and example; but they too often remain ignorant of the connection and hierarchy of different duties, and are put into active life with their ideas of morality half formed on most important points. How few are taught the duties of the citizen or of the business man. How many are left to consider business a contest for wealth, in which morality is to be laid aside, and that the obligations imposed on them as citizens are to be avoided and escaped on every possible occasion. College students learn something of pure morality from Cicero's "De Officiis," and something of Christian morals from Whewell's "Treatise." In the latter book, however, so much space is devoted to the theoretical exposition of the relations of duties, in the former to the nature of duty, and in both to cases of conscience, that the mind of the student, which seldom takes in the whole, is rather confused than enlightened.

Whether we hold with some that duty is what is honorable, or, with others, what is right, we all admit that we should do our duty, and we need often to think carefully to know what it is in practice. There is one rule which is a summary of all duties—that laid down by Christ in the New Testament, and called the Golden Rule. This, in a somewhat different form, Dr. Alden, in the present volume, endeavors to expand into a series of connected rules for conduct. He has, in the main, done this successfully, erring, perhaps, in not being always clear and explicit enough in his arrangement and classification of the various duties. Assuming the Bible and the Christian religion, he draws sharply and distinctly the divisions between what is right and what is not right, what is to be done and what is not to be done. Duties to God, the author says, include the duties to others and to ourselves; but he nevertheless shows specifically the duties to ourselves and to others which we need to perform. First, he speaks of our duties to our bodies—a subject generally neglected in similar works—the duty of preserving our health, of relaxation and amusement, and of self-defence. Dr. Alden is no stickler for a prim, unworldly life, nor does he think it incumbent on us actually to turn the other cheek to the smiter. Next come our duties to our minds, of culture, of discipline, and of acquiring knowledge; culture in every direction is asked for, and beauty is not excluded. Then the duties of temperance, or self-control and the proper regulation of our desires. The rest and larger portion of the book is taken up with the statement of the duties owing to society. These are, the duties of family; the duties of benevolence and charity; those of justice in connection with property and business; those of employers and the employed; duties with regard to personal liberty, reputation, and character; the duties of truth. A special chapter is devoted to the responsibilities and duties of members of associations and corporations, and considerable space is given to the consideration of the duties of citizens and legislators. It is impossible, in a work destined for young men, to insist too strongly upon the responsibilities that weigh upon every voter, and his duty not only to vote, but to vote intelligently and rightly, and to perform all the other acts which citizenship renders necessary in this country. The final duty mentioned by Dr. Alden is that of rest—well-earned rest.

The Body Politic. By Wm. H. Barnes. (Moore, Wilstach & Baldwin, Cincinnati and New York. 1866.)—It would be difficult to give any special reason for the publication of the papers on government and political economy to which the above title has been prefixed. To originality of illustration or argument they can lay little claim, and the ideas are of that commonplace description which have been hammered out so repeatedly in the pulpit, the lecture-room, or the college debating society that the public must be quite as familiar with them as the author. He, however, seems unconscious that even the rudiments of political knowledge have been mastered by the great body of American readers, and proceeds, with a solemnity befitting the announcement of a great discovery, to tell us that "death is recognized as a crowned and sceptred king," that "none dispute his sway" or "resist his authority," that "nations as well as individuals die," that the besetting sin of the former has frequently been ambition, etc., etc. Platitudes like these, diluted through many pages, may be pardonable in a school composition, but are not precisely the kind of mental food demanded by reflecting minds in these days of earnest thought and energetic action. They nevertheless fairly represent the whole book, which in general terms upholds morality, liberty, and law, and denounces their opposites. Though superficial and commonplace, Mr. Barnes seldom goes astray in his facts or reasoning, such as they are. But he is scarcely correct in saying that the Established Church of England makes the anthem, "God Save the Queen," a part of her "sublime devotions;" or that "the greater portion of English piety has taken refuge among the Nonconforming sects," which is about as true as the charges of superior cant and hypocrisy brought against these same sects by certain members of the Establishment. It will doubtless provoke a smile to hear the author, after dwelling with no little complacency upon American greatness, magnanimity, virtue, piety, and progress, lament that the "Anglo-American language," the great heritage of our people, should be so frequently employed by them in extravagant praise of themselves and their institutions.

Woman's Work in the Church: Historical Notes on Deaconesses and Sisterhoods. By J. M. Ludlow. (Alexander Strahan, London and New York. 1866.)—From the title of this book the reader would expect something of greater interest than he will find upon its pages. It contains a great deal of learned matter, and no doubt is the result of very earnest study and research. But it is written in the ecclesiastical method, and that method is not one which appeals strongly to modern sympathy or common sense. The greater part of it is taken up with showing that there were deaconesses in the early Christian Church, women set apart for duties co-equal with those of the deacons as far as active charity was concerned, but excluded from the priestly functions of preaching and teaching, and that the introduction of celibacy into the Church put an end to all this and degraded the deaconess into a nun. Now this would be well enough if the matter in hand were one of mere church history. But we understand that Mr. Ludlow writes with a very earnest practical aim, viz., the establishment of a female diaconate in the present time. He says, very truly, to think of investing such a diaconate with the precise functions and limiting it by the precise restrictions which it had and was bound by of old, would be merely planting a dead stick, and that it would never grow. But his whole appeal to precedent is cumbersome and irrelevant. If a female diaconate is a good thing for to-day, let it be shown to be so. And it cannot be shown by proving that there was such an institution in the ealry Church. The institutions of the early Church grew out of its needs and the institutions of to-day must grow out of our needs. Let Mr. Ludlow, then, devote his energies in future to showing, if he can, that we are in sore need of such an institution as he is in favor of. We feel certain that he must have other reasons for believing so than those that he has given. Let him try to convince others with the same reasons with which he has convinced himself. And yet, when he has done his best, much as we respect his efforts, we believe that he will fail to prove that any class legislation in this matter will be of much avail. Woman will fast enough do her true work in the Church when she is elevated to her true position in society, when she is privileged to do everything that she can do with every one of her faculties.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE WORK OF THE SESSION.

THE country is beginning to enquire somewhat anxiously what Congress is going to do to put an end to the existing state of doubt and uncertainty. But beyond Mr. Stevens's North Carolina bill nothing has been done which looks like, or foreshadows, a plan to be carried out should the amendment fail of adoption. Mr. Stevens's bill, which proposes to call a fresh convention in North Carolina, to be elected by all males able to read and write or owning $100 worth of property, exclusive of those who aided or abetted the rebellion, for the purpose of forming a constitution for the State, would, a year ago, have looked horribly radical; but there is now little question that it is, supposing the amendment to fail, the most sensible and conservative plan yet submitted to the public—and we may add that it, or something like it, is, according to present appearances, pretty sure in the end to be adopted not for North Carolina only, but for all the States. We believe it is not entirely Mr. Stevens's own; at all events, it embodies the views of the North Carolina loyalists, and would satisfy them. No matter what the true theory of the position of the revolted States may be, no matter whether they are in or out of the Union, or in a limbo which is neither in nor out, a convention elected by the male inhabitants of each State, without distinction of race or color, excluding rebels, is the proper instrument for the reorganization of the Government. Neither Congress nor President can devise any other half as good, or half as well suited to the habits of the people and the spirit of our institutions. There is now no use whatever in arguing against the participation of the negroes in such a work. To permit their exclusion from such a convention would be to surrender the principle of equality before the law which the North has set its heart on establishing, and the South may as well make up its mind that there is no likelihood of anything of the kind. As the freedmen are the class most in danger of oppression, they are the class, of all others, which has the best right to be consulted in forming the organic law. The men whom they chose to represent them in the convention would go there charged with the duty of opposing the insertion in the constitution of any distinction or discrimination based on color. On all other points the whites would probably have their way; and if an educational or property qualification were established by such a convention, there are very few people at the North who would offer much opposition to it.

The horror of sitting with negroes in convention or of seeing them voting has its root in the imagination. It is no greater or more substantial than the horror of seeing negroes free was a few years ago. To submit to the presence of negroes in the legislature or at the polls would be, no doubt, to most Southerners a cold plunge; but the first shock over, the experience would not seem so very unpleasant after all. Finding that nothing dreadful came of it, they would soon get used to it, as they have to seeing negroes working for wages and testifying in courts of justice. In fact, we have no sort of doubt that there are thousands of sensible Southerners wishing, in their secret hearts, that Congress would push them over the brink, so as to save their honor. False pride, and various other things quite as unsubstantial, restrain Southerners from taking active measures to do what the North wants done; but the mass would submit gracefully enough to whatever we did for them without asking their leave. It ought to be well understood, however, before any such convention meets, that no constitution will be approved of which does not make the provision of a system of free popular education compulsory upon the State legislatures.

Beyond this Congress has, as yet, done little or nothing. Mr. Sumner has introduced a string of resolutions into the Senate, tracing out the principles on which the work of reconstruction should be based, but though strong, sensible, and well drawn, they contain nothing new, and carry us, for all practical purposes, no further than we were last year. Besides this, nothing has been done beyond appointing a committee to enquire into the murder of certain Union soldiers in South Carolina and into the New Orleans massacre. The only result of these enquiries will be the production of a great quantity of evidence which nobody will read, and on which no action will ever be taken. These Congressional enquiries all end in smoke. Long before they are finished the public is tired of the whole matter, and knows all about it, and after furnishing subjects for editorials to the newspapers, the testimony goes to the waste-paper dealers. There never was an investigation of this kind undertaken with more solemnity than that into the massacre of Fort Pillow, but nothing ever came of it. It did not even prevent Forrest from being paroled, and does not prevent him now from attending Johnson meetings and upholding "the policy." Of late years several of these committees are fitted up at the beginning of every session, and launched and sent off on voyages of discovery amidst the huzzas of both Houses and of the Washington correspondents of the daily papers. The public holds its breath for about a month, and then, hearing nothing, goes about its business, and in about six months the explorers turn up with a few well-known facts, wrapped up in recommendations which nobody heeds.

Next to the condition of the South, the most important questions to be considered by the present Congress are the currency and the tariff. The facts of the case are that our revenue is far larger than our needs, that industry is languishing, our commercial marine almost extinct, our agricultural products falling behind the wants of the population, and prices of every commodity, in spite of the recent decline, enormously high. The advantages enjoyed by foreigners in competing with us in our own markets are so great, in spite of the heavy duties and the premium on gold, that in many branches of industry—books, for instance—they have driven, or are driving, us out of the field. One set of political economists, who are represented by the *Tribune* in the press and by Mr. Stevens in Congress, and who invariably open the discussion of this driest of all subjects by heaping abuse and execrations on their opponents, are satisfied that the only remedy for this state of things lies in the raising of the tariff; or, in other words, in the total, or all but total, exclusion of foreign commodities. Mr. McCulloch is evidently disposed to account for the present depression of trade partly by the horrible confusion of the internal revenue law, and the absence of all fixed relation between it and the tariff on foreign imports. Mr. George Walker, in the clearest bit of reasoning which has yet appeared on the subject, ascribes it to the condition of the currency. Gold, he says, having been totally "demonetized," has fallen below its natural price, or is, in other words, extraordinarily cheap, while the paper currency is nearly treble what the country requires. Prices in paper are, therefore, terribly high, and foreigners who come here and sell their commodities are able to purchase gold or bills of exchange therewith at rates so advantageous as to enable them to make head against the high duties and distance, gold being really more valuable in Europe than here. Mr. Walker is not a free trader, but he is a sensible man, and if protectionists of his stamp can be got to take this matter out of the hands of the sweeping economists of the *Tribune* school, whose syllogisms are apt to consist of two war-whoops and one "bad name," there would be some chance of a settlement of the tariff that would at least not do discredit to our intelligence. The chances are, however, that the whole question will be discussed as it was last year, secretly in committee, in which all the influence, good, bad, and indifferent, of jobbing deputations from the various "interests" will be brought into play; that Mr. David A. Wells's report, which he is now framing, will be totally neglected; and a bill will be thrust into the House marked by every fault which a bill can have, in the last days of the session, and forced through under the "previous question," to be stopped in the Senate, thus leaving the country for another year a prey to the existing disorder. We can at present have neither such a tariff as the protectionists nor the free-traders desire, for the simple reason that, whatever the correct theory may be, neither party is strong enough to enforce its own policy, and all attempts made by the protectionists to carry their tariff by a *coup de main*, as last session, are pretty sure to result in a reaction, carrying us for a brief period just as far in the other direction. The fact is, the country can bear up under any reasonable amount of financial blundering, provided there be some method and persistence in it. What trade and commerce cannot bear is uncertainty, and uncertainty is the soul of the present

régime. The American man is pretty sure to make his way either under protection or free trade; but he must know which it is to be, and be let alone once he has made his arrangements. One of the sins which most easily beset a strong majority, is the tendency to believe that great power conferred for one purpose may be used lavishly for all purposes; and the present Congress has acted all along as if its position on the tariff question were just as sure and as emphatically endorsed by the country as its position on the question of reconstruction. This is a mistake into which, we trust, it will not fall again. The tariff question has still to be discussed, for the public mind is not yet made up about it, and men of all shades of opinion are still entitled to a respectful hearing, a privilege which Congress systematically refuses to helpless minorities.

CONGRESS AND THE EDUCATIONAL TEST.

The emphatic refusal of the House to annex an educational test to the bill conferring the franchise on the negroes in the District of Columbia naturally lessens the satisfaction with which all lovers of and believers in equal rights have witnessed its passage; but it is nevertheless the first step in a great reform. It removes from the Republican party the great blot left upon it by the failure of this measure last session. It is the first decided proof that Congress has given of its faith in the principles which it has professed ever since the close of the war, but which last session it was afraid to act upon. And it is perhaps also the first-fruits of the election. If Congressmen learned anything during the late canvass they learned that not only would the North not consent to any act or omission which would render possible the return of the South to power within a reasonable interval, but that it would not consent to any unnecessary prolongation of political inequality, so far at least as Federal legislation is concerned. Having made very sure of these facts, our legislators went back to Congress very courageous, and passed the bill over which they pulled so many wry faces last winter with almost unnecessary rapidity. We quite sympathize with the dislike of the majority to listen to dull speeches from the Democratic members on the subject of negro inferiority, particularly as all the arguments likely to be used on that side of the question are put forward weekly in a very much more entertaining form by Petroleum V. Nasby. But then, unfortunately, one of the reasons for which a legislature exists is the provision of a place in which stupid and obstinate and misguided people and bores may say their say and be sure, if not of attention, at least of a hearing. We were sorry, therefore, that an act in most respects so important, in one respect so solemn, as that in which the Federal Government enfranchised the blacks within its jurisdiction, was passed without discussion, by the aid of the "previous question" gag. There are people who think this a fine way of expressing earnestness or enthusiasm, but they are mistaken. It no doubt does indicate earnestness and enthusiasm, but it also indicates worse things—namely, recklessness, contempt for the minority and for the spirit of representative institutions. And we repeat here, that unless the people take some fitting occasion before long to mark their reprobation of this practice, they will have to witness the abuses of power which are now committed on behalf of freedom committed on behalf of all sorts of evils, just as they have had to witness the abuse by Mr. Johnson of the discretion which they permitted to Mr. Lincoln because he wielded it for noble ends.

The manner of passing the bill, however, takes nothing from the value of the bill itself. The refusal to prescribe an education qualification is important, inasmuch as the example here set will be followed wherever negroes are enfranchised. Mr. Foster made an eloquent and able statement in the Senate of the objections to ignorant voting, without apparently producing any impression, and he is probably the last public man who will venture, for the present, to lift up his voice against it. The circumstances under which the attempt has been made to introduce an intelligence test have been in many ways unfortunate. To an ordinary observer it seems as if the case of the freedman was one calling emphatically for the application of such a test. But the peculiarities of his condition have, in reality, in the minds of most people, told in the opposite direction. Ignorant or educated, he must be protected from violence; and it seems to the majority in Congress, as it certainly seems to us, that the easiest way to protect him is to give him the ballot. We cannot provide a guard for every colored man's cabin. He may not be able to vote intelligently on most questions of public interest, or may not be able to distinguish easily between the honest politician and the charlatan; but then there is no Southern negro who is so abominably stupid as to vote for people who cudgel or shoot him, or who approve of his being cudgelled or shot, or who refuse to arrest, or who acquit, those who do the cudgelling and shooting. There is no field-hand, not a born natural, who would look on the burning of his house, or the spoiling of his goods, or assault and battery committed on himself, as a title to his political support. Consequently, the party which wanted negro votes (and there will very soon be a party which will want them) would have to get up a grand Letting the Niggers Alone movement as a condition of success. Thus the enfranchisement of the blacks at the South, without other test or qualification than Congress has prescribed in the District of Columbia, would, we believe, solve one very important portion of the problem over which we are all puzzling.

Others, again, who do believe in the desirability of an intelligence test, fear that, if imposed, it would not only shut out for the present the great majority of the negroes, and thus deprive our Government of their support at the South at this critical period—which support is one of the objects of their enfranchisement—but would furnish the whites with a motive for withholding or hindering education for an indefinite period. There are, of course, large numbers, like Senator Wilson, who think the franchise a natural right which everybody but lunatics is competent to exercise. And there are those again who think that an educational test, though desirable, is not practicable, and that, therefore, there is no use in talking about it.

The first argument is, as we have said more than once, the great one. Anybody who says the freedman ought not to vote, is bound to point out some other way of enabling him to protect himself against murder, assault, and robbery. Talking of the courts being open to him, under present circumstances, is like prescribing port wine and saddle exercise for a debilitated pauper. But to the argument that the exclusion of the ignorant from the franchise would help to deprive the colored population of the means of education, there is the objection that it would, on the other hand, furnish the colored people with a new and powerful motive for learning to read. Whether the love of learning they are now displaying is strong enough or will last long enough to make this stimulus of no consequence, time only will tell. To the argument that in shutting out the ignorant we shut out the only loyal men—in other words, the bulk of our own supporters—there is the objection which we strongly urged a fortnight ago, that we cannot retain our hold over ignorant men at the South, and that there is a most alarming probability that long before the negroes get education enough to bring them into true political relations with the North, the Southern politicians will have won them, just as the Democratic party has always won over the Irish. To "the natural rights" argument there need not much be said. Whenever the exercise of men's "natural rights" proves dangerous to society, society stops it, and must stop it without hesitation; and this being the case, discussion about the matter is mere word play.

To those who think an educational test desirable, but not practicable, we reply in the language of Burke, "that things which are not practicable are not desirable. There is nothing in the world beneficial which does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding and a well-directed pursuit. There is nothing that God has judged good for us that he has not given us the means to accomplish, both in the natural and the moral world." There is, in reality, no test so easy of application as an educational test. Every other qualification in existence can be readily evaded; this cannot. A man may lie about his property, or may have fraudulent conveyances made to him before election day; or he may lie about his residence; or he may lie and produce forged papers about his naturalization—and there may be no earthly means of detecting him. But an educational test may be applied on the spot and cannot be evaded. A man can either read intelligibly or he cannot, and he shows at once whether he can or not, and there's an end on't. Mr. Greeley has said inspectors would differ as to the quality of a man's reading, and that in some districts voters would get

through very easily, while in others they would get through with difficulty, and that the application of the test would produce great irritation in districts like New York, where most people cannot read. But this objection is a curious one to come from a "practical" man. All human machinery works only indifferently well. Courts of justice do not punish half the thieves and murderers; criminals fare very differently before different judges and juries; but this is hardly an argument for relinquishing all attempts to bring scoundrels to justice. All boards and inspectors vary in their efficiency, and ignorant districts would not be half as much irritated by an educational test as they are by a liquor law or a registry law. There are forty or fifty thousand tipplers in New York irritated to the last degree by the excise law, but the *Tribune* would be the last to recommend its repeal on this account. You cannot attempt any great reform without exciting the ire and opposition of the worst or most ignorant members of society. And we are satisfied that if an attempt were made next year to make reading and writing a necessary qualification for national votes, although it would be at first as widely evaded as the existing tests are, or more so, the general effect would be to stimulate education, to discredit ignorance, and to bring the whole community more than ever under the influence of the pulpit and the press.

It might bear hardly on the Southern freedmen to exclude them from the franchise on the ground of their ignorance as long as no means of education were provided. But why not force the States to provide them with schools? How, we shall be asked, can the National Government do anything of the kind? How, we ask in turn, does the National Government propose to keep four-fifths of the Southern white population from voting and holding office for the next two years? How does it propose to force the States to allow negroes to vote, or to give them equal rights before the law, and to prevent the rebels paying the rebel debts, or doing or not doing half a dozen other things on which we are now insisting, but which, as part and parcel of any great plan of solid and enduring reconstruction, no thinking or far-seeing man will pronounce half as important as the elevation by means of education of the four millions of unfortunates whose deliverance we have just wrought? We cannot but think it forebodes ill for the future of our present work when we hear from the mouths of Northern statesmen and editors the very same scoffing at education as a political necessity, and almost in the same words, as that which was familiar in the mouths of Southern politicians before the war, when they railed at free schools and told us of the founts of wisdom which Southern orators let flow on the cross-roads for the benefit of the poor whites.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

The debate and final vote in the United States Senate upon the proposition to bestow the right of suffrage upon women in the District of Columbia indicate very strongly the speedy extension of that right to women everywhere in this country. When nine senators are found to vote for such a change, and nearly as many more declare themselves willing to favor it if asked for by the better class of women, there can be no doubt that, as Mr. Sumner says, woman has only to ask for the ballot if she desires it. More than this, it is evident that the issue of female suffrage will very early become a practical one, whether the majority of women demand the privilege or not. It has not yet become a party question, and can, therefore, be discussed calmly and impartially; and it is of great importance that it should be fully argued before the public while this is the case.

We lay aside entirely many of the arguments which have been used upon both sides of this great but absurdly-treated question. The cause of woman's rights has suffered immensely, in common with all other reforms, by the fanaticism of its first advocates, and the eagerness with which a multitude of people who are blessed neither with knowledge nor discretion, and who would have very little weight in ordinary society, rush forward to make themselves conspicuous. Reformers, at the outset of their work, cannot choose their company, or if they do, must be content with a very small following for years. The anti-slavery movement, the temperance reform, the agitation for free lands, indeed every recent attempt to liberalize or raise public sentiment, was originally in the hands of a few men, of whom the most active were generally the least sensible and the most bitter, and who are now, when their cause is victorious, the most insignificant of public men.

The agitation for an extension of women's privileges will result in the same way. The violent, extravagant, and conceited people who are now amongst the engineers of the movement, and repel other ladies from co-operation with them, will fall into insignificance whenever their own sex get a fair chance to vote them down. For whatever else women may vote, it is at least certain that they will *not* vote for their present "leaders."

Those who now have charge of the female suffrage movement take the ground that the ballot would cure all the ills of woman, would provide her with bread and open to her all occupations. Even Mrs. Stanton, whom we would not rank with those of whom we have spoken thus harshly, lately argued that women ought to vote in order that they might vote themselves larger salaries in the public schools and offices; although it is notorious that women in these positions are now receiving much higher salaries than they can earn outside of them. Mrs. Stanton's proposition, therefore, really is one of plunder, not for herself but for the few hundred women who are or could be employed in the public schools of this city; and her idea of elevating woman is to increase the luxuries of a few girls by means of additional taxes upon the mass of their sisters.

The ballot will do none of these great things for women, except through a long and indirect process, extending over years of gradual and almost imperceptible influence. The mass of women can no more vote themselves into wealth or ease than a man can raise himself from the ground without some leverage. Nor, until women are completely transformed, will they cease to prefer the other sex to their own, or to accept the leadership of men rather than women.

On the other hand, we attach no importance whatever to the common assertion that women would be degraded or unsexed by a participation in politics. There is nothing necessarily involved in a political struggle which may not be witnessed, on a small scale, in every election in a church, Sunday-school, or benevolent society. In hundreds, perhaps thousands, of such elections, American women constantly take part, and in some instances we have known them to be the most active canvassers. They are none the less lady-like, nor do they suffer the least deterioration in consequence. Yet elections in churches and schools are unfortunately often as bitterly contested, and as provocative of excitement, as any ordinary political contest. If it is said that after all there *are* elements of strife and corruption in politics which are not known in churches and societies, we answer that women have never been excluded from churches and schools, while they have always been excluded from politics.

Nor do we believe that women would be, to any serious extent, liable to insult or annoyance in the exercise of their political rights. At the first election at which women should vote, there might be a few ruffians disposed to jeer or insult; but we greatly mistake the nature of our countrymen if such conduct would not be visited with prompt and condign punishment. And when the occurrence became common, the sight of women voting would excite no more observation than if they were taking letters out of the post-office. Stringent precautions against insult would have to be taken at first, and unquestionably would be taken; while every man whose wife or sister was voting would watch like a tiger for the faintest attempt to annoy her. Moreover, as we shall presently point out, the lowest classes of women would be the first to avail themselves of the privilege in case universal suffrage were adopted; and the corresponding classes of men would have less inclination to insult them than they might feel towards women of higher grade, whose votes would be cast in a different direction.

In relation to this branch of the subject, it is a very important consideration that the Democratic party, from which in the main annoyances would be expected, is evidently leaning toward female suffrage. It will make a vast difference in the demeanor of the roughs at the polls of our large cities if they feel that women are coming to vote by virtue of a decision in which they had a share. As we shall presently show, the Democratic party would be greatly aided, for the first two or

three years, by the admission of all women to the elective franchise; and as its leaders, for a wonder, are beginning to discern this palpable truth, there is reason to believe that they will at least not resist the reform.

But it is time to consider what are the advantages to be gained by the adoption of female suffrage. Those which chiefly impress us are (1) the purification of political contests; (2) the elevation of woman to a broader sphere, making her more truly the companion of man; (3) the partial remoulding of government and law by the refining influence of female sentiments; (4) security for justice to woman against man; (5) security for justice to man against woman.

Each of these points opens up so broad a field for discussion that we know not how to attempt even to suggest our ideas within reasonable space. Certainly all that we can do is to suggest without argument.

From an intimate acquaintance with the practical workings of political machinery, we have been led to the conclusion that nothing but the presence of woman can ever make politics decent. It is impossible for a hundred men to meet together, apart from female society, without instantly becoming coarser and rougher than they were when at home. Let a hundred women join them, and they instantly behave *better* than they would at home. We have seen the difference as plainly marked, in its way, in religious meetings as in political ones. And we are confident that the presence of ladies in a political caucus, repulsive as the idea will seem to the ladies, is the only salvation for the caucus. Nor is there any more reason why they should not attend the primary meeting when they are voters, than why they should not attend public meetings now when they are not voters. Even a coarse-minded man will hesitate to propose schemes of fraud in the presence of his wife or mother; while he will be sure to bring all his female relatives for the sake of their votes.

The public elections would also be quickly improved in detail by the participation of women. Great efforts would be made to preserve order and cleanliness, to avoid crowding, and to promote comfort and general pleasantness. But we must not dwell further upon this point.

Every educated man knows what pleasure he derives from the intelligent sympathy of his wife in the subjects which interest him. He cannot expect it upon all points; but every enlargement of her sphere of thought, in harmony with his, is a source of additional happiness to him. Now women cannot, as a rule, take an intelligent interest in politics as long as they have no voice in them. They are not to blame for this—it is as true of men as of women, in countries where classes of men are hopelessly excluded from the political field. The admission of women into politics would strengthen their minds, enlarge the boundaries of their thought, break up the narrowness which belittles so many of them, and make them closer companions to their husbands and brothers.

Without for a moment supposing that all women, or even a greater proportion of women than of men, would vote for measures of progress and reform, we are decidedly of the opinion that the necessity of addressing political argument to women as well as men, and the increased desire which politicians would have to meet the views of women, would have a most beneficial effect upon legislation. We think that female influence would tend to make the *person* more sacred than *property*, which is not the case under our laws at present. But this is only a single illustration of a tendency which would, we think, be general.

Woman now receives sentimentality rather than justice, though in America nearly all has been already done in this direction that woman can ask. The work needs completion, however.

The sentimentality of men, arising in great part from a consciousness that women have not a fair chance in the world, makes a jury always lean toward the woman's side of a controversy. Sometimes, as in the Mary Harris case at Washington, this feeling leads to atrocious denials of justice. Women will put this matter right when they are admitted to a share in their own government; and until then *man* may rule, but *men* individually can never get justice against unscrupulous women.

We of course apprehend some disadvantages from the admission of women to vote. If the right of suffrage is made universal, the worst and most ignorant women will all vote at once, while ladies, especially in the cities, will hold aloof for some years. At the outset, therefore, the Democratic party would gain largely, and would carry two or three important States. But this evil would be of short duration. Respectable women could not always resist the solicitations of their male friends, nor see with indifference election after election carried by the votes of their servants while they stayed at home.

It would, perhaps, be the best plan to admit women gradually into the elective franchise, so as to avoid the otherwise probable flood of ignorant votes at the commencement; but it is not likely that any qualification would find favor. We certainly should not favor any project for the exclusion of married women as such, because that would exclude the most experienced and prudent class, besides dispensing with one of the chief benefits to be hoped from the reform—the addition to the bonds of union between husband and wife.

We wish that the cause could be taken up by other advocates than those who have assumed charge of it hitherto, for we have no doubt that within a very short time after it is placed in proper hands it would achieve a perfect success.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, November 30, 1866.

THE splendid hospitalities of Compiègne are drawing to a close. The last series of guests is on the point of proceeding to the palace, and, as the special favorites of the Imperial hostess are usually included in this last gathering, the most brilliant of the amusements have been reserved for the coming week. Among the other incidents marked out for the last period of the courtly sojourn is the visit to the Château of Pierrefonds, the magnificent restoration of one of the finest of the vanished edifices of feudal times, of which only the foundations remained, but which the Emperor has caused to be entirely rebuilt and refurnished according to ancient descriptive documents, so as to represent the old pile, and everything about it, exactly as it existed in the height of its Middle Age glory. M. Viollet-le-Duc, the distinguished architect and antiquarian, has conducted this difficult work, assisted by a committee of learned burrowers into buried matters, who have bestowed a world of research and imitative ingenuity on every department of the undertaking. To accomplish this restoration has taken many years and nearly as many millions, and the results of all this labor and outlay just brought to completion are to be displayed to the Emperor's guests some fine day during the coming week. A theatrical representation is also to be got up by this last batch of visitors in the elegant little theatre of the palace built by the Empress. The guests who are leaving, however, have little reason to envy those who are to succeed them, the Imperial hosts having provided with the most ample hospitality for the filling of every day with pastimes the most splendid and varied. There have been hunts, drives, charades, dancing, conversation, concerts, and plays by the artistes of the leading theatres. "The Conspiracy of Amboise," by M. Bouilhet, which is the leading theatrical "success" of the moment, was performed in the theatre aforesaid a few evenings ago by the troupe of the Odeon, transported, "by command," to the Imperial residence. The actors of the capital are always delighted to be sent for in this way, as they are treated with a degree of attention and kindness that might be advantageously imitated by most of the other crowned heads. A long suite of rooms adjoining the theatre, comfortably furnished, warmed, and lighted, is appropriated to the reception of the actors thus called upon to minister to the pleasures of the court. They are brought to Compiègne and sent back by the Imperial train, abundant refreshments are provided on their arrival, and they sit down to a capital supper when the play is over. On the occasion in question two immense tables were set out for them; one, of fifty covers, presided over by the son of the first chamberlain, for the manager and the players; the other, of twenty-six covers, presided over by another officer of the household, for the prompter, the scene-shifters, and the rest of the subordinates. Thus kindly treated, the leading "stars" receiving not only compliments but generally some jewel as a souvenir, it will readily be believed that the artistes of the capital are all desirous to obtain a summons which, besides the honor of the thing, brings with it so many agreeable concomitants.

The *coup d'œil* presented by the little theatre of the palace is extremely splendid. The ladies are all in ball dresses, and ablaze with diamonds; the gentlemen are all in court dress, or in uniform, and covered with ribbons and orders. The notables of the region are generally invited, with their wives and daughters; and the *salle* itself, all white and gold, with seats of

crimson velvet, is lighted *a giorno*. On this last occasion, the Empress, who now, in order to help the Lyons weavers, wears nothing but rich brocaded silks, appeared in a magnificent robe of white flowered brocade, trimmed with ornaments of green velvet; on her head a diamond crescent supporting a white plume; necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets of superb diamonds. The display of millinery and jewels, on the part of the lady guests, was also unusually brilliant.

As for the "sport" which forms so conspicuous a feature of the doings at Compiègne, it is generally made a pretext for a lunch in the forest, a style of repast which seems to be productive of immense satisfaction to all concerned. Formerly these lunches often took place in the open air at any pleasant spot fixed on by the Empress. But the weather is becoming so odious that the Emperor has had a number of "refuges" put up here and there, in the forest, mere roofs of thatch laid on wooden posts, for the use of the guards in case of rain, and these "refuges" generally serve as the scene of the hunting lunch. On the last occasion, the Emperor and most of the guests went off in a great char-à-banc, holding eighteen, and followed by a couple of smaller ones conveying the rest of the party. Two enormous wagons filled with cooks, valets, the materials of a luxurious *déjeuner à la fourchette*, chairs, tables, linen, and a stove for heating the dishes and the coffee, followed the carriages. The wind being high and sharp, the "refuge" chosen as the scene of the repast was speedily hung round on three sides with matting, and the chairs and tables being placed in order, the lunch was quickly disposed of amidst much laughter and gayety. The guards had prepared for the afternoon's work by surrounding a certain portion of the ground with nets to prevent the game from escaping, and the net result of the shooting gave eighteen fawns, rabbits, hares, and pheasants past the counting, three red-legged partridges, one becassine, one squirrel, and one owl—in all, fifteen hundred head, of which two hundred and sixty-six were brought down by the Emperor, two hundred and nineteen by Prince Murat, two hundred and seven by General Ney. These gatherings, with the green livery of the guards, the uniforms of the soldiers who form a fringe outside the gay, motley crowd of the hunt, the elegant riding suits of the ladies, the swarms of game that rush and fly in every direction, and the incessant firing, form a most picturesque and striking scene. The whole country side, including the *curé* of the next village, who surveyed the affair through a pocket spy-glass, gathered to look on; and the trees were alive with "boys" who had scrambled up surreptitiously to get a good sight of the doings, and whose presence was good-humoredly ignored by the guards. A sharp peal of trumpets is the signal of the "sport" being at an end, and all firing ceases as the brazen notes ring through the air. The servants collect the game into a heap; the Emperor, smoking his cigarette, and followed by the guests, saunters up to look at the pile of slain, and then the party get into the char-à-bancs and drive back to the palace, while the servants follow with the game. Every soldier present is allowed to take a rabbit, and every non-commissioned officer has a pheasant; the rest of the game goes to the Imperial larder.

Few of the notabilities of the various worlds of Paris have yet returned from the country; the only political *salons* yet opened for the winter are those of M. Emile de Girardin and M. Thiers. The former has given a musical *soirée*, at which Carlotta Patti, sister of the reigning *diva*, was heard for the first time in this city. Carlotta is considered to be handsomer than her sister, but less "bewitching;" her singing is equally admirable from an artistic point of view, but she has less fire, passion, and mobility. Independently of the slight lameness which alone would preclude her from appearing on the stage, she is considered by her admirers to have been designed by nature to take the part of queen of the concert-room, as evidently as her sister to be queen of the stage. She is making a provincial tour with immense success, and has just signed an engagement with the manager of the Théâtre Syrique for a succession of concerts in that house during the approaching "World's Fair," in anticipation of which prices of all kinds have already advanced one-third in this fortunate city!

The *dilettanti* of the capital are mourning over the death of one of the kings of the fiddlestick, and rejoicing over the advent of another. Servais, the great rival of Sivori, has just passed away. Joachim, who excited immense enthusiasm among the connoisseurs of this capital a few years ago, but who, having just allowed himself to be heard by a favored half-score of the most revered of the musical judges, vanished into the realm of the unknown, has just emerged from his retirement, in which he has still further perfected what was considered to be already very near perfection. His appearance has been the signal for an outbreak of enthusiasm such as has not been seen since Paganini first took the musical world by storm. By those who heard him last Sunday, he is declared to be "immeasurably superior to all living violinists," and to have attained, in the way of the bow, the utmost limits of the possible.

Paris is still ringing with the quarrels of "littérateurs." Small daily papers, at one *sou* or two *sous* a number, are the rage of the moment; and as the present Government, not very wisely, compels newspaper writers to sign their articles, so that the arm of the law may pounce at once on any unlucky scribe who happens to give offence to the powers that be, the remorseless personalities in which the Paris press habitually deals, because the Paris public especially delights in such attacks, being signed in full by their authors, the victims are able at once to give back thrust for thrust. Since the seconds in the last duel between literary men have been snapped up by the authorities and put into prison (the principals had contrived to get over the frontier), the duelling mania seems to have somewhat abated. But if the sword and the pistol are less in requisition than they were a few weeks since, the venom of the pen is flowing quite as abundantly. The new writers who figure in the columns of the new penny and half-penny papers seem to consider their elders in the newspaper walk as their appropriate game. Each has singled out some veteran member of the press as the mark for his firing, and addresses to his victim, day by day, a violently impertinent letter, picking him and his writings to pieces, and in general (especially if the victim has become rich and famous through his pen) attacking his private life as ruthlessly as his public. The victim, doubly irritated from the consciousness that he has a host of enemies, all delighted with the attack, replies with the violence of a bull before whose eyes a boy has waved a red handkerchief. The assailant rejoins; the victim again replies; and the fight is kept up with unflagging spirit until it ends in a fight or a lawsuit. The more ruthlessly the spite of the contending parties has led them to ferret into the background of each other's existence, and the fuller the budget of scandal thus given to the world, the greater is the delight of an amiable and intelligent public. All the thriving little sheets in question have a quarrel of this kind going on "full tilt," and all are selling merrily in consequence.

Closely allied to this tendency of the public mind here is the passion for the horrible, which has been drawing its tens of thousands to the dark *salle* of the Boulevard des Capucines, to witness the hideous imitation which pretends to be the resuscitation of the head of a Kentuckian "guillotined" for some capital offence by "the justice of his country." It is now known that the head is that of a living man, surrounded by an ingenious combination of mirrors, and the rest of his body hidden in some equally ingenious manner. The public had taken to making the nose of the *guillotiné* a mark for bread pellets, some of which struck it with such force as to cause much wincing and contortion of visage on the part of the Kentuckian. On one of these occasions a row ensued, and the Barnum of the affair called in the police and gave the aggressor in charge. "Justice," thus invoked, looked into the matter, and the secret of the affair soon became divulged. The downfall of the mystery which had given so agreeable a thrill of horror to the Parisians has been fatal to the successor of Colonel Stodare, who has hired Hery's Music Hall, which he now calls "The Theatre of Mystery," and in which he is performing the feats of the deceased conjuror, including the famous one in which a child, being shut up in a basket, the conjuror runs a sword repeatedly through the basket, drawing it out dripping with blood, the child's shrieks of agony gradually growing weaker, until the foul murder being consummated and the public beside itself with horror, the conjuror lifts the lid of the basket and shows it to be empty, while the child suddenly appears sound and laughing at the opposite end of the room. The public seems for the moment to have had a surfeit of "blood and mystery," and refuses to thrill under the action of "Stodare II." Its delight in the recital of conspicuous crime, however, is unabated, and the new dailies are accordingly rivalling one another in republishing, *in extenso*, the criminal trials which have created the greatest amount of sensation during the present century. The trial of Madame Lafarge, for the murder of her husband, is succeeded by the hideous drama of Fualdes; and so on through the black catalogue of deeds that might "sicken the sunlight."

That portion of the public which does not care so much for the sanguinary as for the scandalous, is awaiting with pleased expectation the forthcoming collection of five hundred letters of the deceased socialist, P. J. Proudhon, whose famous axiom, "Property is robbery," was at one time considered sublime by certain discontented spirits. The friends of the writer anticipate for these letters a success equal to that of the famous one hundred and one letters of Paul Louis Courrier. But much disappointment has been caused by the enforced suppression of certain packets of letters of a far more piquant character, with which some of the newspapers were preparing to regale their readers. One of these consisted of fifty letters of Benjamin Constant to Mme. Récamier, sold by a somewhat notorious literary

adventuress to *La Presse;* another was of fifty letters of George Sand and Alfred de Musset, lately found by the purchaser of an old sécrétaire in a secret drawer; and the third, another set of George Sand's epistles, addressed to M. Michel (de Bourges), the same who figures as "Everard" in the "Lettres d'une Voyageur" and "Histoire de ma Vie" of that unrivalled mistress of the French tongue.

All Paris is reading M. Louis Veuillot's "Odeurs de Paris." The chief of French Ultramontanists went, a year ago, to the Eternal City, and gave the world, on his return, "Le Parfum de Rome." In the title of his new work the word *odors* must be understood to stand for the antithesis of *perfume.* In this extraordinary book M. Veuillot depicts, with wonderful power, exactness, and minuteness, everything that is most corrupt and depraved in the life of Paris, so that those who like to take a cheap, easy, thoroughgoing course of all the vice, as most effectually developed in this brilliant capital, have only to read this latest production of the eminent Catholic writer who demands the re-establishment of the Inquisition in France, and is "more papal than the Pope."

Gavarni is dead, leaving a void in his own walk of art that there seems no one to fill. The black tragedian, Ira Aldridge, has given a preliminary specimen of his powers to a literary and artistic audience at Versailles, where his *Othello* was enthusiastically applauded; and your countryman, Mr. Norton, has given, at the Grand Hotel, to the young Americans here congregated, a splendid ball, the honors of which were done to perfection by that gentleman's pretty little daughter, four years old.

Fine Arts.

TWO DRAWINGS BY ROSSETTI.

More than a year ago (The Nation, Vol. I., page 273) we published an article on Pre-Raphaelitism, in which we tried to show what it was and what it was not. There was especial need of information on the latter point, for the cry of "Pre-Raphaelitism" had been, in the little world of art here, what the good old Democratic cries of the "nigger," "nigger-worshipper," "everlasting nigger," had been in the country at large; and the prevalent ideas about the thing meant by that word were most extraordinary and preposterous. A great many people thanked The Nation for having shed a little light on a tenebrific subject; and since that time it has not been so generally supposed that the "Pre-Raphaelites" are a society of revolutionary young New Yorkers.

In alluding to that former article, we must quote briefly: "The 'real Pre-Raphaelites,' our readers will agree with us in assuming, are those who invented the name and applied it to themselves, the only school of artists that ever were so self-styled." "There is no modern school of art so little known in this country as this." "So far as we know, there has never been a Pre-Raphaelite picture painted by an American-born artist; there has never been such a picture in any exhibition of the Academy of Design, except one, nor elsewhere in New York at all except in the exhibition of British Art in 1859 and 1860." These statements were true in the summer of 1865, and as 1867 approaches they are still true—for Pre-Raphaelite pictures, like a small edition of a costly book which has never been reprinted, are every year more and more hard to come at; there will never be any more of them, and the original issue was "very limited"—they are still true, we say, except that two water-color drawings, by D. G. Rossetti, are exhibited in the Artists' Fund Loan Collection.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti was the chief of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood in respect of actual original power. Now that the P. R. B. exists no longer, and that its spirit in a (properly) modified form inspires the great body of English art and artists, he is still the greatest painter of the English school, not so much by amount of work done as by his natural and acquired strength. He is probably the most truly imaginative man who, in these latest times, has given his life to art; and he is a colorist unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, among his contemporaries of all lands. We have said that it is not by relative value of work done that he stands so high. We admit at once all that can be urged against a reputation founded on a small amount of production, and all that can be urged against declaring a reputation to be so founded. But the case is peculiar in this, that Mr. Rossetti has never exhibited. It is very seldom that any opportunity has been given to Englishmen to see an original Rossetti, except at the painter's studio or on condition of buying it; and very seldom that a would-be purchaser has been able to buy except on condition of waiting patiently for awhile. The astonishing power, the fulness and wealth of invention in his works, have given him a name which is comprehensible to those who are not of his personal friends only by means of the few wood-cuts from his designs which are procurable in a very few little books. There is no painter more honored in the society of lovers and students of art, but his reputation does not increase or spread rapidly. In Vapereau's valuable and almost all-sufficient "Dictionary of Contemporary Celebrities" there is no article *Rossetti,* but he is mentioned under the article *Millais* as one of the three founders of the P. R. B. He writes a good deal, and delightfully, both in prose and in verse, and this is a distraction. The actual number of his works is not large, and the number which any one student finds within his reach is sadly small.

We are left, then, with but a very imperfect means of comparing the whole value of his with the value of another's work. Of necessity, the estimate one forms of him is of the man's power as shown by those of his works which one has seen. In the more important of the two drawings now on exhibition, No. 227, "Before the Battle," the painter's whole power of imaginative conception is not quite shown, but there is a great deal of action and of thought in it which will only be seen on careful examination. The lady of the castle stands on a raised platform, and has beside her a small screen. On this latter three pennons are just "tacked" or lightly sewn, the head or upper part of each pennon hanging down, with white strings attached, that it may be readily tied fast to the lance-pole. Squires are waiting, and the lady is tying a pennon upon the lance of one of them. The background is a room full of her women, weaving—presumably getting up more flaglets. On the wall beyond are weapons, and many lances with pennons attached; an armed man is mounted upon a ladder, and is handing down some of these to persons below. The action is, of course, real and natural, full of feeling as well. The lady is lovely in face and form; her costume delightful, her lofty and lovable nature very visible in her features. The pleasant fancies embodied in the pennons displayed upon the screen, whether heraldically orthodox or not, are delightful in a picture, and help this one to be what it is. The picture is of interest, as a history, to those who care for the beauty and stir of the Christian Middle Ages. But its principal charm is as a work of color. It is a color-composition of extraordinary merit, and of a beauty almost unsurpassed. It is, perhaps, wholly as a work of color that the artist imagined and felt his drawing. It is simple—too simple a composition for the highest excellence, too large and plain in its masses of bright color for the most refined and subtle harmonies; but every grain of the red and the yellow has been felt and enjoyed, and every grain has its effect upon every other and tells upon the composition. A more refined and subtle harmony is visible, for instance, in the little Turner vignette near, where the most minute, the most delicate, details are woven into a combined purity of color which the Rossetti only distantly imitates in a larger way and with simpler and more independent parts. We do not ask the Rossetti to be like the Turner; it has what the Turner has not, a harmony built up of many colors in more nearly equal parts, while the Turner is a study of blue and purple.

The Rossetti drawing fails of being great and consummate art because the splendid abilities that went to make it are used upon a subject of far from general interest, and which addresses itself to those persons only who have a peculiar sort of training; because, moreover, it is, in its very magnificence and glow of color, the sort of color composition which does not easily grow out of our time. This picture is too strong in color in contrast with all that surrounds it in parlor or in gallery. This, it will be said, is not the fault of the picture but of the time. This is true, just as it is true that it is primarily the fault of the time and not of the painter that all the pictures of our best men are, after all, so little worth. Our pictures do not thrill with life, and that is the omnipresent fault. If Rossetti's drawing were entirely great, that which would make it so would make very many poor pictures good.

It may be well that we should state the meaning of the other drawing, No. 251, "Dante Meeting Beatrice." We quote from Mr. Rossetti's own translation of the "New Life" of Dante:

"Therefore I, as was my friend's pleasure, resolved to stay with him and do honor to those ladies.

"But as soon as I had so resolved, I began to feel a faintness and a throbbing at my left side which soon took possession of my whole body. Whereupon I remember that I covertly leaned my back unto a painting which ran round the walls of that house; and, being fearful lest my trembling should be discerned of them, I lifted mine eyes to look on those ladies, and then first perceived among them the excellent Beatrice."

It does not positively appear whether Beatrice was the bride at this marriage or not. The painter has left it in the doubt he must have felt, and we are left to guess which of the damsels in the drawing is she whom he worshipped. The picture, for the rest, is far inferior to the other in merit, though a more interesting subject.

There are a few other English pictures in the city, and though it will

not be possible to show adequately, from them, what the influence of Pre-Raphaelitism on English art has been, it will be possible to illustrate by their example the working of this influence. It is fortunate that the Gambart collection is open at the same time with the Artists' Fund Exhibition.

Correspondence.

MR. J. H. HILL'S PICTURES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Dear Sir: In the last number of The Nation appears an article on the Artists' Fund exhibition in which the writer, speaking of a drawing of mine labelled "Study from Nature," calls it elm trees. If examined carefully by any one who is familiar with the different trees, it will be found that there is a straightness and angularity about the stem and branches which is characteristic of chestnut, or, at least, quite foreign to the nature of elm. The elm is certainly to all the most graceful of trees; and to me, when growing beside a mountain stream, shooting above dark and rigid evergreens, with delicate curve of bough and free toss of foliage, it is the most beautiful. In this drawing, it will be seen the detached masses of foliage are quite bunchy, and grow about without much regard to the direction the branches take; in elm the leafage follows the flow of branch, and often with such regularity as to resemble fringe along the edge of a garment. The criticism on "Sunset off Boston" needs qualification; if placed beside a similar bit of Turner's it would be found quite inharmonious in line and hue.

Yours, etc.,

J. Henry Hill.

Nyack Turnpike, N. Y., Dec. 3, 1866.

[This letter is very interesting and suggestive. If artists who are dissatisfied with criticisms on their works, as artists occasionally are, would answer them in the spirit of this communication, they would greatly aid the work we have undertaken. The rebuke administered to our inexactness of language in calling the sunset drawing "*perfectly* harmonious in line and hue" is deserved, but is, perhaps, too severe both to drawing and criticism. The "Sunset off Boston" would not be found in any connection or by any comparison "quite inharmonious." But, of course, neither this little drawing, dated 1859, nor Mr. Hill's most recent and best work, can bear any comparison with the unmatched greatness of Turner.

In regard to the circular drawing, No. 310, the central clump of trees are certainly elms in the vase-like forms of the group and in the lines of the topmost spray seen against the sky. The foliage is not like that of elms, and the trees on either side are not elms; but those in the centre, in spite of the look of their leaves, were and are elm trees to the spectator. It is very possible, as Mr. Hill says that elm trees are the most graceful and often the most beautiful to him, that other trees are fashioned by his artistic hand into something nearly approaching the elm's grace and beauty. This is not necessarily a matter of regret. A painter who loves heartily a lovely thing may well, in his youth, be over-much impressed by it; and throughout his life Turner's trees in general landscape were as balloon-like as he could make them. —Ed. Nation.]

"THE READER" AND PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

To the Editor of The Nation:

For one I am sorry that you should have thought the truculent and ill-considered review of Prof. Agassiz's "Geological Sketches" in *The Reader* at all worthy of notice, and am surprised that you should, by any implication, express the opinion that its tone is somewhat in the ordinary way of scientific criticism. Our naturalists and geologists, I imagine—of whatever opinion as to the merits of the book reviewed—must regard the science exhibited by the reviewer as upon a par with his style, and both as indicating a very young unmannerly, and incompetent hand.

A. G.

Cambridge, Mass.

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The Week.

THE Nebraska bill has formed the principal topic of discussion in the Senate during the past week. We fell into an error in our last issue in speaking of that bill as having passed the Senate. The debate has continued over the amendment of Mr. Brown, making the operation of the bill dependent on the absence from the State constitution of all political distinctions based on race or color. The main argument urged against this perfectly reasonable condition is that it is penal in its nature, and ought not to be imposed on any State which has not been guilty of revolt. But it is not penal in its nature; the South affects to consider it penal, which is a very different thing. There is apparently a pause in the reconstruction process. It will probably last long enough to give the Southern States, or such of them as have passed upon the amendment in the negative, time to reconsider their decision. There is still some chance of their coming to terms, but even if there was not, propriety requires that Congress should proceed with deliberation. There are various symptoms that it is beginning to dawn on the Southern people that Mr. Johnson is helpless.

THERE are still indications that the impeachment project has not been abandoned. A writer in the last number of the "Atlantic Monthly" shows that presidents are impeachable for any omission however slight, or for doing anything which they ought not to do, which may be true; but if so, it is a most useless truth. It makes all presidents impeachable on the third or fourth day of their term of office, and, if well worked by politicians, would make six months the average tenure of office. A very large and very busy bee seems to have got into the bonnets of some of the gentlemen who are occupying themselves with the study of Mr. Johnson's transgressions.

A COMMITTEE of enquiry "de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis" would be a fit title for the Congressional Committee which has just gone to New Orleans on account of the massacre. If it would go down there, investigate just that and nothing more, and present the country with an exhaustive and well-weighed report, apportioning the blame justly among the guilty parties, it would do the country a service and pay its expenses well. "But," says the *Tribune* correspondent, "the committee's duties take a wide latitude"—which is indeed true. "The riot is first to be investigated, then the affairs of the custom-house, internal revenue affairs, the existence of secret rebel societies, General Sheridan's fitness to administrate his department and his acts, and the present sentiments of the Southern people." If the correspondent is to be relied on, we can only say that one more Congressional Committee is going to spend much money, spoil much paper, and get itself laughed at. The report of the chairman, which will be a sort of Maunder's Treasury of Universal Knowledge, will not be read by five men outside the committee, and we doubt not will be worth just as much attention as it will get. The City Council of New Orleans we see has directed Monroe to welcome the distinguished guests, who have gone down, by the way, to sit in judgment on his acts and examine into charges that may yet consign him to jail. He, however, is to tender his judges the civic hospitalities. But really it is not worth while for the city fathers to do so much violence to their feelings. They would have been safe enough in proudly holding aloof in high-toned disdain of the usurpers of the Rump—we are not sure, but we believe that language has the true ring—for no harm whatever will come to them or Monroe or Sheridan or the sentiments of the Southern people or anything else from the labors of any such committee.

GENERAL SHERMAN has got back to New Orleans, report says, not particularly well satisfied with the prospects of his mission to Mexico. He does not find such enthusiasm for Juarez as he was led to expect, and has discovered so many factions that he does not well know which is the strongest, but thinks the fear of foreign interference likely to keep down dissension. Mr. Campbell has not yet given the world the result of his observations, but we may be sure it will shed very little light on the subject. We reiterate our opinion that the mission is either useless or mischievous, and that it will end in nothing or in something very undesirable. General Sherman, it is said, has examined Juarez's plans and found them good, and it is announced that, if necessary, an American force will cross the Rio Grande to help him to carry them out. If anything of the kind is attempted, we shall find ourselves in the position from which the French are retiring. Is it not marvellous that Mr. Johnson or Mr. Seward should not see that the best government in the world becomes odious the minute it calls foreign bayonets to its support?

THE Annual Report of the Metropolitan Police Commissioners of this city has just appeared, and is interspersed with pleasant little anecdotes showing the difficulty there is in getting prisoners convicted, owing, of course, to the humane feeling of the judges and the District Attorney. We are sorry we cannot make extracts, but the report would form a useful appendix to Mr. Parton's pamphlet on the city government. The city courts are in fact every day offering better and better materials for the satirist. Judge McCunn, for instance, has just refused to allow a plaintiff in a gambling case to amend his complaint, inasmuch as the ends of justice would not be promoted by helping a man to get back money fairly staked and lost, and the learned judge added that "that gentlemanly system of jurisprudence, the common law," allowed no action for money lost or won in gambling. Some of the uses to which the words "gentleman" and "gentlemanly" are now put by the politicians of this city would make an amusing illustration of the way in which language degenerates.

WE see it is proposed, in order to prevent a certain class of frauds

upon the Department of Internal Revenue, that the United States should go into the business of whiskey-making. People who habitually drink spirits would no doubt be very glad to know that the faith of the nation was pledged for the goodness of the national beverage, and even the man who has got no further on his "road from the caster to the gutter" than the drinking of tea and coffee might properly enough rejoice philanthropically that some, at least, of the spirits drunk were innocent of vitriol and turpentine. And the injury to the Treasury now daily inflicted is certainly immense and calls loudly for a cure. It is notorious that a detective in search of an offender has before him a task of hardly more difficulty than this—to find a distiller. Then if he waits long enough his pains are pretty sure to be rewarded. But it would be a singular way of remedying the evil of fraudulent returns and the bribing of officials to encourage universal illicit distilling, and this would surely ensue. What is certain about distilling is that whenever the tax on distilling is high enough to make illicit distilling profitable, illicit distilling there will be; and if the tax be very high, there will be a great deal. This plan of putting down dram-drinking has been tried in Great Britain and failed. Drunkenness does not diminish under it, while the quality of the liquor is lowered, and fraud and perjury greatly increased. Government distilling in this country, managed by a system of rotation in office, would probably combine every known form of rascality and vice, exclusive of crimes of violence.

If we are correctly informed, an incident occurred at the last municipal election in Boston, to which we may properly call the attention of two such representative men as Benjamin F. Perry, say, of South Carolina, and Major Geo. L. Stearns, of Massachusetts. The Irish Democrats of the Third Ward of that city actually plumped their votes for a Mr. Brown, a candidate who is a nigger or nagur, and who, for anything we know, may have been the son of a man who once hoed cotton in South Carolina and the brother of another who was killed in the New York riots. And on the other hand, the colored men of that ward, instead of voting the Republican ticket as they ought to have done, and will do, and cannot but do, deposited their ballots for the Democratic candidate. Irishmen and colored men, we suppose, and we suppose Mr. Perry and Mr. Stearns will each half agree with us, must have felt equally guilty at the close of the day, and equally glad that if a negro was to be defeated, it was Republican votes that defeated him, and if the Democratic ticket was to be defeated, it was at least when its success would have been the success of a negro. This may be as good a place as any for putting the question how it is that when Irishmen about Boston have cases in the petty courts, they are so apt to employ lawyers of African descent? It is a fact, we believe, and we have never seen a reasonable explanation of this Hibernian custom.

Dr. James L. Watson, of Rockbridge County, Virginia, recently murdered a negro coachman who had driven against his carriage and broken the wheels. The doctor attempted to beat the negro on the following day; the negro naturally ran away, and the doctor fired at him and shot him dead. The murderer was tried and at once acquitted. General Schofield brought him before a military commission, and Mr. Johnson has dissolved the commission, justifying himself by the recent decision of the Supreme Court. We hope the case will not be suffered to rest here. Courts such as now exist in the South are no more protection to the freedmen than if they did not exist, and we cannot and ought not to suffer so large a proportion of our population to remain without the protection of law of some kind. Moreover, it is sheer drivelling to talk of the South ever being really in the Union as long as the present spirit of lawlessness, the determination of the community not to do justice, is allowed to bear sway. Trial by jury may become, under certain circumstances, as great a snare and delusion as trial by battle, or trial by bread, or trial by pitch and toss, and it is so as far as the negroes are concerned at the South at this moment. We see no remedy for this state of things, we confess, but the bestowal of the franchise on every male in the country, accompanied by as much military force as may be necessary to keep order at the polls.

An American named Hunter, who says he has an American medical degree, and has been advertising in London a new mode of curing consumption by inhaling oxygen, has been attacked by the *Pall Mall Gazette* as a scoundrel and quack. The doctor forthwith brought an action, and, after an exciting trial, got a verdict, but only one farthing damages, which will probably close his career in London. In reply to the unfavorable inference as to his professional standing drawn from his advertising, he and his counsel alleged that it was usual for respectable medical men in this country to make themselves known to the public in this way; but Lord Cockburn, in his charge to the jury, expressed doubts on this point. It may or may not be desirable that a professional man should advertise himself. There is in reality no moral objection to it; but as long as doctors of high standing and character do not do it, it will be fair to presume that doctors who do do it are not what they ought to be. And it ought to be understood that there exists in the profession in this country just the same objection to puffing that exists in England, and that the doctors who advertise their cures here are men of just the same stamp as those who do it in England. The most odious feature about quack advertising is that it is specially addressed to the timid and nervous, and brings them into the snare of the spoiler by working on their imagination and attributing importance to utterly unimportant bodily sensations. Preying in this way on people afflicted with any malady is bad enough, but preying on people threatened with consumption is still worse, and this city is full of knaves who make a livelihood by it, and they find, unfortunately, plenty of respectable and even religious newspapers which help them in their work by publishing their lying advertisements. To us there is no essential difference between laying the puffs of a swindler of this kind before the world and distributing hand-bills for a mock-auction man or the director of an "anatomical museum."

President Roberts has characteristically enough written to Lynch, one of the condemned prisoners in Canada, expressing his (Roberts's) regret that he is not to be hanged, and exhorting him, if he is hanged, to die bravely. The Fenian farce would hardly have been complete without this little touch. Artemus Ward's willingness to have the blood of his wife's uncle shed on the altar of his country, is very like Mr. Roberts's devotion to the cause of Ireland. It seems so easy in the Bowery, New York, for another man not to be afraid of being hanged in Toronto.

The Fenian troubles in Ireland seem nearly over. The agitation is subsiding, and Stephens does not seem even to have made his appearance in the country. The success of this impostor in getting hundreds of thousands of people to believe, and back their opinions with their money, that he would appear in Ireland with a large army, after giving the British Government three or four months' notice of the exact time of the rising—he not having a man under arms, or probably money enough to feed a regiment for a month—will always be one of the most extraordinary events of our day. That the Irish should be so gulled is surprising enough, but that some American editors should share, or pretend to share, the delusion is still more surprising.

The great reform demonstration of the trades unions in London is the subject of vigorous discussion in the English papers. The Tories say it was a failure, because not over 25,000 men marched in procession, instead of 200,000 as was promised; the Radicals say they never promised 200,000; that it was the Tories who gave out that there would be 200,000, in order to be able to say it was a failure if that number did not appear. All are agreed that in everything but numbers it was a great success; the procession was the largest that has ever appeared in London, and was a very imposing demonstration of strength. It marched through the fashionable quarters purposely, for the purpose of intimidating the clubs, but the clubmen say they were not in the least frightened; that the workmen behaved very well, and looked very well, and that it was a very harmless affair. Still, it is generally recognized by all parties that it was a threat, and was intended to be a threat; a formal announcement that argument was at an end, and that physical intimidation was now to begin. This impression

was strengthened by Mr. Bright's speech at the indoor meeting on the following day, in which he informed the aristocracy in pretty plain terms that they were standing on a volcano, and that if they were destroyed by an eruption, they could not say that he had not warned them. The *Spectator*, which is a moderate Liberal, approves of this speech; confesses that argument has become useless; that the working classes may now fairly cease saying, We *ought* to have the franchise, and begin to say, We *will* have it, and back up the expression of their determination by a display of physical force. The failure of the reform movement in Ireland is touched upon in our correspondent's letter in some remarks which are worth attention.

COUNT BISMARK has got back to Berlin, it is said, in good health, to the great chagrin, the gossip-mongers add, of the Emperor of the French, who watched the progress of the count's malady with some interest. During Bismark's absence, the reactionary party seem to have been gaining the upper hand in Berlin, and it augurs badly for the success, in a Liberal sense, of the new régime, that a deputy should be under prosecution for a speech made in his place. Whether Bismark will put an end to this state of things remains to be seen; but if he does not, the arguments by which the French Liberals have justified their dislike of the Prussian success will receive a strong corroboration. The King has been prosecuting a journal in Paris which had accused him of stealing some fine Merino sheep in Bohemia. The libeller was convicted—the French law not permitting him to prove the truth of his statements—but only visited with a light penalty. Few incidents could furnish a better illustration of the change which has come over the world within a century than this. Fancy Frederick the Great prosecuting a man in the courts of Louis XIV. for accusing him in a newspaper of sheep-stealing!

THERE are troubles amongst the French ministers of a serious nature. The Marquis de Moustier complains of undue interference on the part of his colleagues with the duties of his department, and as he is unsound on the question of the temporal power, and is said to favor the visit of the Empress to the Pope, he either has resigned or is very likely to resign soon. The Emperor is burdened with many cares. Bismark has recovered. The scheme of military organization which was to assimilate the French army to that of Prussia is exciting strong popular discontent, and will probably have to be abandoned. No match for the needle-gun has been fixed upon, and the Mexican business seems to be getting worse and worse. There is a ridiculous-looking despatch by the cable, which has strong marks of a hoax upon it, that Maximilian is detained a prisoner in Mexico because he will not give up certain letters which, if published, would compromise French relations with the United States. If this were true, it would be a terribly damaging termination to the adventure, as unfortunate for one emperor as the other.

AUSTRIA is still in a bad way. Deák has carried his address in the Hungarian Diet, calling for the restoration of the constitution of 1848 as an essential preliminary to all negotiation with the Emperor, and the Emperor, it is telegraphed, has conceded it. If so, it launches him on a sea of difficulties. The Croats decline to renew their parliamentary union with the Magyars, the Bohemians are mutinous, and the Germans of Austria proper have been indulging in the wildest freedom of speech in the Diet about the state of the country, telling the Emperor such unpleasant truths about the condition of the Government and the army, and the incapacity of his ministers, as no preceding kaiser has ever listened to. Should he throw himself into the arms of the Hungarians, as he will have to do if he recognizes their autonomy, the other races would probably prove too restless to be restrained by the Magyars, and a break-up of the empire follow. The London *Times'* correspondent at Vienna announces the discovery of another military "genius" in the Austrian army who is positively to "save the empire" next time. This is the officer who defended the Tyrol with ten thousand men against Garibaldi. He is pronounced a wonderful fellow, just as Benedek was, and will probably, if ever tried, come to the same end. The Austrian military system makes "genius" worthless and prevents blockheads from even behaving respectably.

THE FREEDMEN.

A LETTER addressed by Gen. Howard to the President, in refutation of the Steedman-Fullerton charges against the Bureau, has been published during the week. It shows conclusively that the only looseness in the management of freedmen's affairs has been that which sprang of necessity from the temporary nature of the Bureau; and that there have always been uniform principles of action, however diversely applied. Thus, according to the disposition of the white people of the South (a variable and varying element), the officers of the Bureau have relinquished, more or less, the control of their charge to the local authorities; and this gradual transition was precisely that advised by the President himself. So in the matter of wages: the Bureau has never undertaken to fix them—hence their diversity; but it has, in protecting the employees from fraud, always kept in mind the minimum of fair pay.

—Dr. T. G. Wright's report for November of the schools in western South Carolina is noticeable for its statements concerning the revulsion of feeling among the whites, who are now beginning to volunteer to teach the freedmen as never before. "Almost any number could be engaged," and might be usefully employed in districts where Northern teachers would not be tolerated. Unhappily, even the latter can hardly be sustained by the societies which sent them out, although the freedmen contribute of their poverty for the education of their children. Some of the teachers, rather than lose favorable opportunities or see their work decline, involve themselves in debt, trusting, in part, to be indemnified by societies which have, perhaps, already exceeded their income. It is distressing to view the inadequate resources and machinery of certainly the most important movement towards reconstructing the South; and it is even scanty encouragement to be told, of the citizens of Columbia, S. C., that certain ministers of the place visit the freedmen's schools frequently, in a friendly spirit, that the mayor promises to come, and that "ex-mayor Gibbs agrees to give 3,000 feet of lumber for the new school-house."

—It seems it is Judge Magruder who, having openly pronounced against the constitutionality of the Civil Rights act, as openly enforces the statutes of Maryland which distinguish between whites and blacks in their punishment of similar offences, and on every possible occasion orders the negro (convicted, say, of larceny) to be sold at auction into slavery, while the white thief at worst gets but the penitentiary, as the law directs. Some action against the unjust judge is talked of in the U. S. District Court of Baltimore.

—Grounds and buildings for a colored university have been purchased in Washington by General Howard, one of the trustees. At this institution, preachers, doctors, and teachers will be fitted, the first two professions, it is said, being united. The college will be opened about the first of February.

—Mr. Stevens, true to his convictions of the importance of education now as when he struggled for a public-school system in Pennsylvania, has obtained in the House the appointment of a committee of seven "to report a bill to establish a system of free common schools for the District of Columbia, from which no child six years old or more, residing in the said District, shall be excluded, except for improper conduct; the schools to be supported by taxes impartially levied on the assessable property of the District, together with such fixed annual appropriation as Congress may grant." The committee appointed is a strong one, and very properly embraces but a single Democrat.

—The rebel General Forrest is said to have contracted to build a part of the railroad between Memphis and Little Rock. He is badly in want of laborers at $1 per diem and rations. The survivors of Fort Pillow, if they amount to 500, would perhaps find employment by applying as above.

—Whether truthfully or not, it is officially announced, through the Mississippi *Clarion*, that in that State freedmen may and do purchase and hold legally real estate, and bear arms without a license.

—There is colored emigration from South Carolina to Liberia and Florida; and white and colored to Louisiana and Texas.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Not long after Mr. William W. Story had delighted the world by his great statues of "Cleopatra" and the "Libyan Sibyl," he equally charmed it by his "Roba di Roma," and soon after astonished those who did not know that he was a poet as well as a lawyer and a sculptor by several poems in "Blackwood" and the "Fortnightly Review," one of which, "Cleopatra," made a great sensation. Another remarkable poem, "The First Christian in Rome," has just appeared in the last number of the "Fortnightly." He has now come before the world as an art-writer, and lays down the rules which should govern sculptors in his book, "The Proportions of the Human Figure according to a New Canon," which has just been published in London. In this he passes in review all the previous systems of proportion, from that in the old Sanskrit manuscript of "Silpi Sastri," which is the shortest figure given by any scale, through the Egyptian and Greek canons down to Carl Schmidt and C. G. Carus. One chapter, indeed, which the reader is considerately invited to skip, traces the canon into the mysteries of the Cabala, and relates many curious properties of numbers, and treats of the arcana of the Pentegram and the *Eikosaedron*. In Mr. Story's scheme a square and an equilateral triangle inscribed in a circle and intersected by the diameter form the mathematical and cabalistical symbol of man. He says: "The circle is the world; the triangle is the trinity; or divine nature enclosed within the world; or Christ the ideal man, the God in nature; and the square is his manifestation and establishment according to law in the world." This is the internal, spiritual meaning. Out of this formula Mr. Story endeavors to develop with mathematical precision the minutest measurements of the human figure. He does not, like his predecessors, confine himself to the leading points of proportion, but lays down the laws of depth and profile with the same exactness as those of the simplest line of length. The measurements of parts in his exposition and diagrams are many hundred in number, and very intricate. They give us the proportions of an ideal, general man, which must be changed and altered to suit the varying subjects of the sculptor. A statue made in exact accordance with these rules would hardly be an exponent of the highest style of art. It might be so beautiful in form as to renew the story of Pygmalion, but its expression must be mechanical. Mr. Story, however, expects to repeat the feat of Telekles and Theodorus, who had brought themselves to work by rule so perfectly that they made a Pythian Apollo, one-half at Ephesus and the other at Samos. When the parts were joined they agreed as exactly as if the work of one hand.

—Still another edition of Dickens's works is to be issued, this time by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton. It will be in twenty-six volumes crown octavo, and will contain all the illustrations that have appeared in the English editions by Cruikshank, Phiz, and others, engraved on steel, in addition to the designs of F. O. C. Darley and John Gilbert, now used in the Household Edition, of which Messrs. Hurd & Houghton hold the copyright. The same firm also announce for immediate publication "Poems and Translations," by Emma Lazarus.

—An interesting account of some of the greatest men of contemporaneous French literature is found in the "Galerie des Académiciens" of M. J. Vattier. Not only the singularly just judgments, and the refined criticism on men like Sainte-Beuve, Mérimée, Feuillet, de Vigny, Cousin, de Montalembert, and Renan, make the book of value, but the neatly turned epigrammatic style gives it an especial charm. M. Vattier has principles, but very broad ones; he thinks that there is an art and a style, but that art and style have something more than form. He is a man of taste who gives reasons for it. One question is constantly raised throughout the book, whether there are any rules of art, and consequently any rules of criticism. Many people profess to believe that there are none. So many things have happened in the last half century, the rules of old sound criticism have been so shaken by the increased knowledge of foreign literatures, and by new fashions of writing and thinking, that many an one now hardly dares to say "this is good, and that bad," but is ready to accept everything. Criticism, however, seems rather enlarged than overwhelmed by this invasion of novelty. Some old rules, as for instance in dramatic construction, have given way, but only because an enlarged experience showed that they were false. Points of view and ways of looking at things have changed, but the great principles are there unshaken.

—This same question as to the reality of a science of criticism is asked and answered in Mr. E. S. Dallas's book, "The Gay Science," the first and second volumes of which have just been published by Chapman & Hall. The title of the book is rather mystifying and misleading. "Le gai scavoir" was applied by the old Provençal minstrels to their joyous art of poetry. This Mr. Dallas has wrested a little from its original meaning, and applied to criticism, which he considers to be the science of pleasure, the code of the laws of pleasure as manifested in literature and art. The reader will not believe at once the sufficiency of this reason for the name, and may not be convinced even at the end of these two volumes, which are taken up with an elaborate demonstration of that proposition. The first chapter contains a *résumé* of the whole matter, in which we are informed that if criticism is not yet a science, the dignity of science is not beyond its reach. "It is only from comparative criticism that we can expect science; but hitherto criticism has been very much lost in detail, and has never attempted comparison on the large scale. We have to extend the area of comparison before the possibility of science begins to dawn." The next chapter, "The Despair of a Science," contains the assertion that all criticism which does not achieve or reach towards science is a delusion. In the chapter entitled "The Agreement of the Critics," six separate schools of criticism in Europe are described. Next come essays on "Imagination," "The Play of Thought," and "The Secrecy of Art." The greater part of the second volume is taken up with the subject of "Pleasure," treated in various ways, as pleasure, mixed pleasure, pure pleasure, hidden pleasure, and the pursuit of pleasure. The only other subjects discussed in the volume are "The Ethics of Art," "The World of Fiction," and "The Ethical Current." These essays contain much that one agrees with, and much that seems unsound; they are full of close, sustained reasoning, and are intended only for those who think as they read. Not that there are not many entertaining pages, for in the process of his argument Mr. Dallas furnishes us with much pleasant reading and lively illustration.

—M. Ed. Lartet has recently published in the "Annales des Sciences Naturelles" some notes on a slab of fossil ivory found in the ossiferous deposit of Périgord, which supplement the volume on the remains of the caverns of Périgord which he published in conjunction with the late Mr. H. Christy in 1864. On this slab is sculptured a figure of the extinct species to which it belonged; the peculiar eccentrically-curved tusks, the long mane covering the anterior part of the body, and the hair covering the whole are represented with the utmost fidelity, and prove that the artist must really have seen in the flesh the great elephant. The discovery of the animal in North Siberia, preserved in ice, shows the accuracy of the drawing. This discovery is additional evidence as to the habits and race of the then inhabitants of Gaul. The inference which M. Lartet draws seems almost irresistible, that the people in question were decidedly Esquimaux, related to the modern Esquimaux in the same way as the reindeer and musk-sheep of those days were to those now living in the high North American and European latitudes. This adds another to the list of people formerly inhabiting Western Europe. We have, if this reasoning is correct, first, the flint-folk of the geologists, then the reindeer-folk or the Esquimaux, then the polished-stone-using-folk, then the Celts, and lastly the Teutons.

—The Paris newspaper, *L'Evénement*, which was so remarkably liberal in its inducements to subscribers, has died, not a natural death, but murdered by the Government—in short, suppressed. The editor, M. H. de Villemessant, is, however, not to be discouraged; he publishes now a daily *Figaro*, and hopes to keep together all the old readers of *L'Evenement* under this new banner. His rival at present is M. Alexandre Dumas, who, having seen two little papers decline and fall with him, has undertaken to make a third successful one out of the other two. There is a new *Mousquetaire*. He treats his readers to all the secrets of his empty cash-box and of his daily life. In the first number he draws a contrast between his manner of building up the

interest of a story and that of Sir Walter Scott. Dumas *fils* follows with a goodly array of sharp and wicked maxims. Then comes the beginning of a new literary quarrel, in a virulent critique on Girardin's new "Supplice d'une Femme." Paris editors are adepts in the art of newspaper speculation, far more ingenious and successful than the great Bonner of the *Ledger*, and far different from the unpretending, unheralding style of the new *Evening Gazette*.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE association formed in San Francisco of graduates of Eastern colleges now resident in California held its third annual meeting last summer, and has just published an account of the proceedings. Appended to the pamphlet is a catalogue of more than six hundred college graduates from the East who are known to be resident in the Golden State.

—Mr. S. E. Warren, one of the professors in the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute of Troy, the oldest scientific school in the country, has been printing "Notes on Polytechnic or Scientific Schools in the United States," in which he points out the position which such schools should endeavor to hold. His remarks will be found suggestive, and some of the facts which he has collected are nowhere else to be met with; but the essay does not rise above the dignity of "Notes" on a most important theme. It is to be welcomed as a contribution from the polytechnic school of Troy to the discussion which is now fairly opened in respect to the scope of scientific education.

—A much more important contribution to educational literature is a little treatise entitled "A few things to be thought of before proceeding to plan buildings for the national Agricultural Colleges." Under this modest title will be found a plain, sensible, and withal very fresh and original presentation of the principles which should be observed in fixing the site and determining upon the buildings for an agricultural school. Although written with obvious reference to a particular institution, the suggestions are so general in their character and the recommendations are distinguished by such sound common sense, that we hope they will come under the notice of all who are concerned in the organization of large educational establishments. For example, instead of advocating one great showy building, the writer proposes the erection of several small edifices, each adapted to a particular want, and having its appropriate site and surroundings. These may be built one after another as the funds permit and as the necessities require. It is suggested that if dormitories are built they should have less of the barrack and more of the home in their structure, forming a sort of club-houses, with rooms both common and private for the exclusive use of as many students as can be comfortably accommodated and provided for in a domestic way by a family who would undertake the household management. These hints are based on the supposition that the land is ample, as of course it should be for an agricultural college. The name of the author of this excellent pamphlet, Frederick Law Olmsted, although withheld from the title-page, will give additional weight to the recommendations wherever his administrative skill is known.

—The American Social Science Association has decided to hold during the year special meetings of the several sections into which the society is divided. The section on education is to meet in Boston on the first Wednesday of March, President Sears, of Providence, being the sectional chairman, and Hon. John D. Philbrick, of Boston, secretary.

—Dr. W. G. Eliot, of St. Louis, is our authority for stating that, in that city, a lady, Miss Anna C. Brackett, has been for four years the principal of the Normal School, and at a salary of $2,000 per annum. This sum is five hundred dollars more than the highest salary known to us as being paid to any woman employed as a teacher. Miss Brackett's first assistant receives $1,100 a year; several other female teachers more than $1,000; and parents, children, and directors of schools in St. Louis are said to be as well satisfied as if these salaries were paid to men performing precisely the same labor that is done by Miss Brackett and her coadjutors.

—Mr. Delmar, the director of the Statistical Bureau just established in the Treasury Department at Washington, has issued a circular announcing his intention to devote "a portion of the attention of this Bureau" to general statistics on the subject of education. There is need of an office in which such returns may be collected, studied, corrected, and published; but we doubt whether the work can be done without liberal appropriations for the expenditure and the persistent attention of competent men who have made the educational establishments of this country a study. Thus the circular of Mr. Delmar is so worded that the replies he receives must be confused. He calls for information respecting just nine classes of institutions—private schools, private academies, private boarding schools, and private colleges; public schools, academies, and high schools; normal and technical schools, and universities; and a schedule is presented for returns on these nine topics and no more. But who can tell where to draw the line between "a private boarding school" and "a private academy?" What is a "private college?" What constitutes a "university?" Is it a charter or a name, or what? Until definitions are given to these designations, vague answers must be given to enquiries respecting them, and our present confusion may become worse confounded. We make these strictures in no hostile spirit, but simply with a desire to keep the public free from erroneous statistical tables in the matter of education. Will not Mr. Delmar look a little closer at this matter?

In this connection it may be worth while to call attention to the few pages of educational statistics which are obscurely introduced into the fourth volume of the Census Report for 1860, distributed tardily a short time ago. The tables here presented, though more imperfect than they should be, are the best exhibit in existence of the condition of schools and colleges in this country when the census was taken. Some of the tables are brought down to the year 1864, and from this or some other reason there are discrepancies in the tables which impair their value. We cull out a few of the figures most interesting to the general reader. The number of elementary public schools is estimated at 100,000, and of elementary private schools at 50,000. There are nearly 7,000 academies and public high schools, and not quite 500 colleges and professional seminaries. In seventeen Northern States, from which recent reports have been received, more than 5,000,000 pupils are taught in the public schools, at an annual expense of nearly $23,000,000.

MORE HOLIDAY BOOKS.*

THE preface to Doré's "Humorous and Grotesque Sketches" says truly, though clumsily enough, that "among the many drawings by Gustave Doré which have of late been published, comparatively few represent the artist in the direction in which his real strength is generally confessed to lie." Money-making publishers, injudicious friends, and undiscriminating buyers have helped the natural ambition of the artist to mislead him. He has preferred to make mock-heroic pictures for "Paradise Lost," and very worldly paraphrases of the Bible, and his real power of wit and caricature has lain unused the while. This book is a collection of wood-cuts from French periodicals. They are not "humorous" at all, nor "grotesque" in any true sense but are generally of a "Comic Almanac" and "Yankee Notions" kind of fun, seasoned with real wit now and then, and set off with very clever burlesque drawing. Thus the "Scene in a Little Provincial Town," where "everybody knows everybody, everybody bows to everybody, everybody backbites everybody on every possible opportunity," is very good; the young ladies who frequent the balconies after the regiment has been quartered in the town, and the nurse-maids who swing skipping-ropes in the Tuileries gardens, are far more spirited than the "straddling" runners in the Dante or the distorted fiends in the Milton, or the tossed-about drowning men in the Deluge pictures of the Bible series; and there is real wit in some of the most barbarously ill-drawn of the caricatures of French life. Those who have laughed at the "History of Holy Russia" will understand how far from

* "Two Hundred Sketches, Humorous and Grotesque. By Gustave Doré." Boston: Roberts Brothers.
"Griset's Grotesques; or, Jokes Drawn on Wood, with Rhymes by Tom Hood." Boston: Roberts Bros.
"Laboulaye's Fairy Book. Translated by Mary L. Booth." New York: Harper & Bros.
"Finette, a Legend of Brittany. Translated from the French." Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.
"The Cotter's Saturday Night. By Robert Burns. With illustrations by F. A. Chapman." New York: Chas. Scribner & Co.
"Poems. By Jean Ingelow. With illustrations by G. T. Pinwell and others." Boston: Roberts Bros.
"The Hudson, from the Wilderness to the Sea. By Benson J. Lossing." New York: Virtue & Yorston.

characteristic of the artist a collection of comic sketches must be which, like this one, is expurgated. But all the fun of that book, *minus* the indecency, is here. The letter-press descriptions, which were originally in French, are generally very well paraphrased, though in a few the point of the French joke seems to have been missed. The book is got up by Dalziel Brothers, and imported by the house whose title-page it bears.

"Griset's Grotesques" is yet another "book of nonsense," and is so announced in the preface. Tom Hood has written as good nonsensical verses as anybody can write; the difficulty is there are so many of them. Mr. Griset has made some very amusing comic sketches; but how can a hundred such be all amusing? On the whole, the verses are better than the pictures. One is surprised into a laugh, now and then, in reading; but the engravings make one yawn very soon. The reader is hereby advised to go and get an old volume of *Punch* when he wants to have and to enjoy a laugh, and let professed books of nonsense alone.

Laboulaye's "Fairy Tales" are very fairy tales, but are not like the best: not like the "Arabian Nights," nor yet with the charm of the delightful old legends put into form, though not invented, by Perrault and his colleagues; that is, they are a little too conscious. "King Bizarre and Prince Charming" seems to be the best story in the book; it is very interesting, and is unimpeachably excellent in moral; but it is doubtful if children will enjoy it as much as "Bluebeard," if it will ever be such an universal favorite as "The Sleeping Beauty," if it can hope to live for centuries like "Riquet-with-the-Tuft." "Abdallah, or the Four-Leaved Clover," the story which the author says is his favorite of them all, we have not yet finished. It is prodigiously long, would have taken Scheherezade at least fifty of her thousand-and-one nights to finish it, and of a quite sufficiently elaborate plot. It is an Oriental novel, and, as Mr. Laboulaye says, cost him a year's labor. The wood-cuts seem to be copies of French originals, and must have been rather spirited ones, at least in the drawing.

The story of "Finette" is published separately by another house, but is the same with the "Yvon and Finette" in the larger volume.

"The Cotter's Saturday Night" is spread out into a volume of respectable thickness by this process: each stanza has a page and a head and tail vignette to itself, the other side of each leaf is blank, and four full-page wood-cuts are bound in; the whole on delicious paper extra thick. There is little in the pictures, which are in a style we all know well enough from the "Family Christian Almanac" and such publications. The large pictures are worse than that, and very harsh and disagreeable in tone,—of almost the badness in this respect of modern German wood-cuts, without their better drawing and meaning. The cover, to which the "publisher's preface" calls attention, is very badly designed, and, in those copies which we have seen, as badly executed; but the way the tooling is put on is a small matter, the design being so bad, and would be still a small matter if the design were good. Scribner & Co. have one very good pattern in gold on cloth binding; it decorates their edition of "Bitter-Sweet," and thinking of that makes this one seem uglier.

There is another dreadful cover on the illustrated edition of Jean Ingelow's "Poems," failing on the side of over-elaboration. The book contains one poem, at least, that is new to us—"Winstanley," a very interesting poem about that Winstanley who built the first light-house on the terrible Eddystone Rocks, away back in the seventeenth century. Of the illustrations, which are numerous, Mr. Wolf's birds and beasts are not of his best work, but are interesting and valuable, as his work always is; Mr. Houghton's Eastern pictures are full of merit, but his illustration to "Supper at the Mill" is better, and probably the best in the book. Mr. Pinwell is a little too quaint, but his work deserves a more careful examination than we have space for here; it is all worth study, if not very enjoyable at the first look. This adds another illustrated gift book to the many we have already, and they all give us anything and everything rather than good, simple, refined drawing in black and white. For that we have to go back to the novels and squibs and common publications to which George Cruikshank appended his inestimable etchings and drawings on wood. We shall not have another Cruikshank; but it is strange no artist will condescend to look at the work of one of the greatest of modern artists; of course it is not very accessible, and must be picked up here and there in Nassau Street; but is better worth a collector's care than most things that people collect.

Mr. Lossing's book of "The Hudson" is better than most illustrated guide books of the kind, not because of the artistic merit of the pictures, but because there is really a great deal of information in text and pictures combined. It is, of course, very incomplete; but dwellers by the Hudson had better possess it, and let it lie on the table in the room where the river view is. Most of the pictures and the substance of the text are from the "Art Journal," a periodical not unknown in America, worth looking at for papers on antiquities, etc., that appear in it, but curiously uncritical, inaccurate, always on the wrong side in matters of the fine arts, and not properly an *art* journal at all.

MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY.

Of twenty-nine articles in the "Catholic World" no less than eleven relate in some way to Christmas, and are different in no respect from the general run of Christmas literature, which is apt to be poor poetry, and prose redolent of plum-pudding. It is full of Christian charity, too, and if the barmecide banquets generously spread each year by magazine-writers, and the stockings of the mind filled with imaginary Christmas boxes, are a little wearisome, it is consoling to reflect of how many real feasts and gifts these feigned banquets may have been true fathers. The magazinists are not in fault if Christmas is not merry. From "The Month" the "Catholic World" copies an article interesting to Protestants, and possibly to some Protestants rather amusing, which speaks of "The Victims of Doubt." These are Jouffroy, Maine de Biran, Heine, Byron, Leopardi, Von Kliest, and many more, all of whom are convicted out of their own mouths of having suffered dreadfully by reason of their scepticism, and of having, the most of them, died in misery, tormented by regrets for the faith they had lost. "The moral of Froude, and Francis Newman, and Clough," says the reviewer, for the article is a review of a work by Abbé Louis Barnaud, "is that as God never made his children for perplexity and anguish, he never made them for doubt. . . . . The lesson from the Nemesis of doubt is the conclusion of Augustine Thierry: 'I have need of an infallible authority; I have need of rest for my soul; I open my eyes; I see one only authority, that of the Catholic Church.'" A short notice of "Alice Cary's Poems" is noticeably well written, though rather savagely cruel. But the greater part of the magazine (force of habit, we admit, may have something to do with this) we find pretty dull.

The "Atlantic" opens with Dr. Holmes's new story of New England life, "The Guardian Angel." We are not, so far as appears at present, going to have much in the way of character or plot that we have not had before from Dr. Holmes or from somebody else. But we shall have plenty of free speech in reference to the Hebrew Scriptures; many acute and caustic remarks on men and manners; some ingenious theorizing of the psychologico-physiological kind; some making fun of the Puritans; something more of the Brahmin blood doctrine; much wit; a little diluted poetry, and some humor. The wit of Dr. Holmes we generally enjoy much more than his humor, and of these opening chapters certainly the humor seems to us not very enjoyable. We have not, as yet, we confess, been moved to smiles or laughter by Byles Gridley, A.M., or by Nurse Byloe, though their names, we know, portend the comical.

The gem of the number, and it is a number remarkable for containing contributions by Emerson, Bryant, Whittier, Parton, Holmes, and Higginson, is Mr. Lowell's "Fitz Adam's Story." Does anybody know where, in English literature, to look for a more perfectly painted picture than this we copy? To appreciate its lifelike accuracy, one must have lived in the North, in winter time, and almost he must have lived in New England; but to appreciate it to the extent of getting great pleasure and giving great admiration, there is nowhere any one who reads English who is not ready:

> "While the first snow was mealy under feet,
> A team drawled creaking down Quompegan street;
> Two cords of oak weighed down the grinding sled,
> And corn-stalk fodder rustled over head;
> The oxen's muzzles, as they shouldered through,
> Were silver-fringed; the driver's own was blue
> As the coarse frock that swung below his knee.
> Behind his load for shelter waded he;
> His mittened hands now on his chest he beat,
> Now stamped the stiffened cowhides of his feet
> Hushed as a ghost's; his armpit scarce could hold
> The walnut whipstock slippery-bright with cold.
> What wonder if, the tavern as he past,
> He looked and longed and stayed his beasts at last,
> Who patient stood and veiled themselves in steam,
> While he explored the bar-room's ruddy gleam."

This we quote because it is at once brief and complete in itself. We like better, what is too long to quote, the character of Fitz Adam with its delicately-touched traits. The story is intrinsically not much—one of those humorous extravagances which are invented every month in a dozen New England villages by some Winn or Wyman or Perkins, an indigenous wit. It is jestingly told to Obed, the driver above described, and is of a skinflint deacon to whom he had hoped to sell his wood, but who, it appears, is just dead. Perez asseverates that upon dying the deacon went straight to the place "where they don't rake up the fire nights," and was set to measure the loads of brimstone. Of course, he tried to cheat the very devil who drove the sulphur cart, but "the boss-devil," disgusted at his tricks, stigmatizes him as "a mean cus," and orders him to be roasted. This perfectly charac-

teristic tale is related in the Eagle Inn, a tavern of a kind not now to be often seen. Now the Yonker taverns are, many of them, shut up, for a day's journey by rail overlaps the journeys of several of the days of old times; and many of them are changed to places where the neighboring factory hands, if not married, sit in long rows and bolt their three meals a day; and many of them advertise as hotels. We suppose we may expect—a circular sent out by the publishers of the "Atlantic" being our ground of hope—that during the coming year Mr. Lowell will give us more tales like this in such verse as this. Then, when Bellerica is desolate, and Sudbury and Bedford the abode of the stranger, and the fading Yankee race has really died out, and the new editor of "Hall's Journal of Health" admits that his deceased predecessor was mistaken, and the stock of the Puritans has indeed lost all its vitality; when Mr. Vallandigham is everlastingly happy—or would be, if he had not died,—then Mr. Vallandigham's descendants will be able to turn to these papers and see what men they were whom the Ohio statesman did not love; what Tabard Inns they had, who stood them in stead of nuns and priests and millers, and how these and their neighbors lived, looked, thought, and talked.

"Fitz Adam's Story," we said, is the gem of the number, and, no doubt, being forced to choose, we should take that and let Emerson's "Terminus" go. Fortunately we have no need of an "option which of two," and can have both. Reading this delightful poem, what stickler for regularity and elaborate finish will not be ready to give the lie to his finger-ends and yield himself to its melody? Mr. Whittier tells, in his best later manner, a legend of the sea—the wrecking of the ship *Palatine*, and how every year, in the line gale, her ghost is wrecked again and burns to the water's edge. Mr. Bryant publishes a translation of a portion of the first book of the "Iliad." It is a version the closeness and accuracy of which will be admitted; a critical comparison of it with other recent translations would be work for a long article. Mr. Stedman writes "Pan in Wall Street."

A clever article, entitled "Henry Ward Beecher's Church," is by Mr. Parton, and, like everything that he has lately written, is very readable, and is to be taken with certain grains of allowance. Most people may not, but people of the most judgment will, we are very sure, think his estimate of Mr. Beecher, whether he speaks of the man or his manner, a little extravagant. Of the Plymouth Church and its pastor together this is his estimate. He would take a foreigner, newly landed in America, into the meeting-house and would say to him: "There, stranger, you have arrived; *this* is the United States, the New Testament, Plymouth Rock, and the Fourth of July. This is what they have brought us to." The assertion would be not so very far from the truth, for that church and congregation may well enough stand as, on the whole, the best visible representation of the joint influences of the equal social system of the country—its practical Christianity emancipated from forms, and its protesting, self-asserting independence and courage of thought. As for the Fourth of July element, it may have been that as much as some other things which Matthew Arnold glanced at when he pronounced his harsh judgment on Mr. Beecher. By the way, the editor or proof-reader of the "Atlantic" ought to look out for Mr. Parton's small blunders. A while ago he attributed the phrase "masterly inactivity" to John Randolph, and now he speaks of Mr. Verplanck as the inventor, "in an unfortunate moment," of Milton's "dim religious light."

Mr. Higginson's hopeful "Plea for Culture" amounts to this, that a sufficiently large class of highly educated and cultivated people must be formed here in the United States, or we shall have no atmosphere in which an artist of any sort can breathe and work, and thus we shall have no national literature and no artistic triumphs of any kind by any American artist. We are inclined to disagree with him on the means for bringing about the desired result. The college proper, it appears, he would have sink into a mere preparatory school; professional schools he likes better. But to us it seems that so far as a rearrangement of college systems is to help in the matter, what is wanted is rather what Dr. Walker pointed out, namely—that an older class of pupils be kept longer in the studies of the college proper. Law, divinity, medicine, this or that branch of science—and these the studies of the professional school which Mr. Higginson approves—would be pursued as the study of thorough bass is pursued, one time in a hundred thousand by a person desirous of culture, and the other times by musicians who intend to get bread by their art as a cordwainer by his.

Mr. Trowbridge, who must have made uncommonly close study of one of the meanest types of Yankee character, writes an amusing story of a farmer who stole a meeting-house (by running a fence round it). Very rarely, but now and then he does it, as for instance in the first page or two of this story, he lets himself talk instead of the man whom he would have us believe to be talking. "Katharine Morne," to quote the before-mentioned circular of the publisher, "is continued." A Lord Dunleith came over from Ireland and lived eight years among the Quakers, and then, the encumbrances on his estate being cleared off, he went home again; this is Bayard Taylor's "Strange Friend." "Capillary Freaks" and the "Kingdom of Infancy" are pleasant little articles of a light nature, and there are two political articles, one by Frederick Douglass, not new, and one by C. M. Ellis, who shows that, by the letter of the law and by precedents occurring in this and other countries, a President may be impeached for "doing anything he should not do," or not doing everything he should do. The article is one of some research.

"Hours at Home," with articles from C. L. Brace, H. T. Tuckerman, C. H. Webb, and J. Esten Cooke, is rather better than usual. Mr. G. M. Towle contributes the opening paper, "Italy's Future," and, as writers are apt to do who have much to learn, writes as if everybody else had everything to learn, and makes many sage reflections. W. J. Paulding, a descendant, we take it, or relative in some way, of James K. Paulding, furnishes a gossipy and pleasant article about men and things at Cockloft Hall "In the Days of Salmagundi." Mr. Cooke's "Last of the Knights" is, singularly enough, Captain John Smith. Mr. Brace's "Foot-Trip in the Tyrol" was made in the summer of 1865, and his note-book has supplied him with the material for a sketchy but interesting little paper.

"Harper's" this month begins with Laboulaye's fairy tale, "Yvon and Finette." Mr. Abbott follows in a description, which does him credit, of the really heroic fortitude of three officers—Hurd, Murphy, and Raynor—who escaped from the Libby Prison and made their journey by night through the enemy's country to the Potomac. It is a story worth reading. Porte Crayon reappears with his fifth paper of "Personal Recollections of the War," which is inferior in interest to the other four, and in which he persists still in interpolating his afterthoughts, so that, as a contemporary record, it is to a great extent spoiled. The author of "Inside" is making rather a failure of his new novel, which begins to read like a bear-killing story of Captain Mayne Reid's. One of the remaining long articles we recommend for perusal; it is a very vivid picture, by an eye-witness, of the three days' riots in this city in July of 1863. The writer was herself near falling a victim to the rage of a mob which forced an entrance into her house. In the "Editor's Easy Chair" Mr. Curtis discusses the question of "Why have we no *Saturday Reviews* in America?" and appears to coincide in opinion with this journal on that important topic. He also makes a very good suggestion to the descendants of Otis and Adams now resident in Boston, when he advises them to meet together in indignation, and enter public protest against the meanness of the Boston Common Councilmen, who propose to improve the Old State House out of existence. Two or three book notices of more than average excellence, and written, we should say, in the Easy Chair, and the Editor's Drawer, with its remarkable contents, close the number, which does not very bravely open the New Year.

The juvenile magazines which we were promised for the new year have arrived. "The Nursery," for the smallest readers, promises very well indeed. A child whose school lesson is in the primer, generally, before he has recited ten pages to his teacher, has read his book through and through till it has become wearisome to him. A magazine which shall renew his stock of reading matter each month will doubtless advance his education as well as give him pleasure; and "The Nursery," if it continues to be as good as this first number is, ought to succeed very well. "The Riverside Magazine for Young People" is a quarto of we cannot say how many pages, for our copy has been wonderfully mismade-up by the binders, and with a gay cover of red, white, and blue. It is but fair to defer comment upon the contents till more numbers than one have been issued. The established favorite among children's periodicals, "Our Young Folks," is as good this month in its own way as its elder brother, "The Atlantic," is in another way. Lowell and Longfellow contribute poetry; and the other writers, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Stowe, Gail Hamilton, Louise Chollet, and E. S. Phelps, fill the remaining pages with reading really excellent not for boys and girls only, but for readers grown up.

NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

NUMBER IX.—FORM AND ARRANGEMENT OF DICTIONARIES.

In the sixth number of these notes, I stated that I should commence, in my next article, a series of observations, in alphabetical order, on some of the etymologies and definitions of Webster's Dictionary. Upon further consideration, it seems to me advisable to introduce, at this point, some remarks on the use of dictionaries, and on the most convenient form and arrangement of lexicons and alphabetical books of reference in general. I therefore postpone, for the moment, my critical series, and proceed to the discussion of the points just suggested.

The abundance and variety of general and special word and phrase books, dictionaries of synonyms, difficulties and quotations, biographical, geographical, and technical lexicons, glossaries to particular authors, vocabularies of special eras or dialects, concordances, digests, and encyclopædias, are amongst the most conspicuous of the features which distinguish modern from ancient literature. Rudimentary types, indeed, of all these helps to the student existed in the classic age. Pliny the Elder, the first author, I believe, who makes specific mention of tables of contents, speaks of even a biographical dictionary, which some of his commentators understand him to describe as illustrated with engraved portraits, and a Homeric lexicon was compiled by an Alexandrian critic in the time of Augustus. The works of Aristotle, taken as a whole, though designed for careful study rather than occasional reference, are essentially encyclopædic; and those of Pliny technically so, as far as concerns the physical knowledge of his time. These writers, the latter especially, had numerous imitators in the mediæval period, but neither these nor their prototypes pursued the lexical method; and the utility of an alphabetic arrangement, which may be regarded as the formal principle of European lexicography, was not generally recognized until about the time of the invention of printing. General word-books of any language the ancients, so far as we are informed, did not possess, and the words *lexicon* and *dictionary* are of mediæval formation.

Indexes and glossaries to particular volumes may very well have existed before the introduction of typography, and both Oriental and European philology have shown that technical lexicography was *possible* in the Middle Ages. Although, therefore, printing has greatly facilitated the compilation of word-books by making readily accessible the sources from which the words are to be collected, it is not strictly true that we owe the modern dictionary to that art. The increased necessity, and consequently the multiplication, of the dictionary in all its thousand varieties, is chiefly due to the multifariousness of modern literature, its all-embracing scope, which is the natural consequence not of the abundance of printed books simply, but, to speak more accurately, of the rapid progress of physical and philological science which printing has so greatly promoted.

The general recognition of the existence of a *commune vinculum omnium scientiarum*, a close connection and a mutual interdependence between all human knowledges, tends to make all modern literature what it was felt essentially to be by a few elect spirits in ancient times—universally sympathetic. Hence—not to speak of the vast and constantly increasing varieties of subjects discussed in the products of the living press—modern vocabularies are so copious, and the range of allusion, reference, and illustration so wide, even in books designed for popular use, that an hour's reading in the current literature of the day seldom fails to drive the most learned scholar to his conversation-lexicon, if not to some less ambitious word-book.

There are, indeed, persons who make independence of lexicons a matter of pride, a test of philological attainment; who never condescend to consult Worcester or Webster, and who, after a few months' study of a foreign language, boast that they "never use a dictionary" of it. Such students can have but a very superficial comprehension of the literatures they pursue. No human memory can permanently retain the whole vocabulary it may once have acquired; and no scholar is so learned that very many words, even of his own tongue, have not escaped his observation.

It is a pernicious habit to pass over words not thoroughly comprehended, and it leads to inexactness, slovenliness, and confusion in language and in thought. It is a mistake to suppose that we can understand a sentence without knowing the meaning of the particular words and phraseological combinations which compose it. We may, indeed, have a vague notion of the writer's general purpose, but of his specific idea none, unless we know and appreciate the force of each of his words. In the case of an author who has some originality of thought, it will very often be found that the uncommon word, the sense of which is obscure to us, is precisely what gives the period its individuality, and differences what D is saying to-day from what A, B, and C have said a hundred times before him. It is true that the variable shades of meaning in words are determined by, and deducible from, context, and some scholars have, as it were, an instinct by which they thus divine the meaning of terms before wholly unknown to them, as Poe unravelled the mystery of the obscurest ciphers. But these are exceptional cases and exceptional men, and in general it is the temporary shade only of familiar words, not the central radical and constant signification of unknown vocables, which can be gathered from context alone.

Young persons ought to be trained to the frequent use of the dictionary as promoting the habit of attentive and intelligent reading, and consequently of precision in thinking. It is better to refer a child who asks the meaning of a word to a lexicon than to tell him the signification, because a definition *read* is longer remembered than one simply *heard*, except, indeed, in those rare cases where the parent or teacher has the ability and the patience to do what few instructors, few dictionaries even, adequately do, namely, to illustrate the force of the word by abundant and various exemplification.

The general necessity of frequent consultation of dictionaries, encyclopædias, and other books of reference, makes it a matter of much importance that the use of such volumes, the wearisome labor of searching for words and phrases, be lightened as far as possible by all practicable commodiousness of form, arrangement, and typography. That which is essentially a convenience must itself be convenient, that which is designed as a help must not be so clumsily constructed as to prove rather a hindrance. The quantity of letterpress surface which the manuscript matter will cover being approximately ascertained, the first question which the lexicographer has to settle is the number, the next the measurable dimensions, the length, breadth, and thickness of his volume or volumes.

First, then, as to the number of volumes.

In a large proportion, perhaps in a majority of cases where we look out a word in a dictionary, whether of our own or of a foreign language, we are obliged to turn also to another word which is often to be sought under a different letter of the alphabet. This arises from various causes. If the same word habitually occurs in different forms, or if different words are synonymous in meaning, lexicographers, to save the trouble of repeating the definition, will attach it only to that which they regard as the most approved form, or word, and refer the student who seeks the other to the principal title for explanation. In other cases, and especially where there are two or more words more or less allied in meaning, or whose proper definitions are complementary to or illustrative of each other, reference is expressly or impliedly made from one title to all the rest. This is called, by dictionary and catalogue makers and encyclopædists, *cross-reference*, a compound which the editors of Webster, though they must have been painfully familiar with its use and meaning, have oddly enough omitted from their alphabet. Thus, in Webster, *almry* is undefined, and the student is referred to *almonry* for explanation; *aurum fulminans* and *aurum mosaicum* or *musivum* are unexplained, and under the former reference is made to *fulminate*, under the latter, to *gold*; the student who seeks the meaning of *aurelia* is told to consult the article *chrysalis*; he is informed that the *aurelia* is the "*nymph, chrysalis*, or *pupa* of an *insect*," and a definition of this stage of entomological life is given. Turning to *chrysalis*, he finds a definition differently expressed and conveying additional explanation. He now looks out *pupa*, finds an engraved illustration, and is sent to *insect*, which runs up, enlarges, and completes the information imperfectly given by the other articles. Worcester separately defines *animosity, enmity, hatred, malice, odium*; but under *animosity* he refers to *enmity*; under *enmity*, to *animosity* and *malice*; under *hatred*, to *animosity, enmity, odium*. Again, lexicographers are often obliged to explain *obscurum per obscurius*, to use in the definition words harder to be understood than the term defined. Johnson's dictionary is famous for the pedantry of its definitions, and his explanation of *network* is a standard illustration of his propensity to what almost seems intentional mystification. If there are persons so ignorant of English as not to know what *network* is, they will not be much the wiser for a definition which describes it as "anything decussated or reticulated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections."

The most skilful expositor cannot always avoid this difficulty, for objects superlatively simple can only be explained by words comparatively obscure. In such cases, the ignorant pupil must seek the meaning of the unknown terms, and he may sometimes find it necessary to look out several words in order to comprehend the definition of one. Further, the scholar frequently desires to compare the definitions of words approximately synonymous, to trace the relation between primitives and derivatives, elements and their compounds, and it is easy to imagine many other circumstances which lead him to turn from one word to another, and sometimes to pursue his game through several letters of the alphabet.

It is vastly more convenient to refer to another page in the same book than to replace one volume and unshelve another. Hence there is great economy of time and of labor in compressing the whole alphabet into a single volume, instead of extending it through two or more; and again, if the matter of the dictionary is too copious to be confined within one pair of covers, in making each volume contain as large a proportion of the alphabet as possible.

The extent of attainable compression depends on the plan adopted. There are few, if any, languages so copious that the entire vocabulary, the proximate etymology, and the definition of the several recognized meanings cannot very well be comprised in a single volume of moderate dimensions. But if remote and collateral etymology is to be introduced and discussed, if

the history of successive changes in the form and signification of words is to be traced and illustrated by apposite exemplifications, if words nearly synonymous are to be compared and distinguished, there is no literary tongue so poor that its lexicon will not approach the proportions of an encyclopædia.

By resorting to all known means of compression, the half-dozen volumes of many dictionaries might be reduced to one. We may employ a minute letter, as, for example, we may substitute the *diamond* type for the *nonpareil* of Webster; we may group under one head the participle with the verb, as the present editors have done, instead of making it a separate title as in former editions; we may condense into one paragraph all the compounds beginning with the same element, and save much space by omitting repetition of that element, instead of giving every compound a separate place and a full orthography. Thus, the compounds beginning with *land*, as separately printed in Webster, occupy about two columns. They would have filled scarcely two-thirds of the space if brought under one head and abbreviated as follows: *Land* [definition], *-breeze* [definition], *-carriage* [definition], *-chain* [definition], *-crab* [definition], *-fall* [definition], *-fish* [definition], *-flood* [definition], and so on through the whole series. I by no means say that this would have been an improvement in this particular case. On the contrary, I think the editors of Webster have hit on a just mean between excess of compression and expansion. The *convenience* of the student being, as I have said, the controlling principle in all matters of form and arrangement, the type must not be so small as to be painful to the eye, nor the collocation of the words such as to embarrass or confuse the scholar in his search for them.

Supposing it to be settled that the dictionary must extend beyond a single volume, it is obvious that the number of volumes will depend upon the *size* adopted for the work. I shall consider that point in another number, and in the present article I will ask the further attention of my readers only to the question of the best mode of dividing the alphabet between the several volumes. It is a very plain rule of convenience that all the words beginning with the same letter should be contained in the same volume, because the search for words is facilitated in proportion as the number of initial letters we have to deal with is reduced; and yet no principle of division is oftener violated. If I am to seek a word beginning with P, a single uncalculating glance at the lettering of a dictionary divided by entire letters tells me in which volume I shall find it. But if I am to look out *professor* in a dictionary one volume of which ends with *profession* and the next begins with *professional*, I may be embarrassed for a moment to know whether I am to search for the word in the former or in the latter. The Germans, who concern themselves little about mechanical conveniences for the acquisition of knowledge, disregard typographical devices for catching and relieving the eye and systematically prefer "hard roads to travel" to easier paths, pay little attention to the rules I am laying down, but often divide their books of reference by the page, without regard to the contents. Hoffmann's German Dictionary is in six octavos. Volume II. ends with *Hauptpruch*, Vol. III. begins with *Hauptstadt*; Vol. IV. ends with *Schlief*, Vol. V. begins with *Schliefen*. I find even a more flagrant alphabetical transgression in the otherwise excellent "Chambers's Encyclopædia." This work is to consist of nine large volumes, and in every instance the division of the matter is such as vexatiously to annoy the scholar who has occasion to consult the work. The first volume ends with *Belgiojoso*, the next begins with *Belgium*; the second ends with *chivalry*, the third begins with *chivasso*; the third ends with *elephant* (sea), the fourth begins with *elephant* (land). The same confusion runs through the whole succession, and the eight volumes already published are lettered respectively: A to Bel; Bel to Chi; Chi to Ele; Ele to Gon; Goo to Lab; Lab to Num; Num to Pue; Pue to Son. Of course, between every two volumes there are several words the places of which cannot be inferred from the lettering, and thus an embarrassment is created which a very trifling difference in the thickness of the volumes and a proper division of their contents would have prevented.

G. P. M.

The Life and Times of Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, or Red Jacket. By the late William L. Stone. With a Memoir of the Author, by his Son. (J. Munsell, Albany.)—The editor of this biography, which now appears as a second edition, enriched by materials acquired since the original publication, prefixes a very readable sketch of the character and life of his father, the author—a man remarkable alike for public spirit and private worth, and for his industry in several departments of literature. It was a double service that he performed—to his native State and to the aborigines—in searching out the history of the Six Nations from the origin to the dissolution of that Indian confederacy, the latter portion of which (1735–1838) he has preserved in the "Life and Times of Sir William Johnson" (see THE NATION, No. 20), the "Life of Brant," and the "Life of Red Jacket." These are contributions, also, of considerable importance to the general history of the country, and except that the evidence is before us, it would be hard to believe that the labor of collecting facts and documents, and of constructing from them a fresh and connected narrative, or rather series of narratives, was compatible with the requirements of a leading daily newspaper, in the chief city of the Union, in times of the greatest political excitement. Mr. Greeley's achievement in composing his history of the rebellion is perhaps the nearest analogy, though he had not far to go for his information. Mr. Stone found leisure in 1825 to devise a plan of negro emancipation, and sympathized heartily with abolition in the District of Columbia. At home he was an active member of historical societies, secured the recovery of the colonial archives which had been transported to Holland, was superintendent of the city schools, a principal director of the N. Y. Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and author of several useful works besides those enumerated. His humorous disposition, no doubt, sustained him in his arduous efforts. Few can read without laughing his satire on woman's rights, though many will now perceive, what he did not, that it is the unsympathetic relation of the two sexes which he really holds up to ridicule.

Jennie June's American Cookery Book. (New York: American News Company.) *The National Cookery Book.* (Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.) *Mrs. Ellis's Complete Cook.* (New York: James Miller.)—If the supply of cookery books had any influence whatever on cookery, the national *cuisine* would be one of the most delicious in the world. But the fact is that for the one cook who can do a thing there are one thousand who know how it ought to be done. The trouble is that those who are familiar with the theory of cooking take no pains to familiarize themselves with the practice. Most of our cooking is done, too, by women who have no palates to speak of, and nobody can be a good cook without a very delicate palate. All the rules in the world will not enable a person who has no taste to tell whether a thing is good or not after it has been cooked. Many of those, too, who have taste are unwilling or unable to take the trouble to cook well. Nothing, except palate, is more necessary to a cook than patience. Any good sauce, for instance, needs nearly a day of preparation; so does any good dinner; but as long as it is the national custom to cook a dinner in an hour and eat it in ten minutes, cookery books are useless. Those before us are good enough, but, we fear, wasted on a froward generation.

Poems of Childhood. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. (James Miller New York.)—Every one who has wept with *Isobel* for her child, or whose heart has sunk at the "Cry of the Children," will prize this selection from Mrs. Browning, which Mr. Miller has printed with much care and elegance and illustrated with designs from Hennessy and Thwaites, and a steel portrait of the lamented author. They are not all such mournful pieces as those whose titles we have given, and yet are mainly so, and one could hardly write "*Merry* Christmas" on the fly-leaf of the volume. Solace, however, is more welcome than mirth, and many a mother's heart will find it here. One almost misses, as appropriate to this collection, the stanza that forms so thrilling an introduction to the "Casa Guidi"—the prophet-cry of a babe from out the darkness that yet covered the uprising of a great people:

> "I heard last night a little child go singing,
> 'Neath Casa Guidi windows, by the church,
> '*O bella Libertà! O bella.*' . . . .
>
> And still '*O bella Libertà!* he sang."

Characteristics of Women. By Mrs. Jameson. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)—Messrs. Appleton have published a richly bound edition of this work in large octavo, with twenty-four engravings. The public is, of course, very familiar with the book, and it is only as a holiday book that the edition before us calls for comment. We are bound to say that it is very defective in the typographical execution; owing either to the fault of the type or of the ink—for the paper is good—blurred words and even lines abound. The engravings are mediocre and are also poorly printed. The women they portray are of the same order of beauty as those who used to figure in the "Annuals" and "Keepsakes" of fifty years ago—that is, simpering and rather expressionless.

The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Edited by Rev. George Fyler Townsend. Illustrated. (New York: Hurd & Houghton.)—This is a handy edition, well printed, and on good paper, and not badly illustrated by Houghton and Dalziel, though in some of the pictures there is a queer mingling of the oriental and the occidental in costume and feature, and some of the attendants on Mohammedan dames might, the illustrations being witness, be good Catholics from the county Donegal. Slight alterations, the publishers say, have been made in the text, so that the book is fitted for reading aloud in the family circle.

Moore's Lalla Rookh—Milton's Paradise Lost. (Hurd & Houghton, New York.)—Two more of the series known as the "Riverside Classics," fairly printed and neatly bound, and of very convenient shape. The Milton is provided with notes elucidating the obscurer passages, classical allusions, etc., of the great epic. Many of them are only fitted for a school-boy's intelligence, but on this the book rests part of its *raison d'être*. John Tenniel furnishes the illustrations to "Lalla Rookh."

The Poetical Works of Thomas Gray. (Sever & Francis.)—For a not too pretentious gift or a table-piece, or a familiar companion, no more satisfactory edition of Gray could be desired. Others have been published with notes which the student will estimate more highly. Birket Foster's graceful drawings add to the attractiveness of the typography and binding.

Beethoven's Letters. From the Collection of Dr. Ludwig Nohl. Translated by Lady Wallace. (New York: Hurd & Houghton.)—We noticed this work when it first appeared some months ago (NATION, No. 57, Vol. II). Messrs. Hurd & Houghton have produced a very handsome edition of the translation in two volumes

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX.

THE year 1865 was so remarkable a year, so full of wonders and prodigies, that 1866 runs some risk of having its claims to remembrance overlooked or underrated. Nothing is likely to happen in our time half so momentous as Lee's surrender was, and the possession of that event will always make 1865, as we endeavored to show at its close, one of the great years of history, putting it in the same category with the first year of the Christian era, the year in which Rome was sacked, in which Europe was saved from the Saracens, in which Luther began to preach the Reformation, in which the Parliament drew the sword against Charles I., and in which the first shot was fired in the war of the Revolution here. It was a year, in short, in which events marked the commencement of a new and important stage in human progress.

The year which will end next Monday is remarkable rather for the working out of results already made certain than for any important additions to the stock of human experience or hopes. Every day of it has made clearer the completeness of our triumph at the South; but it has also revealed difficulties in the way of reaping the fruits of our victory which, twelve months ago, we did not all anticipate. Mr. Johnson's defection, and the display he has made of his temper and tone of mind, have furnished a striking exemplification of the danger of trusting anything in a constitutional government to the honesty or wisdom of individual officers. We owe nearly all the mischief Mr. Johnson has done, paradoxical as the assertion may seem, to the confidence begotten by Mr. Lincoln's goodness. Had we trusted less to Mr. Lincoln's character and judgment, and more to rules of law, we should not have trusted so much to Mr. Johnson's character and judgment, and should not now be reproaching him with having betrayed us. For example, had Congress borne its just part in the Government during the war, Mr. Johnson would never have been allowed to take upon himself, and would not have thought of taking upon himself, the work of reconstruction. The moral is, that in peace or war, in weal or woe, the only government for a free country is a government of law, and that *nearly* all men placed in possession of power tend, by a sort of moral gravitation, towards either folly or knavery. This is a very trite saying; but the first striking illustration of it that has occurred in American history has occurred this year.

In 1865, also, there was a very general disposition to believe that great social or political changes, provided they were changes for the better, could be completed in a few months. In the flush of victory, many were ready to believe that all trouble with the South was at an end—that, as it had appealed to the sword, and the sword had decided against it, all would henceforward go merry as a marriage-bell. We now know that revolutions are slow processes, that the fighting which usually attends them is but a very small portion of the work, and that after the sword has been sheathed there always remains a great deal of thinking and talking and legislating to be done before the desired result can be accomplished. We have been having, in short, during the past year, our first experience in the work of legislating for a conquered and disaffected people. All American legislation has hitherto been done for a united and loyal community, with but few differences of opinion, and those not grave enough to prevent the execution of the laws being left to those affected by them. The novelty of this work, and the total want of experience which nearly all our public men have brought to it, have, of course, added largely to its difficulties, and have caused much of the indecision and hesitation with which Congress has been reproached during the past year. What with the theories of those who cannot and will not believe, all evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, that there can be such a thing as a disloyal population in the United States, and the theories of those who do believe it, but propose to leave the disaffected to be dealt with by the laws of political economy, the task of forming a plan of reconstruction which shall secure the Government without making changes in its structure, has been found to be no easy one.

The abolition of slavery only became an accomplished fact in 1865. It was a great event; the greatest, perhaps—considering the number of persons, living and unborn, whose destiny has been affected by it—which has occurred since Christ came. It was so great an event that the first impulse of most of those who assisted in bringing it about was to believe that emancipation was the one thing needful for the slave, and that once free he might safely be left to work out his own salvation, no matter what dangers, moral or material, beset him. We have awakened from that delusion. Most people are now satisfied that freedom alone is a very imperfect boon, and that he has to be provided with the means of preserving and profiting by it. One party is satisfied that all he needs, not only to accomplish this end but to become a strong tower of defence for our Government, is the ballot. They talk of it as if it were a talisman or an elixir of life, a great enlightener and educator, and the only one needed. It is safe to say that this theory, too, is undergoing reconsideration; that every month adds to the number of those who feel that the ballot in the hands of an ignorant man may prove but a club in the hands of a blind Samson, which he may use against friends as well as foes, as General Butler has happily termed it, and that to make it a real blessing it ought to be accompanied by education. The disposition which has shown itself so widely amongst Northern politicians of late to treat education as of little political importance, is, we feel sure, the offspring of passing party excitement, and will disappear under the influence of deeper reflection and wider experience.

In nothing has the year that is closing, however, been so remarkable as in the multitude of the proofs which it has revealed of the deep and lasting influence which the career of this country has exercised, and is likely to exercise, on the politics and society of the whole civilized world. Those who were most astonished last year by our military successes were still confident that though Americans might fight they would not pay, and that heavy taxation would prove a test under which democracy would succumb. Eighteen hundred and sixty-six has dissipated this delusion. The cheerfulness with which taxation has been borne, the great surplus which appears each quarter in the Treasury, and the prospect of the extinction of our debt by the present generation, are revelations of power which have produced a deeper impression on most minds in Europe than all other phenomena of our history. This is not a vague boast, but a dry statement of a well-known fact.

The action of our war on European politics was not apparent last year. This year it is very apparent, and seems likely to effect very important and very rapid changes in the condition of the European world. In the first place, it has undoubtedly highly stimulated the passion for unification, for the formation of great states out of small ones, which is one of the most striking characteristics of the age, and has thus had an important share in precipitating the events which have raised Prussia and Italy to their present dignity. Nothing has done more to impress the popular imagination with the importance of being the citizen of a great power, and the danger and indignity of being the member of a petty community, than the animated discussions provoked by the American struggle, and the spectacle of the prodigious efforts made on this side of the water to maintain the national unity.

Fenianism, too, may be safely said, in its present proportions at least, to be the direct result of our war. The display of strength made by the United States, the acquisition of military knowledge made in the contest by large bodies of Irishmen, the immense numbers of Irish who have been attracted to the country, and the hostility to England developed during the last four years, have undoubtedly combined to produce that remarkable series of performances which is now coming to a close in Ireland, and the folly of which has inflicted so serious a blow on the political reputation of the Irish race. What its ultimate effect on the condition of Ireland will be, it is, of course, impossible to say; but this much is certain, that Fenianism has at least had the effect of impressing the English Liberals more deeply than ever before with the necessity of some radical changes in the government of Ireland, and has opened the eyes of the English people to the fact that the condition of Ireland is no longer a purely British question; that the enormous

body of Irish here who retain their interest in the country of their birth makes Irish wrongs a matter of interest to Americans also, and creates a new subject of controversy between the two countries which trifling incidents may any day submit to the arbitrament of arms. We may say that, as far as one can judge at this moment, the worst effect of Fenianism has been the extent to which it has turned away the thoughts of the Irish from all rational schemes of reform, and the fanatical devotion it has developed for an utterly impossible ideal. The remedy on which they have set their hearts is a separate nationality; and this, in the present condition of the world, is as wildly unattainable as the restoration of the Heptarchy—to use Canning's illustration—or the re-division of France into feudal principalities. Ireland, as a nation, is as dead as Naples or Hanover. Six millions of people—bitterly divided, too—have now no separate place in the world, and probably never will again during the existence of our present civilization.

In England the Reform movement has been revived during the past year with a vigor it has not had since 1832, and such as it has never had as far as the working classes were concerned. The first two years of the American war seemed to have extinguished it; the events on our soil of the last year have resuscitated and given it a fierceness and bitterness hitherto unknown, and seem to have inflicted on the middle and upper classes of England a kind of political paralysis, a faint-heartedness, and a want of confidence in their own ideas which have reduced England, both in her own estimation and that of others, to the rank of a second-rate power, and seem to presage the near approach of a great political if not social revolution. The ultra democratic tendencies which are visible there are not less manifest all over the Continent. The new empires are all based on universal suffrage; the great armies are being more and more democratized, that is, converted, as in Prussia, from distinct callings into armed organizations of the whole people, capable of striking quick and heavy blows, but incapable of long wars. The overthrow of Austria, too, has given the final blow to divine right and to priestly interference in politics, and has accelerated, everywhere, the movement which, in Italy, is turning the revenue of great monastic establishments into aids to popular and, better still, secular education. The temporal power, too, has received its final blow from the withdrawal of the French from Rome. It now exists only in name, and we may any day hear of the conversion of the Pope into a simple bishop, without other claims on human reverence than he can find in the religious faith of the Catholic world. And though last, not least, the total failure of the Mexican expedition has perhaps put an end for ever to all attempts to organize states by foreign arms and in accordance with foreign theories, and sealed the triumph of popular jurisdiction over all questions affecting national existence.

We ought, perhaps, to mention the laying of the Atlantic Cable as one of the great events of the year; but, if we did more than mention it, it would lead us into an entirely new field, in which materials for many pages of comment might be found. We have tried to touch simply upon the leading incidents in the political progress of the world, the indications scattered here and there of the steady rising of the people into life and light, after how many ages of darkness and suffering and sorrow. It is, to be sure, saddening enough to notice how slow that progress is, how distant the race still is from that ideal state of which poets and philosophers love, and have for ages loved, to dream; how much ignorance and vice and cruelty and misery is to be found in even the most highly civilized communities; how much envy, hatred, and malice and uncharitableness there is even amongst philanthropists and reformers; how large a sway prejudice and sophistry still bear over the minds of men; how little increase of "peace and good-will," in spite of all our singing and merry-making, each returning Christmas brings with it; but there is, perhaps, no idler and vainer work than sorrowing over these things. The existence of knaves, humbugs, tyrants, cheats, and liars will never be accounted for satisfactorily; but there is not one of us who does not know that he may, let his sphere be ever so small, do something either to diminish their number or their powers of mischief.

A NEW RULE FOR OFFICIALS.

We commented a week or two ago on the report telegraphed from Boston to one of the New York papers that General Butler had been closeted for several days with Governor Bullock, "laboring with him" on the subject of General Schouler's dismissal from the office of adjutant-general of the State. The offence committed by General Schouler was his issuing a circular opposing General Butler's election to Congress on the ground that he (Butler) was making himself the champion of the plan of impeaching the President; and, moreover, was not a resident in the district. We could scarcely believe at the time, and cannot believe yet, that a man of General Butler's powers could fill up several days in succession with conversation on so simple a theme. We felt satisfied that in one or two days, at most, Governor Bullock would either have knocked under and acknowledged himself convinced, or have given such evidence of obstinacy as to reduce General Butler to despair.

The result of General Butler's labors have been revealed in a letter sent by the governor to the adjutant-general giving the reasons for dismissing the latter. On reading it, our wonder at the length of General Butler's controversy is not diminished, but increased; for the letter does not contain the slightest evidence that the governor is either much of a dialectician or very pigheaded. If he had consulted General Butler about the propriety of either writing or sending it, we feel quite satisfied it would never have seen the light. If, in short, Governor Bullock had remained under the general's guidance to the end of the affair, he would probably have come out of it pretty well. As it is, he has come out of it pretty badly.

The dismissal of General Schouler for interference in the canvass was a perfectly justifiable thing. A governor has a perfect right to say that the members of his staff shall not go electioneering, and if they do go, to turn them out of office for doing so. He is, in fact, justified in turning them out of office for anything which happens to be disagreeable to his own taste or feelings, or which seems likely to place him in a false position before the public. His relations to his staff are mainly personal, and everybody has a right to decide with whom he shall hold personal relations, and who shall form part of his household—whether it be of his "military household," as it is the fashion to call the good-looking gentlemen who flit round the governor in cocked hats on gala days, or of his civic household. Therefore we take the liberty of saying that a short note addressed to General Schouler—at the close of the first day's wrestling with General Butler—informing him that his interference with the elections was considered improper, and suggesting the propriety of his resigning, would have been the right thing at the right time. Governor Bullock cites as a precedent for his own action a case which occurred in Maine last autumn—in which a staff officer came out for Mr. Johnson in the heat of the election. But Governor Bullock has not followed the precedent, for in that case the Governor of Maine simply informed the erring member of his staff that his political opinions and political performances were disagreeable to him (the governor), and that he did not want to be held responsible for them, which he would be, unless the officer resigned.

Governor Bullock has not contented himself with thus expressing his personal disapproval of General Schouler's course. Unmindful of Lord Mansfield's advice to the country justices of the peace, he has not only decided, but given reasons for his decision, and, as might have been expected, the decision is all right, but one of the two reasons is wrong. We deny *in toto* that all persons "in prominent positions of official trust and influence," including military officers, are "expected and required by our people to represent their political opinions." Our people have more good sense than to expect or require anything of the kind. An official is expected to hold the opinions which his constituents held, and which he professed when they elected him, or when he was appointed. But he is not expected to think exactly as they think on all the new questions which may arise, or about all new candidates who may present themselves for election. If any such rule were enforced, it would either fill the public offices with hypocrites or imbeciles, or make civil government impossible. It is impossible for anybody to foresee the questions which may come up, or the candidates who may be nominated, in the course of any year or any two years, and any man who bound himself beforehand, on taking office, to agree with the majority on all possible subjects, and about all men known and unknown, would be either a great knave or a great fool; the kind of man, in short, which very few, if any, Massachusetts constituents would knowingly put into office.

Moreover, even if such a rule existed, it would be impossible to en-

force it without breaking up the Government. Men's opinions on the various questions of the day change from month to month. General Butler, for instance, is one of the topics of the day, and most people have had a different opinion about him every year for the last seven. Henry Ward Beecher is one of the topics of the day, and yet there have been three distinct and well-marked opinions held about him by the very same people during the last six months—first, that he was a good and great man; second, that he was an impious and immoral knave; and, third, that he was a good but not a great man. General Banks is another topic of the day, but opinions about him also change from month to month. It would be impossible to say with accuracy where he stands in public estimation at this moment, but it is certain that he does not stand where he stood two months ago, and did not stand two months ago where he stood a year ago, and so on. Now, to ensure perfect accord in opinion between functionaries and the people, a vote would have to be taken once a month or thereabouts to find out what the people thought, and an examination have to be made of the functionary to find out what he thought, and the result would be, if the practice were persevered in, that both people and functionaries would ultimately be driven crazy, or take to the woods to escape the fardels of party government.

The true rule we hold to be, that an officer has a perfect right to his own opinions about all candidates and all new questions—about General Butler's fitness, for instance, as a candidate for Congress, and about the expediency of impeaching Andrew Johnson. His duty to his country, which is far higher than his duty to his district or his party, requires that he shall think his own thoughts on all such subjects. If he should have the misfortune to differ on such points from the person or the body which appointed him, there is no reason in morals or politics or expediency for his resigning his office. But there are practical reasons of the strongest kind for his holding his tongue and attending to his business, and this is what the people expect, and have a right to expect. It was in not holding his tongue, or not holding his pen, that General Schouler erred; and it is for this that Governor Bullock would have been justified in dismissing him. The curse of the country is, as we said the other day, the participation of officials as canvassers in elections. It is the source of nearly all our trouble and corruption. One year it secures the services of the office-holders for a good cause; but the next it secures them, as we have seen in Mr. Johnson's interference in the late State elections, for a bad one; and every year it diffuses through the public service, both State and Federal, an atmosphere of humbug and corruption.

THE AMERICAN NAVY.

Of the Annual Report of Mr. Secretary Welles it may be averred that, while excellent in many respects, it fares better on a single, sympathetic reading than under critical analysis. Perhaps it will be answered that the same is true of the similar productions of several of his colleagues, who, taking their cue from the President, have chiefly aimed to gild with as much glory as possible the year's achievements of the Administration. This may be so; but, at all events, the document put forth by Mr. Welles, though in all points interesting and of "fair outward seeming," will hardly endure a crucial test upon some matters of vital import. We do not object to any lack of diffuseness in the report, for amongst the array of the domestic economies of the department it finds space for a political thesis. It informs the President that "the people lately in insurrection have peacefully submitted," but that there is "some discontent" among them about "terms in the nature of *ex post facto* laws;" which discontent is "not surprising," and so on. And, in order to connect this little political excursus with his subject, the Secretary adroitly alleges that there was lately "a lamentable riot" at New Orleans, which, however, was "suppressed without assistance from the naval vessels which were in front of the city!" Whether these vessels were to have been slid up on skids, or rolled into the city on wheels, the Secretary does not go on to say. The reconstruction, however, on which we are anxious to hear him speak, is less that of the States than that of the navy.

The two chief points of national interest just now respecting the navy, are, first, the construction of new vessels; secondly, the condition of the old ones. On this latter the main question concerns the preservation of the monitor iron-clads; for they are our chief reliance in time of war, and our sure protection against the navies of the globe combined. That these matchless war vessels are already in a bad state may be inferred from the Secretary's urgent appeal to Congress to accept League Island and fit it up as a depot for iron-clads. In fact, these vessels are already badly damaged from outrageous neglect, and if still suffered to remain exposed, will soon be good for nothing at all. Now, we do not object to the proposed use of League Island, if the channel there is susceptible of being made precisely fit for the shelter of our armored vessels. But we do object to so plumply shifting upon the shoulders of Congress the whole burden of blame for the wrong already done these admirable instruments of war. They carried us successfully through the rebellion, and were then left almost to shift for themselves. Congress might as justly be censured for the spoiling of neglected rifles or of the clothing of the troops, as for the injury done to these vessels. On its part, also, Congress was certainly remiss. But even here the Naval Bureau was not without fault, for it has laid before Congress no specific plan for rendering League Island fit for the purpose required. This is the second annual report which the Secretary has made since the close of the war, and no specific method of turning League Island into the rendezvous required has been officially or unofficially examined and adopted by him and submitted to the Congressional committees. Of course, then, there will be over this, as over all similar subjects, endless wrangle amongst those Congressmen who, from local interests or prejudices, covet the station for the neighborhood of their own constituents. But let the Secretary adopt some plan, estimate specifically the amount of appropriations required for the work of preparation, and Congress will accept League Island. The truth is that he has never explained what he would do around League Island, nor on what plan. Meanwhile the department awaits the leisure of Congress, and the armor-backing, the wood-work, and the boilers especially, of its monitors are growing worse day by day.

Again, it is well known that all our monitors are plated with layers of iron, in what is generally called "laminated" armor. This laminated armor is decidedly inferior to solid iron of the same thickness, so far as regards impenetrability to hostile shot. Now, with the great strides which heavy ordnance is constantly taking, the day may come when even our famous monitors may cease to be impregnable. It behooves us, therefore, to substitute solid armor for the laminated. This latter was adopted during the rebellion for the sake of speed of construction; it was necessary to build our monitors with celerity unparalleled, as in the case of the first of the family, finished in one hundred days; and to have waited till good solid armor could be manufactured would have been a fatal delay. But now there is no such haste, and it is the duty of the country to replace the laminated armor by solid iron. We see nothing of this sort in the Secretary's report, though it may prove a vital point for us. It may be replied that this solid armor would be difficult to get. The first trouble is, however, that no call is made for it. One day we *must* get it. Solid armor is to be had in England, and forms the covering of its vessels, which the Secretary justly decries as so vastly inferior in plan to our own. From whatever source it comes, solid armor should be at the service of the Government and immediately substituted.

What has become of the *Puritan?* We do not find even the name in the Secretary's report. And yet this is by far the most important vessel in the American navy. The people would have been pleased by some word about its fortunes, and about those of the 20-inch guns she was designed to carry. We were all wont to feel, as it were, national security discounted to us for decades of years to come in her published proportions, her wondrous thickness of panoply, her portentous artillery. What is the fate of that monstrous pachyderm? Is she to be left, between Cabinet and Congress, to go to ruin with her fellow iron-clads, or is she to be completed? An Administration looking just now so black-browed and belligerent, surely will not neglect to finish this terrible engine of war? Yet work has been wholly stopped upon the ship. With the rest of the people, we applaud in general the cutting down of expenditures in the yards; but not to complete such a ship, and have her ready for service, is to be penny wise, pound foolish.

Let us pass from the question of preservation to that of construction.

The Secretary tells us that steam machinery for twelve new vessels "is in an advanced condition," but that the vessels themselves have not been built; and now, as it is a time of peace, he proposes to "store the machinery and postpone the construction of the hulls." This seems to us a very sagacious measure, provided it is made sure that the engines are what they should be, compared with those of other nations. Yet one can hardly commend the administrative tact which originally piled up a large stack of costly engines for which there were no hulls. It does not appear that this machinery has been tried or will be tried; but the constructor is probably not over-anxious about that. Moreover, the present system of retrenchment only shows up more conspicuously a past profuseness, as well as some want of symmetry and harmony in the construction of these vessels, since now many millions of dollars' worth of machinery is stored away without ever having been put into a vessel.

Again, we search in vain through the report for explanation of the fact that the machine-shops of the navy-yards have, during the last year, been turned into manufactories for naval steam machinery. How is this? So extraordinary a fact (for fact it is, though not generally known) deserves some word of comment; but the official record is mysteriously silent. The practice itself, as is well known, is erroneous and wasteful. Great Britain, with all her ample and splendid dock-yards, on which the Secretary expatiates while treating of another point, never can spare any of them for constructing steam machinery. The British naval machine-shops are used for repairs, as they should be. For Great Britain very well knows, as we all know, that the way to attain excellence in steam machinery is to call into competition the great and famous private shops throughout the kingdom, and let them match together the skill, experience, and genius of the most celebrated marine-engine builders, and the resources of their vast establishments. Redress, too, may be had in that way from these private establishments, provided the machinery does not fulfil the contract. The rejection costs the country nothing, because no Government labor or material or money has been laid out. If, however, as in our own case, the Government constructs for itself, then it bears the expense of a failure in the result. If the planning is wrong, no one pays for the disastrous issue. More money will be spent, more experiments at Government cost be tried, and there is no individual redress.

It is in opposition, we think, both to precedent and to successful practice—as the remarkable triumphs of British steam machinery prove—to employ the public machine-shops on what private enterprise can so much better and cheaply do. Should it also chance, where the Government constructs from the plans of its own constructor, that he is a devoted specialist, and with some *ignis fatuus* of private theory always leading him astray from the well-worn path of experience, then so much the worse for the Government. Yet that possibility will be constantly open in our own case under the practice alluded to, especially if the real head of the department shall ever have so little professional knowledge as to be unable to understand the vagaries of his subordinate. In that case, shops which worked for the constructor might faithfully follow the official plans, though they should secretly laugh at the prescribed proportions.

The Secretary reports that the steam machinery built for the *Algonquin* and *Idaho* has been rejected. In our opinion, that action was both necessary and just, for it deserved no other fate. But the Secretary omits to state the very important fact that the famous dock-trial which exposed the faults of this bad machinery also plainly showed that the expansion theory, on which the machinery of the whole of the new wooden vessels has been constructed, was proved to be erroneous.

Under the head of the Naval Academy, the Secretary tells us a class has been formed of cadet engineers, who have been making "steam and steam machinery a specialty," and that he hopes they will become "more useful, perhaps, in the design and construction of engines than in duty afloat." Now, could this instruction be given in accordance with the law, we should have no comment to offer. For the law limits this class to such as "have been employed at least two years in the actual fabrication of steam machinery." The object, of course, was to educate a strictly practical class of engineers, whose previous occupation would be the evidence that they would remain such. But this class has been enlarged by the addition of "several" young men who have not been so engaged. The object of inserting that provision in the law was to prevent the public education of a class of speculative physicists, not at all interested in taking care of their engines and keeping them in order, but ready to seize upon the idea the Secretary has put into their heads, namely, to set up as constructors.

ENGLAND.—FENIANISM—JAMAICA—THE REFORM DEMONSTRATION IN LONDON—MR. MAURICE—MR. MARTINEAU.*

LONDON, November 30, 1866.

THE most interesting subject of the day is the resurrection of Fenianism in Ireland. No one knows exactly what is brewing in that unfortunate country, or rather those who know take very good care not to say. That something or other (I cannot be more precise) may be expected before long, seems to be undeniable. Vague rumors are flying about; the troops are being reinforced and concentrated; gunboats are cruising upon the west coast; "mysterious strangers" are arrested by twos and threes; boxes of rifles are occasionally seized; a gorgeous green uniform, with a reckless profusion of buttons engraved with harps, has been discovered at Liverpool; in short, the air is full of those symptoms by which the dullest political observers may predict a storm. You are all quite as capable as we are here of estimating the probable effects of such an outburst. That it would be speedily and decisively crushed is indubitable; it is more doubtful as to what cost of bloodshed and misery. As throwing light upon this latter point, there is a certain significance in some articles which have recently appeared in the *Times* and elsewhere. Whatever our other faults, I think that no one will accuse us of undue tenderness to rebels; whether in India, or Jamaica, or in Ireland, they have found that our hand is heavy enough; and so long as there is an actual struggle, I confess that I hold energy to be not only the wisest but the most merciful course. The one real danger is, that when our blood is once up we may continue repressive measures when they become purposeless cruelty. It is, therefore, melancholy to see that the *Times* and the *Morning Post*, as if afraid only that we shall be too merciful, are already giving warnings which look unpleasantly like menaces. They tell the Irish people that the inevitable result of a rebellion would be the recurrence of scenes like those of 1798, or of such as have tarnished our good name in India and Jamaica. It would be fair to warn the people that civil war "inevitably" leads to great misery, but to tell them that it "inevitably" leads to our committing the crimes of which we were guilty seventy years ago, is to tell them that we have not improved since that time, and, moreover, don't mean to improve. Papers, I should add, of higher character, especially the *Daily News* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, have properly condemned such language, which amounts to saying, If you rebel, we are predestined to murder and pillage you. They point out that it can only add an additional complication to the most difficult of all political problems, and that actual cruelty would not only stimulate the existing hatred but be a confession of cowardice.

I mention these articles, which, I hope, may never be practically applied, as one proof of the disastrous effects of Fenianism. Ireland is kept in so violent a state of internal ferment that the English Government is being thrown back in despair upon the one remedy of physical force. This traditional hatred of the English name seems able to survive even the redress of most substantial grievances, and some persons are tempted to lose faith in such reforms. The language of the *Times* means that, having repealed the old oppressive distinctions, we are getting very angry because the Irish give us no thanks and continue to be discontented. We see no principle left to appeal to but fear. Mr. Bright, in his speech at Dublin, touched the most deeply-seated cause of evil—the unsatisfactory system of landed tenure. So long as that is not thoroughly dealt with we can expect no real improvement. But the scheme proposed by Mr. Bright, whatever its merits, has been severely criticised even by his friends, and certainly has no chance in a Parliament composed largely of English land-owners. It is equally unfortunate that it does not seem to have made much impression in Ireland. In spite of Mr. Bright's great eloquence, and of well-meant attempts of liberal Irish members of Parliament, it seems impossible to effect any solid union between our radicals and the lower masses of Ireland. The people generally look to Fenianism, and do not really care about English reform. Mr. Bright's speeches were constantly interrupted in Dublin by Fenian cries, and although a better understanding is being brought about between the political leaders, the great body of the Irish will not be persuaded, so long as Fenianism is alive, to look to the English Parliament for a substantial redress

* This letter has been delayed a week in the post-office.

of grievances. I therefore think that the best thing which could happen would be the speedy appearance of Mr. Stephens, and his summary extinction as soon and with as little subsequent severity as possible.

The danger to which I have referred of excessive energy has just received a curious illustration in the case of Jamaica. We have got a glimpse of the way in which the law was vindicated in that unlucky colony which has somewhat startled Gov. Eyre's supporters. Mr. Charles Buxton some time ago denounced the summary proceedings of a court-martial presided over by a certain Lieutenant Brand. Lieutenant Brand hereupon wrote a note to Mr. Buxton, which deserves study as a specimen of English. It is what might be written by a very vulgar, overgrown schoolboy, when rather drunk, and trying to imitate the swagger of an underbred officer. It is full of slang, and might seem to have been composed by a gin-room committee, after a liberal allowance of the stiffest of grogs. Lieutenant Brand calls Mr. Buxton a malicious liar, says that he (the lieutenant) is not the servant of Mr. Buxton & Co., but of the Admiralty, and challenges Mr. Buxton to a duel in the most abusive terms. He added that he had marked the letter "private" in order that Mr. Buxton might not appeal for protection to the Admiralty. Mr. Buxton replied that the letter had not quite convinced him of Mr. Brand's fitness to be a judge of life and death, and said that he should feel it his duty to publish it unless Mr. Brand apologized. He hoped, however, that it might be a hoax. To this Lieutenant Brand replied in a still more amazing composition, addressing Mr. Buxton, who had spoken of a letter written in his public capacity, as "Mr. Public Capacity," remarking, irrelevantly, "Fair play is my motto and true blue is my colors," and adding in a postscript, with delicate irony, "Please write no more letters, you frighten me so." Mr. Buxton very properly published the letters, and the Admiralty, with equal propriety, have ordered Lieutenant Brand to be sent home for conduct "unbecoming an officer and a gentleman." So far, the correspondence only proves that a British naval officer may sometimes be a rollicking, swearing, hobbledehoy, with just brains enough to spell moderately. But the amazing fact is that this youth was president of a court-martial which, *after* order had been restored, condemned to death one hundred and eighty-nine negroes. He wrote a letter in which he described hanging negroes as fun, and, in fact, seems to have looked upon the whole affair as "a lark," and to have hung from mere exuberance of animal spirits, much as he would have spun cockchafers when a boy in petticoats, or played practical jokes when he was in jackets. I don't suppose he was sensible enough to know that he was cruel; but a heavy responsibility rests upon those who permitted the lives of men and women to be the playthings of reckless and ignorant youngsters. It is as absurd that Mr. Brand should have been a judge to decide upon evidence as if he had been converted into a critic of Sanscrit poetry, and has led to rather worse consequences. The Jamaica Committee have received a considerable impetus from this disclosure. Meanwhile, they have lost the services of Mr. Coleridge—one of our most eminent rising counsel—by a trick of the opposite committee, which I need not explain further than to say that it depended upon the curious etiquette of the English bar, as regulating the practice of giving retainers. The two committees publish competing lists of the distinguished men who have joined them, Mr. Tennyson and Prof. Tyndall being amongst the last acquisitions of Gov. Eyre; whilst on the opposite side Prof. Huxley and Mr. Darwin have lately appeared. The trial cannot come off until witnesses have been brought from Jamaica, which will delay it until the spring.

At this moment we are expecting a reform demonstration, in which, it is said, two hundred thousand members of trade societies are to walk in procession through London streets next Monday. There has been most solemn diplomatizing between the managers of the procession and her Majesty's Government. The managers wish the streets to be kept in order for them by the police, and Government seems to think that if there is such a danger of disturbance as the managers suggest, the procession should not take place. They do not, however, claim to interfere, and I suppose that if the weather is fine there will be a great crowd of processionists, and a still greater crowd of spectators. There will be a deal of good-humored chaff, a great number of pockets picked, and possibly a little rough horseplay. The British mechanic is, however—if I may be allowed the expression—a rather unprocessionable animal, and I do not expect that the display will be very imposing. There will be fearful contradictions between the rival newspapers as to the numbers in procession, the importance to be attached to it, and its political propriety. As I have ventured upon these prophecies, I shall feel bound to report their failure or fulfilment, and I will personally inspect this muster of the "great unwashed." I sincerely hope that they will do themselves credit.

Talking of prophecy, Dr. Cumming has just written to the papers to say that the world is really coming to an end in 1866, or if not, in 1867, or possibly in 1868; or that if the world does not come to an end the Papacy will; or that if the Papacy does n't, something will happen to the Pope; or that, at all events, a period will begin at the end of which some catastrophe will occur. If this really takes place, it must surely be admitted that Dr. Cumming's prophecies are good for something.

It may, perhaps, interest some of your readers to hear that Mr. Maurice's election to a professorship at Cambridge (an event which has given great pleasure to all true Liberals) has been followed by a curiously contrasted election. The University of London, which was founded on the theory of absolute religious indifference, has just refused to elect the distinguished metaphysician, Mr. James Martineau, because he is a Unitarian. They are making feeble attempts to justify a gross piece of cowardice, but the sense entertained of it is marked by the resignation of Professor De Morgan, one of our ablest mathematicians, who refuses to hold office under such a body. It is hoped that they may still be brought to their senses.

"USEFUL HOLIDAY PRESENTS."

We have no present means of knowing whether John Chinaman's coffin, which is an article of his house furniture, and is said to stand for years in a corner of his dwelling fitted up with shelves and doing duty as a closet for crockery, is bought by John himself, or is more frequently presented to him on his birthday, his merry Feast of Lanterns, or some other festival. It is perfectly safe, though, to say that if the custom referred to prevailed among us on this side of the Pacific, we should no more buy our own narrow houses than we do now. At about this time of year we should be seeing in every undertaker's window a sign inviting us to walk in and examine his Christmas-boxes. Caskets would be ready-made and lettered with appropriate inscriptions, "A happy New Year to my beloved Husband!" "To our dear Teacher!" "T. W. to H. G.!" and so on. This, at any rate, seems to be the course pursued in regard to almost every conceivable kind of merchandise. The lover is shocked by the offer of dentifrices and nail-brushes for his adored object; the bachelor is tempted by placards to purchase pure Java coffee for his landlady; the married man may buy holiday Havana cigars if he thinks best, or cookery books or kitchen ware or sewing machines at reduced prices; and for them and the rest of mankind every sort of merchant seems to have made provision, and there is nothing, from turkeys, Stilton cheeses, and table linen to globes of gold-fishes, or from wedding rings to chances in the Crosby opera-house lottery, that is not thought by the sellers to be peculiarly adapted for purposes of presentation; while as for fancy articles, all things worthless at all other times, and ugly always, seem to be thought just the things for "holiday goods."

Considering the philosophy of gift-giving amongst equals—and when a gift goes from inferior to superior it is usually a tribute, or a bribe, that "thrift may follow fawning," or a propitiation, as when

> "Folks in mud-wall tenement
> Present a turkey or a hen
> To those might better spare them ten;"

and when it goes from superiors to inferiors it is usually in charity, or in self-glorification, or in reward for services rendered,—considering, we say, the philosophy of gift-giving, the above-mentioned feature of the season strikes one as being rather ridiculous. And here it might be wise for us to go back, like a Congressional orator, as far as to the peopling of the Garden of Eden, and remind ourselves that the first gift ever made to man was not a gift of anything useful; thence coming down the ages, strengthen the historical argument by instances out of Josephus and Rollin, and prove with elaboration that gifts, to be properly called so, should be for delight and not for use. It is hardly worth while, however, to do more than lay down the rule, for the instinct of the race seems already to have taught it that, inasmuch as things of use we buy and sell, and getting them is our work and business, they are unfitted, by the taint of barter that hangs about them, to be given as tokens of friendship and affection, which appeal not to "the bargaining animal," but to quite another man of the several men within each of us. It is due, we suppose, to this perception or instinct that jewelry, pictures, and picture-books are, and have long been, the favorite gifts. If there is any exception to the rule above stated, it is in the case of articles for one's personal use, not bought but made by the hands themselves that present them; but this exception is rather apparent than real, and these are not so much things of use as imitations of such, and, at all events, they do not suggest traffic or labor and earning, but are associated with ideas totally different.

So then the extreme usefulness of great quantities of the holiday goods, the displaying of breakfast teas, for instance, hardware, honey soap, and the

like, as goods for the holidays, leads to the conclusion that a vast number of the presents made are in no true sense gifts. They are articles which tyrannical custom forces us at certain seasons of the year to buy and give away, and as most frequently he who buys and bestows knows he is to have a return in kind, we have fallen into this way of selecting articles of solid value and expecting in exchange something for our own pantry or parlor. Of course we would gladly escape from it all, but that appears an impossibility. The American is an unresisting victim of this pernicious custom from the days of his infancy to the last hour of life. We take pleasure in saying that as yet, and we have watched for it, we know of no case where a funeral procession has been stopped by a subscription paper, and for the present we mistrust our memory, which vaguely speaks of a subscription made through an administrator of the estate of a deceased intestate. But suppose a boy to be born in the neighborhood of Boston, and after having received his allowance of mugs, drums, and balloons, to have learned his letters, attained the age of four years, and begun to go to school. Then it is pretty certain that by the time he is twenty-five years old he will have made something like one hundred and fifty or two hundred presents and have received nearly the same number. Before he has got well into the first book in reading, his teacher in the primary school is moved into another district or marries, and some sweet child sets about giving her a silver napkin ring. The next teacher gets a butter knife, and perhaps the boy goes up into the intermediate school and can write his name before he is called on to put it down for any more donations. Most likely, however, he will, in the meantime, have assisted in purchasing Headley's "Sacred Mountains" or "Gotthold's Emblems" for his instructor in the Sabbath-school, or have contributed his mite to put the superintendent in possession of a framed and glazed certificate of life-membership in some missionary society; while in the intermediate school there will, doubtless, be two more presentations. In the grammar school it is impossible to tell how many there may not be. A class graduates each year, and each graduating class feels bound in honor to make the teacher a present of a goblet, or an album with their photographs in it, or a "Shakespeare's Works," and all the rest of the school has to join with the class. No boy dare refuse, for he knows the day is at hand when he himself will be carrying round the paper. If the master is not popular, the case is all the worse, for some spiteful pupil starts another paper and won't give a cent for Old So-and-so unless the assistant teacher who happens to be his favorite can have a present too. Having helped to purchase the necessary number of small pieces of plated ware and copies of Young's "Night Thoughts," the youth goes into the high school and begins to be fitted for college. Here he bleeds still more freely, if possible, and lavishes writing desks, afghans, silver-ware, and whatever there is to be lavished he lavishes. Also now he has begun to visit at the house of a young lady, and to bestow upon her "Evangeline" and rings and work-boxes of papier-maché. And it must not be forgotten that ever since he was in the grammar school he has been engaged in the giving of what are called "philopenas" or "fillipeens." After becoming a freshman, if it were not for more young ladies, he would have comparative peace. In some colleges the faculty pledge themselves not to receive presents, though to hear the undergraduates of these later days converse about their preceptors one would think it a needless regulation; for why should ingenuous youth be expressly prohibited from bestowing tokens of friendship and admiration upon a class of persons who seem to resemble land-pirates of the cruellest description, whose reckless depravity is only equalled by their ignorance and want of administrative capacity? But, as we have seen, the fact that an instructor is not beloved is very far from making it certain that he will not "be made the recipient" of much valuable property. It is a custom of the country, a trait of national character, to make presents—as much so as the "national pride" that the geographies used to attribute to the English, or the "gayety and courtesy" that the same authority set down as the unfailing characteristic of the French. It is in the air apparently, and the Anglo-Saxon in America becomes open-handed or gift-exchanging just as surely as he becomes narrow-jawed and defective in point of teeth.

Our youth while he is in college is groomsman for three or four friends, attends five or six paper, wooden, straw, tin, and other weddings, assists while absent studying in the country at a donation party, and probably gives away an engagement ring before he receives his diploma. If, when this happens, a number of other such pledges are returned to him, it is of no consequence; soon they go again. Of course, for several years past, he has felt the return of Christmas and the New Year, and thanked Providence that he belongs to a New England family of high caste, which in this generation is conveniently small, bearing no proportion to the three brothers, each with a John Rogers family, who came over in the *Mayflower*.

It is useless to follow him further. We should only see him helping to bestow a watch and chain upon the captain, upon the first lieutenant, upon the second lieutenant of his militia company; on the "gentlemanly conductor" who brings him into his law office in the morning; on the W. G., if he belongs to the Sons of Temperance, and on two or three other letters of the alphabet if he is also a Mason; carrying round a paper and buying a silver trumpet if he runs with the machine, or a silver bugle if he plays in a band, or a plated ice-pitcher if he belongs to a literary association, or something or other for almost everybody with whom he is brought on speaking terms in any walk of life, from the senatorial career to the tending of a circus ticket-office.

No doubt it ought to be stopped. It would be easy to show a dozen bad effects that spring from it, not the least of which is its tendency to make every man discontented with the lawful and just wages of his service in any capacity; to deprive a real testimonial of more than half the honor attaching to its possession; to tax the majority in many cases for the benefit of a minority; in almost all cases to expend money for another not nearly so well as he would have expended it for himself in order that he may do the same by you, to encourage hypocrisy, and to do many other bad things. But what will bring the practice to an end we do not know. If teachers in secular and Sunday schools would band themselves together in their "institutes" and other convocations and pass a by-law forbidding any member to accept of any gift on any pretence, there might be some hopes that climatic influences would be overcome and the rising generation imbued with right notions on this subject. But then in the very fountain the stream is corrupted, and there is small chance or none that the self-denying ordinance of the Harvard faculty will be passed. Apparently we shall have to wait till the easiness and generosity of the American disposition give place to a harder texture of mind, and he learns to refuse his money to the claims of vanity or good fellowship. Just now the evil has reached what must be near its greatest height, and perhaps we are not far from a cure. Meantime, we need not let the vicious national practice so far affect us as to transform what we mean for true gifts into the likeness of the donations and presents of which it will doubtless be the fate of most of us to give many.

ROMAN PEARLS.

VIII.

It seems to me that a candid person will wish to pause a little before condemning Gibson's colored statues. They have been grossly misrepresented. They do not impress one at all as wax-work, and there is great wrong in saying that their tinted nakedness suggests impurity any more than the white nakedness of other statues. The coloring is quite conventional; the flesh is merely warmed with the hue representing life; the hair is always a very delicate yellow, the eyes a tender violet, and there is no other particularization of color, and no attempt to reproduce lights or shadows; a fillet binding the hair may be gilded, the hem of a robe traced in blue. We, who had just come from seeing the fragments of antique statuary in Naples Museum, tinted in the same way, could not feel that there was anything preposterous in Gibson's works, and I am not ashamed to say that they gave me pleasure.

As we passed, in his studio, from one room to another, the workman who showed the marbles surprised and delighted us by asking if we would like to see the sculptor, and took us up into the little room where Gibson worked. He was engaged upon a bas-relief—a visit of Psyche to the Zephyrs, or something equally aerial and mythological—and received us very simply and naturally, and at once began with some quaint talk about the subject in hand. When we mentioned our pleasure in his colored marbles we touched the right spring, and he went on to speak of his favorite theory with visible delight, making occasional pauses to bestow a touch on the bas-relief and coming back to his theme with that self-corroborative "Yes!" of his, which Hawthorne has immortalized. He was dressed with extraordinary slovenliness and indifference to clothes; had no collar, I think, and evidently did not know what he had on. Everything about him bespoke the utmost unconsciousness and democratic plainness of life, so that I could readily believe a story I heard of him. Having dined the greater part of his life in Roman restaurants, where it is but wholesome to go over your plate, glass, spoon, and knife and fork with your napkin before using them, the great sculptor had acquired such habits of neatness that at table in the most aristocratic house in England he absentmindedly went through all that ceremony of cleansing and wiping. It is a story they tell in Rome, where everybody is anecdoted, and not always so good-naturedly.

IX.

One Sunday afternoon we went with some artistic friends to visit the

studio of the great German painter, Overbeck; and since I first read Uhland I have known no pleasure so delicate and pensive as I felt in looking at this painter's drawings. In the sensuous heart of objective Italy he treats the themes of mediæval Catholicism with the most subjective feeling, and I thought I perceived in his work the enthusiasm which led many Protestant German painters and poets of the romantic school back into the twilight of the Romish faith, in the hope that they might thus realize in themselves something of the earnestness which animated the elder Christian artists. Overbeck's work is beautiful, but it is unreal, and expresses the sentiment of no time; as the work of the romantic German poets seems without relation to any world men ever lived in.

Walking from the painter's house, two of us parted with the rest on the steps of the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, and pursued our stroll through the gate of San Lorenzo out upon the Campagna, which tempts and tempts the sojourner at Rome, until at last he must go and see—if it will give him the fever. And, alas! there I caught the Roman fever—the longing that burns one who has once been in Rome to go again—that will not be cured by all the cool contemptuous things he may think or say of the Eternal City, that fills him with fond memories of its fascination, and makes it for ever the grand, shabby, forlorn, uncleanly, beloved metropolis of dreamland.

We walked far down the dusty road beyond the city walls, and then struck out from the highway across the wild meadows of the Campagna. They were weedy and desolate, seamed by shaggy grass-grown ditches, and deeply pitted with holes made in search for catacombs. There was here and there a farm-house amid the wide lonesomeness, but oftener a round, hollow, roofless tomb, from which the dust and memory of the dead had long been blown away, and through the top of which—fringed and overhung with grasses, and opening like a great eye—the evening sky looked marvellously sad. One of the fields was full of grim, wide-horned cattle, and in another there were four or five buffaloes lying down and chewing their cuds—holding their heads horizontally in the air, and with an air of gloomy wickedness which nothing could exceed in their cruel black eyes, glancing about in visible pursuit of some object to toss and gore. There were also many cane-brakes, in which the wind made a mournful rustling after the sun had set in golden glitter on the roofs of the Roman churches and the transparent night had fallen upon the scene.

In all our ramble we met not a soul, and I scarcely know what it is makes this walk upon the Campagna one of my vividest recollections of Rome, unless it be the opportunity it gave me to weary myself upon that many-memoried ground as freely as if it had been a woods-pasture in Ohio. Nature, where history was so august, was perfectly simple and motherly, and did so much to make me at home that, as the night thickened and we plunged here and there into ditches and climbed fences, and straggled, heavy-footed, back through the suburbs to the city gate, I felt as if half my boyhood had been passed upon the Campagna.

X.

Pasquino, like most other great people, is not very interesting upon close approach. There is no trace now in his aspect to show that he has ever been satirical; but the humanity that the sculptor gave him is imperishable, though he has lost all character as a public censor. The Torso is at first glance nothing but a shapeless mass of stone, but the life can never die out of that which has been shaped by art to the likeness of a man, and a second look restores the lump to full possession of form and expression. For this reason I lament that statues should ever be restored except by sympathy and imagination. How much better the Venus de Milo than she of the Medici with her cat-claws!

XI.

Regarding the face of Pompey's statue in the Spada Palace, I was more struck than ever with a resemblance to American politicians which I had noted in all the Roman statues. It is a type of face not now to be found in Rome, but frequent enough here, and rather in the South than in the North. Pompey was like the pictures of so many Southern Congressmen that I wondered whether race had not less to do with producing types than had similarity of circumstances; whether a republicanism based upon slavery could not so far assimilate character as to produce a common aspect in people widely separated by time and creeds, but having the same unquestioned habits of command, and the same boundless and unscrupulous ambition.

XII.

When the Tiber, according to its frequent habit, rises and inundates the city, the Pantheon is one of the first places to be flooded—the sacristan told us. The water climbs above the altar-tops, sapping [illegible] its recession, the cement of the fine marbles which encrust the columns, so that about their bases the pieces have to be continually renewed. Nothing vexes you so much in the Pantheon as your consciousness of these and other repairs. Bad as ruin is, I think I would rather have the old temple ruinous in every part than restored as you find it. The sacristan felt the wrongs of the place keenly, and said, referring to the removal of the bronze roof, which took place some centuries ago, "They have robbed us of everything" (*Ci hanno levato tutto*), as if he and the Pantheon were of one blood, and he had suffered personal hurt in its spoliation.

What a sense of the wildness everywhere lurking about Rome we had given us by that group of peasants who had built a fire of brushwood almost within the portico of the Pantheon, and were cooking their supper at it, the light of the flames luridly painting their swarthy faces.

XIII.

Poor little Numero Cinque Via del Gambaro has seldom, I imagine, known so violent a sensation as that it experienced when, on the day of the Immaculate Conception, the Armenian Archbishop rolled up to the door in his red coach. The master of the house had always seemed to like us; now he appeared with profound respect suffusing, as it were, his whole being, and announced, "Signore, it is Monsignore come to take you to the Sistine Chapel in his carriage," and drew himself up in a line, as much like a series of serving-men as possible, to let us pass out. There was a private carriage for the ladies near that of Monsignore, for he had already advertised us that the sex were not permitted to ride in the red coach. As they appeared, however, he renewed his expressions of desolation at being deprived of their company, and reassured them, with a multiplicity of smiles and nods, intermixed with shrugs of recurrence to his poignant regret. But! In fine, it was forbidden!

Monsignore was in full costume, with his best ecclesiastical clothes on, and with his great gold chain about his neck. The dress was richer than that of the western archbishops; and the long white beard of Monsignore made him look much more like a Scriptural monsignore than these. He lacked, perhaps, the fine spiritual grace of his brother, the Archbishop at Venice, to whose letter of introduction we owed his acquaintance and untiring civilities; but if a man cannot be plump and spiritual, he can be plump and pleasant, as Monsignore was to the last degree. He enlivened our ride with the discourse about the Armenians at Venice, equally beloved of us; and, arrived at the Sistine Chapel, he marshalled the ladies before him, and won them early entrance through the crowd of English people crushing one another at the door. Then he laid hold upon the captain of the Swiss Guard, who was swift to provide them with the best places; and in nowise did he seem one of the uninfluential and insignificant priests that About describes the archbishops at Rome to be.

According to this lively author, a Swiss guard was striking back the crowd on some occasion with the butt of his halberd, and smote a cardinal on the breast. He instantly dropped upon his knees, with "Pardon, Eminenza! I thought it was a monsignore!" Even the chief of these handsome fellows had nothing but respect and obedience for our Archbishop.

The gentlemen present were separated from the ladies, and in a very narrow space outside of the chapel men of every nation were penned up together. All talked — several priests as loudly as the rest. But the rudest among them were certain Germans, who not only talked but stood upon a seat to see better, and were ordered down by one of the Swiss with a fierce "*Giù, signore, giù!*" Otherwise the guard kept good order in the chapel, and were no doubt as useful and genuine as anything about the poor old Pope. What gorgeous fellows they were, and, as soldiers, how absurd! The weapons they bore were as obsolete as the excommunication. It was amusing to pass one of these play-soldiers on guard at the door of the Vatican—tall, straight, beautiful, superb, with his halberd on his shoulder—and then come to a real warrior outside, a little, ugly, red-legged French sentinel, with his Minié on his arm.

Except for the singing of the Pope's choir, which was angelically sweet, and heavenly far above all praise—the religious ceremonies affected me, like all others of that faith, as tedious and empty. Each of the cardinals, as he entered the chapel, blew a sonorous nose; and was received standing by his brother prelates—a grotesque company of old-womanish old men in gaudy gowns. One of the last to come was Antonelli, who has the very wickedest face in the world. He sat with his eyes fastened upon his book, but obviously open at every pore to all that went on about him. As he passed out he cast gleaming, terrible, side-long looks upon the people, full of hate and guile.

From where I stood I saw the Pope's face only in profile: it was gentle and benign enough, but not great in expression, and the smile on it almost degenerated into a simper. His Holiness had a cold; and his *recitative*,

though full, was not smooth. He was all priest when, in the midst of the service, he hawked, ruthlessly held his handkerchief up before his face, a little way off, and—spat in it!

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